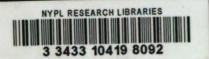
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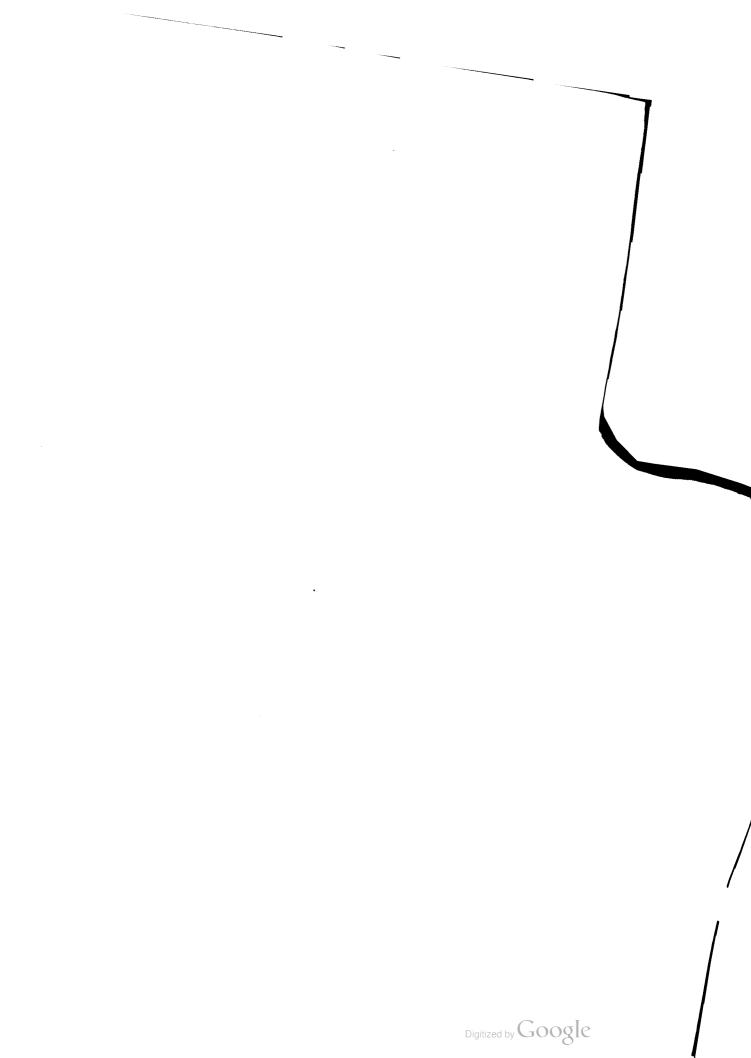
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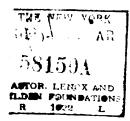
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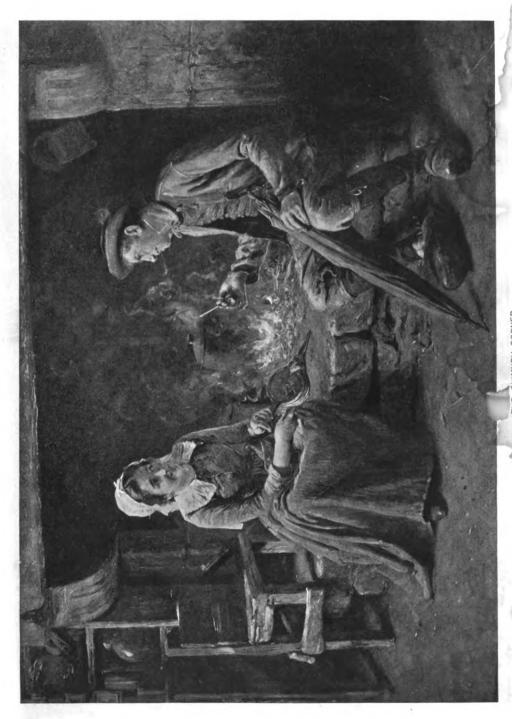
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THE CHIMNEY CORNER.



PETERSON MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES-Vol. VI. JANUARY, 1896.

No. 1.

AN AMERICAN CHEVALIER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY HENRY MOSLER.

HE dominant idea that a survey of Henry Mosler's pictures would convey to that ordinary observer, the general public, would probably be expressed in the important word "interesting." This is because Mr. Mosler is, in the truest sense, a maker of pictures, not impressions or "studies."

He is more of a composer in the common sense, which is, after all, the great sense, than any artist now before

the American public. The interest of his subjects absorbs the general eye at once. Then his passion and faculty for color begin to grow upon you. The ordinary observer does not see color first, unless there is nothing but color. He sees the human interest, the story. This is what he sees first in looking at Mr. Mosler's pictures. I think these two things sum up Mr. Mosler's metier his interest in the dramatic side of average human life and his predilection as a colorist.

He paints no spe-

embourg, a decoration as officer of the Academy, and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor that adorns his coat lapel, were subjects taken from the everyday life of the peasant people of Brittany. "The First Born," "The Wedding Morn," "The Last Moments,". are some of his titles, and indicate his instinct for the comédie humaine. Henry Moster.

cially thrilling scenes. The canvases

that opened the doors of the Salon to him, procured him a place in the Lux-

> He has given us the quaint, the homely, above all, the unrestrainedly humorous, among the most primitively picturesque people of modern civilization, with a sense of color that continually satisfies the palate of the connoisseur, and an eye for effect combined with a potent sense of values, that makes every canvas of great permanent worth.

Many of the pictures painted by Mr. Mosler are from scenes in Brittany, and nearly all were taken by purchas-



A Noble Lady of the Seventeenth Century.

ers abroad. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has, however, recently become the owner of "Mending the Net," which has found an honored place in his private gallery.

per's Weekly during the late war the portfolio of his memory is full of the stirring scenes and great events of that conflict. The field is broad and open, but carelessly cultivated. He is about

ť



The Approaching Storm.

That Mr. Mosler may be induced to paint more there is no doubt, for Brittany will remain to him what California does to Bret Harte. He is full of the life of the people.

But he has returned to the country of his nativity, primarily for another purpose. As the special artist of *Har*-

to enter it, and is already at work on a war scene, which art-lovers may see at the Academy, where Mr. Mosler has had the honor of being made an associate this year.

"I felt somehow over in Paris, during my last year or two," said he to me, "like a voluntary exile. I felt as

if I had achieved all I could." (I glanced at the little red bow-knot in his coat.) "There was an irresistible desire for America that I could not overcome. The feeling grew upon me that the time had come to put on canvas some of those great scenes which furnished me my first experience as a depicter of life, so I came back."

So from painting Breton peasants and portraits Mr. Mosler has returned to us in the full prime of his powers to labor at what must needs become an important contribution to American national art.

Henry Mosler was born in New York City about fifty years ago. His first inspiration for the brush came to him when a boy, shortly after the family had removed to the West. It was caught from an old hatter in Cincinnati, who had set up a little easel in the back of his shop.

Art was truly long and time fleeting to the West-

ern American in that early day, and young Mosler, true to his affinity, soon sought the craft of the wood-engraver. His spare hours were spent with his brush over efforts direct from nature. His talent as a colorist was the wonder and surprise of the rural hamlet where he lived, Richmond, Ind. His first instructor was James H. Beard, of Cincinnati, whom, with the genial humor and good heart of the man, he talks of delightfully, affectionately, almost reverently, as his original preceptor in art.

The public reception of Major Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, in Cincinnati, in 1861, inspired a sketch of the event, which he sent to Harper's Weekly, and opened the career of the future Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The return was a check and a commission from the Harpers as a special war artist.



Portrait of Henry Mosler.

Photographed in his studio for THE PETERSON MAGAZINE by E. S. Bennett.

Mosler started at once for the scene of activities and was placed on the staff of Gen ral R. W. Johnson, with the rank of 1 eutenant. Shortly after he met Sherma 1, and for two years was at the front in ome of the most memorable engagements of the great struggle. So it happens that to-day he counts among his honorariums the decoration of the Loyal Legion of the G. A. R.

In 1863 he withdrew from the smoke of the battle-fields and came on to New York with his savings in his pocket and his plans made up for an art course in Europe, so long as the money held out.

With the occasional help of his father he stayed three years, studying two years in Düsseldorf under Professor Muecke of the Royal Academy, and later on in the atelier of A. Kindler. He then proceeded to Paris and placed



lvleditation.

himself under M. Herbert, from whom he confesses he caught his first influence. There the desire of his life was realized. His career was begun in truth. He was painting from life with high praise from his master and excellent prospects for the future. Returning to this country in 1866 he received commissions for a number of portraits,

and depicted in oil a few of the scenes which had so often engaged his pencil. The first of these, "The Lost Cause," simple, but strong in sentiment and full of pathos, is still well remembered. Portraits and an occasional war or genre subject occupied his time in Cincinnati and New York, where he had a studio in the Dodsworth Building at

Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street until 1894, when he went to Munich.

The following year came his first European triumph, the medal of the Royal Academy.

His own countrymen bowed before him. He ranked henceforth as an important exhibitor at the Salon, where his pictures received high recognition from connoisseurs and substantial rewards in purchases for collections.

The Salon bestowed upon him its gold medal in 1888, the Paris Exposition gave him the silver medal in 1889. He is thus hors concours, and is the only Chevalier of the Legion of Honor at present living in the United States.

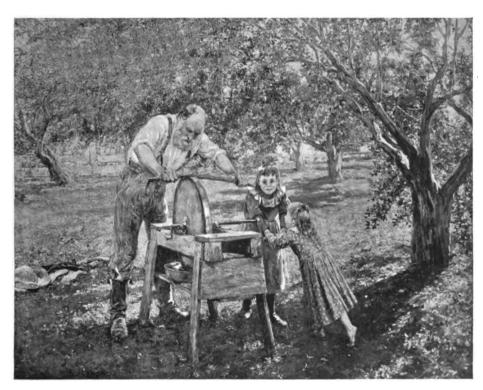
Mr. Mosler, it will be seen, is a product of both the German and the French schools, but he owes first allegiance to neither. He may well claim this distinction, as the qualities that make his work distinctive and will give

it endurance are not to be learned from any master. He is a great artist and his pictures will be prized when many an equally brilliant light has faded out.

Henry Mosler is not alone the painter of the picturesque. He has a strong talent for portraiture. A copy of the "Portrait of Rembrandt, Painted by Himself," which Mosler did with loving hands years ago in Paris, and henceforth set up as an ichon, hangs over his studio door.

So his portraiture has the best qualities of the vivid, the rich, the mellow old Dutch school. His portraits are alive, looking at you. This was the crowning achievement of Rembrandt, whose "Burgomaster," in the Hague Gallery, is without doubt the most living canvas that ever was painted.

Mr. Mosler is, so far as his choice and variety of subjects is concerned,



Helping Grandoa

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At the Fountain.

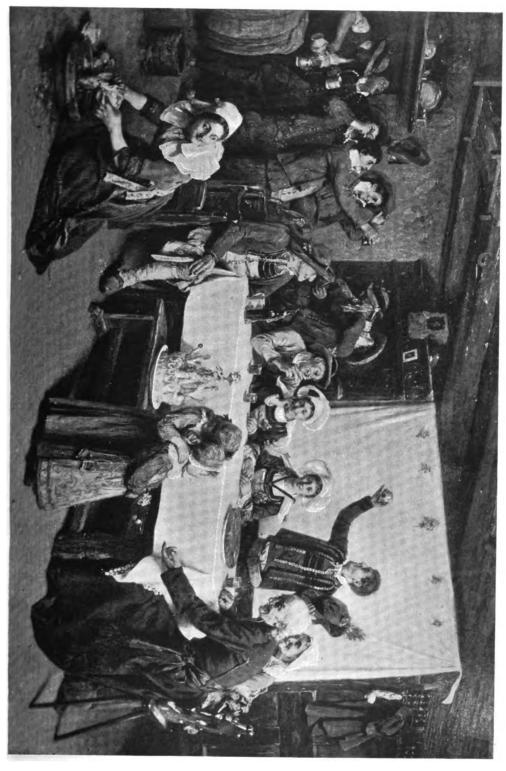
the type of the true artist, in the oldfashioned sense, in that he has painted almost everything.

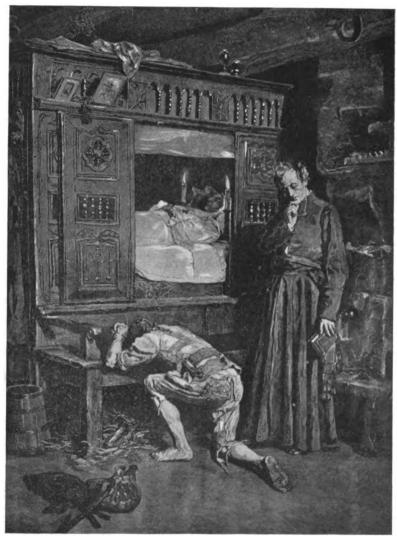
His Brittany canvases present the panorama of peasant life from cradle to grave. He lived among them, studied, sketched, and painted them. He has the whole world of these simple people in his heart, and, so to speak, at his fingers' ends. He has made a notable colossal head of a negro, and some wonderful mellow - toned Old World interiors, of which the very colors are a world in which to lose

one's self. The charm of the sensuous Italian maiden he well knows how to portray, and he is a masterful handler of sunlight in one or two canvases in which this is the special endeavor. And last, but not least, this ripe artist, this world-weary man, has come back to America and renewed his youth in the atmosphere of his nativity.

During his summer in the Catskills he has set his hand to an American scene or two. He has painted the picture of an old York State farmer setting a scythe on a grindstone in an

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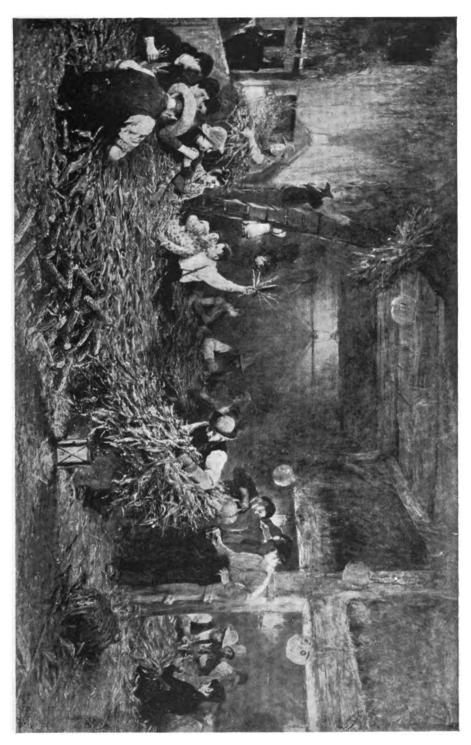


The Return.

orchard, with the sunlight streaming through the boughs, attended by two romping children.

It is as truly American as any canvas I ever looked upon. I know of none of our own artists who could have done it with so much freshness of feeling, so perfect a sentiment. Mosler has been longing for home for five years, and here as the first-fruits of his Heimweh he has given to us the pathos, the dignity, the primitive simplicity, the sturdy honor of the real American in his farmer.

The face of one of the little girls, the only one that is turned to the spectator, is wonderful in Yankee realism, wholly unlabored, as such an attempt must be. This is remarkable work for a man who is more German than American, more French than either, and a fine augury of what we may expect from this returned native, who proposes to spend the evening of his



life here. It ought to be the hope of every American that his best days are yet before him.

He is a serious man, with a sound ideal, and he can never produce anything that will be in any important sense imperfect. He is the type and model of the true artist, gifted with an earnest desire for the truth, and content with his limitations.

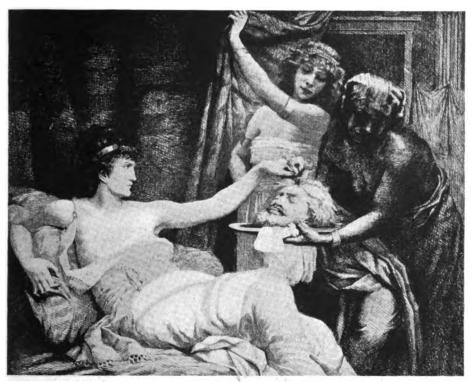
He cares nothing for impressionism or any of the new tendencies. He is as far removed from faddism as Michael Angelo. His pictures are put together on a few sound principles, that are inherent, temperamental, unfortunately rare. He has the capacity for taking care, which has been dubbed genius, and a high and firm sense of the ultimate value of a picture, not only as a work of art, but as a medium of characterization, of ultimate expression, which he is able to realize. He is welcomed back to America as a distinct accession to national art, and his choice of a field will attract wide-spread and enduring attention.

J. L. French.



The Last Sacrament.





Herodias.
From the painting by Paul Rouffio.

ETCHING AS A FINE ART.

ETCHING is a comparatively new form of art in this country, although it has flourished in Europe for over three centuries.

Rembrandt and Vandyke, and, later, Fortuny and Haden, were the first of the old masters to turn their attention to the manipulation of the needle upon copper. Rembrandt, indeed, lived in what is known as the golden age of etching, although his own work in this direction was not superior to many men who have followed him, and in several cases he was not their equal, for Jacquemart, Unger, Flamery, and many others have surpassed Rembrandt.

The process of etching is very simple. A highly polished copper plate is coated very thinly with a composition

of asphaltum and wax smoked black. The fatty substance is removed in delicate lines by the artist's needle, until a line picture is completed. The plate is then protected on the back and edges with a varnish resisting the action of acid, and subjected to a bath of diluted nitric acid, which eats into the glittering surface of the copper, which has been exposed by the needle. The plate is removed from the bath, and the delicate light lines which have required only a few minutes' exposure, are subjected to a process known as stopping out, which consists of an application of varnish with a camel's-hair brush. The varnish resists the action of acid, and after it has dried the plate is again submerged in the bath. This process is repeated, giving the various



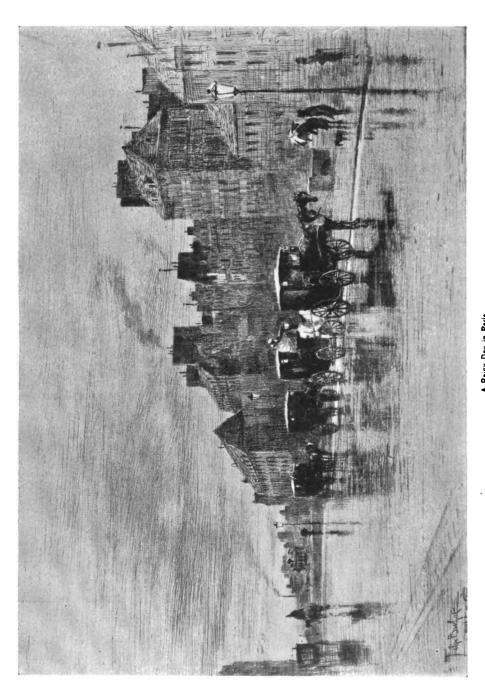
Borgia before the Tomb of Isabelle.
From the painting by J. P. Laurens.



Soap Bubbles.

lines their gradations of tone. The depth and breadth of lines, forming light and shade, depend upon the length of time the plate is left in the embrace of the mordant.

The acid bath finished, the plate is washed in water, then cleansed of the guarding wax and varnish by means of turpentine. The crevices eaten away by the acid are filled with ink by the



skilful hand of the plate printer; moistened paper is laid upon the inked face of the plate and passed through the heavy press, and upon its exit from the iron rollers covered with felt blankets, the paper has captured, in moist ink, every acid-bitten scar on the plate.*

The two countries in which etching has been most practised are Holland and France. English word "etch" is merely an Anglicized form of the Dutch word "etsen," which has the same origin as our verb "to eat:" consequently, unless there is corrosion or eating away of substance, there is no etching. The art has also been successfully practised in Italy, Germany, England, and the United States, but not to so great an extent. It has resembled line-engraving in receiving a powerful impulse from celebrated painters. With the exception of Albert Dürer, none of the great painters were successful line-engravers, yet many of them did wonders with the etching - needle. Ostrade, Ruysdael, Berg-

hem, Paul Potter, Karl Dujardin etched as they painted, and so did Vandyke, a greater master than any of them.

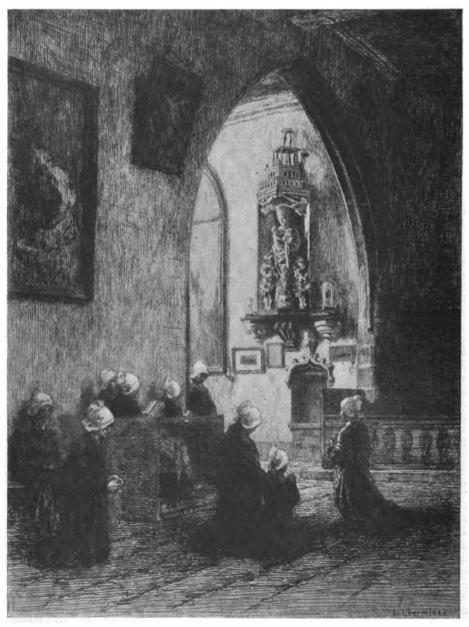
In the earlier part of the present century etching was almost a defunct art, except as it was employed by engravers as a help to get faster through their work, of which "engraving" got all the credit, the public being unable to distinguish between etched lines and



Innocence.

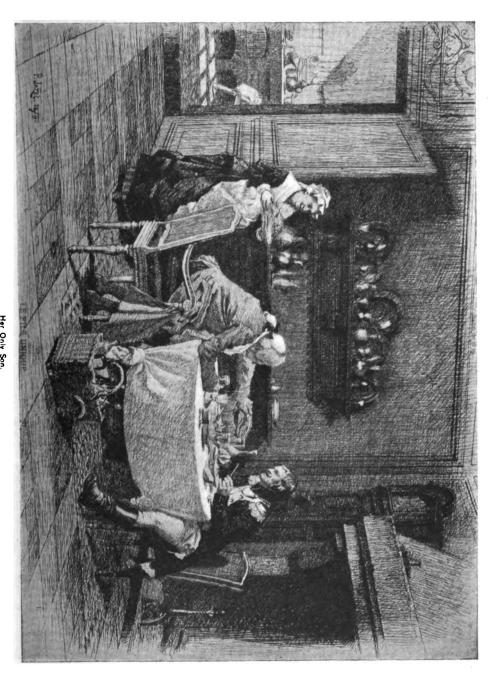
lines cut with the burin. During the last twenty years there has been a great revival of etching as an independent art, a revival which has extended all over Europe and to this country, though France has had by far the largest and most important share in it. It was hoped, at the beginning of this revival, that it would lead to the production of many fine original works; but the commercial laws of demand and supply have unfortunately made modern etching almost entirely the slave of painting. Nearly all the clever etchers of the present day are occupied in translating pictures, which many of them do

^{*} For the faithful and clear description of this interesting process the writer is indebted to a little volume by Henry Russell Wray, entitled "A Review of Etching in the United States," which is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.



A Pilgrimage to the Virgin of Kersaint. From the painting by L. Chermitte.

with remarkable ability, even to the very touch and texture of the painter. The comparative rapidity of the process, and the ease with which it imitates the manner of painters, have caused etching to be now very generally preferred to line-engraving by publishers, for the translation of all pictures except those belonging to a severe and classical style of art.



Yet, notwithstanding the present commercial predominance of etching from pictures, there are still some artists and eminent amateurs who have cultivated original etching with success. Mr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Samuel Palmer, and others in England; F. S. Church, Frederick Dielman, Peter Moran, J. M. Falconer, Henry Farrer, M. Nimmo Moran, Stephen Parrish, Kruseman van Elten, and others in the United States; MM. Bracque - mond, Daubigny, Charles Jacque Appian, Lalanne, and others on the Continent, have produced original works of very various interest and power. Etching clubs, or associations of artists for the publication of original etchings, have been founded in every country, particularly in the United States, and to this, no doubt, is due, in a large measure, the recent rapid development and advancement of American etching.

The New York Etching Club was formed in 1877 by James D. Smillie and Dr. Leroy M. Yale. The club held an exhibition at the National Academy of Design in this city, in the early part of 1882, when its membership consisted of twenty-eight resident and five non-resident members.

Other clubs were quickly started in imitation of the New York Club. The Boston Society of Etchers was established in 1880, and the Philadelphia Society of Etchers began in the same year. The Etcher's Club of Cincinnati, O., followed the Philadelphia Society, and the Scratcher's Club of Brooklyn was started two years later. The space allotted this paper does not permit of any enumeration of the names of the prominent artists who have joined the American etching societies during the past fifteen years. It may be said, however, that the list would embrace nearly every well-known artist in the country.

To many minds a fine etching is more beautiful, as a work of art, than a fine painting. The painter in oils may cover up his weak spots with a bold daub, and the audacity will pass for genius. It is entirely different with the etcher. He must know the value of each line, and each line must express something. Much softer light effects can be obtained by the etching-needle than by any other known form of reproduction.

As Mr. Wray, in his admirable little book, points out, Rembrandt's greatness as an etcher was due to the same qualities that made him a great painter. First, his artistic conception and faithful portrayal of commonplace objects. Second, his individualized manner and artistic touch, or that indescribable quality called style. Third, he was a master of the management of light and shade.

In the body of this article have been reproduced a number of well-known etchings by foreign artists. Among the examples reproduced are: "The Only Son," a fine etching by R. Jazel. The only son, a soldier in the French army, is home on furlough, and the old folks are loading the table with good cheer in honor of the event. "Borgia Before the Tomb of Isabella" is by H. Lefort from the well-known painting by J. Paul Laurens. The light effects in this work are extremely good. "Herodiade" is an etching by Paul Rouffio from his own painting. "A Rainy Day in Paris" is a remarkably fine etching by Felix Buhot after his own painting. The wet appearance of the streets is admirably reproduced. "Soap Bubbles," by an anonymous artist, is notable for the beauty of the drawing and perfect poise and execution of the head. "A Pilgrimage to the Virgin of Kersaint," a famous etching by L. Lhermitte, is a beautiful piece of work. The light effects are delightfully soft and delicate, and the religious atmosphere is reproduced with wonderful skill. Each example shows a distinctive and individual method of treatment. The artists' proofs of some of these etchings are as valuable, commercially as well as artistically, as the original canvases of a famous painter.

E. Burton Stewart.



Victorien Sardou.

THE FORTY IMMORTALS.

THE recent death of Alexandre
Dumas fils creates still another
vacancy in the French Academy.
There were already three vacancies in
this illustrious body—Chair No. XVI.,
in which sat the late Ferdinand de
Lesseps; Chair No. XXXIII., left vacant by Camille Doucet's death; and
Chair No. XXXI., left empty by the
death of Louis Pasteur. Among the
present candidates to the glory of
immortality, which is the reward of
every member of the Academy, are F.
Charmes, M. Desjardins, M. Barboux,
Jean Aicard, Émile Zola, De Keranion,

and the Comte de Mouy. One of these will probably be elected early in January.

The story of how this famous body of literary men first came into existence is one of the most interesting in the history of letters. It was first established by the order of the king in the year 1635, but in its original form it was organized over four or five years earlier. About the year 1629 certain literary friends in Paris agreed to meet weekly at the house of one of their number. These meetings were quite informal, but the conversation turned

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mostly on literary topics; and when, as was often the case, one of the number had composed some work, he read it to the rest, and they gave their opinions upon it. The place of the meeting was the house of M. Conrard, which was chosen as being the most central. The fame of these meetings, though the members were bound over to se-

crecy, reached at length the ears of Cardinal Richelieu, who conceived so high an opinion of them that he at once promised them his protection and offered to incorporate them by letterspatent. Nearly all the members would have preferred the charms of privacy, but, considering the risk they would run in incurring the Cardinal's displeas-



François Coppée.

ure, and that by the letter of the law all meetings of any sort or kind were prohibited, they expressed their gratitude for the high honor the Cardinal thought fit to confer upon them. They body. The director presided at the meetings, being considered as *primus inter pares*, and performing much the same part as the Speaker in the English House of Commons. The chan-

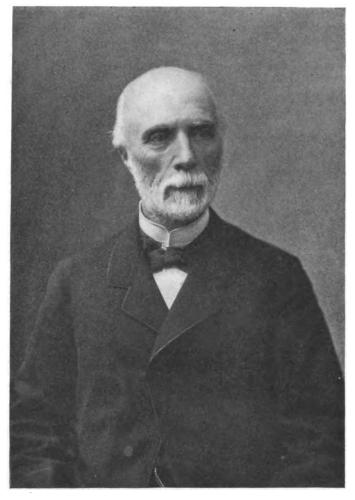


Paul Bourget.

proceeded at once to organize their body, settle their laws and constitution, appoint officers, and choose their name. Their officers consisted of a director and a chancellor, both chosen by lot, and a permanent secretary, chosen by votes. They elected besides a publisher, not a member of the

cellor kept the seals, and sealed all the official documents of the Academy. The office of the secretary explains itself. The Cardinal was, ex officio, protector. The meetings were weekly as before.

The letters-patent were at once granted by the king, but it was only



M. de Freycinet.

after violent opposition and long delay that the president, who was jealous of the Cardinal's authority, consented to grant the verification required by the old constitution of France.

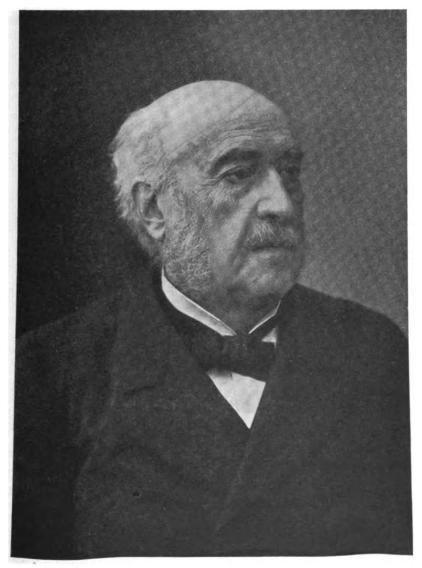
The object for which the Academy was founded, as set forth in its statutes, was the purification of the French language. "The principal function of the Academy shall be to labor with all care and diligence to give certain rules to our language, and to render it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating the arts and sciences" (Art. 24). They proposed "to cleanse the language

from the impurities it has contracted in the mouths of the common people, from the jargon of the lawyers, from the misusages of ignorant courtiers, and the abuses of the pulpit" (Letter of Academy to Cardinal Richelieu).

Their numbers were fixed at forty. The original members who formed the nucleus of the body were eight, and it was not till 1639 that the full number was completed. Balzac had joined it four years earlier. Their first undertaking consisted of essays written by all the members in rotation. To judge

by the titles and specimens which have come down to us, they possessed no special originality or merit. They next, at the instance of Cardinal Richelieu, undertook a criticism of Corneille's "Cid," the most popular work of the day. It was a rule of the Academy that no work could be criticised except at the author's request. It was only the fear of incurring the

Cardinal's displeasure which wrung from Corneille an unwilling consent. The critique of the Academy was rewritten several times before it met with the Cardinal's approbation. After six months of elaboration it was published under the title, "Sentiments de l'Académie Françoise sur le Cid." This judgment did not satisfy Corneille, as a saying attributed to him



Jules Simon.

shows. "Horatius," he said, referring to his last play, "was condemned by the Duumviri, but he was absolved by the people." But the crowning labor of the Academy, commenced in 1639, and not yet completed, was a dictionary of the French language. By the

carried out. A catalogue was to be made of the most approved authors, prose and verse; these were to be distributed among the members, and all words and phrases of which they approved to be marked by them in order to be incorporated in the dictionary.



Pierre Loti.

twenty-sixth article of their statutes, they were pledged to compose, a dictionary, a grammar, a treatise on rhetoric, and one on poetry. M. Chapelain, one of the original members and leading spirits of the Academy, pointed out that the dictionary would naturally be the first of these works to be undertaken, and drew up a plan of the work, which was to a great extent

For this they resolved themselves into two committees, which sat on other than regular days. M. de Vaugelas was appointed editor-in-chief. To remunerate him for his labors he received from the Cardinal a pension of 2,000 francs. The first instalment of this dictionary appeared in 1694.

Instead of following the history of the French Academy—which, like its two younger sisters, the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions, was suppressed in 1793, and reconstituted in 1795, as a class of the Institute—a history which it would be impossible to treat adequately in the limit of an article, we will attempt briefly to estimate its influence on

the amende honorable. In the Salle des Séances is placed the bust of the greatest of modern comedians, with the inscription, "Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il manquait à la notre" (Nothing is lacking to complete his glory; he was lacking to ours). Descartes was excluded from the fact of his residing in



Jules Lemaître.

French literature and language, and point out its principal merits and defects. To begin with its merits, it may justly boast that there is hardly a single name of the first rank among French littérateurs that it has not enrolled among its members. Molière, it is true, was rejected as a player. We can hardly blame the Academy for a social prejudice which it shared with the age; and it is well known that it has, as far as was in its power, made

Holland. Scarron was confined by paralysis to his own house. Pascal is the only remaining exception, and Pascal was better known to his contemporaries as a mathematician than a writer. His "Lettres Provinciales" were published anonymously; and just when his fame was rising he retired to Port-Royal, where he lived the life of a recluse. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the fauteuils have often been occupied by men of no mark in



Edouard Hervé.

literature. Nor is the Academy wholly exonerated by M. Livet's ingenious defence, that there are but eight marshals in the French army, and yet the number has never appeared too restricted; for its most ardent admirers will not assert that it has, as a rule, chosen the forty most distinguished living authors. Court intrigue, rank, and finesse have too often prevailed over real merit and honesty.

We have next to consider the influence of the French Academy on the language and literature, a subject on which the most opposite opinions have been advanced. On the one hand it has been asserted that it has corrected the judgment, purified the taste, and formed the language of French writers, and that to it we owe the most striking characteristics of French literature, its purity, delicacy, and flexibility. Thus Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his well-known essay on "The Literary Influence of Academies," has pro-

nounced a glowing panegyric on the French Academy as a high court of letters, and rallying-point for educated opinion, as asserting the authority of a master in matters of tone and taste. To it he attributes in great measure that thoroughness, that openness of mind, that absence of vulgarity which he finds everywhere in French literature; and in the want of a similar institution in England he traces that eccentricity, that provincial spirit, that coarseness, which, as he thinks, is barely compensated by English genius. On the other hand, its inherent defects have been so well summed up by M. Lanfrey, that we cannot do better than quote from his recent "History of Napoleon." He says:

"This institution had never shown itself the Founded by the monenemy of despotism. archy and for the monarchy, eminently favorable to the spirit of intrigue and favoritism, incapable of any sustained or combined labor, a stranger to those great works pursued in common which legitimize and glorify the existence of scientific bodies, occupied exclusively with learned trifles, fatal to emulation, which it pretends to stimulate, by the compromises and calculations to which it subjects, directed in everything by petty considerations, and wasting all its energy in childish tournaments, in which the flatteries that it showers on others are only the foretaste of the compliments it expects in return for itself, the French Academy seems to have received from its founders the special mission to transform genius into bel esprit, and it would be hard to produce a man of talent whom it has not demoralized. Drawn in spite of itself toward politics, it alternately pursues and avoids them; but it is specially attracted by the gossip of politics, and whenever it has so far emancipated itself as to go into opposition, it does so as the champion of ancient prejudices. If we examine its influence on the national genius, we shall see that it has given it a flexibility, a brilliancy, a polish, which it never possessed before; but it has done so to the expense of its masculine qualities, its originality, its spontaneity, its vigor, its natural grace. It has disciplined it, but it has emasculated, impoverished, and rigidified it. It sees in taste, not a sense of the beautiful, but a certain type of correctness, an elegant form of mediocrity. It has substituted pomp for grandeur, school routine for individual inspiration, elaborateness for simplicity, fadeur and the monotony of literary orthodoxy for variety, the source and spring of intellectual life; and in the works produced under its auspices we discover the rhetorician and the writer, never the man. By all its traditions the Academy was made to be the natural ornament of a monarchial society. conceived and created it as a sort of superior

centralization applied to intellect, as a high literary court to maintain intellectual unity and protest against innovation. Bonaparte, aware of all this, had thought of re-establishing its ancient privileges; but it had in his eyes one fatal defect—cspril. Kings of France could condone a

gouvé, Buffon, Ponsard, Corneille, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Marmontel, Voltaire, Richelieu, Thiers, Fénelon, Balzac, Augier, Renan, Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Condorcet, Fevre, La Fontaine, Mari-



Jules Claretie.

witticism even against themselves, a parvenu could not."

Among the great men of French literature who have sat in the Academy are Colbert, Sandeau, Racine, Crébillon, Scribe, Feuillet, Boileau, Levaux, Littré, La Bruyère, Labiche, Bossuet, Alfred de Musset, Laharpe, Montesquieu, and Cuvier.

The forty, as at present constituted, are as follows: Sully, Prudhomme, Leon Say, Loti, Greard, Legouvé, Joseph Bertrand, Sardou, Henry Houssaye,

Brunetière, Thoreau-Dargin, Paul Bourget, De Bornier, Duc de Broglie, Lavisse, Sorel, De Vogué, De Freycinet, Pailleron, D'Haussonville, Mezières, Challemel-Lacour, Cherbuliez, Édouard

of De Lesseps, Pasteur, Doucet, and Alexandre Dumas.

Two of the greatest living French writers, Alphonse Daudet and Émile Zola, are not members of the Academy.



The Duc d Aumale

Hervé, Émile Ollivier, De Heredia, Rousse, D'Audeffret, Pasquier, Meilhac, Coppée, Gaston Bossier, Duc d'Aumale, Bishop Perrand, Ludovic Halèvy, Jules Simon, Jules Claretie. The XVIth, the XXth, the XXXIst, and the XXXIIId chairs are empty owing to the decease Daudet has written a scathing satire on the Academicians entitled "The Immortal," and in his preface to this book he says: "I have never presented myself and shall never present myself as a candidate for the Academy." It is different with Zola. He wants to enter



the Academy and always presents himself after each vacancy. He has always been refused admission on account of the coarseness of some of the passages in his novels. Yet the Academy does not count under its dome a single member gifted with half the genius that has made the names of Daudet and Zola world-famous.

As is well known it is the custom at the Academy when a new member is officially received for the new-comer to make an elaborate eulogy of his predecessor. These eulogies are veritable literary productions, and the occasion of their delivery by the new Academician is a most important event in the Paris literary world. Thus Pierre Loti, who succeeded Octave Feuillet, had to

praise Feuillet, whom possibly he cordially disliked and whose books he never read when the author was alive.

The present article is illustrated by portraits of the Duc d'Aumale, the fourth son of Louis Philippe, who is the author of a "Histoire des Princes de Condé;" Jules Claretie, a well-known novelist and director of the Comédie Francaise, Paris; Édouard Hervé, the editor of the principal monarchist paper in France; De Freycinet, who has been presidential candidate several times; Pierre Loti, the sailor-author; Paul Bourget, the author of "Cosmopolis" and "Mensonges;" Victorien Sardou, the dramatist; Jules Simon, the philosopher; François Coppée, the poet; and Jules Lemaître, the critic.

E. Burton Stewart.

IGOR'S LEAP.

GOR was the bravest and wickedest man in Russia. From his birth he seemed bound by Satan. The record of his crimes bore so heavily upon his mother's heart that at the last it broke and death calmed her grief. Then Igor's father, Feodorvitch, cursed his son and bade him begone. Igor, full of wrath, slew his father.

Forthwith he fled, fast and far, for avengers followed closely. So he hurried into the great forests of the Ural Mountains, and where the mighty Deneshkin Kamen towers high above the earth, Igor began to climb, if by his hardy haste he might escape. Ever on and upward Igor mounted, moving with cautious care, clinging to crag and ledge, braving a hundred deaths by falls, fevered by day, chilled by night, harried by famine's pangs. But when he stretched himself to rest as night drew on, he saw always beneath him on the mountain side the smoke that streamed toward heaven from the campfire of those who sought his life.

Berries he found and nuts and roots, which served to yield him food. Yet, by sure stages, Igor felt his strength breaking beneath the burden of his strivings. His fierce spirit cried him on and on. His failing powers warned him of the end. And now Igor sees the camp-fire of his pursuers gleaming luridly beneath his fearing gaze, and nearer night by night, nor can he mount more swiftly for his body's weakness.

One morning Igor wakes and groans in anguish, for he cannot rise nor take one step in flight. That wondrous strength of his, debauched by straining crimes, and worn by every toil, has at the last failed him in his need.

Igor lies motionless, his eyes shut in despair. Suddenly he opens them and sees, perched on a jutting crag above his head, an eagle nesting on her eggs. The bird is watching him with eager, jealous gaze. As Igor notes the bird, his face, so drawn by pain, lights in a swift smile. A fire—the fire of hope—gleams from his eyes. By the mastery of his hardy will he calls again for a moment the strength that fled. He rises with no sense of feebleness. He moves with stealthy tread toward the jutting crag where the bird rests upon the nest.

Now the bird, in hostile fear, darts upon him, but he beats it off with the huge power of his arms. At last she leaves him and hurries to her nest. Then Igor unbinds the long strands of mountain rope that he wears girt about his loins. He makes a running loop in the free end. With a smile of joy he draws closer to the nest. When the bird, enraged, rushes upon him, he moves yet closer. The great eagle gashes the skin upon his forehead with ravening beak, but Igor heeds not. He lays the running noose about the nest and, when again the bird swoops to the cherished eggs and settles there, Igor springs backward. The running noose closes upon the eagle's feet as the rope grows taut. The bird screams in mad wrath and hurls her bulk at Igor.

Igor only laughs. He beats her from him and, as he swings his arms, looks down the precipice up which for so long he climbed. He sees, five hundred feet below, the mounting figures of his enemies. As Igor watches them, and beats the eagle with fast swinging

arms, he laughs again.

The eagle, weary of those buffeting arms, flies from the attack. Straight out she flies over the awful abyss until she strains the span of rope. Then Igor runs with all his speed full to the brink and leaps, leaps far out into the gaping gulf!

The rope is taut again. Igor is fall-

ing, whirling, swirling through the air, dragging the eagle in his flight, passing like a hurtling bolt the staring pursuers, who hear the eagle's cries and look in horror at the sight.

Of a sudden, the eagle moves her mighty wings. She beats the air in great strivings for delay, and the full power of her pinions serves her need. Now the fall is slower, slower yet, until it becomes a gentle course. Igor finds voice and jibes at his enemies. He gazes upward and shouts in mockery at the bird. "Ha! ha! dear savior! How kind thou art! Thou bearest me to life and freedom from my enemies! And in the valley I shall wring thy neck for all thy pains and for all this dripping blood that blinds my eyes!"

The eagle seems to know his railing and to burn with vengeful lust, for, as they move so smoothly, suddenly the bird, folding her great wings, falls downward like a stone, and with her

falls, in awful flight, Igor!

Days after, when men found the last scene of Igor's fate, they came upon a mangled corpse with the flesh seamed by ghastly wounds and eyes plucked from their sockets. Close by, bound by a strand of rope, they found a mighty eagle, with broken wings and bloody, flesh-wreathed beak.

Marvin Dana.





Miss Irene Vera.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Sarony, New York.

AMONG THE PLAYERS.

BY the recent death of Alexandre Dumas fils the Theatre has lost one of its most gifted workers. Dumas was never as successful a dramatist as Sardou, or as great a one as Augier, but he has left a large number of plays behind him that will probably last with the language. Dumas was not a universal dramatist in the sense that Augier or Labiche were and Sar-

dou is. With the exception of his dramatization of his own novel, "La Dame aux Camelias" (Camille), most of his pieces are essentially French—even Parisian—and little known outside his own country. Some of them, "La Princesse de Bagdad," "L'Ami des Femmes," "L'Affaire Clémenceau," "Francillon," "Le Demi-Monde," have been tried both here and in England

with only a small measure of success. The younger Dumas was a thinker, a philosopher, a most graceful and polished writer, and each new work he gave to the public either contained a

the memory of Augier and Hugo. There is already one to the memory of Alexandre Dumas père. It is doubtful whether the Parisians will ever so honor the son.



Miss Emma Pollock. Photographed by Falk.

sermon or discussed some social problem. From this point of view he has probably had a deeper influence on his time than any of his contemporaries. He left uncompleted a play entitled "La Route de Thebes," on which he had been working six years. They are erecting beautiful statues in Paris to

Sarah Bernhardt will soon be seen in New York again. Truly marvellous is the vitality and energy of this remarkable woman. Although she must be well past fifty she is as full of schemes and plans for new plays and new fields of work as at the outset of her career. Bernhardt's acting is thoroughly artificial. It is by the most transparent theatrical devices that she succeeds in producing an impression on her audiences. It is clap-trap, pure and simple, and Duse's finer art has done much to show wright. During her American tour Bernhardt will be seen in several new plays. One of them, "La Duchesse Catherine," is from her own pen and has not yet been seen in Paris. She



Miss Elsie De Wolfe. Photographed by Dupont.

us that Bernhardt's tears are but makebelieve. Yet, in justice, it must be conceded that Bernhardt is a past mistress in the theatric school. She never touches our hearts as Duse does, she can never make us forget we are in a theatre as Duse can, but we feel that she is giving us an admirable imitation of the passions described by the playmay also be seen at the Metropolitan Opera House in Alphonse Daudet's tragic play "L'Arlésienne," which has incidental music by Bizet. An English version of this piece, entitled "The Love that Kills," has been in the possession of A. M. Palmer for some time, but it is probable that only the French version will be seen this season.



Miss Mary Hampton.

"Rodion the Student" is the title of a new play produced by Richard Mansfield. It is a dramatization of the Russian author Dostoievsky's novel "Crime and Punishment." The story, as will be remembered, concerns a St. Petersburg student who is distressed for money. He is men-tally deranged, from reading too much of Schopenhauer, and he murders an old usurer for the sake of her money. He escapes detection and defies his conscience to disturb him. But after the deed the phenomena of remorse begin, and finally, through the instrumentality of a girl-an outcast-who loves him, Rodion gives himself up to justice. This brief outline does scant justice to the plot, which is ingeniously contrived and worked out by the hand of a master. The play is as thrilling and interesting as the book, and will appeal to intellectual audiences, to

those who seek in the play-house something higher and better than mere frivolous amusement. Mr. Mansfield is always artistic and painstaking in every part he assumes; he could hardly have failed to make a success of the title rôle in this play. His mannerisms, indeed, marred to some extent his impersonation. Mannerisms are fatal to creative work, for the actor can never succeed in completely submerging his own personality in that of the character, and so there is no illusion. Mr. Mansfield also made the student too old and decrepit a man.



Miss Lilian Burkhart.
From photograph (copyright, 1875) by B. J. Falk, New York.

Rodion's mind was decrepit, but his body was young. Notwithstanding these little defects Mr. Mansfield has undoubtedly added a most interesting drama and character to his repertoire.

been anything else than a very mediocre actor. He has for several years been drawing a large salary as leading man of the Lyceum Company, and his manager has found him a drawing card,



Miss Annie Lewis.

Photograph by Morrison.

I hear it stated that neither Herbert Kelcey nor Fritz Williams will be members of the Lyceum Stock Company after this season, and it is intimated that Mr. Kelcey intends to star. In what? "The Bells"? Mr. Kelcey is, I believe, a most charming and amiable man in private life, but he has never especially with that giddy, thoughtless young maiden known as the "matinée girl," who does not seek to be impressed in the theatre by the play or its interpretation, but is more than satisfied if she can see for an hour or two a number of well-dressed men and women disporting themselves before



Miss Katherine Grey.

the footlights. I hardly think, however, that Mr. Kelcey will do wisely in leaving Mr. Frohman. The starring tour, I fear, would not prove a remunerative undertaking.

The much-discussed Yvette Guilbert is here at last, and by the time these lines appear in print she will have made her debut at Olympia. I had a chat with her at the Savoy Hotel the day she arrived in New York, and found her a charming and most unassuming woman. "If it were possible," she said, "I would like to explain to my American audience, before I sing, the meaning of each of my songs, give by verbal description the types they portray, and explain how conscientiously I studied each of these types before attempting to imitate them. For, in my opinion, that is the secret of my success-imitation of well-known Paris types. It was a new departure from the old-fashioned and hackneyed musichall song, and it was because my listeners recognized the characters I assumed that they accepted my work.

It is an error to think, as many do, that my reputation has been made by singing equivocal songs, for I hope my art is better and higher than that. Each of my songs presents a distinct type of humanity, the humanity we elbow each day in the street, and they sing of life as it is, not as we would have it. But, as I said before, the actual words of the songs are only secondary in artistic importance to the pantomime and facial play with which I accompany them. I even object to be called a songstress. I am a discuse" (a reciter). Mlle. Guilbert told me that during the past six years—she became famous in 1889—she has been able to save a million francs.

The art of Yvette Guilbert is entirely new, although ballad singing is very



Otis Skinner.

old. Early in the present century, when the songs of Béranger were hummed by an entire nation, the highway singer was as common in France as the Italian organ man is in our streets to-day. But study, fine tact, and intense emotional power that is requisite in the tragic actress. She has no voice and, indeed, her art does not require it. She chants rather than sings her songs and the ac-



Miss Maude Young.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

no songstress of the past, to our knowledge—and genius never goes unrecorded—has ever succeeded in elevating the singing of songs to the dignity of a beautiful and distinct art as Yvette Guilbert certainly has. She brings to her work all the intelligence, intellectual

companying music—such wonderful music, sad or lively, according to the mood of the poet—is not written for anything else. Mlle. Guilbert has been very successful in gathering together a remarkable repertory of songs—songs full of the pessimism of the day, but



Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

each a delicate work of art, as regards music and words both. Few of them would bear translation. Not that they are immoral, for morality, as a wit once remarked, is largely a matter of geography. Some of them sing of persons and subjects, the mere mention of which is offensive to the prude, but which, nevertheless, exist and are part of our lives. One of these is called "La Pierreuse." The only possible translation of the word is our cruel one "out-The pierreuse is one of those fallen women who ply their wretched trade on the Paris fortifications. woman's lover is a cutthroat. He commits a murder, and when he pays the penalty on the scaffold she watches the execution from a distance. The song tells of their lives and the love that bound these two degraded mortals together and the feelings of the woman when she sees her accomplice's gory head fall into the basket. These diverse emotions are powerfully and wonderfully expressed by the singer, both by facial play and pantomimic gesture. Other of her songs are in a lighter vein and in these Yvette displays the talent of the finished comédienne. Her success here was unquestionable.

Amateur theatricals have often proved an excellent training-school for incipient talent. Another instance of this is furnished by Elsie de Wolfe, formerly an amateur actress, who has won considerable distinction on the stage. Miss de Wolfe belongs to one of our most prominent families. She is an exceptionally attractivelooking woman, has independent means and unlimited influence, and, logically, should have made a bad actress. On the contrary, however, her careful and excellent work proves her to be a woman of intelligence and

artistic temperament. She is a finished and delightfully unconventional comedienne of the French school, and would be a valuable member of any stock company. At present she is playing with Mr. John Drew in "Christopher, Jr."

The play, "A Social Highwayman," which the Holland brothers produced in New York with considerable success, has not proved so profitable on the road. In fact, the receipts with it fell so low in one city that the management was forced to take the piece off and substitute "A Man with a Past." The prosperity of the play in New York was surprising. There was nothing either in the story or its treatment to warrant it. The idea of a gentlemanly scoundrel taking advantage of his social entrées to pick the

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pockets of his hosts is neither new nor savory, and while the adapter, Mary Stone, had done her work very neatly, the play as a whole was disjointed and unconvincing. Bertha Creighton, an excellent portrait of whom is reproduced here, holds a prominent position in this company.

* *

Katherine Grey, a comparatively newcomer, occupies a prominent position among our younger actresses. Her work in "Shore Acres" first attracted attention for the unconventionality of its conception and its artistic finish. She left "Shore Acres" to join Richard Mansfield, and confirmed the first impression of her unusual ability by a most admirable interpretation of the part of Louka in "The Arms and the Man." Since she left Mansfield she has done nothing to merit special mention, but she is very intelligent, and undoubtedly the best work she can do has not yet been shown.

* *

Otis Skinner, formerly a prominent member of Augustin Daly's company, and later leading man with Madame Modjeska, is starring this season in a play called "Villon the Vagabond." The play deals, of course, with the life and adventures of the French poet, François Villon, who flourished in the seventeenth century, and who, according to history, was one of the greatest scoundrels, and at the same time one of the greatest poets, the world has ever seen. The curious contradictions in the career of this extraordinary man have afforded the playwright plenty of dramatic material, of which he is said to have taken full advantage. The play has not vet been seen here, but Otis Skinner is deservedly an old and warm favorite with our theatre-goers.

* *

Olga Nethersole has confirmed the impression she made on her first visit to America. Her interpretation of

that impossible play "Denise," in which she opened her engagement at the Empire, did not call from the critics any extraordinary praise. It was the fault of the play. When, later, she appeared again as Camille, her work received the highest encomiums. Olga Nethersole is not a great actress yet, but she will become great. She has within her that divine spark which is called genius, and which, sooner or later, will give her a most prominent place on the English-speaking stage. We have at present only one English-speaking actress who can put herself on a level with Olga Nethersole, and that is Minnie



Mile. Emma Caive.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by A. Dupont, New York.

Maddern Fiske. Nethersole is still immature in art; she has not yet given out her entire measure; her efforts are largely tentative, but as she grows surer of herself she will improve and the artistic defects now apparent will

and did not meet with the same success that it did abroad.

The opera is founded upon a story by Jules Claretie entitled "La Cigarette"—an incident of the last Carlist war in Spain. A Basque peasant named Ara-



Miss Bertha Creighton. From photograph (copyright, 1895) by B. J. Falk, New York.

be eliminated. Miss Nethersole will be seen shortly in a dramatization of "Carmen."

* *

Massenet's latest opera, "La Navarraise," was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 11th,

quil is madly in love with a young girl whom he cannot marry because he is without a dot. This dot he must have at any price. Just at this moment a reward is offered to whoever shall deliver the Spanish army from its most dangerous enemy, Zucarraga. Zucarraga has been wounded; Araquil gets access to

him and basely poisons the wound: Zucarraga dies, and the peasant claims the promised sum from the Spanish general. The general can neither break his word nor encourage a dastardly crime. He pays the money to the Basque, and then orders him to be shot. Araquil dies while smoking a cigarette. Massenet, in common with other composers, was struck by the adaptability of the story to operatic purposes, and he saw in it a great part for Calvé. Of course, he had to change the story a little so as to make the woman the central figure, so that now it is the Basque girl who commits the crime.

The little opera is very interesting from the dramatic point of view, but somewhat of a disappointment musically. In fact, there is not much music in it. Dramatic action, the crash of arms, and the war of battle predominate. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" became famous on account of their wonderful music. "La

Navarraise" is chiefly interesting as a dramatic episode. There is a nocturnal symphony between the first and second acts, which is effective and characteristic, but otherwise there is nothing striking in the work.

Calve is simply magnificent in the title *rôle*. Her superb voice is heard at its best, and the part affords her an admirable opportunity for her fine acting powers.

powers.

Portraits of Emma Pollock, whose dainty dancing was one of the best features of Harrigan's entertainments, and who plays Taggs in "The County Fair;" Maude Young, who is endowed by Nature with an ideal face if not with histrionic genius; Lillian Burkhart, a versatile and charming young character actress; Mary Hampton, leading woman of the "Sowing the Wind" company; Irene Vera, a favorite of the burlesque stage, and Annie Lewis, are reproduced in this article.

Arthur Hornblow.

A FOOTLIGHT.

[ETHINKS 'tis Fortune's self who gives to us The scales Adversity to weigh our friends And find their actual worth. It sometimes takes Misfortune's rope to hang our poor Conceit. While false friends (who, like bees, buzzed loudest when They burglarized of sweets the flowers' hearts) Fly off to find new flowers-I mean new fools. Greet Sorrow bravely; with her thou shalt learn How in the darkest nights come brightest stars. And Wealth is after all comparative; For he whose wants are few is rich indeed, While he who much desires is very poor, However much he hath. Remember, too, That he who beats the biggest Drum is oft The very smallest man in all the great Brass-band.

Ethel Hatton.



THE AMERICAN SPIRIT IN LITERATURE.

O more patriotic country than America exists in the Universe. The spirits of Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, and Grant should be well pleased with the results of their teachings and examples, as they may see them to-day. It is this American spirit that is developing our country, adding to our resources, increasing our wealth, and making the Nation stronger everywhere in the eyes and estimation of the world at large. It is this American spirit that is giving our children liberal education, helping our poor to be self-supporting, building up our great cities, and increasing our commerce upon the seas. It is this same spirit that was inculcated by Washington, and so admirably seconded and carried out by the men of every decade down to Lincoln, Grant, and the present administration, and it is this patriotic feeling which is now more strongly in evidence than ever in the literature of the day.

A few months ago the Napoleonic revival was everywhere manifest, and this great leader of nations and armies, of politics and people, was so thoroughly discussed that the feeling went almost to the other extreme. But even then, there were other interests in the public mind, and George Washington was naturally turned to as the coming hero of literature.

The first to crystallize into deeds the words and thoughts of the American patriots, Washington became the centre upon which the eyes of the world rested, and through all the trials attending the conflict between an incipient and impoverished nation, and one with the prestige and the accumulated wealth of centuries behind it, he carried himself as no other man has ever done, with wisdom and loyalty, with skill in matters of warfare, and absolute integrity. This made Washington the greatest of patriots.

Second only to Washington, and by many placed on the same plane, is Lincoln. His life was one of sacrifice to others, of remarkable sagacity, of untiring labor, of undoubted patriotism; and the sudden closing of his career at a time when he was beginning to reap the reward of his labors in the love and esteem of his countrymen, North and South, makes Lincoln, in some respects, the most remarkable man in history.

These two were, perhaps, leaders in patriotism and virtue. With them may rank, in only a slightly subordinate way, scores of other men who have achieved a worthy name as Americans in every sense of the word. In her frontier heroes, her naval officers, and her army officials, this country has been most fortunate, and others in a more private life have shown themselves worthy to be ranked with the leaders.

It is this American spirit which prompted this Magazine to publish a new life of Washington, which has everywhere met with unqualified approval; to take up a series of articles on American Frontier Heroes, and to commence (in the February issue) another series on the American Navy. This new series of articles will be absolutely unique, and its value to the literature of this country will, we believe, be very great. The first article will contain sketches of the careers and portraits of the earliest naval officials of prominence, including Esek Hopkins, Nicholas Biddle, John Barry, Joshua Barney, etc., while the second article will be devoted entirely to John Paul Jones.

No other American magazine has been, or will be, so distinctively American as The Peterson Magazine. The other magazines make up their matter largely upon foreign subjects, and with the works of foreign writers. We do not believe that this is necessary when such a wealth of talent and material is at hand in our own country. In this development and encouragement of the works of American men and women, we hope to have the hearty support of the reading public of this country, and shall endeavor to merit it in every way.

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PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.



Robert G. Ingersoll.

SOME ill-advised Congregationalists and church societies have been advertising Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll pretty extensively lately by organizing themselves into praying committees for the conversion of the famous infidel's soul.

Apart from the ludicrous aspect of this measure it is hardly a politic one, for if the prayers have no effect and the Colonel remains as great an unbeliever as ever the faithful will be somewhat shaken in their trust in the efficacy of prayer. Liberal church people are in favor of letting heaven work out its own plan for the salvation of the Colonel's soul. They most decidedly discountenance the absurd measures proposed, which can only serve to advertise the Colonel and his lectures.

Colonel Ingersoll has devoted his life to unbelief, and has made a large income by it. He also practises as a lawyer, but the bulk of his income is derived from his lectures and his books, most of which are attacks on all existing forms of religion. Yet Ingersoll is not an atheist. He has never denied that there is a Supreme Being. He is too intelligent a man for that. He does not believe there is one. He does not believe in the God of the Christians or in the Jehovah of the Jews. His god is Nature, whose work his eye can appreciate. Doubtless there are many thousands of good people in this country who are fully persuaded that Ingersoll is a very wicked man, an unfit associate for respectable persons. There could be no greater misconception. In private life, in the bosom of his own family, Ingersoll is the most moral, the most upright of men, the best of fathers, the best of husbands. Nowhere throughout this broad land can be seen a more happy, better-conducted home than that of Robert G. Ingersoll. Ingersoll has his faults. He is often reckless in statement; he sometimes distorts passages in quotations for theatrical effect; his similes are often in questionable taste. Yet arrayed against these trifling peccadilloes, what sincerity of purpose, dogged obstinacy, beautiful oratorical power, brilliant flow of language, poetry of expression! Ingersoll would have been a far greater man in any other path of life than in that he has chosen. Religion has been his fad and his hobby. It has been a barrier to his greatness. But for that Ingersoll might have become President of the United States. He may be appointed counsel to the Venezuelan commission.

Moritz Rosenthal, the pianist, is creating a great furore in London musical circles at present. Rosenthal is the greatest technical piano-forte player alive, not excepting the famous Paderewski. He played in this country about five years ago and is coming here again next year.

Mrs. Clio Hinton Huneker, who recently won the \$10,000 prize for the best design of a statue of General Frémont, is now in Paris studying with the celebrated sculptor Rodin. This talented young sculptress is only twentyfour, but she has already accomplished more than most sculptors do at forty. She was a pupil of the Students' Art League, Augustus Saint Gaudens, and of her mother, Lucy Bronson Hinton. She has executed already heads of Anton Seidl, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Ignace Paderewski, and Cora Urquhart Potter. She has taken a studio in Paris, where she will model a head of Emma Eames and work at the heroic statue of Frémont. She is the wife of James Gibbons Huncker, the witty and accomplished music and art critic.

The announcement that the Pope had created the Most Reverend Francesco Satolli a prince of the church in giving him the title of cardinal came as a surprise in Roman Catholic circles. It is even hinted that in various quarters the news has not been received with much pleasure. Several of the high magnates of the Roman Catholic Church here have resented more or less openly the advent of Cardinal Satolli, who, as it will be

remembered, arrived here in 1892 in the quality of apostolic delegate, and with letters from the Pope of congratulation to President Harrison, and letters to Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland commending the bearer, and intimating that extraordinary powers had been given him. Nor was it long before Satolli began to wield his ex-



Mrs. Clio Huneker.

45



Cardinal Satolli.

traordinary power. He absolved the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, who had been suspended for advocating single-tax theories; the right of a priest to publish views with reference to the relation of the church and country was inferentially upheld in the case of Patrick Corrigan, who had criticised Bishop Wig-

ger of Newark for presiding at a German Catholic conference. He also annulled the orders of Bishop Wigger and Archbishop Mutz prohibiting the administration of the sacrament to those children who attended the public schools. This censorship of the

acts of the home clergy was not accepted without some murmuring, and Archbishop Corrigan became so prominent a leader of the opposition that he was forced to make a public announcement of his loyalty in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in the presence of Cardinal Satolli and a large concourse of prominent divines. The decrete from the Pope, concerning Cardinal Satolli, ran as follows:

"We command that all whom it concerns to recognize in you as apostolic delegate the supreme power of the delegating pontiff. We command that they give you aid, concurrence, and obedience in all things, receiving with rev-

erence your salutary admonitions and orders. Whatever sentence or penalty you shall declare or inflict duly against those who oppose your authority we will ratify and, by the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolably until condign satisfaction be made, notwithstanding constitutions and apostolic ordinances or any other to the contrary."

AMONG the vocal artists imported by Abbey & Grau for this year's grand opera were two or three who have great reputations as singers abroad, but who were strangers to the majority of the American public. Great expectations were formed regarding the debut here of Lola Beeth, a Pole, who, in Europe, ranks among the best Wagnerian sopranos of the day. But expectation was disappointed. Mlle. Beeth was heard for the first time as Elsa in "Lohengrin," and she failed completely to

win her auditors. Since then she has been heard in other rôles with a happier result, but it is doubtful whether she will leave behind any lasting impression when she returns to Europe at the close of the present season. The reason for this is probably to be explained by the fact that New York audiences are more exacting, and expect more than audiences in other cities. The best singers in the world—French, Russian, German, Italian—are induced to come here by the large sums offered them, and so palates for mediocre talent are spoiled.

Frances Saville likewise appeared here for the first time as *Juliet* in Gounod's opera. She achieved an immediate success. Her voice is a light soprano, and very agreeable in quality. Mlle. Saville is first soprano at the Opera Comique, Paris.

Miss Saville was born in this country, although she is thought by many to be an Australian. She is a native of San Francisco, but was educated, like many other celebrated American singers, entirely abroad. Her mother was a famous prima donna and vocal instructor, so the daughter's gifts were hereditary to a certain extent. Her first appearance in public occurred three years ago in Brussels as Juliet, and she immediately attracted the attention of the critics and managers. Ultimately, after singing with great success in Russia, London, and Paris,

singing with great success in Russia, London, and Paris she was permanently engaged at the Paris Opera Comique. She will return to Paris about the middle of January.



Lola Beeth.
Photo, copyright, 1895, A. Dupont, N. Y.

Abd-ul-Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, is a most conspicuous gentleman in Europe just

now, but before these lines appear in print it is quite possible that the Powers, or his own subjects themselves, may have forced him to abdicate in favor of his brother, Raschid Effendi, whom he keeps imprisoned in his palace. The young man is not allowed to receive a single letter, book, or newspaper, not to mention a visi-



Frances Saville.
Photo., copyright, 1895, Falk.



The Sultan of Turkey.

tor, from the outer world, and it is said he has received absolutely no education, like most of the sultans. A writer in the Fortnightly Review gives us a glimpse of the present Sultan's private life, which is most simple: "He rises at six and works with his secretaries till

noon, when he breakfasts. After this he takes a drive or a row on the lake within his vast park. When he returns he gives audiences. At eight o'clock he dines, sometimes alone, not unfrequently in company with one of the ambassadors. Very often, in the evenings, he plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frock coat,

the breast of which, on great occasions, is richly embroidered and blazing with decorations. He is the first sultan who has done away with the diamond aigrettes, formerly attached to the Imperial turban or fez. The President of the United States is no more informal than the Sultan in his manner of receiving guests. He places his visitor beside him on a sofa, and himself lights the cigarette he offers him. As the Padishah is supposed to speak no language but Turkish or Arabic, his Majesty, who is a perfect French scholar, carries on conversation through a dragoman."

Few memoirs will be read with greater interest than those of Henri Rochefort, which, under the title "The Adventures of My Life, are now appearing in instalments in the Paris newspaper Le Jour. Henri Rochefort is one of the most curious products of revolutionary France; one of the most remarkable men of our time. He is editor of a newspaper called L'Intransigeant, the title meaning "no compromise." The man could not have a better motto, for that is the keynote of his career. He has never compromised; he has always waged the bitterest kind of warfare against all in power, be they kings or presidents. His whole life has been an enigma both to his enemies and his friends. It is a life made up of contradictions and inconsistencies, and his political career has been as fantastic as his life. He has been nearly everything a man can be-clerk, dramatist, journalist, sculptor, deputy, member of the infamous Commune, and convict. Rochefort attacks everybody on principle. and when he has ruined his enemy he makes him his friend. For instance, when the late General Boulanger's star began to rise in France, Rochefort attacked "the scheming dictator;" a few months later he and Boulanger were inseparable, and for a long time L'Intransigeant was the official journal of the Boulangists. Rochefort was endowed by Nature with the most brilliant gifts, of which he has made the worst possible use. Who has read "La Lanterne," those marvellous pages that electrified Paris in 1868 and hastened the fall of Napoleon III., will not deny that this is a wonderful man.

Lord Salisbury is being harshly criticised in England for permitting the wholesale slave traffic which still goes on in Zanzibar. The establishment of British authority in that

state has not been followed by any diminution of the horrors of slavery. Scores of thousands of slaves, three-fourths of whom are the victims of slave raids in the interior, continue to occupy a position of absolute slavery, held in bondage by an authority which in the last resort is that of Great Britain. Indignation meetings have been held at the Mansion House, London, and the responsibility has been placed on Salisbury's shoulders.



Henri Rochefort.

coincidence that Julian Hawthorne, who has just won James Gordon Bennett's prize of \$10,000 for the best American novel, happens also to be the brother-in-law of George Parsons Lathrop, one of the three judges appointed by Mr. Bennett to examine the manuscripts submitted. No name is more prominent and honored in American literature than that of the elder Hawthorne, the

author of "The Scarlet Letter." Julian Hawthorne, his son, was warned by Nathaniel to

avoid the profession of literature as the pest, and Julian tried to carry out these wishes. He attempted various pursuits on entering life, but found none so well suited to him as that of writing—a faculty which, evidently, was in the blood. He has since gained a repu-



Marquis of Salisbury.



Julian Hawthorne.

tation of his own as a writer of fiction His style is entirely his own, his philosophic strain being quite distinct from that of his father. He is also an essayist of considerable power. He is now residing in Jamaica, West Indies.

Louise Michel, commonly called the "red

virgin," is coming to America to air her anarchistic theories. This woman, in many respects a fiend in human form, has been a source of danger and trouble to the French Government for years. She has been the leading spirit in every public disturbance, and is always inciting the people to bloodshed and rebellion. Her acts during the infamous Commune would have justified her being shot when the Government troops recaptured Paris. In those horrid days she wore a man's uniform and stood at the top of the street barricades, a red flag in one hand, a revolver in the other. She urged the murder of the



Louise Michel.

hostages, the burning of the public buildings, and connived at almost every a trocity committed, and she was personally responsible for the murder of the two French generals, Clement and Thomas. She is an anarchist of the most dangerous type, and the American authorities would

act wisely if they refused her permission to land here.

M. Faure, the President of the French Republic, is being considerably discussed just now on account of his father-in-law, who, in his capacity as a lawyer, is said to have abused the confidence of his clients and would have been condemned had not M. Faure married his daughter. The marriage took place a long time after the transactions in question, and the bride came to her husband without a dowry and even burdened with debts. As, therefore, it is impossible to affirm that the president profited by his father-in-law's position, these revelations will not prejudice him in the public mind.

Queen Victoria has just made her usual departure from Balmoral and taken up her residence at Windsor. She continues in very good health, considering her advanced age—she will be seventy-seven this year—and gives no sign of any desire to abdicate in favor of Albert Edward, who, very probably, may die before her. Victoria is a wise and prudent queen; she knows the present trend of public opinion and sentiment as well as the most advanced free-thinker; she knows that the days of kings and queens are numbered. She has carefully kept the crown aloof from politics, and has always been suc-

cessful in keeping the English radicals in good humor. She probably thinks that Albert Edward would not be so successful, which might bring about a revolution, and so, useless and absurd as she must know her office is, the Queen stays where she is in the interests of the Prince of Wales himself.



Pres. Faure, of France.

The recent developments in the Venezuela matter have created a sensation all over the world, especially in London, where the present bold stand taken by the United States Government was little expected. It is difficult to see, at this writing, how a rupture between the two countries can be avoided, much as it would be deplored. President Cleveland, in his dignified message to Congress, voiced the sentiments of the nation when he declared that as long as this republic endures it must stand by the Monroe doctrine. England proposes to ignore this fundamental principle of our institution by seizing by force of arms territory which she claims to be hers, a claim which the Republic of Venezuela denies. The British Government refuses to submit the question to arbitration; the American

Government says England shall not take possession without submitting to arbitration. One of the two countries will have to yield. England is plainly in the wrong. It must be England. It must be the United States. Queen Victoria has



Victoria R.

often averted the horrors of war by using her royal prerogatives in influencing her government; she should do so now to prevent her sons on both sides of the Atlantic from entering upon a murderous and fratricidal strife..

GEORGE WASHINGTON.*

The Citizen.

The Soldier.

The Statesman.

The Patriot.

EIGHTH INSTALMENT.



Washington's Swords.

HERE was one notable exception to the general gratification caused throughout the British army by Washington's chivalric courtesy shown in giving a Banquet of Honor to Lord Cornwallis, four days after the surrender at Yorktown.

Colonel Banestre Tarleton, commander of the famous Legion that bore his name, who was always conspicuous by his presence in battle, was conspicuous by his absence from the banquet. That, however, was due to no choice of his, for he had been placed under social interdict by Washington himself as un-

worthy of the title of "a gentleman and a soldier."

He protested to Colonel John Laurens, of South Carolina, one of Washington's aides-de-camp, against the omission of his name from the list of invited guests, and desired to know whether it was due to accident or design. He was informed that General Washington had ordered his exclusion from the banquet because he had in his campaigns overstepped the limits of civilized warfare, his conduct having been such as to add to the military

vocabulary the term "Tarleton's quarter," meaning that he had shown no mercy to a vanquished enemy. To have been thus put in Coventry under the eyes of his brother officers was a sore stroke to the dashing Tarleton, who, although but twenty-seven years of age, had been recently appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of The Queen's Dragoons, a crack regiment of the Household Troops.

The following remarkable incident. while illustrating Washington's exalted sense of soldierly duty, also serves to show that his attention had then been but recently drawn to Tarleton's sanguinary career, and the character of the troops that for the most part composed his Legion.

Colonel Hezekiah Maham, who commanded the cavalry in the renowned brigade of General Francis Marion. was the most daring and efficient commander in that arm of service which operated against the British forces in South Carolina.

He often beat up their camps by night attacks, capturing their outposts; and in June, 1781, he made a bold dash into their lines, and brought off as prisoners forty-five of Tarleton's famed dragoons. Soon after the last exploit he obtained a short leave of absence to visit his family. While at supper on his plantation, with his wife and daughter, a stalwart man in the uniform of a British trooper entered the room, and levelled a pistol at his breast, calling out at the same time, "Hands down; surrender as my prisoner, rescue, or no rescue!"

It was a graceless demand, and was

* Begun in The Peterson Magazine for June, 1895.

to be met at sight, since the means of enforcing it were so plainly visible, and the Colonel promptly answered, "I surrender, but who, sir, are you?'

The reply was, "I am Captain Robbins, of Colonel Cunningham's regiment of horse, in Tarleton's

Legion."

The prisoner derived but small comfort from the response, for Cunningham was notorious as the most sanguinary of all the tory leaders, and his command was known as "The Bloody Scout."

Robbins then de-

manded Colonel Maham's parole, and added, "Write it and sign it where you sit. If you attempt to rise I will fire upon you.'

Mrs. Maham laid writing material before her husband, and the tory captain dictated to him the following form of parole, which he wrote out and duly signed:

"I do hereby acknowledge myself to be a prisoner of war to Captain Henry Robbins, of Colonel Tarleton's Legion, of His Britannic Majesty's Army, serving in South Carolina; and I hereby engage upon my parole of honor that until I am exchanged, or otherwise released from this parole, I will not bear arms against the forces of His Majesty by land or sea, or do, or cause to be done, anything prejudicial to His Majesty's

arms. "Witness my hand this 10th July, 1781. " HEZEKIAH MAHAM, "Col. Cavalry Continental Line."

He was then directed to make a copy of the parole, to be retained for his own protection, adding thereto the following certificate to be signed by his captor: "I certify that the above is a true copy of the parole given to me by Colonel Hezekiah Maham."

Robbins was in the act of signing the certificate when he was alarmed by the approach of several horsemen,



Lieutenant-Colonel Banestre Tarleton.

and fled from the room and galloped away, leaving the parole, with the copy, on the table.

The Colonel congratulated himself upon the happy accident, regarding it as relieving him from any obligation to abstain from bearing arms, and a few days later reported for duty; but General Marion expressed some doubt as to whether the parole was not binding, and referred the matter to General Greene. then in command of the Southern Department.

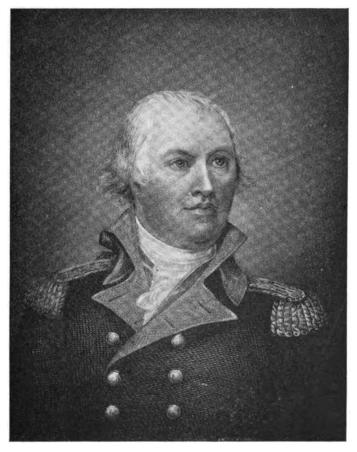
General

Greene was sensible of the great value of Colonel Maham's services to the cause of America, especially in view of operations pending against the Army of Cornwallis, and felt that his withdrawal from the service would be sheathing the brightest blade that led the Continental cavalry in battle. He was therefore disposed to give the fullest weight to Maham's contention that the alleged parole was not only void because his captor had not taken possession of it, but for the further reason, that the officers and men of "Bloody Bill Cunningham's "tory command were not recognized as soldiers by any American commander, but as murderous outlaws, who were shot whenever capt-

As the question, however, was entirely novel, and involved not only Colonel Maham's honor as an officer, but was of deep concern to the service. General Greene referred it to the commander-in-chief for an authoritative decision.

Washington was about to commence the siege of Yorktown when the case was laid before him, and he promptly decided that the parole was binding upon Colonel Maham, as Robbins, being an officer in the British Army, had the right to exact it of his prisoner, whose life he spared on the condition that the parole should be given; that the obligation it imposed was perfect when the parole was signed, and that the written paper was but the evidence soldier, any doubt that might arise should be solved in favor of the enemy."

It was stated by Robbins, after the Revolution, that the capture of Maham was planned by Tarleton, and that he (Robbins) started with five men for



General Nathaniel Greene.

of such obligation; that Colonel Maham having admitted that he agreed to give his parole, and that he did give it to his captor, his obligation to comply with its terms rested in his own honor, entirely independent of the chance that had thrown the written proof of it into his hands. He added, that "in every case of the kind involving the honor of an American

that purpose, but his party having been attacked and dispersed, he decided to pursue the enterprise alone, and as he had received strict orders not to kill Maham, and in view of his great strength and reckless courage could not venture unaided to bring him a distance of fifty miles to the British lines, he resorted to the alternative of paroling him.

Strange to relate, Colonel Maham, after having been obliged to chafe over his enforced inaction for a year, was relieved of his parole by being exchanged for Tarleton.

After the surrender of Cornwallis the operations of the opposing armies were limited to an occasional engagement between small detachments.

In March, 1782, Sir Henry Clinton was succeeded by General Sir Guy Carleton as commander-in-chief of the British forces.

"If we are wise let us prepare for the worst. There is nothing which will so soon produce a speedy and honorable peace as a state of preparation for war: and we must either do this or lay our account to patch up an inglorious peace after all the toil, blood, and treasure we have spent."

Washington's army at that date was posted at Fishkill, Peekskill, and on the Bronx near White Plains, with a brigade in the vicinity of Newark, N. J.

On April 12th a party of tories, under the command of a Captain Lip-



General Sir Henry Guy Carleton.

About this time the House of Commons, by a large majority, petitioned the King to make peace with the Colonies, but Washington did not relax his efforts to recruit his army up to the maximum strength of twenty-five thousand, the limit fixed by a resolution of the Continental Congress, for he well knew that the rights of no people are secure unless they have the means to defend them.

Notwithstanding the prospect of an early peace, therefore, he wrote to the President of the Congress, on April 9, 1782:

pincott (known as "Bloody Dick"), added another to the long list of atrocities perpetrated by that malignant tribe of base renegades during the war of the Revolution, for which all of their pestilential class have been consigned by patriotic Americans to everlasting infamy.

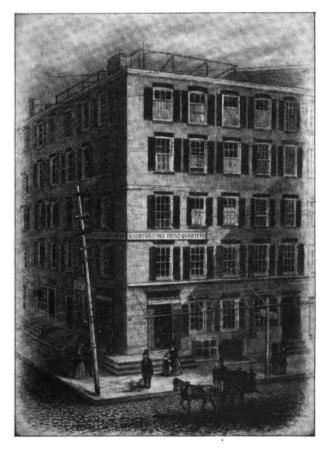
They surprised and captured on that day, in the vicinity of Newark, Captain Joseph Huddy, a brave and accomplished young officer of the Twenty-Fifth New Jersey infantry, and hanged him in open day on the public road near Middletown.

Their pretext for the murder was that Captain Huddy had killed one Philip White, a desperate tory, who, while a prisoner, struck down a sentinel and in attempting to escape was shot by the guard.

On being informed of the murderous deed, Washington sent in a flag to

executed. Washington thereupon determined to make reprisal for the murder of Captain Huddy, and ordered that ten British officers who were prisoners in his hands should draw lots to decide upon the one who should suffer.

Nineteen white beans and one black bean were placed in a hat, which was



Fraunces' Tavern, the Inn at which Washington bade Farewell to the Officers of the Continental Army, Dec. 4, 1783.

General Carleton with a statement of the facts and the proofs which fixed the crime upon Lippincott, with a demand that he should be delivered up for execution as a murderer. Carleton, while severely reprobating the deed of savagery, declined to surrender the accused tory, but stated that he should be brought to trial, before a court-martial and, if found guilty, should be promptly then covered with a cloth, and each of the officers was required to draw out one of them, he who drew the black bean to be the victim. The fatal bean was drawn by Captain Charles Asgill, of the First Foot Guards. He was a youth of but nineteen years of age, a most amiable and excellent character, of rare personal attractions, who had been commissioned a lieutenant at the age of sixteen, and had risen to a captaincy two years later by his gallantry in battle. He was the son of Sir Charles Asgill, who was then an Alderman, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London.

The court-martial convened for the trial of Lippincott, after taking the testimony of many witnesses, and sit-

for the release of the luckless young officer, were forwarded from England, and Lady Asgill, his mother, repaired to France and besought the intercession of the queen to save her son from his impending doom.

Through the Prime Minister, Count de Vergennes, Marie Antoinette ap-



Major-General Henry Knox. From the engraving by B. Whitechurch.

ting for two months, declared him not guilty, and reported that the evidence was not sufficient to warrant a conviction.

General Carleton communicated the result of the trial to Washington, and requested further time, stating that he had "set on foot a rigid inquiry to bring the real actors in the horrid crime to justice," and that he would continue to hold Captain Lippincott in close custody.

Petitions numerously signed, praying

pealed to Congress "to avert from a noble youth the ignominious death to which he had been condemned under the cruel laws of war for the crime of another."

Although Washington was sternly inflexible in the discharge of duty, and always ready to sacrifice mere sentiment for principle, he was deeply moved by the tragic pathos of the situation, and it was with his hearty concurrence that the Congress passed a resolution, directing that Captain Asgill

should be relieved from the penalty of death pronounced upon him and released on his parole.

Washington announced the happy termination of the painful affair to the Count de Vergennes in



Washington's Writing-table, still preserved in the Governor's Room, City Hall, New York.

the following sympathetic terms:

"Captain Asgill has been released, and is at perfect liberty to return to the arms of an affectionate mother whose pathetic address to your Excellency could not fail of interesting every feeling heart in her behalf."

It may interest my readers to know that the youthful soldier, who for five months stood bravely resigned in the shadow of the gallows, rose to the rank of major-general, and commanded the British troops in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, and was distinguished for the merciful manner in which he exercised his authority at Dublin Castle.

While negotiations for peace were in progress, in the autumn and winter of 1782, all military operations were at a stand-still.

Colonel John Laurens, of South Carolina, was the last soldier killed in the war of American Independence.

He was mortally wounded in an engagement between a detachment of Maham's cavalry and a body of tories at Page's Point near the Combahee River in that State on August 27, 1782.

It was a hard fate, to have passed safely through all the great battles of the war, and then to have fallen at its close in a mere skirmish. He had served six years on the staff of Washington, who was deeply touched by his death and said of him: "Colonel Laurens was a faultless soldier, and in every way a most able and estimable man. If he had any fault, it was in too often pushing bravery into reck-

lessness, and I, on several occasions. admonished him against it." He was the son of Henry Laurens, who, after serving two years as President of the Congress, was appoint-Minister ed Holland.

and captured in October, 1780, when en route to his post by Captain Kepple, commanding the frigate Vestal, and committed to the Tower of London, as a "state prisoner," the only American so termed during the war of the Revolution. He petitioned Parliament for his release on parole, his health having suffered seriously through his close confinement, but no action was taken on his petition.

The Congress offered to exchange General Burgoyne for him, but the offer was refused.

The British ministry, on learning that Colonel John Laurens had been sent as a special commissioner to France for the purpose of negotiating a loan of ten millions of dollars (which he effected), made to Henry Laurens the base proposition that if he would influence his son to abandon the mission he would at once be set at liberty. To that dishonoring proposal of Lord North's the incorruptible patriot sent answer from his prison-cell;

"I know that my son would sacrifice his life to save mine, but he would not sacrifice his honor, or the interests of his country to save either my life or his own, and I commend him for it."

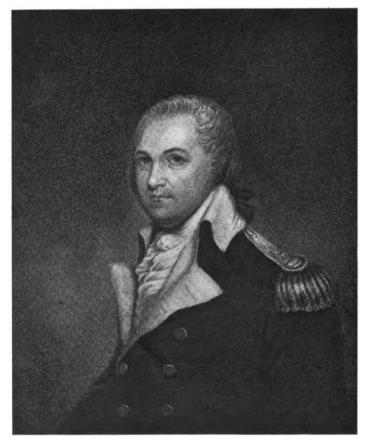
Lord Cornwallis, upon his return to England after the surrender at Yorktown, interested himself in the case of the imprisoned patriot, and on his personal application to the Earl of Shelburne, then prime minister, he was exchanged for Henry Laurens in June, 1782.

While the negotiations for peace were

in progress at Paris, John Jay, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Laurens, and John Adams having been appointed to treat with the British commissioners for that purpose, all of Washington's tact and firmness were required to prevent a threatened mutiny in his army.

ion of dollars a month received from France.

The Congress had issued three hundred millions of dollars in paper money, and had declared it a legal tender, but having failed to make any provision for its redemption, it had become valueless,



Henry Lee.
From the engraving by J. F. Prudhomme.

Their indignation had been very justly aroused against the Congress for its failure to provide for the pay of the officers and soldiers, none of whom had been paid a dollar for ten months, although the members of that congregation of incompetents had regularly drawn their own pay, at the rate of from sixteen to twenty-five dollars per day, out of the subsidy of one mill-

fading out, by its own extension, like a circle in the water. That body, in disregard of the plainest dictates of justice and gratitude, instead of making provision to settle the arrear of pay due the soldiers who had, by their patriotic valor and unexampled fortitude, achieved the independence of their country and saved its members from being reduced to the condition of vas-

sals to the British crown, engaged its energies in the discussion of a bill to disband more than one-half of the army

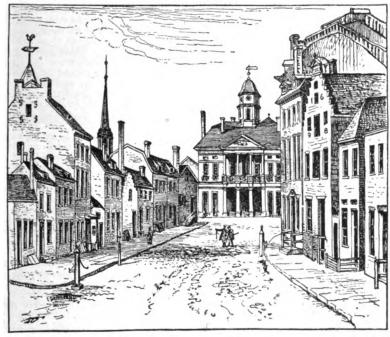
Washington on October 29, 1782, thus wrote to the President of the Congress, regarding the proposed legislation:

"While no one I have seen or heard of appears opposed to the principle of reducing the ters, unless the storm is previously dissipated, I cannot be at ease respecting the consequences.

"I wish not to heighten the shades of the picture so far as real life would justify me in doing, or I would give instances of patriotism and distress which have scarcely ever been paralleled, never surpassed, in the history of mankind.

"It is high time for a peace."

Colonel Samuel B. Webb, commanding the third Connecticut regiment, a brave and patriotic officer, who had



Federal Hall, from Broad Street, as it appeared in 1790.

army as circumstances may require, yet I cannot help fearing the result of the measure in contemplation, under present circumstances, when I see such a number of men goaded by a thousand stings of reflection on the past and of anticipation on the future, about to be turned into the world soured by penury, and what they call the ingratitude of the public, involved in debts without one farthing of money to carry them home, after having spent the flower of their days, and many of them their patrimonies in establishing the freedom and independence of their country, and suffered everything that human nature is capable of enduring on this side of death.

"You may rely upon it—the patriotism and

"You may rely upon it—the patriotism and long-suffering of this army are almost exhausted, and that there never was so great a spirit of discontent as at this instant. While in the field I think it may be kept from breaking out into acts of outrage, but when we retire into winter quar-

served with distinction on Washington's staff, in the following letter gave vent to the general feeling of the army at that period:

"CAMP CROTON RIVER, "October 8, 1782.

"MY DEAR BARRELL: I hope devoutly the war is nearly over, and the next time I enter the lists of an army of Republican States I wish I may be a corporal. I believe we shall soon get clear of the war with the British myrmidons, but if we (America) deserve liberty I am damnably mistaken.

"Heaven smiles on us, and holds our freedom, while our country is doing, seemingly, everything in its power to bring eternal infamy and disgrace on itself, and us. We poor dogs shall retire with broken constitutions and empty purses, and the

cursed sin of ingratitude has taken such deep hold of our virtuous countrymen that I expect a chosen few only will know us."

The spirit of revolt which Congress by its criminal neglect of duty had engendered in the army against its greatly abused powers, soon degenerated from open hostility to that body into a covert, yet decided, antagonism to the republican system itself. This antagonism ran throughout the rank and file of the whole Continental line, and even extended to the militia in the northern States.

From brooding over their wrongs. the great body of the officers of the army took counsel together, for the purpose of overthrowing the authority by which those wrongs were inflicted, and in the bitterness of their resentment so far forgot their duty as citizens, and their solemn oaths of allegiance as American soldiers, that they determined to pull down the temple of Liberty reared by their valor and fortitude, and erect a monarchy upon its Their proposed plan of establishing an elective kingdom depended for its successful execution upon Washington's acceptance of the crown as king of America. All the cohesion that it possessed, and the bond of union among those who supported it, rested upon the hope that they would convince him that the true welfare of the country would be best promoted by such a change in the system of government as would lodge the power of the nation in the hands of a single wise and just ruler. Colonel Lewis Nicola, of the Pennsylvania line, to whom Washington was strongly attached, a most worthy officer, distinguished for the highest soldierly qualities, and of unimpeachable moral character, was appointed by them to submit their proposal to him in the name of the army.

He presented it to Washington in an elaborate document, at his head-quarters, which were then at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, in the house of David Verplanck, a one-story building of wood and stone in the Dutch style, which is . still well preserved. Colonel Nicola very prudently retired as soon as he presented the document, his curiosity

to observe its effect upon Washington not being so strong as his concern about its effect upon himself should. he remain to witness its perusal.

That he acted wisely in retiring was made manifest by the following answer sent him by Washington on the same day:

"To Colonel Lewis Nicola.

"SIR: With a mixture of surprise and indignation I have read with attention the sentiments

you have submitted to my perusal.

"Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, which I must view with abhorrence, and reprehend with For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

" I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which seems to me big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your

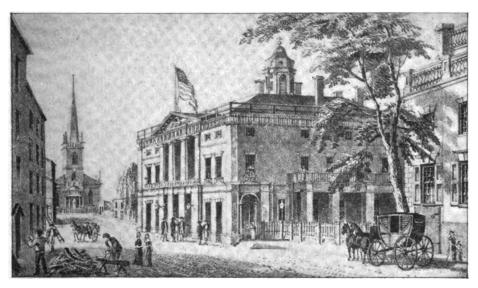
schemes are more disagreeable.

'At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see justice done to the army than I do; and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion.

"Let me conjure you then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself, or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself, or anyone else, a senti-ment of the like nature."

In concealing from the civil authorities the treasonable conspiracy to overthrow the republic, Washington was guilty, as jurists would hold, of misprision of treason, and subjected himself to the penalties prescribed for that great crime. Yet in so doing he illustrated his consummate wisdom, and rendered the highest service to the cause of American Independence.

The resources of England were yet far from being exhausted, and although the ministry had appointed commissioners to negotiate peace, they were still opposed to conceding the independence of the United States. England's policy in dealing with the nations has ever been to divide and conquer, and her trenchant sword, sharp and



From a lithograph of 1856.

bright, with her strong hand grasping the hilt, may always be discovered hidden beneath the leaves of the olive branch that she holds out to her adversary.

The term "Perfide Albion" (Perfidious England), by which the French have designated her for three hundred years, although harsh, is sanctioned by historic justice.

While the negotiations for peace were in progress, and the American commissioners had every assurance that England was prepared to recognize the independence of the United States, the ministry were actively intriguing to dissolve the alliance between France and America.

As an inducement to that end they offered to cede to France the whole of Canada, and guarantee her retention of her possessions in the West Indies.

It was corrupt diplomacy, and was doubtless inspired by the base assumption that there is no moral sense in nations, and no sanctity in treaties.

The Count de Vergennes was tempted by the seductive proposal, and laid it before King Louis XVI., who instantly instructed him to reject it, stating that France would be forever

dishonored by such an act of perfidy. Had the alliance been broken Great Britain would have raised new levies, and prosecuted the war against America with a larger force than she had yet employed.

Washington was well aware of the temper of the King of England and his ministry; and his sagacity, which was always equal to every emergency, led him at once to perceive that if it became known that the Continental army was so far disaffected toward the Republic as to seek the establishment of a monarchy in its stead, the ministry would refuse to make peace on the basis of American independence, and at once proceed to carry on the war with renewed vigor, and with a fair prospect of final success.

The tender of a crown to Washington by officers of the Continental army has been passed over lightly by his biographers as a rather grotesque incident, due to a transient gust of passion that came from "a few military malcontents." But there were many more than a "few" engaged in it.

We have it on the authority of Generals Wayne, Sullivan, and Scott, that the plan to establish a monarchy had

the sanction of the vast majority of the officers of the army, and that such was Washington's own opinion is indicated by his letter to Colonel Nicola. He treated it as of the gravest import, and as "big with the greatest mischiefs" that could befall the country. He was not given to magnifying dangers, but with clear mental vision saw facts as they were in their true form and substance; and yet he must have been guilty of the grossest exaggeration in applying such terms to a mere chimerical scheme emanating from a few discontented officers.

He well knew that the men who stood ready to proclaim a monarchy, and place a royal diadem upon his head, represented a power fully ade-

quate to uphold it.

They were as respectable in numbers as they were in rank and character; and were not simply speculative visionaries imitating the folly of the deluded Achates, who aimed his arrows at the stars, but practical men prepared in spirit and in means to make good their offer, for they were backed by a veteran army that had long since ceased to regard the civil government of the country with any degree of respect.

General Charles Lee, though rarely to be relied on as an authority upon any question, doubtless correctly stated in the following letter, written when he was an especial favorite of the Congress, not only his own opinion of that body, but that held throughout the army:

" New York Oct. 36 14th. 1776.

" MY DR. GATES:

"I write this scroll in a hurry. Inter nos the Congress seem to stumble at every step. I do not mean one or two of the cattle, but the whole stable. I have been very free in delivering my opinion to 'em. In my opinion General Washington is much to blame in not menacing them with resignation unless they refrain from unhinging the army by their absurd interference. We ought to have an army on the Delaware, I have roared it in the ears of Congress, but caterit auribus.

"Adieu my dear friend, if we do meet again why we shall smile.

"Your's "C. LEE."

The contempt which the course pursued by the Congress had drawn upon it in the autumn of 1776 had gradually been converted into a feeling of bitter hate on the part of the army, which had been the chief sufferer from its persistent neglect of duty, and its malign intermeddling with military operations.

Trusts and monopolies operated throughout all the States in food supplies and material for clothing; and Washington had appealed to the Congress, and to the local legislatures, in vain for the legislation necessary to bring to deserved punishment the men who were thus enriching themselves by the sad contributions drawn from the calamities of the people.

In regard to those public pests, which were as rife then as now, he wrote to Joseph Reed, President of the Council of Pennsylvania in 1780:

"It gives me sincere pleasure to find that there is likely to be a coalition of the Whigs in your State, a few only excepted, and that the Assembly is so well disposed to second your endeavors in bringing those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers, and engrossers to condign punishment. It is much to be lamented that each State long ere this has not hunted them down as pests to society and the greatest enemies we have to the happiness of America. I would to God that some one of the most atrocious in each State was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman. No punishment, in my opinion, is too great for the man who can build his greatness upon his country's ruin."

The failure of Congress to suppress the prevailing abuses by which the people in general were harassed, and its ill-timed and misdirected legislation in all matters relating to military affairs, were attributed on the one hand to the mental incapacity of its members, and on the other to their stolid indifference to the public welfare. History attests that in revolutionary periods, when the civil administration of a government founded upon the popular will proves too feeble to confront and master great emergencies, the man on horseback comes into view, and the sceptre is welcomed as the symbol of needed governmental force.

T. J. Mackey.

In view of the awakened interest in Washington a supplementary article, with much that is new and of general interest, will appear in the February Peterson,

GENUINE CALLENDER HOME-MADE BREAD.

R IGHT in the heart of Boston stood the old Callender house, and although life's busy whirl and rush eddied about it day after day, there was always a quiet, peaceful restingplace in its large back-yard. Too quiet and restful by far did the pretty grand-nieces, Mollie and Martha Callender, find it, as longer and longer grew the days, and lower and lower ebbed the scanty supply of money at the bottom of their shabby little purses.

They were only sixteen and eighteen, respectively, and although eager for freedom, were never allowed to go out into the world and earn some money that they might dress a little prettier, have a chance to read the latest books (for even the family share in the Athenæum had long since been sold to buy the necessaries of life), and do a thousand and one trifling things that every girl's heart delights in.

At one time the girls thought their wish was to be granted, for situations were offered them in one of the numerous women's clubs plentifully scattered over the great city, but Great-aunt Callender had shivered with horror when the tempting project was laid before her.

"Women's clubs, indeed," she sniffed scornfully; "in my day women thought far too much of their husbands and children, to say nothing of their homes, to go gadding about trying to run a club and generally making a mess of it. No, if you want something to do, I'll dismiss Jane and you can try your hand at the housework. That will keep you out of mischief at any rate, and the profession of housewife is only too rapidly disappearing from sight."

Within a week the two girls were settled in the great old-fashioned kitchen, with its fireplace, across which the crane hung and the wonderful brick oven where ten or twelve pies and a corresponding amount of bread could be baked at once.

They had been doing housework for over a month; had thoroughly mastered all the intricacies of pot-hooks; had learned the exact temperature necessary to insure satisfactory results from the brick oven, and had displayed with much delight the handsome loaves of bread that were always just the same size and rich crusty shade of brown. On this particular day Martha Callender had been unusually silent, and after vainly endeavoring to rouse her, Mollie settled down to the unexciting knitting work with which Greataunt Callender always kept them supplied, and waited for future developments. Every Friday afternoon they were allowed to take a long walk, and, although not an unalloyed pleasure, owing to the comments their unfashionable garb provoked, vet it was an event in an uneventful life, and as such looked forward to with more or less This afternoon when they interest. set forth Martha announced that they were to walk across the Common, down Boylston Street as far as the new Public Library building, and then home. Mollie assented, nothing loth, for she was always content to go in any direction where new faces could be seen. and soon half the distance was trav-On the way down Boylston Street Martha suddenly stopped before a window in which all kinds of edibles were displayed, and said in a low tone, excitedly taking hold of her sister's arm, "Look, Mollie, do you see that sign? Our fortune is made."

"What do you mean, Martha? The only sign I see says 'Home-made Bread.'"

"Yes, but don't you understand," rather impatiently replied her sister, "we can make bread."

"Yes," hesitatingly answered Mollie. "And sell it too," continued Martha.

"Martha Callender, what are you thinking of. Great-aunt would never consent."

"We won't ask her," coolly went on

the intrepid Martha. "So far as the baking goes that can easily be managed, and you know she always goes down to Mrs. Stevens's every Tuesday and Friday afternoon. On those days we will exhibit the brick oven, show how we make and bake the bread, and sell it, although we must have a regular agency down town for that." By this time Mollie was gasping for breath, so astonishing had been Martha's disclosure.

"But, Martha," at last she managed to say, "Great-aunt Callender will surely find it out; there is very little that goes on that she doesn't know about, and then how angry she will be. Why, she may turn us out of the house."

"I'm not afraid of that," her sister responded; "but just fancy how angry she would be if she ever went down on Boylston Street and saw the sign 1 propose to have. It will read something like this: 'GENUINE CALLENDER HOME-MADE BREAD, baked in a REAL OLD-FASHIONED BRICK OVEN. tors will be admitted to see the breadmaking on Tuesdays and Fridays, between the hours of two and five. Admission, twenty-five cents. Bread may be ordered by the quantity in advance, but can always be obtained at this shop. Price, fifteen cents a loaf. There, what do you think of that? planned it all out yesterday afternoon. I shall have it printed in the old-fashioned way, long-tailed s and all."

"That's what made her so quiet," remarked Mollie, under her breath.

"And all I brought you down here for was to see where we could sell it."

Martha was two years older than Mollie and much more enterprising. Before they went home that afternoon she had agreed to furnish ten loaves of bread as an experiment (the proprietor of the shop to send his wagon for them); had ordered the tickets printed and the sign; had made all necessary arrangements about an extra quantity of flour, yeast, and so forth, and finally had gone home to make the bread, for Saturday was their regular baking-day.

More than once during the following morning Great-aunt Callender said to

herself, "I must certainly see what those girls are about; such a noise I never did hear before; it is really scandalous. The neighbors will be in to see what the trouble is." Poor old lady. She tried so hard each day to forget that all her friends had long since moved away, and that dingy warehouses and lumber-yards crowded year after year more fiercely upon her, that occasionally she would really imagine for a moment that some of her erstwhile acquaintances would drop in to pass the time of day and have a friendly cup of tea. Meanwhile outside the house electric cars were madly rushing, and in the kitchen two pretty girls were gleefully counting the loaves as they took them one by one out from a genuine brick oven.

Getting Great-aunt Callender ready to attend her bi-weekly whist club was always a work of time. First of all she was invariably certain that it would rain, and her rain-cloak, umbrella, and rubbers, or, as she insisted upon calling them, "gums" (for her mother had been born in Philadelphia), had to be hunted up. She never kept these various articles two consecutive times in the same place, she was so afraid of being called old-maidish (she was now nearly eighty and still unmarried), and many a good half-hour did the patient grandnieces spend, searching in all sorts of impossible nooks and corners, for the missing things. When at last ready, and cap-box in hand, assisted down the steps by Martha, she was truly a work of art. A pleasing fiction, kept up all her life, that she was so extremely good-looking, everything was equally becoming, resulted this afternoon in the selection of a slate-blue heavy brocaded silk, made with low neck and short puffs over the shoulders, with which she wore an embroidered white waist coming up high in the neck, with large sleeves. Long black mitts, black shoes with large silver buckles, white stockings, and a fan completed her toilet. This fan was always carried regardless of the weather, and although none but ladies composed the club, she still practised all her airy graces, using both fan and eyes with precisely the same striving for effect as when she was a young girl, threescore years ago. Mrs. Stevens always sent her carriage round for the different ladies, and when the door was finally shut, the coachman had touched his hat, and Great-aunt Callender driven off in state, both girls turned and ran into the house in guilty haste, for this was the first afternoon of their experiment, and although not expecting many visitors, still one or two might come and they had to dress and get ready.

Great-aunt Callender had always insisted upon their wearing dainty mobcaps and spotlessly clean dimity gowns when at work in the kitchen, and thus it was an easy matter for them to dress their part to perfection. The kitchen was in apple-pie order. Not a speck of dirt or dust could be seen anywhere. The cat was asleep in front of the fire, but Mistress Parrot in her cage in the corner was all a-quiver with excitement. Her feathers were arranged with exceeding care, but, wicked old bird that she was, her only speech this afternoon, when everyone was expected to be quiet and proper, was "Drat you, shut that door.

The tickets of admission were on sale in the same shop with the bread, and evidently the sign had attracted attention, for soon the large old kitchen was filled with eager visitors, who asked all manner of questions, wanted to see and know about everything, and frightened poor pussy so that she beat a retreat to the sacred regions of the best parlor.

Both girls did the honors so well that many admiring glances were given them as they quietly explained all the quaint contrivances. The bread was displayed on the table, but it was Mollie who thought of making tea in Greataunt Callender's beautiful Wedgewood set, boiling the water in a tea-kettle swung from the crane, and serving the daintiest little slices of bread to eat That capped the climax, and indeed a prettier picture would be hard to find than Mollie, her cheeks slightly flushed from bending over the fire, as she half-shyly proffered the tea, served in the delicate old-fashioned cups. By

half-past four the last guest had departed; Martha had taken up five tickets and had received besides two dollars for admissions. Mollie had orders for twenty loaves of bread, to be delivered the next week, and as the girls washed up the tea-things and put the kitchen to rights, they were amazed at the extent of their fortune.

Ten loaves of bread had been sold, and this with the admissions made a tidy sum of three dollars and a half, to say nothing of the money that doubtless was waiting for them at the shop, out of which, however, they had to pay ten per cent. commission to reimburse the good shopkeeper for his trouble.

"You'll be found out! You'll be found out!" a voice behind them suddenly exclaimed, and Martha dropped the tea-kettle cover with a bang before she realized that it was only Polly.

But for a long time everything went They were obliged to limit the number of tickets sold for each afternoon to twelve, as the kitchen would not accommodate more, but this only increased the interest, for people always want most what they cannot at once obtain, and Boston, like everything else she goes into, had taken up the Brick-Oven Craze with energy. Parties were organized to visit the Callender house, the girls baked bread every day, and their bank account was slowly but steadily growing. As Martha said, " People might lose interest in seeing the brick oven-something new would take its place; but," she added, with a sage nod of her wise little head, "people will always have to eat bread, and if we make ours good and wholesome, why the general public will buy as quickly from us as from anybody else."

Meanwhile Great-aunt Callender was pursuing the even tenor of her way, utterly unconscious of the wicked plot that had been concocted, and successfully carried out right under her own roof. This was not strange, for she, in company with several other old ladies (although they never admitted for a moment that they were old) lived in a little world of their own, and would no more enter an "electric" than they would give up wearing mitts all day or

foregoing the terrible pleasure of looking under the bed each night for the man that they had never yet found. They regarded with the utmost horror that man Edison, and everything connected with him—telephones, phonographs, kinetoscopes, etc. They never walked anywhere (for such people carriages are always strangely in readiness, no matter how low their purses may be), and so Great-aunt Callender didn't see the sign on Boylston Street, although it probably had attracted more attention than anything else for months.

One afternoon the girls, grown quite reckless at the freedom they had enjoyed, went out, leaving Great-aunt Callender alone with Polly. A long time she had been waiting for just this . opportunity. Now, she was bound to find out what it was in that old kitchen over which those girls had so much fun, and also see if everything was picked up neat and clean. She opened the door and stepped into the kitchen. The room looked peaceful and quiet. The kettle was singing away contentedly; a pan of biscuits was rising for tea, the cat was asleep on the rug, but Polly was wide awake in the corner. Great-aunt Callender looked everywhere carefully without finding the least trace of anything suspicious. Drawers and cupboards were in perfect The andirons were rubbed until you could see your face in them, and the pewter dishes dared her to say that they were not spotlessly clean and immaculate. But what were those books on the high mantelpiece over the tall shallow fireplace? Hastily taking off her spectacles, for she never used them to read by, she scanned the From some distant echo she had caught a word or two about the novels of the present day that had much shocked her; what then was her dismay to find her grandnieces reading such books. All the volumes were hastily consigned to the flames, and wondering what more dreadful thing was in store for her to discover, she

was turning toward the dining-room. when her ear caught the word "Callender." Anything connected with her cherished family was of paramount interest, and she stopped and listened. Ever since her entrance Polly, that inveterate tale-bearer, had been saying in an undertone, "Callender bread, fifteen cents a loaf. Look in the brick oven." But finding that her mistress paid no attention, the crafty old bird changed her cry to "Callender! Callender!" and then having succeeded in attracting notice, added, "Look in the brick oven." Great - aunt Callender needed no second hint. straight to the oven she threw open the door, and then jumped back in dismay, for forty loaves of bread stared her in her face (the girls had received a large order for a church fair and had just finished the baking).

What could it mean? Mistress Parrot was quietly saying, "Callender bread, fifteen cents a loaf. Buy one?" But the poor old lady was so bewildered that she had only sufficient strength to get back into the sittingroom, where she sank into an easy-chair and waited for the return of her

grandnieces.

Not long did she wait, and soon the alarming tale was told, for both girls were true Callenders and scorned all subterfuge. But Great-aunt Callender had a grain of humor deep down in her nature. She could appreciate a joke even at her own expense, and when the girls told how they managed; how the wagon had not been allowed to come to the door but all the bread carried down to the corner; how the flour barrel was in the parlor closet, and their plots and plans to have a sufficient quantity of milk delivered without arousing suspicion, she gave in and joined in their laughter.

Perhaps that is the reason why she cut them off with a shilling. Poor old lady, she had none to give; but left to them, instead, in her will, the old house and the famous brick oven.

Elizabeth Burnie.

WOMEN AT OXFORD.

T was suggested long ago that the best way to measure the height of a civilization was by the status of its women. Viewed in this manner, the relative position of most countries, past and present, is about the same as that in which they are placed by public opinion in our own nation. The few exceptions which run counter to popular judgment appear to come nearer to the truth than does the latter. Thus, for example, measured by the status of its women, Rome enjoyed a higher civilization than did Greece. In the Middle Ages the Italian republics seemed to have been head and shoulders above their numerous and more powerful compeers. At the present time the United States leads the list, with Great Britain second, followed closely by Germany and Switzerland. Most of the other European nations are scarcely in the race at all. France and Italy, Spain and Portugal, Austria and Turkey, Russia and Belgium, are all in the same condition, so far as women are concerned, that they were fifty or seventy-five years ago. is, of course, some difference, but the difference is so small as to be insignificant.

In Spain and Portugal the condition of the sex is scarcely different from what it was two centuries ago, except that physically and physiologically it has degenerated in nearly every part

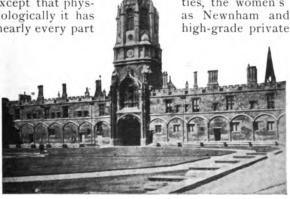
of those two kingdoms. In Great Britain the progress of womanhood has not been marked by such sudden advances and great leaps as it has in the domains of Uncle Sam. It has been

more gradual. A careful comparison will show that there has been a striking similarity in development between the two great heads of the Englishspeaking race. In each the common law restrictions upon women have been abolished, or modified by degrees, until to-day when woman enjoys the personal liberty and a legal individualism that is almost complete. While England has not gone so far as such States as New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, and Kansas, she is far in advance of North and South Carolina,. Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico. In the higher education of woman, England started before America, and made considerable progress. Then the latter country came forward, and bending all its energies to the work, passed England in the last decade.

At the present time each is progressing in superb style, with America a trifle ahead. Each land has its own advantages. In England there is a magnificent mechanism already in existence, which can be utilized by women the same as it has been from time immemorial by men. This mechanism should be estimated in the broadest

and most liberal manner. It consists not only of the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge, but the newer universities, the women's colleges, such as Newnham and Girton; the high-grade private schools, with

which all the English cities abound; the British Museumand the public and private museums, galleries, libraries, and technical schools. Another advantage is the



"Tom Quad" and Tower.



Martyrs' Memorial Hall.

compactness of the tight little island in which the trouble and expense of travel to scholars are reduced to a minimum. In the United States the advantages are of a different nature. There is, first, a more universal love of the higher education for the sex, which expresses itself in the establishment of State universities, colleges, and institutes, as well as in such munificent benefactions as Vassar, Cornell, Emma Willard, Pratt, and Chicago University; the long list of scholarships which are now open to women in the schools of the land; the heavy and remunerative patronage of such institutions as the Packer Institute, Wellesley, Oberlin, Smith, Teachers', Mount Holyoke, and Radcliffe; the extraordinary number of small benefactions in, money, books, pictures, educational apparatus, scientific specimens, objects in natural history and physics, bronzes, statuary, and the one hundred and one details which go to furnish the modern

college or to embellish, illustrate, and improve college work. Last. and probably most efficient of all. is the increasing demand for highly educated women as teachers and professional workers. It is obvious, however, that each country is approaching the other. The other American universities are either admitting women direct to their undergraduate classes, or else, like Columbia and Harvard, they establish or become interested in annexing such as Barnard and the Teachers' by the former, and Radcliffe by the latter. These correspond very closely to the famous Association for Promoting the Education of Women in Oxford. Another resemblance is to be seen in the greatly augmented post-graduate optional and special courses for women on both sides of the Atlantic. It is possible in both lands to-day for a talented young woman to start where the male alumnus of 1870 finished his education, and to pursue a curriculum extending from three to seven years in duration. The chief differences are that the higher edu-

cation of women in America costs considerably more than it does in England (which is, of course, a disadvantage), and that female students do not enjoy the same liberty and independence in England that they do in America. In the older country both col-lege etiquette and society insist upon some sort of a chaperon, guardian, or elder relative to preserve the conventionalities of life, while in America the tendency is to accord the female student the same confidence and trust that it does to her brother. The English system increases the unnecessary activity and care of student life, and therefore tends to impair the excellence of the scholar's work.

Oxford has long been a favorite institution for the English people, male and female. A brief perusal of its records shows that there are women among its most distinguished founders and donors, and that the sex has taken an intense interest in all the schools

and colleges which make up that famous university from the moment that the records were kept. In the present progressive century, a large number of women whose brothers, husbands, or sons were matriculates have kept up the same studies at home as their relatives were pursuing in the colleges at Oxford, and at the end of the four years' course were probably as well trained and as capable of passing the final examinations as were the latter. A large number of women eminent in literary or social life in

the first two-thirds of the century had taken this curriculum, and refer to it, in their after years, as a source of both the highest benefit and the greatest delight.

In 1850 there was even a Greek reading-club in Oxford, composed exclusively of women. From time to time ambitious and talented girls applied for admission to the various schools which compose the University, and were uniformly refused. The first great step forward was made in 1864, when a number of women, of whom all, or nearly all, resided in the city of Oxford, started a society or club, looking toward their own higher education.



Interior of Christ Church.

The matter was discussed first among themselves, and afterward with liberal-minded clergymen and professors, whom they called in to take part in their councils. It took form in 1865, when they established a scheme of lectures and classes for It was upon a women. small scale, but was quite successful. Among the lecturers who aided these energetic pioneers were the Reverend Mark Pattison, who afterward became Rector of Lincoln; Professor H. Nettleship, the distinguished Latin

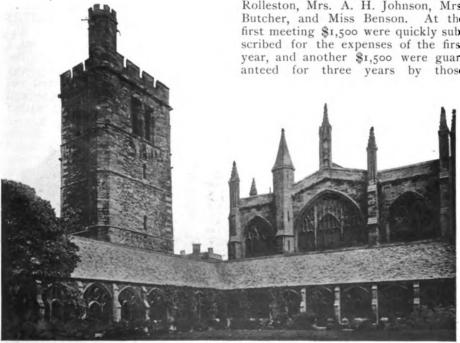
scholar; Professor W. C. Sidgwick, the celebrated mathematician, and other teachers of smaller eminence. Odd to relate, the scheme was treated as a matter of course. It did not arouse much enthusiasm on the one hand, nor encounter appreciable antagonism on the The conservative spirit of Oxford regarded it as a compliment to the literary and classical influence of the University, and when it was discovered that the lectures were upon a very high plane, and that many of the students intended to follow pedagogy as a calling, it rather approved the scheme. The system continued several years, but was finally merged in that



Mansfield College.

which now prevails. It was narrow, but may be summed up as an excellent plan for finishing or polishing teachers of a high class rather than as an education for women in general. The next movement occurred in 1873. with a committee of ladies of very high standing, including Mrs. Max Müller, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Creighton, and Mrs. T. H. Green. This was a broader and stronger effort, and brought forward such well-known characters as Professor Stubbs, the historian and present Bishop of Oxford; Mrs. F. Millicent Fawcett, the famous scholar and wife of the great statesman, and some twelve of the ablest instructors in the University. Classes were held in languages, mathematics, history, and political science. This second scheme was much more successful than the first, and on account of its high social status, and the support it received from the great dignitaries of the church as well as of the University, met with no opposition. It grew

in popularity and in numbers, and became a feature of Oxford life. On June 4, 1878, it made a great leap forward when it undertook to form an Association for the Education of Women. This was done at a public meeting held on the date mentioned, at Keble College, upon the advice of Professor Rolleston. Committees were appointed, and on June 22d the association which now exists was brought into be-Among the eminent men who took part in this decisive step were the Reverend H. D. Harper, Principal of Jesus College; Professor Nettleship; the Reverend E. S. Talbot, Warden of Keble College; the Reverend Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln; Professor Bonamy Price, professor of political economy; Professor Thorold Rogers, the statistician; the Reverend H. S. Holland; the Reverend G. G. Bradley. Master of the University, and the Reverend H. G. Woods. Among the women of prominence were the Hon. Mrs. Vernon Harcourt, Mrs. A. H. D. Ackland, Mrs. Bartholomew Price, Miss Smith, Mrs. T. H. Ward, Mrs. Rolleston, Mrs. A. H. Johnson, Mrs. Butcher, and Miss Benson. At the first meeting \$1,500 were quickly subscribed for the expenses of the first year, and another \$1,500 were guaranteed for three years by those



New College Cloisters and Tower.

present, and two scholarships were founded — one of \$175 per year and one of \$225, each for three years. The association worked hard, organizing and interesting people in the cause and securing support in one way and another, and started its full course in October, 1879, with thirteen, courses in study. These were in English history for honors, and in English history for passing; in English literature for honors; in English language for honors; English essays, political economy, logic, mathematics, mathematics for honors, Latin and Greek; German literature, philology, grammar, and composition; French literature, language, and composition, and the elements of chemistry. The officers this first year consisted of Mrs. Arthur Ackland, Miss Benson, Mrs. Arthur Johnson, Miss Clara Pater, Miss Smith, Mrs. Humphry Ward, the Reverend Mark Pattison, the Reverend E. S. Talbot, the Reverend G. W. Kitchin, the Reverend W. W. Jackson, Professor Nettleship, and A. Robinson. The president was the Reverend G. G. Bradley, the honorary treasurer, Mrs. Bartholomew Price, and the honorary secretaries, Mrs. T. H. Greene and S. H. Butcher. These sixteen directors deserve to be remembered by the women of Great Britain. They not alone served faithfully and well, but they subscribed with great liberality, and worked indefatigably to make the experiment a success. The number of students rapidly increased, life members, annual members, and honorary members were secured for the association in large

numbers; honorary advisors were likewise called in until, at the close of the first school year, the association had become a gratifying and laudable success. The two scholarships for the first year were carried off by Miss Roberts and Miss Pearson. In 1880

one college opened its doors partially to the association by permitting the members to attend one course of lectures. This process has gone on steadily ever since until to-day, when nearly every college in Oxford has extended the privilege to one or more courses.

In 1883 the Chautauqua system was adopted by the association, and the now justly famous system of teaching by correspondence was introduced into Great Britain, the chief organizer in the movement being Mrs. Ewing, who was made honorary secretary for that In 1887 a course of department. training for teachers, including work in a practising school, was commenced under honorary professor, Mrs. Scott. This system was borrowed in part from the Swiss, and has since been adopted and extended by the great Teachers' College of New York. In 1893 the work of the association had grown so large that changes were made in the organization in order to secure greater efficiency. The work of the committee was readjusted, and the name council adopted to indicate its general administrative character. Many of its functions were transferred to a standing committee, appointed for the purpose, and called the Educational Committee. This consisted of the secretaries and treasurer of the association, not less than three of its tutors or professors, and the principals



A View of Mansfield Hall.

of the halls employed by the women. Oxford University, for the first time, took official cognizance of the matter by appointing the Dean of Christ Church to sit as its representative in the council of the association. It had taken eighteen years to carry this point, and great was the rejoicing for the brave women and the noble men who had carried on the struggle during that period. To the American mind the mere appointment of a university officer to sit in the society as the official representative of another organization does not possess much significance, but in England it is very different. The mere appointment of the representative

meant official recognition, friendship, protection, and material aid. The selection of a high church dignitary. such as the Dean of Christ Church, was of equal importance, because it expressed the attitude of the Church of England toward this new movement. The two together, added to the opening of the lecture halls to the students. to the paid or contributed services of the tutors, demonstrators, and professors of the various colleges, made the association an affiliate, if not a regular member of the great group of institutions of learning which constitute the University of Oxford.

This was still further followed by the Vice-Chancellor of the University taking a room in the premises of the association, wherein he sits as an advisor and friend of the council.

Prior to 1884 the only examinations open to the association student were those specially provided by the delegates of local examinations. In that year the council secured a handsome petition signed by all of its own members and a small army of alumni. It



Holman Hunt's Picture of Christ, Keble College.

was considered by the authorities, and after careful deliberation they passed an ordinance opening to the women students honor moderations and final honor schools of mathematics, science, and modern history. Another step was taken in 1886, when women students were admitted to responsions: in 1800 to the honor school of jurisprudence and the final examinations of Bachelor of Music: in 1893 to the honor schools of theology, oriental studies, and the examination for Doctor of Music, and in 1804 to all the examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Such is a brief sketch of the growth of the

association named. In numbers its growth has been very marked. In 1865 there were about twenty-five women who started the first scheme, and in 1878 the number had grown to nearly one hundred. To-day the students number three hundred and forty-seven, and the association two hundred and twenty-five, making a grand total of five hundred and seventy-two who are carrying on the work of the higher education of women in England's great University.

The general management of the association is very simple. It views its students as junior members of the same family, and endeavors to aid them in their progress in every way. While the students themselves reside in regular college halls or in private houses, as they prefer, they are surrounded at all times by influences of the best class. There is recreation in moderate amount, but of a very high grade, such as the best music, reading, concerts, debating societies, and literary, artistic, and scientific clubs. The association tries as far as is possible to

turn everything into an inducement toward study and intellectual work. Nothing, for example, could be more alluring to a young woman with artistic tendencies than a scholarship which will give her one or two more years of study in Italy or in Greece, or to a woman with a love for oriental literature than a scholarship in a German or Swiss university, under one of the great masters of philology. In this manner the Oxford girl graduates have taken post-graduate courses, and secured post-graduate honors, in many of the most famous institutions of both England and the Continent.

The students are attached in general to one of three halls. Of these the first is Lady Margaret Hall, which was founded in 1878 and opened in 1879. It is a neat and attractive building thoroughly furnished and equipped, and accommodates seventy - four student members and also thirty - seven students, making a total of one hundred

and eleven. It offers from three to five scholarships in open competition each year, ranging in amount from one hundred and twentyfive dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars. The second, and larger one, is Somerville College, which was founded as Somerville Hall in 1879 and opened in that year. Its name was changed to its present form in 1894. accommodates sixty student members and sixty-three

students. It is quite rich in scholarships, and offers from three to four, and as many exhibitions for annual competition. In addition to this there are three special scholarships of three years each of two hundred and fifty dollars a year; a Pfeiffer scholarship of two hundred and fifty dollars a year; a Gilchrist scholarship, of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and a Mary Conybeare scholarship, for classics, of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. This makes a total of from nine to ten scholarships a year, and four exhibitions for what we Americans would term prize examinations. St. Hugh's Hall was founded in May, 1886, and accommodates twenty - two student members and twenty-four students, making a total of forty-six. No less than sixty-seven so-called home students are unattached to any of the halls. Provision was made for this class by the association as far back as They have their own principal

and also several semi-official halls or homes, among which the two chief are St. Kentigern's hostel and St. Hilda's hostel.

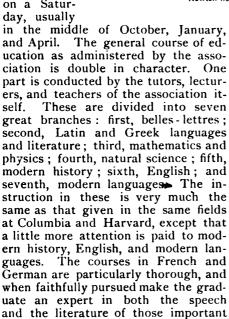
A number of the students reside in private homes, with the families of the tutors or other people engaged in the University. In fact, nearly all of the ancient city of Oxford is nothing more or less than one great collegiate family. The cost of living and tuition is very small. Many of the students



Brazenose College.

manage to get along comfortably upon two hundred and fifty dollars a year. This, of course, simply means the scholastic, and not the calendar, year. There are three terms to each year --- Michaelmas, Lent, and Summer. Each begins on a Satur-

tongues.



Etymology and philology receive the most careful attention, and are taught as sciences rather than as parts of grammar. The other branch of education consists of lectures delivered in the colleges themselves. They cover a very wide range of topics, and include the Celtic, Slavonic, Arabic, Hebrew, and Sanskrit languages and literature; political and social economy, sociology, Egyptology, and early Greek, archæol-



Newton-from-the-Fields.

ogy, ethnology, anthropology, and biology. In addition to the regular classes in the more abstruse subjects, there are also special classes and special readings with tutors and professors. It is hardly necessary to add that the students appre-

ciate the splendid opportunities offered to them, and take advantage of them to the best of their ability. In the twenty odd years there have been few or no complaints of idleness, neglect, or violation of duty, but on the other hand there have been quite a number of instances in which the officers were compelled to step in and protest against over-study and overwork on the part of their scholars. This is particularly the case in mathematics and the classics, where girls have been known to devote twelve and fourteen hours a day to their books and papers. The association keeps a sharp eye upon all such people, and insists upon the students taking proper care of themselves physically, and of taking the rest, exercise, recreation, and sleep which experience has found requisite to a successful collegiate career. As they pass beyond the general curriculum the students display the same variety of scholastic taste as do men under similar circumstances. Thus, of the long array of graduates from the association there have been women who have made their mark in theology, biblical criticism, Egyptology, Hellenic antiquities, Sanskrit literature, Anglo-Saxon poetry, old High German and middle High German languages, old Slavonic, ancient law, calculus, astronomical computation, and

historical researches. They have carried off such varying degrees as Doctor of Music, Doctor of Literature, Doctor of Legal Laws, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Medicine, and Doctor of Theology, Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Master of Science. The only degrees for

are remarkably neat and attractive, and the residences are notable for their comfort, cosiness, style, and elegance. The country in every direction is strikingly fertile, and is cultivated to the utmost. It abounds in beautiful walks and inspiring drives. Railways give prompt communication with every part



A Corner of Magdalen College

which they do not seem to have shown any taste are the three great engineering degrees of Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, and Engineer of Mines. The life of the Oxford girl student is almost ideal in its comfort and happiness. The city itself is remarkably beautiful, clean, and healthful. The streets and roads are faultless, and, in the main, embowered with superbold trees, whose branches have shadowed generation after generation of students. The business establishments

of England and Scotland. The college buildings are noted for their beauty, antiquity, and the associations with which they are surrounded. Brazenose and Magdalen, the Tom Quad and Tower, the New Church and Martyr's Memorial, St. John's and Mansfield, Newton and Keble, Lincoln and Lady Margaret, are all notable specimens of the various schools of English architecture. There is hardly a period but whose styles are to be found in Oxford. The low and heavy Saxon,

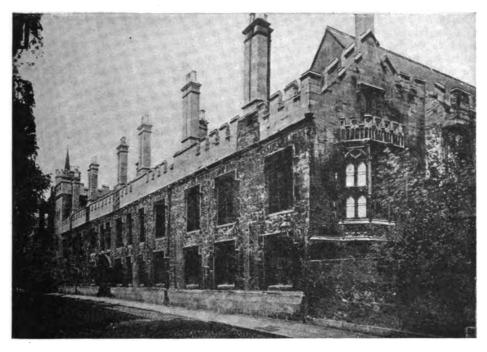
the lighter and more graceful Norman, the sedate Elizabethan, the quaint Tudor, the Renaissance and Queen Anne, the Gothic, and even Flemish are admirably illustrated in the numerous edifices which make the city a joy to the student of architecture. Time has dealt lightly with even the oldest of the buildings, and its ravages have been checked and undone by the constant care of the college officials. So great is the attention paid in this respect that many of the old halls and colleges seem almost neat and trim and new when a hundred yards distant. It is only in close quarters that you can see how the wind and rain, snow and sleet, have changed sharp points rounded curves, and angular mouldings into graceful swelling lines and contours. This is particularly the case with the Elizabethan buildings, where the mullions and drip stones, once edged and severe, are now rounded into quaint, almost serpentine lines. If the exteriors of the buildings are fascinating what shall be said of the Here are portraits and interiors? busts, reliefs and statues of great scholars and distinguished graduates ranging from to-day back into the dead centuries. Here are libraries so superb and complete as to attract the scholars and book-worms of the entire world. Here are archives and cabinets full of priceless literary and historical treasures. Here are chairs and settles. rooms and houses made famous by their occupants. Here are magnificent paintings, stained-glass windows, exquisite altars, and immortal monuments. Here in tangible form are the wealth, the culture, and the intellectual progress of Great Britain for many centuries.

And here the American woman has made her home along with her trans-Atlantic kindred. In the inns and hotels there are always energetic and bright-eyed sight-seers from New York and Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis. In the little boarding-houses are women who come to sketch and paint the numberless views of the city, the colleges, and the surrounding country; young female musicians who

come to consult or study under some master of the art; littérateurs who come to listen to the leaders of scholastic thought.

There are also student members and home students and lecture students. They come and go, but as fast as they leave their places are filled with others, and the number is always increasing. It is pretty difficult to estimate how many there are there at any time. There may be five in a regular class and seven more who simply come in for special lectures. There may be two in another class and ten who are pursuing the same study under tutors and professors. But there are always American girls here, and girls of whom we may well be proud. They were a surprise at first to our English cousins, and a disappointment. What the people of Oxford expected we shall never know. Probably they expected nothing in particular, but any number of unpleasant things in general. American woman student was, to their mind, a blue-stocking, wore spectacles, and talked through her nose. She was an independent daughter of the New World, who wore bloomers and had a horror of gloves. She was a noisy, slovenly, and vociferous person who made her work-room a scene of nocturnal clamor until long after midnight. These are a few of the things expected, and which never came. Instead of these they found first one, and then a score, and then a hundred of young women, pretty, well dressed, well gloved and booted, refined, modest, low-speaking, and altogether sweet and womanly. They found the American woman student to be ambitious, industrious, capaable, and intellectually very quick. After two or three years they took a great fancy to the new-comers, and today and ever since have treated them like their own daughters. One good old housewife in Oxford said to me: "If it weren't for you wearing French boots and 'aving a slight haccent we couldn't tell you from our Henglish girls."

Nearly all who go across to Oxford are graduates of our own institutions, and make the journey for the sake of



Lincoln College.

special study in certain fields, or to review and round out what they have already learned at home. Others come to study systems of teaching in order to master the various schools of pedagogy. Still others come for the sake of change and variety from what they are accustomed to in the New World. All do well, all have done well. Many have made their mark at Oxford, and have left names which are pointed out with pride to visitors from abroad. Among these are Evangeline Hathaway, of Woodford's Corner, near Portland, Me., a Wellesley alumnus, one of the best general scholars that ever came out of Oxford. Another is Miss Ball, a Cornell graduate, who, after a brilliant course in Oxford, went to Greece, where she perfected her studies in the language of that land, and then came back to America to join the talented staff of professors of Vassar. another is Miss Fenshaw, dean of the American College for Women in Constantinople. She was the first woman to study theology at Oxford, and is now herself an erudite professor of theology, biblical criticism, and Christian evidences; and there is Miss Bowen, who holds a scholarship from the Chicago University, and is now working to secure the title of Ph.D. With a still more striking record is Miss Sara Rogers, who is a B.A. of Columbia, an M.A. of Cornell, and a Ph.D. of Yale. She is making a specialty at Oxford of international law, and will go from Oxford to Berlin to finish her training as a jurist and jurisconsult. Still another talented girl is Miss Tremaine, formerly professor of History in the University of Nebraska. From Wellesley comes not alone Miss Hathaway, but also Miss Belle Sherwin, Miss Martha McCaulley, Miss Mary É. Ward, Miss Batcheller, Miss Talcott, an alumnus of Smith College, and Miss Baldwin, of Bradford Seminary.

The American energy has displayed itself in many ways in Oxford, but in none more pleasantly than the establishment of an American club composed of male and female students of the Uni-

versity. They meet regularly, and on Thanksgiving Day and other national holidays celebrate with even more enthusiasm than they would at home. To Miss Baldwin is due most of the credit for this happy innovation.

So far as the scholastic advantages are concerned it may be questioned if Oxford offers any more than do our greatest institutions. The - highest courses pursued by any one of the colleges in that great city are no higher than those of Bryn Mawr on the one side, or of Columbia and Harvard on the other. Its chief advantage is the change and relief it affords the student. The climate is balmy and delightful, the food-supply bountiful and cheap, the water-supply faultless, and the sanitation of the modern type. Life there is easier, quieter, and slower than on this side of the Atlantic under our high pressured civilization. For a woman, and for a man the same, who has passed three or four years in the intermediary schools at home, and followed this with the regular curriculum of an American college, a trip to Oxford and a year or two of study within its generous threshold is a source of inexpressible delight. It would be the same thing for an Englishman or an Englishwoman who had passed seven or eight years in school and college to come over here and spend one or two years at one of our great institutions of learning. The mere change of atmosphere and associations is a benefit which cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Besides this, there is a change which can hardly be expressed in words, in the tone and style of thought, which tend to broaden the mind and increase wisdom. Nearly all of our American girls who have graduated in England have not only made their mark in that land, but have been very successful in after life, no matter whether it was in the country of their birth or in other fields. Travel in itself is a course of invaluable study, as is also residence in a foreign land. These are afforded by Oxford in a manner which cannot be surpassed. It is pleasant to reflect that the city in which the lamp of learning was first lighted in England, the city which gave so many learned men in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to our colonial ancestors, should to-day be the first in the higher education of women, and should be the Alma Mater of so many of the daughters of the New World.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

SPANISH FANCIES.

GUITAR SONG, "WHAT IS LOVE?"

WHAT is love, you ask. Then I will tell!

"Tis like the tinkling of a bell,
That leads you on,
And then the sound is gone
Ere you have time
To stop the wondrous chime
From ringing in your ears.
Ah, ha! it breedeth smiles, it breedeth tears,
And though we fain would cut its silken thread,
It only winds the closer then instead.

What is love, you ask. Play on, guitar!
'Tis like a wondrous star
That seems to shine upon some spot divine,
Whereto your feet are drawn by impulse sweet,
And when the place you see,
The silver sheen no more there seems to be.
Each rose is guarded by a cruel thorn,
And into darkness turns the golden morn.
Then, far away, there shines the star once more,
As full of mocking promise as before!

Walter Wilkins.



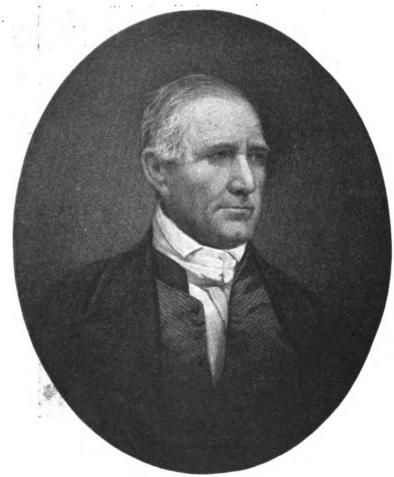
General Sam Houston. From the engraving by J. C. Buttre.

AMERICAN FRONTIER HEROES.

III.—SAM HOUSTON.

In the career of Sam Houston, of Texas, it is the unexpected that always happens. At one moment he soars, the next he grovels, but he is never commonplace. Imagination it was that distinguished him from his rude playfellows in that Blount County district school of West Tennessee. They grew up to cultivate their farms and die, he to win an immortal name in the annals of this country.

Born near Lexington, Va., in 1793, the son of a Revolutionary soldier, he crossed the mountains at the age of fourteen, soon after the death of his father. The first notable event in his biography shows the commingled elements of strength and of weakness that always distinguished him. Picture a rather tall, raw-boned boy, with a good-natured Scotch-Irish face, serious-eyed, heavy-jawed, dreamy—and you have Sam Houston at fifteen. The country in which he lived at that time was on the utmost border of civilization. Seven miles farther west was the Tennessee River, the boundary between the settlers and a tribe of



From the engraving by W. J. Edwards from a daguerreotype.

Ilm Manston

Cherokee Indians. Trails, rather than roads, connected one log-house with another. Wherever American families are found there a school may also be found, and the dozen or two children in the neighborhood of young Houston's home enjoyed the attention of a border school-master, who doubtless approved the old Western aphorism, "Lickin' and larnin' go together."

To such a teacher the ragged young frontiersman one day displayed a volume entitled "Homer's Iliad, translated from the Original Greek by Alexander Pope."

"I want you to teach me to read this in Greek," said Sam Houston.

The teacher lived to see the boy become famous, and he has left it on record that the future governor and senator was not a successful student, and took far more interest in marshalling his comrades into lines of mimic war on the playground than in doing sums. In all probability, too, the teacher was as ill prepared to teach Greek as the scholar was to learn it. Therefore the boy's request very likely met with a sarcastic answer. But whatever it was that angered him, young Houston showed his weak side by declaring that he would learn nothing more in that school.

No adequate conception of the boy's character and motives can be formed without bearing in mind this incident. Houston himself authorized the state. ment, which appeared in an early biography of him, that he had read the translation of the "Iliad" and other heroic verse so faithfully that he was able to repeat long portions of them The imagination of the by heart. youth was taken captive by the combats of Achilles and Hector, Paris and "Menelaus, king of men," before the walls of Troy, and in casting about in his own rough experience for some beings to correspond with those gigantic shadows of the heroic age, his romantic fancy turned to the red men beyond the Tennessee. They lived for glory; they feared not to die.

Young Houston kept his resolve not to go back to school to study. He was one of a family of six sons and three daughters, who lived with their widowed mother, and his elder brothers finding that he was of little use about the farm insisted that he should go to work. He chose to labor in a blacksmith's shop; but his brothers finally got him a position, more to their liking, behind the counter of a country store. Imagine Ulysses weighing out sugar in a dingy, rural shop, and you will understand why the boy rebelled against this arrangement. He was a slave to his own heroic notions. Beyond the river was the realm of romance. He disappeared one day. When next heard of he was living the life of the Cherokee Indian, having been formally adopted into the tribe. It is interesting to note that he carried his "Iliad" with him.

When Houston was in his eighteenth year he resolved to return to white society, and he chose—of all things—the occupation of a school-master. The fact that he got the place seems to indicate that the standard of education was not high in West Tennessee at that time.

But for deeds of valor he yearned, and at length an opportunity for such deeds came to the young man. An Indian war had become necessary—not against the Cherokees, but against the Creeks-and volunteers to serve under General Jackson were called for. Houston enlisted. The battle of Tohopeka, which almost exterminated the Creek Nation, was fought March 27, 1814, when he was twenty-one years of age. He was an ensign in the Thirtyninth Regiment, which marched right up to the Indian fortifications, firing through the loop-holes upon the savages inside. The first man to scale the rampart, Major Montgomery, was instantly killed. As he fell, Houston took his place at the head of his men and received a barbed arrow deep in his thigh.

"He kept his ground for a moment," says his biographer, Mr. Lester, "till his lieutenant and men were by his side and the warriors had begun to recoil under their desperate onset. Then he called to his lieutenant to extract the arrow, after he had tried in vain to do it himself. The officer made two unsuccessful attempts and failed. 'Try again,' said Houston, the sword with which he was still keeping command raised over his head, 'and if you fail this time, I will smite you to the earth.' With a desperate effort he drew forth the arrow, tearing the flesh as it came. A stream of blood rushed from the place and Houston crossed the breast-works to have his wound dressed."

When the wound had been treated the young man started to return to the fighting, but he was met by General Jackson himself with the injunction not to recross the breastworks in his wounded condition. However, with the usual freedom of the frontier, he disobeyed as soon as his commander's back was turned and took his place at



General Houston.
From a steel-plate made in 1846.

the head of his men. In a sort of hollow down under an overhanging bank a large force of Creeks had taken refuge from the bullets of the soldiers. Houston, under the mistaken impression that his men were following him as he had commanded, charged alone to the very edge of the bank. "Over this mine of desperate savages he paused," says Mr. Parton, the historian, "and looked back for his men. At that moment he received two balls in his right shoulder; his arm fell powerless to his side; he staggered out of the fire, and lay down, totally disabled. His share in that day's work was done."

The wounds thus received never entirely healed. So desperate was his condition that the doctors neglected him, thinking he would never recover. He was carried home at length on a litter swung between two horses, so emaciated that his own mother said she would not have known him except for his eyes.

Houston fought a duel but once. That was in 1827, after he had become a popular lawyer, and the contestants went across the line into Kentucky to shoot at each other. Houston slightly wounded his antagonist, a General White, who had differed with him as to certain political appointments that had recently been made. A warrant was issued in Kentucky for Houston's arrest, but was never served. The same year he was nominated for the office of Governor of Tennessee. He was elected by a large majority. Indeed, it has been the verdict of many impartial historians that the duel helped elect him.

As before observed, with Sam Houston it was always the unexpected that happened. Having been successfully elected Governor a second time, and being a warm friend of General Jackson, who had never forgotten his courage at Tohopeka, the young man's prospects were considered of brightest character. But now the mystery of Houston's life occurred. He married Miss Eliza Allen, a young lady of good family in Sumner County. Three months afterward she returned to her parents. He wrote asking her father to plead with her on his behalf, but she would not return to him, and so, taking counsel of no one, Houston resigned from the exalted office he held to seek seclusion in the wigwam of his adopted father, the chief of the tribe of Cherokees that had formerly lived beside the Tennessee. had since moved beyond the Mississippi River into Arkansas. He adopted the dress and mode of life of the red men, and sought to drown memory in the kind of liquor to be had on an Indian reservation. This is the most humiliating period of Houston's life. The nickname the Indians gave him has been translated into rough Anglo-Saxon as "Big-Drunk." He had nothing more to live for. His future was blighted and his heart broken. Who but Sam Houston would ever have risen from the degradation of being a besotted squaw man on the outskirts of a tribe of Indians?

The lady who had deserted Houston secured a decree of divorce and married again. Houston never uttered a word of reproach against his wife; he never gave even his most intimate friends any intimation as to the secret of the separation.

The career for which Houston was created was yet to be run, however. General Jackson had not forgotten the hero of Tohopeka, and had had some correspondence with him about a design Houston was reported to cherish of conquering Texas. Many believe that the President actually encouraged Houston to undertake the liberation of Texas in order to add it eventually to the Union. At any rate, when the

American settlers in the Southwest raised the Lone Star in 1835, and drove out the Mexicans, Houston appeared among them as a leader. He was probably the most famous Tennessean of his day except the President, and in the Southwest he was so much admired that there had been talk of sending a committee of Texans to invite him to come down to command the army.

All the world knows of the massacres perpetrated by the Mexicans under Santa Anna. There were more than six thousand men in that great army which had come to teach a few hundred Anglo-Saxons the superiority of Spanish blood. Unfortunately the forces of the patriots were scattered. The Alamo was a fortification at San Antonio held by 145 men under Colonel Travis. Colonel Fannin with 530 men was at Goliad, fifty miles to the southeast, and General Houston was at Gonzales, to the northward, with the main body of the army, estimated at one time to contain 1,400 men. Orders were sent by General Houston to the other two commanders to fall back before Santa Anna and join the main body, where every available man was needed for one decisive contest. But while the frontier breeds brave soldiers it also breeds independent ones. A force of 6,000 Mexicans was nothing to 145 fire-eating Texans, shut up behind an eight-foot wall, with a powder magazine and a few bushels of corn. Or perhaps the gallant little garrison in the Alamo never received the order to fall back. They acquitted themselves like men. They fought and died— Davy Crockett, Colonel Bowie, and the rest-not a man was spared to tell the tale of one of the most glorious defences in history.

Colonel Fannin's little band had been depleted by two detachments of 30 and 100 men sent to assist the Texans holding the Alamo, and only sent to their own death. With 400 men he began a late retreat, but was surrounded at the Coleta River, and after fighting all night surrendered. The prisoners were escorted back to Goliad, and next morning, upon orders from Santa Anna,

they were divided into three companies, led out of town in different directions, and shot down.

Such was the state of affairs when the cruel and victorious Mexican army approached General Houston's little band, from which the fearful had deserted, leaving only about seven hundred souls—a veritable Gideon's band. fore, General Houston restrained them. The battle began at 9 A.M., after the information had been passed along the line that the only bridge affording escape had been cut down. Then with the cry "Remember the Alamo!" those 700 desperate men charged upon their foes.

"The Mexican army was drawn up



General Santa Anna. From an old wood-cut.

For a month they retreated before the Mexican host, many companies of which were made up of convicts and other criminals. Santa Anna had expected the Revolutionists to retreat; he had no fear of an attack from them. He little dreamed that the one and only purpose of the Texan general was to secure the best fighting odds chance might afford, and then to strike for liberty or death.

The battle of San Jacinto was the making of Sam Houston. It was fought April 21, 1836, at the mouth of the San Jacinto River. Santa Anna was caught in a narrow tract of land between the Buffalo River and the marshes of San Jacinto Bay, with only 1,500 of his troops. Although the Texans had been eager to begin the attack the night be-

in perfect order," says Mr. Lester, "ready to receive the attack, and when the Texans were within about sixty paces, and before they had fired a rifle, a general flash was seen along the Mexican lines, and a storm of bullets went flying over the Texan army. They fired too high, but several balls struck General Houston's horse in the breast, and one ball shattered the General's ankle. The noble animal staggered for a moment, but Houston urged him on."

The fate of Texas was decided within twenty minutes. The battle of San Jacinto turned into a rout and a pursuit. The Texans, many of them, threw away their guns, and with swords and knives proceeded to "Remember the Alamo." Seven hundred Mexicans were slain and 700 taken prisoners. Among the prisoners was Almonte, one of Santa Anna's generals, and afterterward Santa Anna himself was brought in. The Texans lost only six killed and about twenty-five wounded. General Houston, during a conversation with the prisoners, took an ear of common Indian corn out of his pocket: "You will never conquer soldiers who thrive on such rations as this," he said. It had been his only diet for several days.

It was natural that the successful military leader should have been chosen president of the little republic, and that after Texas was admitted to the sister-hood of the United States, he should go to Washington as a senator.

And there occurred the most unexpected thing in Houston's life. He had married a Christian woman by whom he had an interesting family of

children. The man of one book had got as high as Homer's "Iliad" could lift him, and now he turned to an older and a grander work for guidance. During his first term as senator the tall and imposing figure of General Houston used to be seen, enveloped in a Mexican blanket, entering a Baptist church on E Street, near the City Hall. He always occupied a pew near the pulpit, and he usually whiled away the time during the sermon cutting toys out of pieces of pine with his jack-knife for his children. At length, on November 19, 1854, he was baptized by immersion, at the town of Independence, Tex., and the man who had fought for glory at Tohopeka and for liberty at San Jacinto, took his place under the banners of the Prince of Peace. It was a golden sunset to a stormy life.

George Allen Wright.



The City of Houston in its Early Days.

BITTER-SWEET.

SWEETEST things will end in bitter, Bitter things in sweet will end; Sweet from bitter aye is fitter; Bitter fruits the taste offend.

Still they fall, these strange mutations,
While hearts spend their generous heat:
Sorrows, joys, and perturbations—
All our lives are bitter-sweet.

William Francis Barnard.

SUSANNA.

THERE are lovely roads in tide-Virginia, mended with oyster-shells which are soon pounded into powder, making the roadbeds smooth and beautifully white. Two bicyclists, a lady and a gentleman, rolled smoothly along one of these roads, which lay glittering between green fields like a huge, lost girdle. The wheels flashed the light from glittering spokes and trimmings, and reeled off long dents in the soft white dust, noiselessly, gracefully. Bicycles are vehicular poetry. Behind them glittered in noble calm the wide waters of Hampton Roads, dozens of darting silver swallows were the fishing boats, and heavy swathes of smoke showed where two ocean steamers were racing out of the harbor. Over them spread a sunsplendid sky, like an archangel's palette, with all its gorgeous stains draining into the west.

"I believe," said the gentleman, looking at the sky, "that there is a proverb

which---"

"Be as commonplace as you choose, Frank," said the lady, "but don't, now don't speak in proverbs; it is being clever with other folks thinking."

Frank Jasper assumed an injured expression, and brought his eyes earthward. "I was only going to ask you to observe how that dark cloud over there bears out the silver lining theory. It is rolling back a bright rever on each corner; not a peal of borrowed thunder in that, I think?"

"No," said Miss Bateler, plainly in an ill-humor, "there is nothing to be borrowed from that most stupid of sayings; what is the use of our clouds

having bright linings?"

"None, unless we wear them inside

out," said Frank, happily.

"Susanna, Susanna Barnet! Air yuh comin' to-night? Ef yuh ain't, I'll come out with uh hick'ry!"

"Yaas, Maw, I'm in the cow lot!"
They turned to see whence came the voice with the mellow Southern ac-

cent. "Susanna" leaned against a fence made of stones, old boards, branches of trees—anything heaped carelessly together, apparently to restrain the wandering propensities of the short-tailed cow; Susanna, purplehaired, star-eyed, and barefoot; Susanna, very common, but very beautiful. Mr. Jasper was an artist; he looked and was straightway enthusiastic.

"Jupiter! what a face and figure—a

caryatid in rags!"

Miss Bateler, having acquired that plurality of years which seems to have much the same effect upon the temper as thunder upon milk, said nothing, but her thin nostrils quivered sensitively; perhaps she feared for the impressionable nature of her affianced. and wished to disillusion him, so she stopped at the fence. Mr. Jasper would have passed on, for he saw that the girl was trying to hide her bare feet with skirts which utterly refused to do what was required of them, but Miss Bateler called to her imperatively. Susanna went forward reluctantly, and stood blushing hotly, and trying to cover one brown foot with the other.

"Here, Frank, is a native of the Virginia wilds, a specimen of the genus 'tacky.' Unsling your kodak; this scene will make a valuable addition to

your collection."

Frank was provoked, and looked persistently down the road. "I don't care for this scene," he said, sententiously.

Mrs. Barnet's voice again came stri-

dently through the still air.

"You had better go," said Miss Bateler, "you know your step-mother. Does she beat you now, Susanna?"

"Yes," answered the girl, casting an

imploring glance at her.

"Think of that, Frank, a girl eighteen years of age, is just learning to read, and—her mother beats her in the presence of her lovers! Can your State produce such?" Then, turning to the

girl, "I will help you with your reading lessons."

The girl was sorely wounded and her pride was aroused. "I won't need your help, Miss Bateler," she flung out passionately, and placing one hand on the low fence, she sprang lightly over, and fled along the yellow path with strong, free steps.

"Tuh think," she muttered, tears smarting in her eyes, "that she'd stoop

tuh shame a po' gal like me."

She was one of Eve's daughters; she had a girl's innocent vanity, and a woman's pride in herself.

"A little tiger whelp," said Miss Bateler, contemptuously; "but one need not look for refinement in a 'tacky.'"

Mr. Jasper understood the whole scene, and his sympathies were with the barefoot girl and not with the heiress who had pulled a golden hook through a lover's gills. Miss Bateler was of the Southern Renaissance—those bottom rails which came on top and set up the yellow god on the ruins of the old aristocracy.

"What is a 'tacky?'" he asked.

"It is a provincialism, for which there is no synonym," replied the lady. "I cannot better explain its meaning than by saying that the girl whom we have just left is its personification."

The man looked back at Susanna's home, a shanty, now swimming in a

glorified sea of sunset light.

"To live in a hut, to go barefoot, and say 'yes' with a drawl worthy of a down-easter, is to be a 'tacky,'" he said slowly, as if gathering a definition; mentally, he added another qualification: "Grit to resent vulgar insolence."

"There is a high look in that girl's eyes," he said, presently, "but she will never be the woman that she could be, that she ought to be. Her own people are too low for her, your people too high, so between these two great stones she will be ground down to the regulation bluntness."

"You speak with regretfulness," said Miss Bateler, with asperity, "as if the upper stone, at least, might be lifted off; but when 'high-looking' low girls

are sought out and delivered from the grinding process, the millennium will have arrived."

" And who would not return thanks for a social millennium which would deliver us from social fanaticism?" murmured Frank. "A few strong souls such as hers would act on society as a purifying acid does on foul water."

"Your philosophy is honorable because of its age—it is thread-bare. These tirades against society make me

tired," said Miss Bateler.
"A Vassar girl perfuming her language with eau de profanity, otherwise slang," exclaimed Frank, addressing the landscape.

They approached a farm-house, low and whitewashed, the owner whereof, Mr. Minick, was leaning against a gate, leisurely paring it away with his pocket-

"Evenin' to yu both; won't yuh 'light? we're goin' to have a frolic up there," jerking the knife toward the house, "apple butter bilin'." So, having discharged the duties of hospitality, he began on another section of the gate.

"Did you ever go to a 'bilin,' Frank? No? then let's stop. We can go home when the moon rises."

As they dismounted, she whispered: "The company will be dreadfully 'tacky,' it will be fun to see them."

They rested on the front porch and ate apples until the guests arrived. Mr. Minick brought cider and gingercakes to them. "It's biled cider with a drop in it," he said, depositing the pitcher on the floor.

Mr. Jasper looked at him quizzically, for, only a few days before, he had heard the farmer make a very emphatic temperance speech at the "wet or dry "voting.

Mr. Minick saw the look; he gave his straw hat a tilt backward and scratched his head.

"Well, it 'mounts to this, Mr. Jasper. Suh, outside, I am a teetotaler, but at home I'm a hard cider templar.

In the back yard a fire had been built under a large copper kettle filled with sliced apples and sweet cider. Pine torches were fastened to posts, and in the circle of their light games were played by the high-shouldered country boys in cowhide shoes, and girls with black gutta percha bracelets on their wrists, and their persons elaborately scented with musk.

They knew how to dance the Virginia reel, but reserved that to wind up with, and in the meantime played kissing games. "I'll measure my love to show you," in which the frizzed damsels told off fractions of inches on red and purple silk handkerchiefs, or opened them wide to express something very immeasurable indeed, while the young men looked as if they had become suddenly and painfully aware of their arms.

Then Unk Wash arrived with his fiddle, and they played, "Can't catch squirrel, hi diddle dee," in which the "squirrel" was enacted by a fair maiden who darted nimbly among the outstretched hands until captured and kissed. There was much whisking of skirts and dodging and struggling in this, and one maiden, reduced to desperate straits, laid flat down and drummed on the ground with her heels, shrieking dismally.

The couples took "turns" stirring the apple butter, and, according to custom, every time the stirrer touched bottom, the lady paid the usual forfeit.

Afterward, they assembled in the front room, pending the announcement of supper, which announcement was made by the hostess, whose figure doubled candidly over her apron strings, in a very simple manner: "Fetch cheers." At these magic words the company rose, and grasping their chairs, marched to the dining-room. The hard cider circulated freely, and the games were resumed with renewed vigor; the maidens shrieked no more, but submitted to be caught with disgraceful ease, and before the two quasi-visitors left, the stirrer seemed to have taken up a permanent position on the bottom of the kettle. Susanna had been one of the party, and once, when struggling in the grasp of an ardent swain, the torchlight fell full upon her face, sparkling and beautiful, her magnificent hair swept down, and her eyes were full of light and laughter; at that moment she saw the amused spectators; the radiance flashed out of her face, she struck the swain a blow, not a lady-like one, that made him stagger, clutch wildly at the air which afforded him no support, and sit with considerable force in a large tub of sweet cider.

Amid the laughter that followed, Susanna vanished and did not return; but once she stole up to Frank Jasper and whispered, "He didn't kiss me. no one can, I only let 'em try," and before he could turn his head to reply she was gone.

The next day was warm, and the sky was filled with little gilded rags of clouds, like the shearing of a hundred golden rams.

Susanna was digging sweet potatoes in a patch as large as a bed-quilt. Flem Akers bent his indolent body over the fence and looked complacently at her.

"Suse, I raised five bags uh pea-nuts las' time, an' if I git uh good price for muh shote, will you, I say—as how—will you——"

Flem stopped, unable to proceed, and Susanna, with the instinct of her sex strong within her, affected not to understand.

"Huh!" she said, disdainfully, "yuh ain't nigh sich uh peart talker as Walt Hurt. Why," meditatively, "he was here las' Sund'y, an' he hadn't been here three hours till he'd ast me to go tuh night meetin' with 'im."

Flem shuffled his feet in the warm dust, and taking off his battered hat, poked his fingers through the holes in it, then lifted his saddened, dog-like eyes to hers, reproachfully. Susanna stopped and leaned, half repentant, on her hoe.

"Walt ast me," she said, shyly, "but I didn't say I promust."

The soft, slow crunch of a horse's foot on the shell road interrupted them. The rider was Mr. Jasper, and he drew rein at the potato-patch. Susanna went in answer to his call and Flem took up her discarded hoe. Susanna, warmly blushing, did not lift

her eyes, though the stranger was only asking if the patch by the big magnolia was not a short cut to Moldavia. After hearing that it was not, he still left the bridle hanging loosely on the horse's neck, and did not go.

He was thinking what a strong, supple creature she was, and idly wondering if that fine brow really indicated intellect.

"We offended you yesterday," he

Susanna knew, as all women, high and low, know such things, that he had understood and judged her rightly, and tears, that did not smart as those of yesterday, misted her eyes. "You did not," she answered, quietly. In a few minutes she was talking to him shyly but freely, with rude intelligence, though she did not remotely understand why he had power to make her do so. He even discerned occasional flashes of bright fancy and noble thought, playing through a semi-torpid brain and uncouth language, as lightning etches itself swiftly on a dark cloud.

Flem, looking sidewise at them, saw that the stranger had become the listener, and that though Susanna's limp sun-bonnet bobbed eloquently as she talked, it always remained tilted at an angle which allowed the man to look down into her face. He threw away the hoe with a force which knocked down a whole crazy panel of fence, and went away down the road, dragging his hard bare feet sullenly along; and directly, Mr. Jasper's horse following the long line of those footprints, blotted them out.

"I heer tell," said Mrs. Barnet, "that Miss Bateler's goin' tuh marry uh man from up North."

"I know it," said Susanna, shortly.

"Should uh thought," remarked her mother, presently, "that she'd uh looked higher'n uh Yankee."

"Well, considerin'," said the girl, remembering Jasper's bright blue eyes and gentle speech, "he mought be wuss lookin'."

Mrs. Barnet, having laid in the skillet the last corn-cake with the prints of five fingers across its surface, put on the lid, shovelled coals and hot ashes over and under it, and left them to bake on the hearth.

Mr. Jasper, pleased with this new character-study, this strong, bright bit of nature, stopped sometimes at the cow-lot and sweet-potato patch, and during the next few weeks Susanna became more and more conscious of her ragged skirts and bare feet, and wondered if her mother would think her insane if she put on the only pair of shoes she had ever possessed, clumsy calf-skin ones, and wore them to "milkin."

"'Pears tuh me like these Chanyasters don't grow none," she said one evening, looking at her little bed of poor flowers.

"Law, no, chile," answered her mother, "how ken they when yuh aint watered um fuh nigh uh week."

Troubled by vague restlessness, a shadowy, undefined pain in herself, and moved by the unwonted note of gentleness in her mother's voice, Susanna wept.

"Maw," she said, her voice tremulous and husky, "I wisht I hadn't

promust tuh marry Flem."

"Lis'n," cried Mrs. Barnet, aghast, "yuh aint goin' tuh back out, Susanna Barnet, an' him a well-off man, raisin' two shotes an' five bags uh pea-nuts at wunst."

"No, Maw," the girl answered, subdued and ashamed; and avoiding her mother's eyes, she brought water for the "Chanyasters," using for a sprinkler a tomato-can with holes punched in the bottom.

"I reck'n I'll go tuh night-meetin' down tuh the school-'ouse, an' go tuh the mo'ner's bench," she mournfully murmured, "'an mebbe I'll feel better."

So down the road, a long five miles they went, she and Flem, with the width of the road between them. Each carried a pair of shoes to be put on when near the meeting-house, and to be taken off immediately after leaving it, to save wear.

She went to the mo'ner's bench, and on the way home, she and Flem walked hand in hand, because the moon was young and the night dark.

Susanna went to Miss Bateler's house, Moldavia, to help the house-keeper during apple-drying time, for she wanted money to buy a dress for her wedding. Mr. Jasper often carried a camp-stool out and sat watching her as she deftly manipulated the little machine, which pared and sliced the apples and rejected the cores with a know-

they came in crisp white rings from the evaporator.

One day Miss Bateler sent for Susanna. She presented herself at the parlor-door, and looked in with her shy,

ing little toss, and saw the apples as

beautiful smile.

"The little savage is really picturesque," thought the lady, and a little defiant light shone in her eyes as she began to speak; neither of them had

forgotten their last meeting.

"I am going to speak to you plainly, Susanna," she said, "and it may be as unpleasant for you as it is for me; but I have no idea how people of your class regard such things. Rumors have reached me of unbecoming actions on your part toward a person so far above you that I, with difficulty, recognize the necessity of speech concerning you and him. Because a gentleman, a stranger to the customs and manners of our common people, should, from mere curiosity, speak to you once or twice, why should your silly head be turned? Now, I do not think of anything but your unduly flattered vanity, but I speak for your own good, to quell any insane aspirations that, Heaven knows, you may have. Take my advice; you are not bad-looking, marry someone—of your own class—as quickly as possible, for a bad name is not a good thing to have. You may go now, and take this package with you.

The bundle thrust into her hands, and the door shut in her face, Susanna stood, smarting with pain and anger, bewildered and helpless. There was nothing left for her to do but to go home, which she did, carrying the package, which she dared not leave.

Generations of a stolid, grubbing ancestry had bequeathed her many rude

traits and mannerisms, but she had intelligence and fine feeling. She was wounded and passionately angry at the high and mighty lady who had so coolly insulted her.

"An' jes' as I wuz tryin' tuh be good," she whispered, huskily, toiling along the hot road. Her mind ran back over those bright little sun-spots in her dark life, when Jasper had talked to her and stirred emotions, new and strange, but unnamed, in her heart. There was nothing in those happier moments, was there? Maybe—her cheeks burned hotly at some thought.

"He never meant anything," she cried, fiercely, under her breath, and as the startled doubt crept back, she said, over and over, "He didn't, he couldn't." Her very sun-bonnet was eloquent of dejection as she walked into her mother's shanty.

Depositing the bundle on the floor, she sat down upon a stool and silently chewed her calico bonnet-strings.

"What's the matter, Suse, and what's in the bundle?" said her mother.

"I dunno," she answered, shortly, "it's fuh you, I reckon."

"It" was not for the old woman, but for Susanna, and was a half-worn muslin dress, dainty enough even in its age, with a few pale ribbons still clinging to it

In all her life Susanna had never owned so pretty a gown, and she had no prospect of ever owning such, but her eyes flashed indignantly as she looked at it. She got off her stool and tied the chewed bonnet-strings under her chin.

"Whuh yuh goin'?"

"I'm goin', Maw," she said, decidedly, "tuh take that dress back tuh Miss Bateler."

"Air yuh crazy? I won't let yuh do it," said Mrs. Barnet.

"I will," said Susanna, crushing it up. The old woman caught her arm and jerked her roughly up against the wall.

"No, yuh don't, Suse Barnet, yuh don't take that dress out'n this house."

"Well, then," said the girl, looking sullenly at the finger-marks on her arm, "yuh ken have it fuh little Bet an' Virgie Sue, fuh I'll never wear it if I'm beat fuh it."

The next day, the long line of Flem's footprints in the dust, ran up to the Barnet house.

" Mawnin, Suse."

Susanna, squatting beside the shorttailed cow, was in no humor for court-

"Yuh over yuhly," she said, curtly.

Flem gave his already painfully short trousers another hitch, and hung himself on the fence under his arms.

His dull eyes glowed with a sullen,

cunning spark.

"I seen yuh yankee man while uh go. He ast me if I knowed any place good tuh make a picture uv with that little box of his'n.'

"What did yuh tell 'im?" inquired the girl, butting the cow's stomach with her head to make her "give down" the thin stream of truly patrician milk, if blueness be an indication.

"I tole 'im uh good many folks hired me tuh take em tuh the Dismal Swamp. Said he'd go, but he didn't want nobody with 'im. Reck'n he's mos' than now 'az he wuz hitchin' up the dog-cyart, but ' fore he gits back mebbe he'll wish he'd hired me."

"It's dang'rous if he don't know the way," said the girl, a little troubled;

then came a sudden suspicion.

"Flem," she said, rising hurriedly and looking straight at him, "do yuh reck'n he'll go nigh the Ha'nted

Flem's hard color faded a little, and he dropped his eyes to the brokenbladed knife and the stick he was whittling.

"He said az how he'd heerd uv it and he'd go 'crost it if he could find uh boat," he answered, doggedly.

Susanna stood appalled. She knew little of any catechism, but she believed as firmly as she believed in life, that first article in their provincial creed of superstition, namely, that the rash mortal who trusted himself on the mysterious waters of Haunted Lake would never again be seen by human eyes. It was a belief shared by the entire "tacky" and negro population, that a boat was always at the shore of that black tarn, in the midst of a damp, snake-haunted wilderness, a boat not made by hands, mysteriously coming and going.

In a single instant her brain had made and rejected a hundred impossible plans for the rescue of the blueeyed stranger, from a supreme and un-

comprehended danger.

Just then, a cart drawn by a mule passed by, the negro driver lying asleep in the bottom with the white shell-dust sifting thickly over him, making ashy his black, unconscious face.

In a case less desperate, Susanna would not have thought of a plan involving an expenditure of money, but now she hurried into the house and got a dollar of the wedding-dress money and ran after the cart, bumping sleepily along. Without waking the driver she clambered in, and taking the rope rein, struck the nodding mule a blow with its knotted end, that made him leap and send a rattling kick against the cart.

The slumbering negro shot swiftly out of the open end, and landed in the dust. He sat there for a few moments, helpless, his eyes rolling with fright, and Susanna waited for him to climb

in again.

"Whut yuh mean by doin' dis hyer

way?" he indignantly asked.

"Bunk," said Susanna, lying glibly, "Maw's awful sick an' I've got tuh git roots out the Swamp. I thought I'd git in an' drive a little faster 'thou't wakin' yuh up. Yuh goin' that way, an' if yuh'll let me drive az fast az I ken, I'll give yuh uh dollah."

A negro hates "po' white trash" as he calls them, but Bunk was avaricious, and he could count on the fingers of one hand all the dollars he had ever

possessed.

He accepted the money and gloated over it as he sat in the back of the cart with his big feet hanging down and swinging violently as the indig-nant mule jerked it along. Four miles the old mule took at sweepstake pace, then he stopped, and with feet obstinately planted, refused to budge an When the rope-end was frayed out with beating and a frailing with a

dead branch covered him with dry leaves and twigs but left him unmoved, Susanna was forced to pursue the journey on foot.

"Yuh knows whut yuh's uhbout, doan yuh, Pomp?" said Bunk, grinning. "Bad 'nuff to tote *niggars*, widout po' white trash.'

Tired and heated, Susanna entered the vast, mute wilderness of the Swamp and the clammy dampness of the unsunned place sent a chill to her bones. She was unconscious of the real dangers which menaced her, venturing there alone, but to the imaginary terrors of the place she was painfully alive. Her clothing was torn and her hands scratched as she forced her difficult way through the tangled vines and thorny bushes, and once she fell over a root and cut a long gash across her forehead.

"'Spos'n I'm too late," she murmured, "his folks ud never know, an' Miss Bateler"—the thought of Miss Bateler came to her like a breath of the chilly air, but she remembered what had been said to her at the "mo'ner's bench," and went on.

At last she stood on the shore of the Lake; she knew it from oft-repeated

description.

Every nerve thrilling with exquisite fear, she gazed at the haunted water, lying bright and dark amid giant ferns and juniper-trees. She could see nothing of any presence, real or super-natural; all around were only long reaches of mournful pines and cypresses, festooned with moss and rank vines, a damp and poisoned wilderness.

With desperate courage she raised her voice and sent it across the glistening water, lying there with the dim light on its bosom, like a deep, black

eye.

"Mistuh Jasper!" Then louder and more despairingly, "Mistuh Jasper, answer ef yuh ken, fuh Suse's come tuh he'p yuh!"

To her inexpressible relief she heard a reply coming from her side of the

lake.

With hope and dread of what she should see she plunged on in the direction from which the sound had come. Footsteps were meeting her, and in another moment Frank Jasper stood before her with a gun in his

Too surprised to think, she stared at him-him in the flesh, and her tongue acting without her brain, slowly spoke again the last words it had uttered;

"Suse's come tuh he'p yuh."

"And why does Mr. Jasper stand in need of Suse's help?" That cool thin voice electrified her, and for the first time she saw the remainder of the party - Miss Bateler and her house party, with servants and guide.

Utterly abashed, Susanna stood among them, her eyes fastened on the ground, and wave after wave of scorching blood rushing to her cheeks. Her brain rapidly recalled every incident of that useless and now ridiculous journey, and two tears rolled slowly down and crossed the little track of blood from the wound in her forehead.

"I thought—I thought as how—he'd go 'crost the ha'nted lake, an'—an'—"

Her voice died in her throat; she cast one reproachful glance at the innocent and bewildered cause of all this exquisite misery, and fled.

"She believes in that absurd story about this lake," said Miss Bateler,

scornful and contemptuous.

Mr. Jasper, never before or afterward came so near to repenting of his engagement to the heiress as he did He was beginning to understand. A dark flush burned in his face as he thought of all that had led up to this. With gentle consideration he refrained from going after the girl himself, and sent the snickering little darkey Abe, who was carrying his sketching materials, to overtake her with the dog-cart and drive her home.

Miss Bateler had faith in the strength of the golden hook: "A guardian angel who comes to your rescue in ragged skirts and is decidedly 'tacky'-you are fortunate Mr. Jasper," whereupon Jasper, to relieve his feelings, dropped behind and knocked down the black servant, after which he promptly picked him up, and gave him a handful of silver money.

About December 1st, the eastern shore people were surprised by a fall of snow followed by a cold "snap" which kept it on the ground several days. On the second day, when a few flakes were whirling in the air and people were eagerly improvising sleighs, a bridal party came into the village. Flem, with plenty of tallow on his boots and little rivulets of coon oil running down his neck, proudly bestrode Bunk's mule, and Susanna sat behind holding on by his waistband. They were going to the parsonage to be married. Walt Hurt as best man and advance guard went before, walking with long strides to keep up with Bunk's mule. His coat hung on his arm and the long ends of his purple necktie floated over his shoulders.

A short distance ahead of them a lady and a gentleman had just alighted from one of the hastily constructed sleighs which had come to grief with one of its runners off.

The little negro Abe, dancing a shuffle on the sidewalk to keep his feet from freezing, looked down the street

and beheld the approaching bridal party. Instantly he stood on his head and waved his ashy legs in the air.

"Huh!" he yelled delightedly, "Mistuh Jasper hy'uh cum Susanna tuh he'p yuh!"

He dodged, but Jasper's fist caught him.

"Mammy," he said when he was at home, "I wuzunt close tuh dat ah white man, en I dodge jes' quick ez I ken, but he rech out and hit muh haid jes' slick ez I kin swalluh ah scufflong

grape."

The mule passed on, bearing the happy bridegroom and the poor little bride, shivering, "tacky," heroic; she never revealed to the unconscious blockhead before her that her heart had once and almost unconsciously given all its strong, sweet love to that blue-eyed stranger, and that a woman's whole life had for her been pressed into a few autumn weeks. The upper mill-stone had descended, the lower had risen to meet it, and she was to be ground between them forevermore.

May Lou Zoll.

ROSABEL HAS GONE BEFORE.

IGHT has clad the earth in sorrow, Nature sadly waits the morrow. Clouds enveil the weeping moon, Spirit voices haunt the tomb Where, in the sombre light of day, Rosabel was laid away. Rosabel with clear blue eyes, Brighter far than summer skies; Now from them the light has fled, Cold and still that stately head Crowned with yellow locks of gold; Mute the voice that oft has told Tales of soulful love and hope. Madly doth my spirit grope, Seeking sunlight for her eyes, Weeping for love's smiling skies; Darkened now for evermore— Rosabel has gone before!

And now the lily tolls its bell,
And rosebuds weep for her caress;
Whilst e'en the brook seems to express
Deep sorrow in its lisping tone:
And summer winds do naught but moan
For Rosabel, so fair and pure,
My Rosabel who is no more!

Silas M. Piper.

AN EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.

TOHN BAILEY judged men by their smoking. He thought the man who smoked cigarettes a fop; pitied the one who smoked clay or corncob, contemned him who chose brier root, and disliked the smoker of cigars, in that he carried no pouch from which his neighbor might fill, but he held in sovereign contempt the man who owned, and misused, a meerschaum. "Anybody who smokes in puffs like a steam engine, or in gusts like a March wind," he was wont to say, "ought to stick to clay. If he can't smoke a meerschaum cool and even, let him give it to a better man who can." * "MacAllister," his own meerschaum, had been for years his best friend, faithful, soothing, silent.

On the morning when my story, and his, began, Bailey smoked leisurely, watched the smoke wreaths, dreamed of a future editorship, and fancied he was composing copy. There was a knock at the door. With his pipe still between his lips, he growled "Come in."

When he saw that his caller was a woman he rose, knocking out his pipe so abruptly that the ashes fell on his hand. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I thought it was one of the men."

"I can understand how often editors must be interrupted," she said. Bailey started, the speech chimed so well with his dream. "I brought a manuscript, Mr. Sigler, for a friend. I was told I would find you here, and my friend's article could get an editorial reading at once. I am Miss Raeburn."

She flushed, in growing embarrassment. It dawned upon Bailey that he and his caller were the victims of a practical joke, and he resolved to break the head of its perpetrator at his earliest convenience.

He motioned Miss Raeburn to be seated. He remained standing, and she looked up at him. Her eyes were big and brown. He decided to let the mistake as to his identity pass for the

time. Why should he embarrass her with explanations?

"Can you show me the manuscript?" he asked. While he glanced over it the girl's eyes were fixed upon him as if her destiny were in his hands. "I think this will go. It seems good, very good," he said.

"Oh, thank you. My friend will be so pleased," she said, as she rose. Her face was very bright. Bailey noticed she had a dimple.

"Can you call again to see when it will appear, and all that?" he said.

"I will be sure to come. Shall it be to-morrow?" she asked, and Bailey felt that she had shown him a favor.

After she went away he finished his smoke and thought it over. Why hadn't he arranged to write instead of letting her call? When she found she had been misled, she would be angry. With whom? he wondered. With those who had misinformed her, or him who had not set her right? Why was he a fool anyway?

The manuscript was fairly good. Bailey thought it would be printed, but not paid for. "Probably," he told himself, "she chiefly wants to see it in print." He smiled, remembering his own first successful manuscript. He had it somewhere in a box of papers. Perhaps she would paste hers in a scrap-book. He has heard girls did that sort of thing.

When Bailey handed the manuscript to Mr. Sigler he said Miss Raeburn was a friend, and had written. The editor was willing to give the article space and send extras.

Next morning Bailey thought every knock was Miss Raeburn's, and emptied his pipe so often to rise and greet some fellow-journalist that when she really arrived he was smoking, with his feet on the desk.

He had resolved to explain and apologize for yesterday's error, but she looked so radiant, was so grateful for his kindness, and so impressed with his

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power that he let the opportunity slip.

When she held out her hand to him, with a little impulsive movement, he saw as he took it there was a darn in her glove. With a sudden shame for the ungenerous policy of the Chronicler, he handed her a note as the price of her manuscript. This was burning bridges indeed. It made explanation impossible. He told himself he was a particularly knavish sort of fool. He had overplayed his part in a way that was unpardonable. Miss Raeburn, wholly unsuspecting, smiled so brightly as she said good-by that he forgot to repent any more. Instead, he smoked and blew rings.

When Miss Raeburn brought other manuscripts Bailey's one care was to prevent her discovering that he was not the editor of the Chronicler, that her manuscripts were not bought, and that he was behaving in an aitogether unjustifiable manner. The knowledge that he had no right to serve her made him rather wild. There was something confiding in her manner that gave his conscience a fine text from which to lecture, but he would not have had it changed for all that. She never forgot the work was that of "a friend." He would have appreciated her confidence if she had given it. As she did not, he admired her reticence.

After the first visit she came directly to his office, unnoticed by the busy men downstairs. The original offender had decided, since Bailey had not spoken, the joke must have failed, and Bailey began to feel that his secret was in his own hands.

One morning Miss Raeburn brought a new manuscript, which Bailey promised to read "at his earliest opportunity." These phrases helped to keep up the deception, and Bailey practised them faithfully. Her call seemed absurdly short. She wore a cluster of violets. He wondered who had given them to her. Bailey was beginning to feel there must be an end to this farce. But was it to be the end—or the beginning—of all things?

He pushed aside his work, drew out "MacAllister," and read the manu-

script Miss Raeburn had left. He often tried, vainly, to read something of her girlish soul in the writings she gave him, and of which she herself always spoke with a sort of reverential tenderness. Her choice of subjects puzzled him at times, and he found her work unsatisfactory.

This last article inveighed against smoking, spoke of the dire ailments that overtake "tobacco fiends," and ended with a plea to society to boycott " MacAllister ' had sussmokers. pected Bailey of being in love from the days he first blew rings. When this article plunged him in gloom there could be no doubt of it. Ordinarily. Bailey would have pronounced such an article "rot," and lighted his pipe with tapers made thereof. But one does not call the opinions of one's sweetheart rot. Miss Raeburn knew he smoked. Perhaps, he thought, with the sore egotism of lovers, it was especially aimed at him.

He found gloomy satisfaction in sacrificing himself for her sake when he carried the article to Mr. Sigler with a recommendation. Here a new complication arose. Mr. Sigler flatly refused to publish it. Bailey's professional good sense was at one with this dictum, and he had no word to say, but this forced the long delayed explanation. Refusing one of her manuscripts in his rôle of editor never once occurred to him.

He sat down at his desk to think it over with "MacAllister." When he had half finished that smoke he took the pipe out of his lips and looked at It was a little thing to lie between him and happiness. This is the point he had reached in his meditations. Lovers consider only one difficulty at a time. And this is a merciful provision. It was a beautiful pipe. The bowl was carved in queer and graceful design. It bulged in a deliciously capacious way. It had been broken once, and the way it healed was a joy to Bailey's heart. He had given the best years of his life to its coloring. Miss Raeburn or "MacAllister?"

Bailey leaned forward, as if to break the pipe on the stove. A flicker of firelight on the bowl made it gleam as her hair gleamed in the sunshine.

Bailey knocked out the ashes, and put the pipe in his pocket. In the same pocket, with grim determination, he crowded the anti-tobacco essay. "Sounds like an anti-tobacco advertisement," he growled, being cross because he wasn't happy. He had Miss Raeburn's address from her manuscripts, and had often walked past her house. This time he stopped and rang.

Miss Raeburn received him alone. Her father, she said, was ill. When Bailey said he was sorry he lied. He began his story at once and told it briefly, suppressing certain details. She had been misinformed about him in the first place; to avoid annoying her with explanations, he had handed her manuscripts to Mr. Sigler with a recommendation to his personal attention; they had, as she knew, been received. He had let her remain under a false impression too long, yielding to the temptation to serve her even in the smallest way, and he had come to apologize.

Miss Raeburn looked up demurely. "My friend isn't I," she said; "it's papa.

Bailey beamed. "My luck is better than I deserve," he said, "because I only confessed when I had to. The truth is 'The Evils of the Tobacco Habit' won't go. I'm awfully glad you didn't write it."

Miss Raeburn's dimple appeared. "Oh, I couldn't," she said; "I'm not clever enough—and I'm afraid I'm not advanced enough. And I know you aren't as sorry at the fate of papa's manuscript as you might be if you didn't smoke that fascinating meerschaum. And I'm hardly sorry at all, because---"

As he smoked that evening, Bailey smiled often to himself, and then he said, "Mac, old man, it's the first time in the history of the world that the 'friend' a woman tells us about in a newspaper office has been bona fide. Luck is with us, old fellow." then he blew a ring.

Henderson Daingerfield.

RATHBURN HOUSE.

"YES, sir," said the old landlord, complacently: "that the the old Rathburn House, and haunted, sir, as haunted as the grave itself, sir. It was built for two families, and has two front doors on the front. You see, Jeremiah and Charton Rathburn were brothers, and very fond of each other. Charton, he was the oldest, and—well, he was a queer un, no mistake-one of your haughty, black lookin' aristocrats, with never a civil word for a body as long as he lived there. The queer part of him was that he should fall a'most mad in love with the littlest cretur I ever saw. She was as meek as Moses, and as homely as a frog, sir, 'ceptin' her eyes. They were more like stars than eyes nat'rally are. Well, sir, he fell in love with her-

Anna her name was-and built this house. He made it double, so that Jeremiah might get married and live

alongside of him.

"Jerry, he was awful quiet-like, allus affable to everyone, and by and by he got married, married another meek un, only she was meeker'n Anna, bein' timid an' shy-like. Her name was Prudence, an' she was well liked. The two women folks, they didn't get along first class from the first, and finally had an up-and-down row; no words, you know; they was both ladies by birth an' learnin'; but they hired the devil himself to invent the most hateful ways for 'em, an' they never was seen together. Right in the middle of the house was a big door. Charton thought 'twould save goin' out doors to get to each other; but that door was never opened; the old key rusted in the lock. Anna, she never had no children, but Prudence did; it died 'fore it was a week old, so it didn't amount to much after all. Then Prudence, she up an' died, an' Jerry, he up an' brought home a new wife. She was a stunner; she was one of your high-stepping thorough-breds, with a world of devils an' angels in her eyes, an' a handsome mouth, but never smiled, only kept al-

most perfectly still.

"She loved Jerry though, an' they was as happy as clams, or nightin'ales; clams suits Jerry best, for he never made much of a howdy-do. what did Charton do but fall in love with Jerry's new wife? An' his own wife, she jest looked on an' never said a word, but those great eyes were more Pretty soon like stars than ever. Charton began to hint things about Jerry that was bad. Then one night Anna was found shot in her bed; an', if you will believe it, sir, the big door was onlocked. Charton was out of town that night, an' Edith, that's Jerry's new wife, she was off to her folks in Merton. Of course, suspicion pointed at Jerry, an' he was took up an' tried. Well, they hung him for it, although 'twa'n't proved he did it. His wife, she raved on like a madwoman, an' said she knew it was Charton that killed her. Charton, he went away, an' Edith she had a young one an' died. Her folks took it; no one ever knew whether it was a boy or a girl. One thing they do know, an' that is, that the three Mrs. Rathburns an' Jeremiah come back to earth an' fight every night, till folks say 'tain't safe to live near the Yes, sirree, that's a regular haunted house, sure enough."

The landlord filled his pipe with visible satisfaction. His listener laughed

lightly.

"I am not superstitious my good man, but your tale is extremely interesting. Jeremiah must have been quite a captivating fellow to have secured such a beautiful wife," he added, jestingly.

"His picture hangs in the old gallery," said the old landlord, dryly, "an'

so does the rest of 'em. Perhaps you better take a look at 'em."

The younger man laughed again.

"I shall probably do so, as I have recently purchased the property," he said serenely.

"Goin' to live there?" queried the

story-teller, sarcastically.

"Certainly. I hope we shall be very good friends, we are such near neighbors. I shall be delighted "-holding out his hand-"to have you come and listen to the bickerings between the former inhabitants of the house."

"No, sir," said the old man seriously; "and I reckon you'll be only too glad to spend most of your time in my jolly tavern, sir. At any rate, know that you are welcome here. I like your face, and, 'pon honor! I haven't heard so friendly a tone since poor Jerry died.'

"Thank you, Mr. Graff," said the young man, rising to go. "Here is my card; pray give me a call when we are

established here."

"We!" said the thunderstruck Mr.

"By 'we,' I mean my wife and I,"

said the other, smiling.
"Sir—Mr.—Mr.—" (consulting the card in his hand) "Livingstone, I hope you won't bring a lovely lady here, sir. Think of the dangers of that house!" said the landlord, solemnly.

Eric Livingstone laughed.

"Dora is very brave," he said, assuringly; and, with a pleasant word of farewell, left the inn.

"He is like Jerry Rathburn, as I live," muttered the landlord; "and him a married man, goin' to bring his wife here. He ain't the good sense of

Jerry Rathburn."

Meanwhile, Mr. Livingstone was hurrying toward Rathburn House. It was an old gray-stone mansion, moss-grown and gloomy. Rank weeds thrived near the doors, and the once brilliant garden was a mass of wild disorder. Everything had the look of departed gran-Even the birds did not take deur. advantage of the silent eaves. At one of the dreary windows hung a huge bat -omen of evil doing. Eric shuddered in spite of himself.

Wading through the dank grasses, he reached the right hand door.

"This was Charton's side," he murmured.

As he ventured in, the bare, dark walls looked sombrely down. He passed quickly through the rooms.

"Hullo!" he muttered, as he tried one door and found it bolted. With an exclamation, he burst it in uncere-

moniously.

The interior made him pale with sudden fright; it was nothing but a small, close room; but the walls were hung in blue and silver, after the ancient style of ladies' boudoirs. It had been Anna Rathburn's room; and that tumbled couch, with yellow, decaying, silken coverlets, had been her deathbed. Everything was just as she had left it before retiring. Eric could almost imagine the woman there now; and, turning hastily, he left the room, closing the door behind him.

The rest were empty rooms, all save one, which could hardly be called a room, but a large hall, extending from one end of the great house to the other. It was hung with the famous

Rathburn pictures.

As Eric opened the door a draft of chill air came through the passage. He walked boldly into the dim light. There they hung, the old, old pictures.

He rapidly passed by the ancient faces until he reached one near the last. It was a haughty face, as the landlord had said. The passionate, kindling eye looked fiercely at him, and the black hair sheltered a massive brow, which was suggestive of both strength and cruelty.

Next was his wife, the murdered Anna, plain almost to deformity; but the eyes, so wonderful and star-like, seemed to belong to another world than this.

Eric studied the faces keenly, then passed on.

By the side of Anna was the face of the man who was sentenced for the crime. Mild, blue-eyed, and gentlefaced, was Jeremiah Rathburn. He would have looked effeminate had it not been for an underlying fire in the depths of his quiet eyes—a certain something that made Eric feel that it was quite possible that he might take part in the ghostly bickerings at the present time. He passed on to Prudence.

A sister-spirit, evidently, so serene and unassuming was she. He merely

glanced at her curiously.

At the last face he paused, spell-bound. This was Edith. What marvellous beauty! What power in the dark, commanding face! Eric turned almost reverently to the mild-faced Jerry.

"A man must be more than a man to win such a one," he thought.

Then he did a very queer thing.

He removed the nails from all the five pieces of canvas; and, rolling them neatly, threw them into a far corner of the gallery. Selecting the two handsomest frames, he flung the others after the pictures. Then, viewing his work with much satisfaction, he started to go out, but returned, and, diving into the dark corner, drew out the pictured face of Edith, and looked at it long and intently. At last, with a sigh, he threw it back and went out.

At the entrance of the house were two neat rolls of canvas. He lifted these carefully in his arms and returned to the gallery. Unrolling the first, he displayed an excellent painting of himself, which he nailed securely into a frame. When the next was unrolled it brought to view a sweet, girlish face, which could not have seen more than nineteen summers at most. The innocence in the great soft eyes and curling lips was very charming. The fair little head was covered with curling and abundant hair of that exquisite golden - brown which artists love to paint.

Eric nailed this in very tenderly. As he hung it on the wall, he said, gently:

"Now, Dora darling, I must go."

Then turning to the pile of outcast canvas in the corner, he said, curtly:

"Remember, Charton Rathburn, I am master here! Good-night," and went down the stairs, feeling much relieved.

That night the amiable landlord,

Graff, was very talkative.

"Yes, Bill, it's true enough, that swell young feller has bought the Rathburn House; and, more'n that, he is going to bring home his wife there, too. He is very pleasant-spoken, and invited me to come and spend the night with him.'

"Like enough he'll want to adopt yer, George," jeered one of the bystanders.

Mr. George Graff looked wrathfully

"Mayhap he will, Ike Small, but if he happens to want a fool, I'll recommend you," he cried.

"No need ter do thet, George; he needn't look so fur for it, if he comes here," said Ike, cheerfully. "There's no fool like an old fool, my boy."

Mr. Graff looked supremely dis-

gusted.

"Yes, Bill," he continued to a redheaded specimen, who was enjoying a dirty cob-pipe on a sugar jar; "he 'minded me of Jerry, as I live! Same smile an' chipper way, you know, only not so ding quiet as Jerry."

"Jerry Rathburn always seemed to me to be makin' his own grave-clothes,' said Ike, musing on Jerry's solemnity.

"He was good, Jerry was," said one old man, regretfully; "an' he was no more guilty than I am."

"That's so, Ben!" echoed the rest.

"No, sir, nor no more guilty than you," continued the old man, indignantly.

But the auditors failed to respond as

warmly as before.

"Come, I'm goin' to lock up now, boys," said George; and they all filed out, thinking of the one scandal of "ye olden times."

It was on a very lovely morning that Mr. Livingstone brought his pretty

wife to her new home.

"How romantic and beautiful it

is!" she said, delightedly.

The rooms had been luxuriously furnished, and the grounds put into perfect condition. Truly it was a magnificent old place; and Eric felt very proud of it.

"See! it isn't a bit ghostly," she went on, gayly.

"I'm glad you like it, Dora, dear," said her husband, lovingly; "you are to be its queen."

"Then I must have black velvet gowns and a set of pearls and diamonds," she laughed; "a queen would not take possession of her throne in a simple muslin dress."

Eric smiled fondly at her eager

"You shall do as you will," she said, gently.

After he had gone curious little Dora went on an exploring expedition.

"Why, this door is fastened," she said, wonderingly; "I must have John come and open it for me. No, I guess I will go up into the gallery first."

Singing merrily, she flew up the stairs. Down the gallery she ran, looking brightly at the pictured faces.

"Here is mine, and here is Eric's; how nice!" she cried, clapping her hands. "What is that old chest in the corner, I wonder?"

She ran to it and lifted the lid. Her heart stood still with delight.

"Dresses! lovely dresses!" she said, rapturously.

Selecting a black velvet one, she was going to take it at once to her room; but, on second thought, she looked deeper into the chest. She was rewarded by finding a box of jewels, rare and sparkling.

On the lid was written, in a fine, delicate hand: "Given to me, on my wedding-day, by my husband."

"This must have been her weddingdress," thought Dora, looking tenderly at the other dress lying in the chest. "It must have been white once. I wonder who she was."

Resting her bright head on the edge of the chest, little Dora wondered if the dead woman were glad that she had been the first to find her treasure -she who had just been married herself and was so happy! With an affectionate little pat on the lid of the old chest, she hurried to her room.

"It's too big for me," she sighed, tripping over the long skirt, and looking dismally at her reflection in the long mirror.

"Playing house, darling?" asked

Eric, coming in and catching her in the act of trying the effect of the black velvet against her rich red cheek.

"Who is it, Eric?" she coaxed, nestling up to him with a confiding, little

gesture.

"It belonged to a handsome woman, who has been dead many years," he said, lightly.

"Was she happy, Eric?"

"Most of the time, pet, I suppose,"

replied he, carelessly.

"Did she have any children, Eric?"
"Very likely, my dear; but come and put on a less regal attire, my queen; court session is over. After all, I guess my little wife is better fitted to be queen of the fairies."

A week passed very pleasantly to the Livingstones; and then Dora grew lonely in the great house.

"Couldn't I send for Phyllis, dear?"

she asked, eagerly.

"Certainly, Dora; it will be more

jolly for you."

So Phyllis Lee was sent for. She was a breezy, dashing brunette, and Dora's most intimate girl-friend, a very brilliant girl, whose sense of fun far out-ran her good sense many times; but she was good-natured and popular; every one liked her in spite of her practical jokes now and then.

"Dora, dear, I wouldn't make too free with that ancient chest," said Eric one evening before Phyllis arrived.

"I will be careful," promised Dora,

faithfully.

Up to this time the quarrelling Rathburns must have adjourned their nightly conversation; for all had been very

peaceful and quiet.

On the day Phyllis was to arrive Dora was as happy as a bird. At ten o'clock the carriage drove to the door; and the girls flew to meet each other, as girls always have done, and always will do, to the end of the chapter.

"Well, Phyllis, your face is most welcome; my darling is looking brighter

already," said Eric, heartily.

He sincerely liked Phyllis; and Dora was always lively when with her.

"A haunted house!" cried Phyllis; "isn't it perfectly charming?"

She went from garret to cellar in a transport of romantic delight.

"Have you seen a ghost?" she asked Dora, as they sat on the stone porch overlooking the street.

"No; only the chest, you know,"

said Dora, thoughtlessly.

"Chest!" echoed Phyllis, interest-

edly.

"Nothing, only some clothes," stam-

mered poor Dora.

Phyllis insisted upon seeing it, of course, and went into ecstasies over the elegant dresses.

"How would I look in the velvet

one? I am going to try."

The effect was superb; and pretty Phyllis, who was not unconscious of her attractions, was highly pleased.

"I have an idea, Dora, dear," she said, airily. "When is Eric going on that trip, to be gone over-night?"

"To-morrow, I guess. Why?" an-

swered Dora, wonderingly.

"Oh, nothing now! I'll tell you after he goes," answered Phyllis.

At the tea-table, she said, plaintively. "Eric, why can't we have that jolly landlord of the inn stay here with John to-morrow night? I should feel safer then; shouldn't you, Dora?"

"I won't go if you feel timid," said Eric, hastily. "Dora, my child, are

you afraid?"

"Nonsense!" cried Phyllis, buoyantly; "of course not! Only the landlord would be company for John."

So it was decided that George Graff should spend a night in the haunted house,

He promised to come, and kept his promise, too; for, soon after Eric had gone, he slipped into the servants' kitchen, for a glass of ale with John.

"He must not see me, on any account," said Phyllis, and then laid bare

her scheme.

"I am going to put on that velvet dress, and be a ghost," she began. "I wish he hadn't seen you; then we could have two. After he gets well asleep, and a trifle tipsy, by that time, of course, I will appear. Won't it be fun?"

"Dare you?" asked Dora, timidly.
"Goosey! goosey!" cried Phyllis;

and then ran to try on the velvet dress. She little knew, as she stood there in Edith Rathburn's room, putting the shining jewels into her raven hair, how much she looked like that famous beauty-wonderfully like in that velvet gown! The excitement made her pale; and, as she stood unsmilingly before the mirror, it might have been the unhappy Edith herself.

In the kitchen, George Graff was telling the terrified John of the Rath-

burn mystery.

As he was enlarging upon the beauty of the magnificent Edith, John was surprised to see his ruddy face grow ashen; and, listening, he heard the clock tell the hour: Midnight!

Into the doorway, noiselessly glided a stately form. She held a burning taper in one bloodless hand, that shed a pale lustre over her loveliness.

George sank back, with a stifled

cry:
"Edith Rathburn!"

She stood motionless; then, in an unearthly tone, she spoke:

"George Graff, you knew me well."

"Yes, yes, my lady! oftentimes, with Mr. Jerry, God bless him!" cried the old man, trembling.

She floated toward him, lifting the other hand above her brow. jewels caught the reflection of the red cloth on the mantel, and it colored her hand a brilliant scarlet.

"Go back! go back! there's blood on your hand!" shrieked the landlord; and his cry was re-echoed in dismal gallery overhead.

As she came nearer, the old man fell back, and, with fixed eyes, gazed sight-

lessly upon her.

"Dora! Dora! he is dead!" cried Phyllis, terrified; but Dora was locked in her room, with her head under the bed-clothes.

Down the street to the inn, flew Phyllis in her finery. The old men, drinking round the bar, looked up as she came in, then, with loud cries, they ran past her down the street.

"A ghost from the haunted house!"

they cried.

In distress, she ran home. John was bringing back the life to poor George.

Phyllis, not daring to frighten them by staying, went to the parlor. She was leaning against the mantel, when Eric came unexpectedly in. For a moment, he was frightened. It was the musty picture in the gallery, looking reproachfully at him, but, in an instant, he recognized Phyllis.

"Eric! Oh, Eric! I am so thankful that you are here!" she cried, bursting into tears, and sending him with a brief explanation to the help of poor

George.

She then sought Dora. The door was fastened, and she knocked in vain. "Is she dead?" thought the wretched girl.

With a strength born of desperation, she flung herself against the door.

"Thank God! it is yielding," she murmured.

Another blow, and it did yield; and, in another moment, Phyllis was staring about her in terrified amazement.

"Am I mad? Where is this room? Where am I?" she cried, horrorstricken.

Everything was of a past age in the close, dark room. The worn, decaying hangings were blue and silver, and the coverlids of the couch were silken.

Recovering herself with an effort, she was soon comparatively calm.

"It is the room Dora spoke of as the 'closed room,'" she thought.

Then she thought of poor George, and of her joke which might prove fatal. Hastily she ran to her own room, and changed the velvet dress for one of blue cashmere; then she stole downstairs.

Eric and Dora were talking earnestly together. Phyllis came up, almost timidly.

"Is-is he dead?" she asked, anx-

iously.

"George will be all right in the morning," said Eric, in a worried tone. "It is not that which worries me. I have heard some news to-night, which will oblige me to give up this house."

Phyllis started:

"Isn't it yours?" she asked.

"I bought it, of course; but the lawful heir, whom they supposed dead, is alive."

"You will remember Edith Rathburn had a child," he continued. "It was a boy, named for its father, it seems. In time, this boy grew to be a man; and, one morning, he left the house and was secretly married. his return, he said nothing of his marriage; and soon after he died. woman has now come forward, and she claims that she is the old nurse of this man's son, born of that secret marriage. She has proof; and the property must now be passed into his hands. He is a young man of one and twenty, and, in every way capable of taking charge of the estate. Now comes the awkward part," confessed Eric, rather sheepishly; "in my exuberance of spirits, I took out the last family portraits and substituted my own. He may be here before I can restore the proper ones to their places."

"Oh, Eric, let's go at once and do

it!" cried Dora, hastily.

"Well, after a while," replied the

easy-going Eric.

So a week passed, and the pictures yet remained unchanged. Finally, Eric and his wife, with Phyllis, repaired to the gallery.

"What a lovely face!" cried Phyllis, looking at Edith's haughty beauty.

"Yes, madam," said a pleasant voice just behind her; "and I trust I shall some day bring her equal to grace these ancient halls. I shall remain single until I see one like her."

The speaker was a gentlemanly young fellow, with a fair, clean-shaven face, and pleasant blue eyes, very like the pictured face of Jerry Rathburn, which Eric was fastening into its frame

"Mr. Rathburn!" he exclaimed. Then, with easy grace, he introduced him to the ladies, explaining why he was working upon the pictures at such a time.

Jerry Rathburn laughed heartily.

"It is rather ludicrous," he said, his

blue eyes twinkling with fun.

"You will remain to tea," insisted Eric; and, nothing loath, he stayed. In fact, the evening was so pleasant a one that it ended in his asking Eric to

remain at Rathburn House, and let him have the use of one room, and a place at their table, until, as he laughingly said, he found a wife. Eric consented, but he felt tolerably sure that their stay there would be very brief, for Jerry had hardly taken his eyes from Phyllis during the evening.

The evening before Phyllis was to go Dora asked her if she would not

put on that velvet dress again.

"Not before Mr. Rathburn," protested Phyllis.

"Only for me, dear," pleaded Dora, and Phyllis was persuaded. As she put the dress on she thought of Jerry's speech, and wondered if she were haif as fair as the pictured Edith. In this pensive mood, she rested herself on the couch to wait for Dora. When the door opened she did not look up. At last, as no one spoke, she asked:

"Well, how do you like me, dear?" In an instant she was encircled by a pair of very strong, loving arms, and a voice that was surely not Dora's said, softly:

"'Love' is the word that describes my feelings for you, my darling;" and the stately Phyllis, who looked, as she sat there, like some superb queen, said, affrightedly:

"O gracious! why, Jerry, is it you?"

Mr. Rathburn only knew that she had called him 'Jerry;' the exclamation was too insignificant to remember.

"Do you really think I am as swect as Edith?" she whispered, shyly.

Eric did not leave the old house; but each happy family took one part, and Rathburn House is a double house once more, and the big door is open all the time.

The old landlord is dead, but his son tells the wonderful story to the passers-by. In the dim gallery hang two new pictures, and the famous Edith looks tenderly at the exquisite face so near. They are very like; though Jerry likes to believe that Phyllis is the fairer.

The bickering Rathburns remain forever silent, and the house is no longer haunted.

Mary Woodbury Leighton.

A GIRL AND A HAT.

TE met her for the first time at a friend's house. At dinner and in the drawing-room afterward, she talked a great deal for a young She seemed able to give, at a moment's notice, fixed and complete opinions on any conceivable subject. That this enviable state of mind has its drawbacks he was subsequently to discover. At the time, however, he vastly admired her decision and force of character. That eleverness and resolution should belong to a furbelowed pretty bit of New York femininity, and all of it put together, be willing to entertain him for an hour with dashing scraps of conversation and smiles and looks of pure sophisticated coquetry he hated the rural kind-was the sort of thing that did not happen to a man more than twice or thrice in a lifetime. It occurred to Gregory Allan to make the most of it. She was chic, good form, capital style, and all the rest of the things he liked to meet in a drawing-room. It was within the range of certainties that she dressed as well all the year round, and that she was up in golf and Duse and Howells; that she went on Ladies' Day to the Fencers' Club, and had spent a couple of years abroad; and that she had left undone none of those things she ought to have done to make herself socially admirable. He even suspected her of having a heart somewhere about her an-

Altogether, Allan considered himself in luck. The evening was dving before a tardy remembrance of the hostess swept over the girl—it is usually the woman to whom the conventionalities occur, and she left Gregory Presently he said goodabruptly. night, and a moment later stood in the downstair hall hunting in his pocket for a cigar, and feeling an inward certainty that he would never be invited again, when his host, Cheswick, caught sight of him.

He had a request to make of Allan,

it appeared, and the request resolved itself into explanation, suggestion, and instant and hearty acquiescence. The girl, Miss Constance Leacock, was to have been called for by a brother. Brother yet invisible, girl in a hurry. She lived only a block away. Would Allan? Of course Allan would-"delighted, my dear fellow, delighted."

The girl was also apologetic, but expressed herself as not sorry for the contretemps when Allan's picasure was

explained to her.

"This is very nice, then," she said, looking at him as they went down the steps. The glance was perfectly ladylike, vet Gregory remembered to have seen the same spirit in the eyes of a little chorus girl who had once asked him impudently to drink with her.

"By Jove, I will, young lady," he said to himself. The girl walked on. The conversation dropped to the point

at which it had been left off.

"It is strange how one forgets people," Allan mused aloud. "I have a wretched memory for faces and names."

"I dare say that you will have forgotten both of mine," the girl remarked,

languidly, "before we meet again." Allan protested usually and warmly. "At all events you will remember my

hat," and Miss Leacock stood under a street light. "It is quite new. There is not another like it in town. Nor will there be. Madame has assured that. As you can see, it is striking. It may be a guide to you."

"Thank you," said Allan, gravely. The girl turned and looked at him. "She ought not to look that way at an unprotected stranger," thought Allan,

parenthetically.

"You will remember the hat at all events, won't you?" she asked, as Gregory walked around her and looked carefully at the hat from all points of view.

"I should know that hat in Paris," he remarked at last, emphatically.

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"I fancy that is where it would know itself best," laughed the girl; and on his solitary way home, Gregory reflected that, next to goodness in a woman, he admired a certain wit.

So beginneth the history of the hat. Its progress is involved in mazes and shame, but where it endeth the sun shines.

Allan wished hard during the week to come to see the girl again. He had been much more entertained than usual.

"Jove, how she can use her eyes!" he wondered aloud; "that sort of thing

is high art."

And there came a corresponding desire to be cultured in this regard, a culture inspired by the presence of its high priestess. But get sight of her he could not. A week passed by in fruitless search for the hat with a critical-eyed young beauty beneath it.

At last one day he became, as he facetiously expressed it, "Pamela, or virtue rewarded." Coming toward him, he saw the hat glorified in the sunlight of Fifth Avenue. He got a smile ready. The bow was prearranged of Providence, as all good bows are, and he raised his hand to his hat.

The girl came on and on, and passed without a glance in his direction. Gregory did as many a good fellow had done before him, smoothed his mustache and tried to look as if his hand had been raised for no other purpose. He repressed a feeble inclination to sit down on the pavement, to recover, and reflected that probably the girl had not seen him. Wherefore he graciously resolved to give her another chance. Acting immediately on this kindly impulse, he wheeled about and followed the hat. The girl had now crossed the Plaza and was walking along a side-path of the Park toward the terrace. Gregory easily overtook her, and saluting her, walked along by her side. She gave a startled glance at him, nervously returning his bow. Allan felt that something was wrong. Was it possible she had forgotten him? He could easily

"I have to thank you for that

charming evening at the Cheswicks," he began.

The girl turned a more disturbed look upon him and murmured a reply which Gregory could not catch.

"You see now," he continued, in the tone of men toward girls with whom they are on joking terms; "there was no mistaking the hat. I should know it anywhere.

This time there was wrath as well as fright in the hasty glance Gregory got. The girl hastened her pace until she was almost running and, to Allan's astonishment, dashed up to a man of his own acquaintance who was sauntering toward them, and clasping his arm, turned indignantly upon Gregory.

"This man—he—" she gasped, "he is following me and I am frightened. Please—please—send him away.'

The new-comer looked as if the situ-

ation were too much for him.

"Why, Allan, old man, what's up?" The girl forestalled Gregory's bewildered response.

"He would walk with me-and-" with a burst of angry tears, "thenhe—he made fun of my hat.

A wholly irresponsible smile flickered over the face of the new-comer, and Gregory began a formal speech.

"I beg to assure you that I am at least guiltless of that damning charge" he gave the adjective an unnecessary emphasis; "but as you see fit to ignore my previous meeting with you, I am, I suppose, on the footing of a stranger who has forced his society upon you. For that I beg your pardon.'

The intruded - upon young lady turned her back upon him with an

air of contempt.

"I never met him before in my life," she said. There was a brief silence. The arbitrator, young Van Horne, gazed non - committally at the surrounding trees. The instinct of selfpreservation is still strong in arbitrators. He was as certain as a man can be of anything in this world, that it was merely another case of Allan's shortsightedness, but at the same time he declined to interfere and put matters right because of a lawless delight in the situation. "It's so seldom a chap enjoys himself," he explained, plaintively to Gregory afterward when that much-wronged gentleman assailed him with mighty force.

"Tell him to go away," the girl said, crossly, sweeping her eyes disdainfully over Allan and addressing herself to

young Van Horne.

"Tell this young lady that I took her for someone else, for a very nice girl," with emphasis, "whom I met at the Cheswicks," retaliated Gregory, shortly.

Thus appealed to by both combatants Van Horne felt called upon to speak. He glanced wickedly at Allan and ob-

served soothingly to the girl—

"You must not mind Allan—Mr. Gregory Allan, by the way, Miss Stanhope,"—a stormy bow was exchanged—"he is always hazy about his bowing list and often speaks to young women by mistake, short-sighted, you see, and absent-minded, and all the rest of it; but no one ever minds him. He does not mean anything, you know, and he picks up many a pleasant acquaintance."

Gregory glared furiously at the speaker of this ingenious distortion. The girl looked angry and suspiciously

at them both.

Luckily, at this sufficiently exciting juncture, a new arrival came upon the scene, and when Gregory saw her a look of joy totally out of proportion to the length of their acquaintance came into his face. It was the girl and the hat.

As it chanced, she knew all the members of the group, and as she drew near she saluted them in an airy and friendly manner.

"How do you do, Mr. Allan? I have been wanting to see you."

Gregory replied, with real feeling in his voice, that the desire was mutual.

"And is that really you, Molly? and Arthur Van Horne? How odd! I did not know that you three were friends."

"Neither are we," said Miss Stanhope, sharply. "Arthur, of course, I have always known, although just now he is behaving abominably; and this this gentleman—"

"Allan is my name," interrupted

Gregory, coldly.

"Mr. Allan-he-oh, tell her about

it, Arthur." There was still a suspicion of tears in Miss Stanhope's voice.

"I prefer to tell it myself," remarked Gregory, hastily. "First, I wish to ask you, Miss Leacock, if Miss Stanhope is not wearing a hat the exact fac-simile of your own?"

To his surprise there were sudden and indignant disclaimers from both young ladies. "Why, they are not in the least alike," ended Miss Leacock, severely.

everely.

"Not a particle," added the other

girl, quickly.

"Van Horne, I know you to be utterly without principle," said Gregory, firmly; "but I ask you if you dare say that in your opinion these hats are not identical?"

"My dear fellow," answered Van Horne, virtuously, "don't dare me in that way. You cannot frighten me into not telling the truth. I should like to help you out of this. Your little habit of accosting strange young ladies on the street has really got you into a most painful dilemma, and it grieves me to be compelled by veracity to state that, in my humble opinion, the hats, although equally beautiful, are quite obviously the work of different milliners."

Both girls looked pleased appreciation, and Gregory, with a stage-villain glance at the speaker, which that young man received with a wicked chuckle, remarked, with grim sarcasm, that it was evidently a case of save me from my friends, and then proceeded to a literal explanation for Miss Leacock's benefit.

"And you can assure Miss Stanhope," he concluded, with an unfriendly look in that young lady's direction, "of the truth of what I say in regard to our conversation on the night of the Cheswicks' dinner. For the rest I can only throw myself on her mercy. If she is good enough to forgive my blundering shortsightedness, it is all right. If not—" Gregory's tone plainly intimated what he would never have allowed it to intimate in less angry moments, that he would have to bear up as well as he could without her forgiveness.

"Nonsense," observed Miss Leacock,

sharply; "what a ridiculous tea-pot tempest. Molly knows Arthur's idiocies as well as I do, and of course everyone"—with a beaming smile at Gregory—"knows that you are horribly short-sighted. Arthur, you ought to be expelled from the Badminton. Molly, I should not forgive him, if I were you. Come with me, Mr. Allan, we shall leave these two to fight it out."

With this breezy shifting of the scene of battle, Miss Leacock resumed her walk and took Gregory with her.

"You are an awfully nice girl," began Gregory, fervently, if unusually.

Constance Leacock laughed. Then her face took on an aggrieved expression. "But how could you take that hat for mine?"

"Well, you know," answered Gregory, carefully, "it is obviously an imitation of yours."

He glanced sideways at her, concluded he had scored, and went on: "But what does make me have utter contempt for myself is that I should have taken her face for vours."

Miss Constance observed with fine carelessness that Miss Stanhope was much prettier than herself, and Gregory seized the opportunity with commendable warmth.

It was so very long before Constance permitted him to see her again that, as it has been since time was, her charms were thereby much enhanced. Gregory made many ineffectual attempts to meet her, and the day came when he felt that if he were much longer deprived of her society, there would be no limit to the extent and variety of his emotions toward her.

It was with much delight, therefore, since no man wants to be altogether submerged while he has still a glimmering of reason, that one early fall afternoon Gregory saw Miss Leacock disporting herself in a Broadway florist's. He hastened to within hailing distance with a neat remark about her loosening the tightness of the money market ready to deliver at first shot. Before he reached the store, however, another youth sauntered in, young

Van Horne ("of course," commented Gregory disgustedly), and began a leisurely conversation with the young lady inside. As Allan looked at them both from a safe distance, a change seemed to come over the girl, and she presently appeared to Gregory's mental and outward vision not at all as Constance Leacock, but as a miserable hatimitator, that Stanhope girl. Giving pious thanks for safe deliverance from another attack from that outraged young lady, he was about to turn and go his way, when a beautiful scheme of vengeance dawned upon him. would enter the florist's, giving Van-Horne a curt nod, the girl a dead cut, and by ostentatiously ordering an immense quantity of flowers to be sent to Miss Leacock, make young Van Horne be obliged to do the same thing by Miss Stanhope. This would knock young Van Horne's impecuniosity into present pauperism, and incidentally show the Stanhope female what sort of a young man she had been endeavoring to annihilate.

His idea was promptly carried out. Van Horne grinned over his salute and the girl looked amazed. She had made her purchases, but she remained with Van Horne in fascinated gaze at the sulky youth, who was rapidly ruining both himself and the florist's stock in a perilous order of cut flowers.

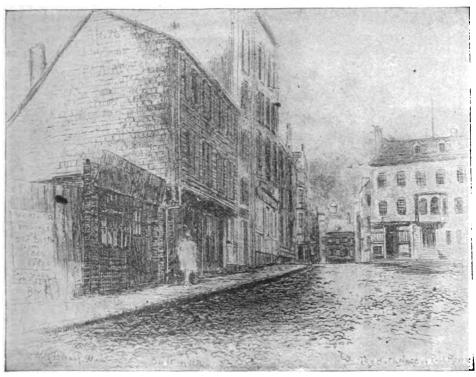
"Kindly send them to Miss Leacock, No—, 59th Street," ended Allan, loudly. The girl gasped. Van Horne giggled. Gregory started for the door, but a sufficiently startling remark detained him.

"Since the flowers are for me, Mr. Allan," the girl said, quietly, "I might as well take them up in the car with me."

The interval was brief but pregnant. "Van Horne," remarked Allan, "I am a mild man, but if you laugh like that there will be murder," and then humbly, to Constance Leacock, "I shall never get right unless—you keep me with you always, will you?"

That is why young Van Horne is just now a much-sought-after dinner man.

Madge Robertson.



Birthplace of Paul Revere.
From "Old Boston." Cepyright, 1895, by Lee & Shepard.

BOOK NOTES.

James Lane Allen has produced in "Aftermath" (Harper & Brothers, New York) an exquisite little book, sparkling with humor and pathos, and not without many of those touches of nature which make plain to the reader the author's acquaintance with wood and field, plant and tree. Around the love story which runs through the book as a thread, and which is pretty because it is neither grewsome nor tiresome, are grouped the events of every-day life in a Kentucky village. The simplicity of the thoughts and the kindred feeling in the language which expresses them, are all the more welcome in these days of high-flown essays and hot-house fiction.

"The Birthplace of Paul Revere," a picture of which appears in this department, is from a recent work issued by Lee & Shepard, entitled "Old Boston." The illustrations are some thirty-five in number, and are reproductions of etchings which are owned by

Mr. Henry R. Blaney, who has given in concise form a description of each illustration, and relates the noteworthy incidents connected with the places shown in the engravings. Some of the most interesting pictures are those showing the meeting-place of the Boston tea-party, the residence of John Hancock (which was the model for the Massachusetts building at the Chicago Exposition); home of Cotton Mather, who died in 1727. now used as a Portuguese boarding-house; the old North Church; the Green Dragon Tavern, used as a meeting-place by Paul Revere and his companion patriots, and the old Boston Theatre. The renewed interest in Colonial events and men make this work of especial value at this time.

"A Last Century Maid," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia). The scene of the story is the Quaker City and its environs; the title indi-



From "Poems of the Farm." Copyright, 1895, by Lee & Shepard.

A Prosperous Couple. cates the time of the actors of the little tale. The fear of the children, upon hearing of the massacre of the school-children by the Indians, their subsequent voyage, and accidental meeting of the chiefs of the six tribes, is all very interesting to juvenile hearers. "A

Dog and a Sunbeam in Prison" is a pathetic story and beautifully written. The work is full of interest, and the illustrations are very pretty. The work has a special charm because it deals with the lives of little folks of a century ago.

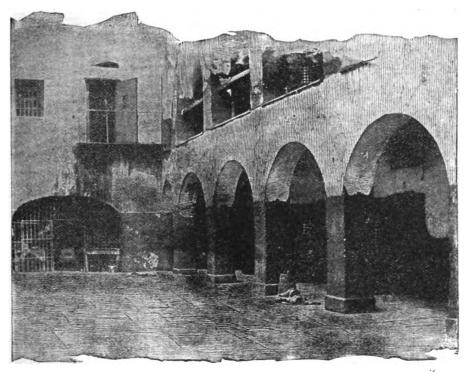
" And the Sword Fell,"by Carrie Goldsmith Childs (Mayflower Publishing Co, Floral Park, N. Y.). This little volume, so full of human sympathy, of love divine, so replete with tender womanly passions, is inscribed "To the husband of the most trusting, loving wife it is man's fortune to possess. To feel

that I have in my husband a kindred soul, which will test the best powers of my own to keep in touch. Surely we can never think of any greater happiness than to live and sacrifice for each other. Dear heart, I am willing to do my part. The harder the sacrifice, the more I shall cling to your strength and manhood: the heavier the trial, the sweeter your sympathy; the more toilsome the way upward, the more perfect the rest at last." The book is in the form of a diary. beginning on the day of the marriage, and continuing for two short years of wedded bliss. doubt, and sympathy, and through it all a never-changing trust and love, a characteristic so common among true womanly women. The versatility of the writer is shown in her realistic picture of the beautiful Lake Mohonk, while a little touch of the mysterious, childish idea of Santa Claus is aptly portrayed:

"My stocking hung all alone, for no one thought to bring another child to watch for Santa Claus with me, but I did not mind, for there were so many things to see and to think of. There was always a fire in the grate in my room and it troubled me. What if Santa Claus should not know it was there and jump down into it and be burned. But mamma said it would be sure and go out before time for him to come.'



From "A Child of Tuscany," by permission of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.



The Parish Prison in Old New Orleans.

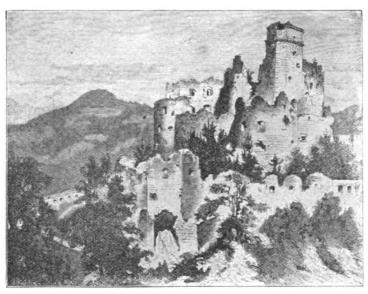
From "New Orleans." Copyright, 1895, by Macmillan & Co., New York.

There is a sweet sadness through it all which touches the heart and brings unbidden the tears of reverence for a character so pure, so lovely, so thoroughly womanly.

" New Orleans: the Place and the People," by Grace King, is strongly written and well phrased. The author, in handling a subject of so much interest, has shown her intimate acquaintance with the historical events, concerning the settling of the new country by the French people. Her description of the methods used in compelling the people to colonize, is very vivid. The sufferings and misery endured call forth more than a mere feeling of pity from the reader. New Orleans is essentially of French colonization. Intense interest surrounds the description by the author of Mardi Gras; the innocent and respectful fooleries of street maskers; the dignity of the great parades; the stately etiquette of the large public balls, and the refined intrigue of the private ones; and the steady growth of the people into an American State; for the city brought her entire character from France. The book is valuable as teaching of the people, their characteristics and customs, and the author has handled her subject with intelligence. The admirable illustrations are by Frances E. Jones. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

A. C. McClurg & Co. have issued, in "A Child of Tuscany," an attractive story of a child's life in a homely little Italian village. Picked up when a toddling infant by a peasant woman, this child of one of Italy's most noble families is reared in the utter simplicity of a cabin with two rooms, and besides his foster-mother, only a large good-humored cat named Minetto for a companion. The tale leads us through the life of the boy from the time he begins to sell flowers on the public square in Florence, till he is restored to the arms of his sister and grandfather, through the medium of Camillo, a red-faced coachman who became the boy's fast friend. The author is Marguerite Bouvet, and she has certainly given us an acceptable story in this tale of "A Child of Tuscany."

"The One Who Looked On," by F. F. Montresor (D. Appleton & Co., New York),



Ruins of Maleszow Castle, Home of the Countess Krasinska By permission of A. C. McCleng & Co., Chicago.

is hardly a story, being rather a description of scenes and events in the lives of certain people, among whom are Sir Charles Bargreave, a London barrister; Pauline, an invalid to whom Sir Charles is devotedly attached; two children, Charlie and Molly, and Susie, a young girl, who acts somewhat in the capacity of mother and nurse to the two children. Beyond the fact that the book is carefully written, and has a certain interest in it because simply painted scenes of every-day life are always, to a certain degree, of interest, the work has nothing specially to commend it.

* *

The Countess Krasinska was the daughter of a noble Polish family, and appears to have been one of the most beautiful women ever at the Royal Court of Warsaw. She attained to the distinction of having her portrait painted by Angelica Kauffman, and in her "Journal" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), translated by Kasimir Dzieowska, she has given us day by day a faithful diary of the doings of a noble family in Poland in the eighteenth century. This "Journal" is most interesting; every detail of the life in those days is accurately described. Here, for instance, the Countess, in telling of her sister's wedding (which took place when the sister was eighteen years of age, to a man who seems to have been well thought of, but whom the bride scarcely knew), gives a description of the bride's dress;

"When we returned breakfast was served, and soon afterward the dressing of the bride commenced; twelve noble ladies, headed by my honored mother. undertook that in:portant task. The dress was of white satin with watered silk stripes, a frill of Brahant lace with silver ernaments at the bettem, and a long train; a resemany bouquet fastened the point of the corsage. On her head the bride wore a rosemory wreath held in place by a gold circlet on which was engraved the date of the wedding and good wishes. in rhyme. According to the old Poiish custom, my honored mother fastened in the wreath a ducat

with the date of Basia's birth year, and a bit of bread for good luck; she also added to the above a lump of sugar in order to sweeten the married life, which they say has many difficulties. No jewels were allowed, for it is said that for each precious stone worn on the wedding-day, one has to pay afterward with a vial of tears. As it is, Basia has wept enough, so that her eyes are red and swollen."

Here is a glimpse of the Countess's life in the fashionable school to which she was sent at Warsaw. One wonders how it would suit the petted daughters of our wealthy families to endure the lessons and labors:

"The lessons and studies take all my time from morning till night, but I do not complain, for I want to learn much. I must say that on the first days I felt a little bewildered, the incessant scoldings and admonitions, the cross which was put on my back to hold me erect, the machine in which we have to stand for one hour, in order to make our feet straight, all this was not quite to my taste."

The Countess was secretly married to the Duke of Courland, and their only daughter became in time the great-grandmother of both the present King and Queen of Italy. Her journal is a valuable addition to the literature of to-day.

Mr. E. S. Martin, in "Cousin Anthony and I," has compiled a number of little es-

says, marked by his own vigorous personality, and therein lies their interest. He is clever and terse, and some of his suggestions should be beneficial to the thoughtful reader. In "Considerations Matrimonial" he says:

"I proceeded to dwell at some length on the disadvantages that had to be overcome by a young man of character and ability, who married a very rich girl. What such a young man was after in life, was of course to work out what was in him. As long as he was tolerably poor, he had the stern incentive of scant means, and if a family became dependent on his efforts, the incentive became so much the stronger. In that case he must work hard, take care of his health, grasp every chance, be temperate, thrifty, and farsighted, since only by the most earnest devotion could be hope for such success as would yield him the comforts of life. But to the husband of a woman of fortune, this incentive would be almost wholly lost, though the mischief might in some degree be counterbalanced by the opportunities for very advantageous labor which a powerful family connection may often control.

In "Readers and Reading" he again offers valuable suggestions as to the systematic reading of the busy man, and how he may gain thereby. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The series of lectures on "Art," delivered by John La Farge at the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, in 1893, aroused great interest and enthusiasm at the time; and the publication of these six lectures by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. is a matter of congratulation to American art students, artists, and art-lovers.

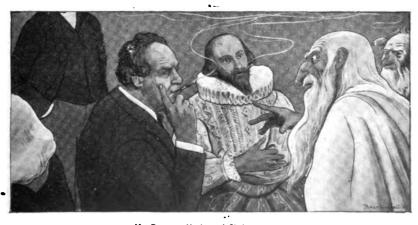
Mr. La Farge is a very able painter, whose

reputation is not confined to this his native country, for he wears the ribbon of the "Legion d'Honneur," and his fame is not likely to be lessened by the publication of "Considerations on Painting," the book which sets forth his mature views on his art. The title of the lectures which follow give some idea of the range of subject: "Essential Divisions of the Work of Art," "Personality and Choice," "Suggestion and Intention," "Misapprehension of Meaning," "Maia, or Illusions," and "Sincerity."

It is impossible to epitomize the philosophy and sympathetic grasp of the essentials of true artistic criticism which characterize Mr. La Farge's lectures, but it is to be hoped that none of those to whom a sane criticism of art, its methods and practices, are of interest and value, shall neglect the careful perusal of this volume.

We quote from the third lecture: "Art begins where language ceases, and the impressions that we receive, and the manners through which we render them, are in themselves so subtile that no one yet has been able to analyze more than a certain exterior or part of the mechanism of sensation and of representation." And Mr. La Farge's own contributions to this analysis are not less interesting and valuable than are the records of his own artistic "impressions," one example of which, the "Ascension," in the New York church of the same name, is the most notable specimen of mural painting in America to-day.

"The Double Man," by J. B. Dowd (Arena Publishing Co., Boston), is one of those books which had better have remained



Mr. Barnum, Noah, and Shakespeare.
From "A House Boat on the Styx." Copyright, 1895, by Hurper & Brothers.

unpublished. Vaunting the theory of mysticism, and appealing to those who are allured by hypnotism and its frequently reprehensible accompaniments, it is in reality a work with a low moral tone, and with scarcely the

erick A. Stokes Co., is a very pretty romance of the Canadian Northwest. There is an element of excitement in the neat manner in which the "Prairie Flower," Marie St. Denis, outwits the police force when in search of



"He was becoming weaker every moment."
From "A Lieutenant at Eighteen." Copyright, 1895, by Lee & Shepard.

merit of interest to balance its defects. While there is an attempt to point a moral by the tale, it is not so apparent as to be of value.

"Sinners Twain," by John Mackie, illustrated by A. Hencke, and published by Fred-

her father, the smuggler. Sergeant Yorke aids her only by his silence and his failure to capture and detain her when she goes in search of her father after the prairie storm, but his conscience disturbs him. He is true to his love, however, and, as a punishment for his lack of duty, is reduced to the ranks.



Some time afterward he seeks Marie and declares his love. An old crow perched on a dead limb right above her is the only witness, save poor Michelle, the faithful dog. "As for the crow, he chattered and chuckled to himself in a most outrageous fashion, rolled his head about, till he became giddy, made matters worse by trying to stand rakishly on one leg, and nearly fell off the perch. Then he flew off to retail his own version of the affair to his own particular cronies. Crows are such intolerable gossips."

"The Days of Auld Lang Syne," by Ian Maclaren. The many readers of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" will hail this latest volume with keen appreciation and delight. The hand of the master has lost none of its cunning. All of the sketches retain that strange power which at one moment causes the reader to smile at some delicious bit of humor, and the next, surprised to find the tears starting unbidden, hastily to resolve to indulge in no more such foolishness, a resolution speedily forgotten under the wizard's charm. Ian Maclaren has somehow found the way to human hearts, and enters at will. Of all the sketches, the series "For Conscience Sake" and "Drumsheugh's Love Story" would alone suffice to establish a reputation were the writer previously un-known. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

"The Grey Lady," by Henry Seton Merriman, author of "With Edged Tools," etc., is a delightful little tale, full of romance, snap, In the characters of the and brightness. twin brothers he has aptly described the favors of fickle fortune. Eve is a simple, pure character, full of love, and true as steel, while the Grey Lady, a hard, calculating, selfish woman of the world, rules her realm with an iron hand. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

"Poems of the Farm," a selection from the best things written of the country and its associations (Lee & Shepard, Boston), is beaufully illustrated by Alfred C. Eastman, to whom also belongs the credit of the choosing of the poems. Here are the favorites, such as "A Snow Storm," "The Old School House," "The Deserted Farm," "The Orchard Path," "Song of the Cricket," "When the Corn is in the Shock," etc. A perusal of the poems awakens the memories of those days when

". . . The mowers through the meadows swept along, Through the buttercups and clover, with their

laughter and their song,

How we found the ripe red berries as we turned the fragrant hay,

And went singing home together at the closing of the day.

The drawings are made specially for the poems, and are pretty and appropriate.

The illustration reproduced on page 110 is a sample of those from an entertaining book for boys entitled "A Lieutenant at Eighteen," by Oliver Optic, published by Lee & Shep-ard, Boston. The characters of the book are the same as those in previous works by this author, with the addition of many new ones. The story deals with events during the "late unpleasantness," and of course there is ample opportunity for thrilling experiences and consequent entertainment for the reader. Deck Lyon, the hero, now becomes a second lieutenant, and in this capacity makes a record for himself. The story is one every lad will enjoy.

John Kendrick Bangs has written an amusing book which he has called "A House-Boat on the Styx" (Harper & Bros., New York). The humor of the work lies in the fact that the characters delineated are of every era in history, from Adam and Noah to P. T. Barnum and Artemus Ward. The janitor of the house-boat is Charon, the ferryman of the River Styx. Mr. Bangs advances a novel theory for the existence of snakes, past and present - an argument which may also strengthen the popular belief in the connection between men and monkeys. Mr. Bangs puts forth his theory through the utterances of Dr. Johnson, who appears to be a very important character in the book. The Doctor says:

"The serpent was the tail. Look at most snakes to-day. What are they but unattached tails?

"They do look it," said Darwin, thoughtfully,
"Why, it's clear as day," said Johnson. "As
punishment for swinging by their tails in the forbidden tree, Adam and Eve lost their tails, and the tail itself was compelled to work for a living and to do its own walking."

"And the snakes of the present day?" queried Thackeray.

"I believe to be the missing tails of men," said Johnson. "Somewhere in the world is a tail for every man and woman and child. Where one's tail is, no one can say, but that it exists simultaneously with its owner, I believe."

The book is illustrated appropriately and





TO OUR READERS.

IF you have not yet sent renewal for your subscription to The Peterson Magazine for 1896, do so at once. This is an American magazine for American people, at the people's price. It is not a picture magazine, nor is it filled with trashy reading. It is intended that The Peterson Magazine shall be a journal of the best literature adequately illustrated. Mere names are not considered in making up the contents; unless the contributions themselves are worthy, they can find no place in our pages.

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Articles on American painters, with choice examples of their work.

"American Frontier Heroes," a series of sketches of the lives of those who helped civilize our Western territory.

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on those who have made themselves a power in our naval warfare, from the earliest days of the Union down to the present time.

American Women Clubs, of which the February number will contain a fine contribution on the Sorosis of Cleveland, O.

American Universities (the first article in this series, to appear in February, the Chicago University being the subject of the article).

"America's Work for Armenia," being a faithful account of what the new movement for the aid of that country will consist of. (To appear in February)

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What other magazine can produce an array of contributions on subjects of more importance to the citizens of this country?

No American citizen can afford to be without The Peterson Magazine. It is one dollar per year and ten cents a single copy.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

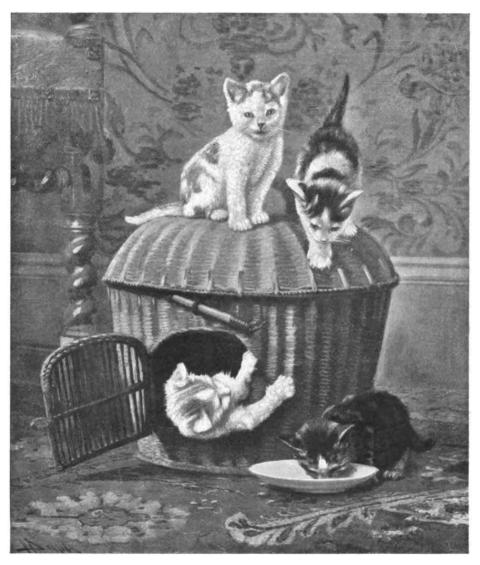
"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

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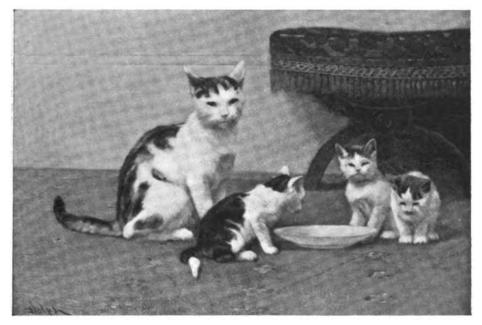
HIGH LIFE. From the painting by J. H. Dolph.

THE

PETERSON MAGAZINE

New Series-Vol. VI. FEBRUARY, 1896.

No. 2.



Cat and Kittens.

A PAINTER OF PUSSY-CATS.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS BY MR. JAS. H. DOLPH.

It is by no means to depreciate the richer gifts of an extremely talented painter, to say that Mr. J. H. Dolph is droll before he is anything else. Therein perhaps lies his genius. The man is terse and epigrammatic in speech, and with a dry and kindly humor in his philosophy. The artist also is delightfully humorous. He makes his pictures of kittens and puppies suggest all sorts of curious conceits.

Often they indicate a sly and sometimes cynic humor with exquisite human-ness of expression.

Nothing, for example, could be more typical of Mr. Dolph's subtle and trenchant humor than the conception he has given us of La Fontaine's fable, "The Rat Retired from the World."

"My poor friends," is the rat's remark, with a patronizing air, from the luxurious depths of the cheese where

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The Rat retired from the World.

he has fed (very like unto human capitalists) until he is swollen and gouty; "my friends, you are lean and hungry and lame, and present petitions—yes? and Ratopolis is invaded by the cats -what then? They would not enjoy my cheese. Your affairs I have nothing to do with. Sublunary things no longer interest me. I have retired within the rind of my cheese—pray, be good enough to depart and seek to disturb me no further." And overcome, doubtless, by his fine verbosity and generous sentiments, his poor rat relations leave him to his cheese, very like other poor relations.

Observe the touch of human nature also in his "High Life," where the pampered pets of a wealthy family, with their aristocratic little French basket, are set in the midst of rich rugs and fine tapestries and polished mahogany furniture. In his studio Mr. Dolph has an admirable foil to this in his "Low Life," a happy and less blase barn-yard family of plebeian little yel-

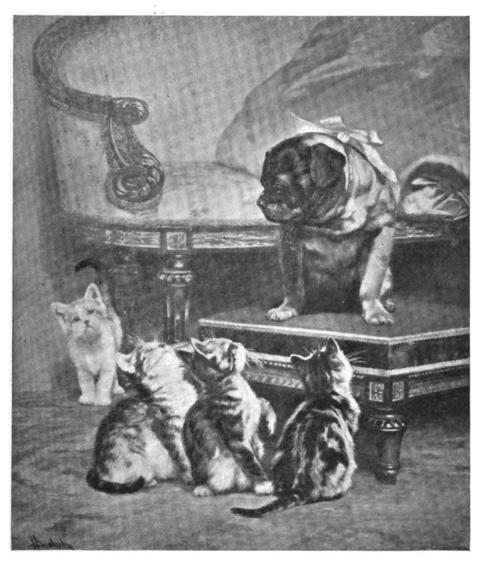
low and white kittens. The picture expresses more loudly than words could tell the purr of their satisfaction.

Again, in "The Society Lion," is the counterpart in cat-nature of many an episode of society in ball-rooms, where the floors are resplendent with brilliantly decked women and a paucity of men, which renders indispensable and much petted the few society and dancing men present. The decorated, travelled, and world-tired gentleman, from his little pedestal, looks with a fatigued expression—rendering him all the more interesting on that account (strange human anomaly)upon the four little débutantes at his feet. To be sure, the coy white and gray miss at the edge of the sofa is not going to indicate all at once her subjection to his many charms. But this is more than compensated for by the open and fervent admiration of the dainty fluff of fur next to her.

More keenly humorous—according more keenly with puppy-humor, if the

expression may be permitted—is the delicious little "Indiscretion," so happily reproduced in these pages. The little fellow himself, with his tail curled abjectly between his legs and his ears drooping, is evidently inclined to admit that he is whipped before the fight begins. But with the consciousness of this distinct advantage showing plainly on the kitten's countenance it is apparent that there will be no fight.

A delightful touch of human nature is expressed in another of Mr. Dolph's pictures, "Listeners never hear any good of themselves." A poor, jealous little feline intruder in the background is listening to the social gossip indulged in by a mottled kitten and yellow puppy in the foreground. "Not in Our Set" portrays a helpless little yellow puppy enduring the scornful glances and arrogant of a half-dozen very aris-



The Society Lion.



Mr. Jas. H. Dolph.

tocratic kittens; and Mr. Dolph's aristocratic cats are all American cats—the change in lot and condition he effects solely by means of their cat-expression. Angoras with splendid big tails he has painted with the same success, but from an artist's stand-point, the American cat and the very indefinite anatomy of young puppies appear to attract him most.

It was in amusing recognition of the whimsical humor of Mr. Dolph's genius that one day a youth, bearing a visage of exaggerated seriousness, lifted the knocker of his studio door. A number of guests were within, and catching sight of them as he entered, the youth's diffidence of manner increased until it became a deep melancholy, that speedily communicated itself to the artist's assembled guests, who had manifestly not been considered in the young man's plans.

"I called," he managed to say to the artist, "to inquire if you do not wish to buy some jokes. It is my business, sir, to supply humorous suggestions."

"But," gasped the astonished Mr. Dolph, "I am a painter and have no need of jokes."

For an instant his visitor regarded him sadly, and then replied that it was a very funny joke indeed Mr. Dolph had just uttered. It was only by the united protestations of the room-full of guests that this mournful young man could be induced to believe the artist was, after all, not a professional joker.

It was several years ago that Mr. Dolph's splendidly equipped studio in the Young Men's Christian Association Building in New York City, was ruined by fire and water. There was no more complete studio even abroad, although in Paris the ateliers of Meissonier, Gérôme, and Bridgman are more palatial in their appointments. In New York only three or four were as interesting: Louis C. Tiffany's, William M. Chase's recently denuded studio, and the one furnished by the dead artist, Roswell Sawyer, and rented now by the artist Whipple, were anything like as artistic as Mr. Dolph's. It is a general proposition that all studios are in-



Caricature of Mr. Dolph by Th. Wurst,

teresting, even those that are like workshops alone.

In the midst of the destruction of rich costumes of various historical periods, old carvings, and rare tapestries, Mr. Dolph was standing when a friend rushed in to offer assistance and consolation. Without a word to express his grief, Mr. Dolph set cheerfully to work to ascertain the extent of his loss.

ful portrayer of the American street Arab. When Pharaoh was king in old Egypt the cat was an idol. To-day may be the reincarnation of that historical period of society. The demand, at all events, for Mr. Dolph's skilled picturing of frolicsome kittens and sedate matron cats is greater than the supply. It has been a specialty in painting thrust upon him. It is a field Mr.



Indiscretion

In doing so he unearthed from a ruined chest a robust-looking demijohn—presumably filled with varnish. Grasping it tenderly he found the cork still in its place, and this alleviating circumstance led to the first remark he had been heard to utter. "Ah," said the artist significantly, "things might have been a great deal worse!"

So much for the genial man and philosopher. As a painter Mr. Dolph has, unwillingly enough, come to be regarded as the historian of the American cat, in much the same manner that Mr. J. G. Brown has become the faith-

Dolph occupies alone in this country, and except for the Belgian woman painter, Henrietta Ronner, and the Frenchman, Émile Lambert, no other painters in the world have attained prominence as painters of cats.

The value of Mr. Dolph's work is enhanced by contrast. It is a conservative statement that no other artist has with equal success sought out and painted the manifold phases of feline life; and this, not by caricaturing or dressing pussy in a costume not her own, but merely by the genius of discovering her expression. The difficult-



"Where there is smoke there is fire."

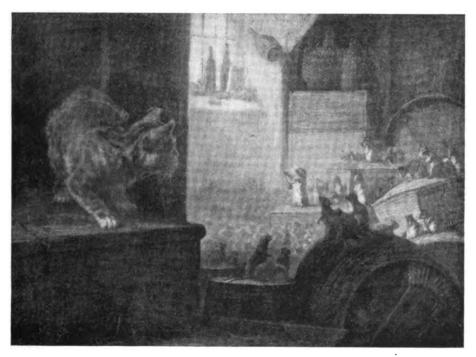




Two Decorative Panels.

ies are not small. The lines defining the figure of a horse, for instance, or almost any animal except young kittens and puppies, are pronounced. But a cat has no anatomy apparent, and a puppy is distressingly full of irregular lumps, depressions, and protuberances. A cat has no distinctive features. It is at one moment a shapeless ball; at another a long body crouching for a

admirable skill. In his reconstructed studio in the Sherwood Building, New York City, are numerous very realistic studies and completed pictures of landscape, coast-views, genre, and even still-life. His success has been pronounced in the depictment of historical and anecdotal pictures. Every few years he "finds Christian homes" for his cats and dogs, as he humorously expresses



"Who will bell the Cats?" From La Fontaine's Fables.

spring, and a moment later sitting on its haunches, a very perplexing triangle.

But there is never any mistaking Mr. Dolph's cats. The drowsy contentment in the half-closed eyes of the sedate mother; the mischief exhibited by a pair of kittens destroying a favorite hat; kitten love and hate and reason and jealousy and fear—it is this in his painting of cats that has made Mr. Dolph famous.

It is, after all, a great pity that Mr. Dolph's cats and puppies sell so readily. He paints other things with such

it, and with his wife runs quite away from furry models, across the seas, perhaps to work at other phases of art. For four or five years at one time Mr. Dolph foreswore animals except as they filled in as valuable accessories for rich studies of the time of Louis XIII.—a Blenheim spaniel or an Italian grevhound reposing in aristocratic indolence at the feet of a splendidly costumed courtier, or in wonderful action in the painting of a studio interior where a nude model's charm of form and pearliness of flesh is the greater interest. He studied architecture in



A Family of Puppies

Paris two years, making visits to the various palaces and old châteaux in and about the city, and taking excursions to many of those picturesque country places in the neighborhood—painting always, from daylight to dark. The result was that he secured a large number of valuable studies involving the styles of various periods. No artist in America has more accurate knowledge of the costumes and architecture of the different historical periods.

When he returned to his studio in New York it was with the determination to paint what it pleased Mr. Dolph to paint—cats, yes, because in his heart he is very fond of painting cats; but also figure compositions—atmosphere—everything.

He completed his "Choice of a Weapon," which shows a tall cavalier standing in the house of a wealthy armor merchant, carefully examining a handsomely hilted sword. The dealer stands behind a table upon which are a number of rare old weapons, and balances an especially fine one in his hands while he watches with considerable anxiety the expression on the face of the cavalier. Mr. Dolph has reproduced the costumes and decorations and armor of the period-Louis XIII.-with wonderful exactness. The coloring is exquisite, the relief of the gay figures against the sombre background of the interior, and the atmospheric effect, are delightfully effective and quite as individual as his animal pictures are in another way. As much may be said of some scenes on the north coast of Francetiny canvases for the most part, but so admirable in detail that beside them the big patches of some impressionists look like mere daubs.

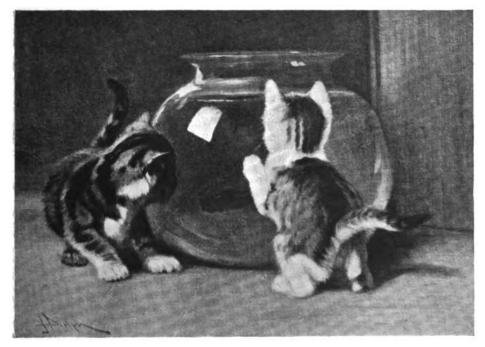
But—what would you! The public wants Mr. Dolph's animals—everybody paints landscape and the nude and costume. So Mr. Dolph hunted out his cats and puppies, and except for portraits, thinks he will paint nothing else again. Up at Ardsley, in New York State, he

has a studio where his animals are kept, and where the artist makes his studies. Then he comes into the city to his Sherwood studio—and there, almost with closed eyes, he draws and paints his cats in repose, and cats in action, young cats and old cats, and cats of every condition.

There was a hint of the artist's own humor in his successive re-election as president of the well-known "Kit-Kat Club," whose hours of serious study are no less attractive to its members than are those recurring festivals referred to by Kit-Katians as "smoke-talk nights." It was on these nights, however, that Mr. Dolph's gift for joking and storytelling, and his love for whatever is cheerful and inspiring in life, endeared him to the hearts of his brother-artists.

A quick caricature of Mr. Dolph was drawn at one of the smoke-talk nights, in oil, by Theodore Wurst—an excellent likeness, as it is also characteristic of the man's genial personality.

Kathryn Staley.



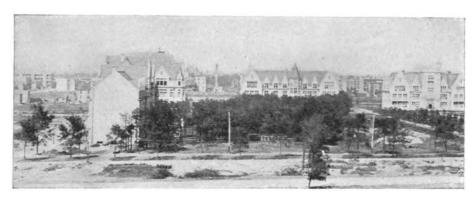
" Curiosity."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

THOUGH narrow, poor, and small,
To-day is infinite
With possibles of might;
To-morrow, vast and all
From Time's great shore to shore,
Is finite evermore.

Freeman E. Miller.





The Campus, looking North.

THE UNIVERSITY

HERE is something typical of the West in the growth of the University of Chicago. Three years ago last October, its doors were opened for the first time. Students then recited to the music of the workmen's tools, ate in the basement of the only building that was sufficiently finished, lived in houses rented by the University for dormitories, and waded ankle deep through the loose sand of the campus. Now ten buildings are finished. Most of the departments are in possession of their respective buildings.

several of which are equipped with costly apparatus, and the University has already taken rank among the country's few great seats of learning.

Chicagoans have developed a local pride in this institution, and regard it as a wonderful achievement that could scarcely have been so successful outside of their magnificent city. Her wealthy citizens have freely given to it of their money, and at the social functions of the va-

rious "halls" society dames from the Lake Shore Drive and from Prairie Avenue, stand beside the "head" and assist in receiving the guests. Chicago has an active interest in the University, and shows it on all possible occasions. The World's Fair visitor who looked down upon the campus from the top of the Ferris Wheel and saw the beginnings of the new school, was chiefly impressed by the enormous work that lay before the originators, to build a university from the beginning, without buildings, teachers, or pupils. He was

asked to look forward into the near future and see massive halls and grassy lawns swarming with earnest and devoted students from all the great colleges in the United States. Little wonder if he considered it a stretch of the imagination, resembling that necessary for a belief in the Arabian Nights. But the foundations have been laid so wide and deep, that it is now not difficult to picture the completion of the plans in the near future.



S. B. Cobb.



View taken from the Ferris Wheel,

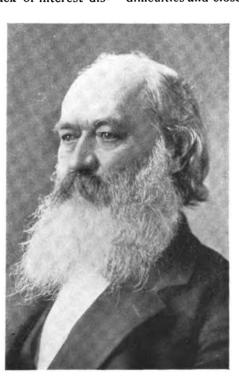
OF CHICAGO.

The history of the University of Chicago is unique in that of American institutions. Instead of beginning as a small school and growing with the needs of the community, struggling oftentimes against an insufficient endowment and the lack of interest dis-

played by so-called friends, this school sprang suddenly into life as a fullgrown institution, one of the wealthiest in the United States, and drawing its pupils at once from all parts of the country.

The first university of Chicago received its charter from the legislature of Illinois in 1857, began its work of instruction the following year, and continued until 1886. There was nothing remarkable about its career; it was the old story of insufficient endowment, constantly increasing debt, relieved by the heroism of the pro-

fessors, who remained at their posts in spite of small salaries, and often not even that, for months, but who resolutely did their best for the young men and women under their care. At length the school fell a prey to its financial difficulties and closed its doors in 1886.



C. G. Hull.

Fortunately, death of the old college aroused public sentiment, which was convinced that Chicago was a suitable place for a great institution of learning, and happily for its realization, men whose fortunes equalled their sympathies became interested in the movement. No sooner was the old institution closed than the question of founding a new university was agi-In May, tated. 1888, the American Baptist Education Society was formed at Washington, D. C., and the Rev. F. T. Gates elected its corresponding secretary. He was 125



Beecher Hall.

persuaded that the first great work of the society should be the founding of a new university at Chicago. The board approved of the plan and instructed Mr. Gates "to use every means

in his power to originate and encourage such a movement." The attention of Mr. John D. Rock-efeller, of New York, was called to the plan. He conferred with Professor William Rainey Harper, of Yale University, regarding it, and finally entered into correspondence with the Rev. F. T. Gates.

In May, 1889, the American Baptist Education Society held its first anniversary meeting at Boston, and formally approved the action of its board in regard to the university, and Mr. Rockefeller thereupon made a subscription of \$600,000 toward an endowment fund, conditioned on the

pledging of \$400,000 more before June 1. 1890. Immediately following the action in Boston a meeting was held in Chicago, and a college committee of thirty-six appointed to assist the society in raising the \$400,000 required. The Rev. Thomas W. Goodspeed, representing this committee, and the Rev. Mr. Gates, went to work at once and secured a little more than \$400,000 in subscriptions to be paid



Mrs. Beecher.

in money, besides about \$15,000 in books, scientific collections and apparatus, as well as a site for the institution valued at \$125.ooo consisting of a block and a half of land. The latter was donated by Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago. Two and a half additional blocks were purchased for \$282,500, providing a campus of about twenty-four acres. It is an ideal site for a university. Midway Plaisance, of World's Fair fame,

bounds it on the south, while Washington Park is four blocks west, and Jackson Park seven blocks east.

The University was incorporated in 1890, and at the first meeting of the Board, held in September, 1890, Professor William Rainey Harper, of Yale University, was elected president. Dr. Harper had been intimately connected with Mr. Rockefeller's plans. He accepted its presidency the next spring and entered upon his duties July 1, 1891. Before this, however, Mr. Rocke-



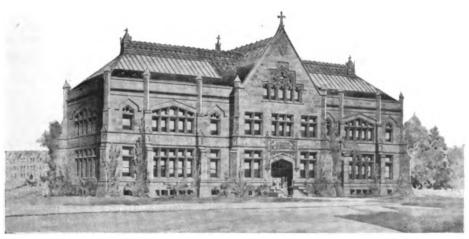
Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell.

feller made a second donation of \$1,000,000, in September, 1890, and the plans of the University were then greatly enlarged.

In accordance with the terms of this second subscription, the theological school at Morgan Park was removed to the University site as the divinity school of the University, and an academy of the University was established at Morgan Park. In the spring of 1891 the executors and

trustees of the estate of William B. Ogden, first mayor of Chicago, set aside for the use of the college seventy per cent. of that portion of the estate given by will to benevolent purposes. It is expected that more than \$500,000 will be realized from this gift for "the Ogden (graduate) School of Science of the University of Chicago."

The following figures on the amount of subscriptions to the University, the present assets, and the endowments, have been compiled on the authority of



The Haskell Oriental Museum.

Dr. T. W. Goodspeed, secretary of the Board of Trustees. The total amount subscribed is about \$10,500,000. Of the amount pledged prior to the late gift of \$3,000,000 by Mr. Rockefeller,

paid in has been used to defray current expenses, leaving \$3,800,000 yet to be paid in. This includes the late gift of Mr. Rockefeller, the \$250,000 from the Reynolds estate; what is expected to



President Harper.

\$6,100,000 had been paid, and was distributed as follows:

Endowment funds	1,950,000
Total	\$6,100,000

About \$600,000 of the total amount

be realized from the remainder of the Ogden estate, and other smaller sums. Of the prospective \$5,000,000, it is probable that \$3,000,000 will be devoted to endowment, making the total endowment \$6,500,000. The figures tabulated below represent the greater part of the paid subscription, and by whom given.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.	
May, 1889	\$600,000
September, 1890	1,000,000
February, 1892	1,000,000
December, 1892	1,000,000
June, 1893	150,000
December, 1894	176,000
Total	3,926,000
Martin A. Ryerson	. \$375,000
Charles T. Yerkes	. 300,000
Ogden estate	, 300,000
Marshall Field	237,500
Sidney A. Kent	235,000
Silas B. Cobb	. 155,000
Mrs. Caroline Haskell	. 140,000
George C. Walker	. 137,500
Mrs. Nancy S. Foster	50,000
Mrs. Henrietta Snell	50,000
Mrs. Elizabeth G. Kelly	50,000
Mrs. Mary Beecher	. 50,000
Other gifts in money, property	
eta amounting to	660 000

The buildings completed cost the following amounts:

etc., amounting to...... 660,000

Kent Chemical Laboratory	\$220,000
Cobb Lecture Hall	210,000
Ryerson Physical Laboratory	200,000
Divinity Hall	165,000
Walker Museum	109,000
Foster Hall	62,000
Kelly Hall	55,000
Beecher Hall	• 55,000
Snell Hall	55,000
Kenwood Observatory and Build-	
ings	35,000
Temporary Library and Gymnas-	
ium	30,000

Buildings in process of construction are:

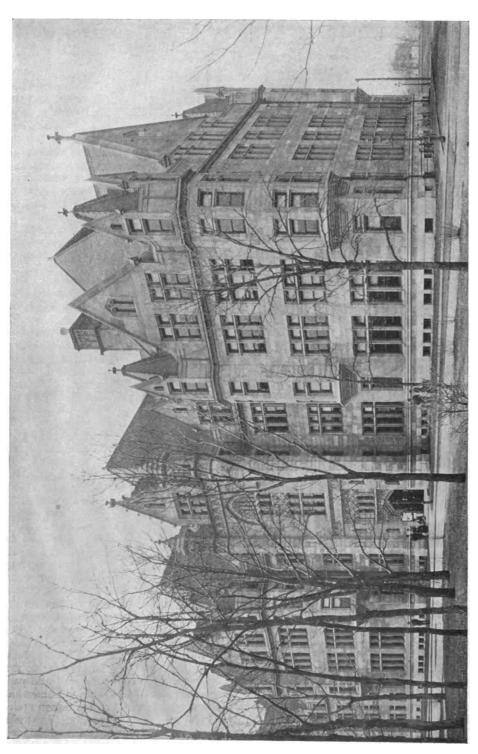
Yerkes	Astronomical Observ	atory
and	l Buildings, located at	Lake
Ger	neva, Wis. (to date) .	\$335,000
Hackell	Oriental Museum	100,000

The University began the erection of its first buildings on November 26, 1891. These were Cobb Lecture Hall, the gift of Mr. Silas B. Cobb, of Chicago, who gave \$150,000 for that purpose, and the graduates and divinity dormitories, which are located at the southwest corner of the campus. The farsightedness of the Board of Trustees is nowhere more evident that in their course with regard to the University buildings. Opportunity has been given for the most extensive growth. Mr. Henry Ives Cobb was chosen as the

architect, and to him in large measure may be attributed the quiet good taste shown throughout.

In the construction of the dormitories, the social life of the students has been taken into consideration, and the large reception hall and parlors give excellent opportunities for social func-The University system has influenced the construction of the recitation buildings. Large classes are not allowed, and many small rooms, seating but a score or so of pupils, have taken the place of the old time large lecture-rooms. The individuality of the student is carefully preserved in these. When all the buildings of the University are completed, the plan of the quadrangle will be seen in its perfection—even now it is apparent. The entire plat of ground will be surrounded by a series of buildings which will form a complete barrier to the outside world. that within true scholastic quiet and The four quadrepose may reign. rangles at either corner are faced on two sides by dormitory buildings, and inside the campus are the recitation, lecture, and educational buildings, with the main university hall, library, and chapel forming the central group.

Not only will this infant seat of learning resemble the old English universities of Cambridge and Oxford in its ground plan, but the style of architecture was selected as nearly as possible like theirs, in order to give the impression of quiet dignity and repose pecul-The style is English iar to them. Gothic. All the buildings are built of blue Bedford stone, with red tiled roofs, and depend for their beauty upon dignity of outline rather than upon ornamentation. In fact, there has been little attempt at the latter. The interiors are very plain, excepting perhaps the arched ceiling of the large lecture hall of Kent Chemical Laboratory, which looks elaborate by comparison with the severity of the rest of the buildings. The entrance hall and parlors of Foster Hall are also somewhat decorated, and the carved oaken stairway is especially pleasing. In most instances the interior walls are faced with finely finished bricks in subdued



tones of red and yellow. The ceilings are finished in bright woods, the whole effect being very cool and quiet.

Cobb Lecture Hall was the first of the buildings ready for use. The offices of the administrative department of the University, the book-store, and the post-office are on the first floor, the upper floors being devoted to recitation - rooms. joining are the graduate and divinity dormitories. Early in 1892 Mr. S. A. Kent, of Chicago, offered to



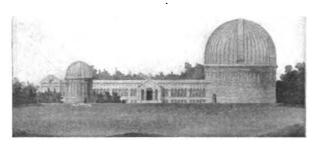
Mrs. Snell,

provide for the University a fully equipped laboratory of chemistry. This building was opened January 1, 1894, and cost the donor \$235,000. It is supplied with the latest and most expensive apparatus.

Completed at the same time as the Kent Chemical Laboratory was the Ryerson Physical Laboratory, which was formally opened July 2, 1894. It was the gift of Mr. Martin A. Ryerson, of Chicago, and is a memorial to his father, Mr. Martin Ryerson, a pioneer



Snell Hall.



The Yerkes Observatory.

resident of Chicago. The building cost \$225,000, and every effort has been made to include all the desirable features of a first-class physical laboratory. The floors and walls are strong and heavy; the laboratories on the first floor are supplied with piers of masonry, besides the heavy slate wall shelves which are found throughout the building. There are small laboratories for individual work and large ones for classes. On the first floor are rooms for research work, and the west wing is entirely free from iron, that it may be more perfectly adapted to work in electricity and magnetism. It has been recently proved that the location of the laboratory is an exceedingly fortunate one, and that outside disturbances are at a minimum.

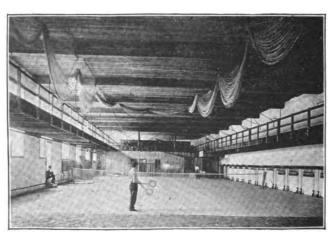
Walker Museum, the gift of Mr. George C. Walker, of Chicago, was

dedicated October 2, 1893. The interior is very simple, but so arranged as to show to the best possible advantage the collection of geological specimens and the anthropological display, which already embrace between 200,000 and 300,000 specimens.

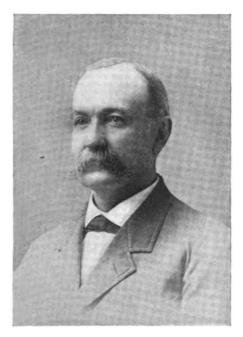
The Yerkes Astronomical Observatory, for the construction of which Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, widely known as the owner of Chicago street railway systems, has already given \$300,000, is situated in a beautiful wooded country, about seventy miles from Chicago, removed from the tremors of railroad traffic and twelve hundred feet above the sea-level. The site of the observatory includes fifty acres of timbered land in the State of Wisconsin, near that part of Lake Geneva known as Williams Bay. The country about the lake is famed

for its beautiful scenery, and is a favorite summer resort for the wealthy residents of Milwaukee and Chicago. The observatory is built in the form of a Roman T, the great dome where the enormous telescope is placed being ninety feet in diameter and forming the foot of the T. At both of the other extremities are smaller domes and also The building is smaller telescopes. said to be fire-proof, and is only for the use of graduate students. Students in the under-graduate courses who elect the study of astronomy will pursue their work with the aid of the apparatus at Kenwood Observatory, about a mile north of the campus.

Haskell Oriental Museum, given to the University by Mrs. Caroline Haskell, as a memorial to her husband, is rapidly nearing completion. It occupies a site east of the graduate and



The Gymnasium Interior.



Mr. George C. Walker.

divinity dormitories, and has already cost \$100,000. The building will be devoted to oriental collections. There will be special rooms for the Egyptian,

Persian, Babylonian, Greek, and Hebrew collections, the latter from the Old Testament period.

Just after the last statement of the financial condition of the University was published. events occurred which placed it entirely behind the times, and made the University richer by \$2,000,000. Of the last \$3,000,000 given by Mr. Rockefeller, \$1,000,000 was given outright, and \$2,000,000 on condition that the University raise an equal amount. Half of this has already been secured in a most unexpected manner, and was a complete surprise to everyone, including the trustees.

Early in December President Harper received a letter from Miss Helen Culver, a lady with whom he was not acquainted, asking him to call, as she had long intended making a gift to the University. At his second call she told him she had decided to give \$1,000,000. She then sent the following letter to the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees:

"CHICAGO, December 14, 1895.

"To the Trustees of the University of Chicago:
"It has long been my purpose to set aside a portion of my estate to be used in perpetuity for the benefit of humanity. The most serious hindrance to the immediate fulfilment of the purpose was the difficulty of selecting an agency to which I could intrust the execution of my wishes. After careful consideration I concluded that the strongest guarantees of permanent and efficient administration would be assured if the property were intrusted to the University of Chicago. Having reached this decision without consulting the University authorities, I communicated it to President Harper with the request that he would call on me to confer concerning the details of my plan. After further consideration, in which I have had President Harper's assistance, I now wish to present to the University of Chicago



Walker Museum.

property valued at \$1,000, 000 an inventory of which is herewith transmitted, to be applied as follows: The whole gift shall be devoted to the increase and spread of knowledge within the field of biological sciences. By this I mean to provide that the gift shall develop the work now represented in the several biological departments of the University of Chicago, by the expansion of their present resources; that it shall be applied in part to an inland experimental station and to a marine biological laboratory; that a portion of the instruction supported by this gift shall take the form of University Extension lectures to be delivered

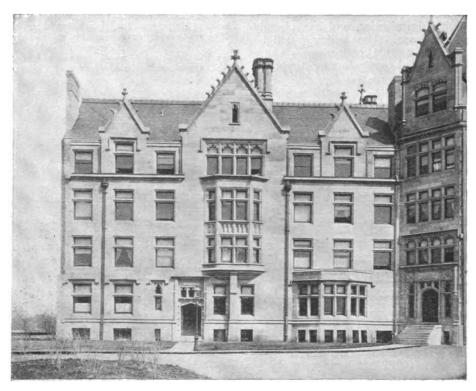
by recognized authorities, at suitable points on the west side of Chicago. These lectures shall communicate, in form as free from technicalities



Mrs. Kelly.

as possible, the results of biological research. One purpose of these lectures shall be to make public the advances of science in sanitation and hygiene. To secure the above ends, a portion not to exceed one-half the capital sum thus given may be used for the purchase of land, for equipment, and for the erection of buildings. The remainder, or not less than one-half of the capital sum, shall be invested, and the income therefrom shall constitute a fund for the support of research, instruction, and publication. Among the motives prompting this gift is the desire to carry out the ideas and to honor the memory of Mr. Charles G. Hull, who

was for a considerable time a member of the Board of Trustees of the old University of Chicago. I think it appropriate, therefore, to add



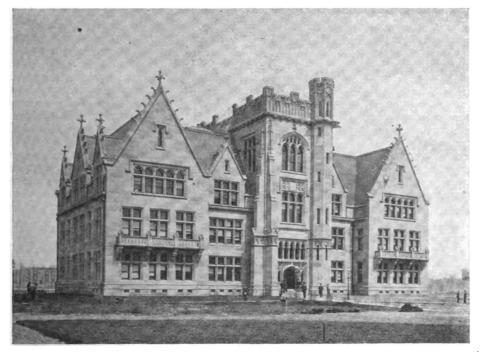
Kelly Hall.

the condition that, wherever it is suitable, the name of Mr. Hull shall be used in designation of buildings erected, and of endowments set apart, in accordance with the terms of this gift.

"Helen Culver."

This gift means that next year the University of Chicago will have the finest equipped biological department in this country and, doubtless, in the world. Plans for the new buildings are

the pile will be known as the Hull Laboratories. It has not yet been decided where the marine station will be placed. Miss Culver is very modest about her gift. She desires that it should be considered that of Mr. Hull, whose intention for many years had been to found such a school. His plan had been to have it put on the west side of the city, and when the



Ryerson Hall.

new in the hands of the architect, Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, and will be completed next spring. It is hoped to have the buildings erected within a year. They will be located back of the chemical and physical laboratories, and will occupy about two acres of ground. There will be four large buildings forming a square, and connected by arcades. The ground in the centre will be devoted to the botanical gardens, and will also contain an artificial pond for zoölogical purposes. The architecture will be the same as that of the remainder of the University, and

University was first talked of he was very anxious to have it located on the west instead of the south side, where it was finally placed, but he died rather suddenly, before his plans were matured, and left their fulfilment to his cousin, Miss Culver. Their home was for many years the mansion since known as Hull House, and made famous by Miss Jane Addams, as the seat of the first social settlement in the country.

The work at the University is specially arranged for advanced students. Instead of the usual college year be-

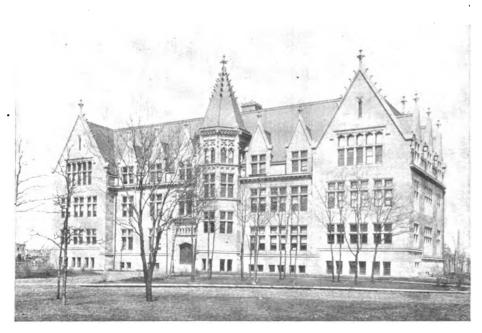
ginning in September and ending in June, the year is divided into four quarters, begin-ning the first of October, January, April, and July, with one week's vacation between the close of each quarter and the beginning of the next. Convocation week is the last week of every quarter, when degrees are conferred and students graduated from the different departments. Each student is thus independent of every other. He may



Mr. S. A. Kent.

take up his work where he left off, without any reference to where the students are who began with him. Or if he is in a particular hurry to finish his course, he may attend four quarters, making forty-eight weeks of school in one year, provided the University physician certifies that he is sufficiently strong to endure the strain. This is a great opportunity for teachers, college professors. and ministers, who are enabled to take full college

enter in July and study one quarter, work during the long summer vacathen return the next Christmas and tion. This summer quarter was an



Kent Laboratory.

original venture of the University of Chicago and was first held two years ago as an experiment, but so successful was it, that it is now an established feature. It is the only institution in the United States that offers an entire term's work in the summer, with a full corps of professors. A number of colleges, both in the East and the West, offer summer courses of about six weeks, for which credit is given on the year's work, but they are conducted merely on the well-known summer school plan, to enable students to make up back work, and make no pretence of doing full college work.

As many students matriculate in the summer quarter at the University of Chicago as at any other, but it is observed that during this quarter a greater proportion of them enter the graduate schools. It is the aim of the faculties that University work in its truest sense shall be performed by its students, hence there is a strict classification of departments. To the uninitiated the red tape and officialism of such a machine is certainly awe-inspiring and often vexatious, but when once

understood the vast machinery is seen to run smoothly and rapidly, accomplishing wonders by its thoroughness.

The under-graduate department of the University is divided into four colleges: The Colleges of Liberal Arts, of Literature, of Science, and of Practical Arts. Each college is again divided into two colleges, the Academic and the What University. is usually known as the Freshman and Sophomore years is here called the Academic College, and those who finish the course are

graduated into the University College, which comprises students in what are commonly known as the Junior and Senior years. This division is made to distinguish sharply between the earlier and later parts of the College course. No member of the Academic College is permitted to elect studies in the University curriculum, which prevents the attendance, upon the same course, of men of different degrees of maturity, and also secures to each student the advantages of a smaller school. Each college has its own dean and faculty, which permits the use of stricter methods of discipline and instruction in the lower school, and more liberal ones in the higher.

While this arrangement of small colleges would apparently foster a better college spirit among its members than is usually found in large institutions, it has not had that effect, so far, at least.

At a meeting of the students held last December, President Harper urged upon them the necessity of greater unity. According to him, students attend classes term after term without becoming acquainted with their class-



Foster Hall.



Mr. F. W. Peck.

mates, and the lack of interest is felt severely by the foot-ball team and the various musical clubs of the school.

The graduate schools are divided into two classes, those for non-professional work and those for profession-Of the former, there are twentyone divisions, such as the Colleges of Political Economy, of History, Geology, etc.

The professional schools will include the Divinity School, already established, and schools of Law, Medicine, Engineering, Technology, Fine Arts, and Music, to be established as soon as sufficient funds have been raised for

the undertaking.

The Divinity School is the oldest part of the University. As the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, it was established and controlled by a corporation known as "The Baptist Theological Union, located in Chicago." Instruction was given to a few students in the buildings of the old University, in 1865 and 1867, by Dr. Nathaniel Colver and the Rev. C. C. Clarke, but the seminary was not fully organized until 1867, when Dr. George W. Northrup, professor of Church History in the Rochester Theological Seminary,

was elected to the chair of Systematic Theology. He soon became president of the institution, and under his management the school was fully organ-The first seminary building was erected in 1869 on Rhodes Avenue. It combined the residences of the professors, recitation-rooms and dormitories for the students. The institution was greatly hampered by debt and finally, in 1877, driven by financial difficulties, was transferred to Morgan Park, where it remained fifteen years. In 1872 a Scandinavian department was added. After Professor Harper had been offered the presidency of the new University, the original plan was greatly enlarged, to include professional schools, and when Mr. Rockefeller made his first \$1,000,000 subscription, in September, 1890, it was stipulated that \$100,000 should be set apart for the endowment of the seminary, and that another \$100,000 should be used for the erection of a building on the University grounds in the city, as a dormitory for the Divinity students, the seminary becoming the Divinity School of the University.

In the constitution of the University, special emphasis is laid upon the necessity of research and individual investigation, and in furtherance of this purpose a department of publication has been established, each of the graduate schools issuing through the University press, either a journal, or a series of scientific papers on subjects relating to the work of the school. The editorial work is performed by the head professor of each department. written by members of the faculty are also published by the press.

Profiting by the experience of English universities, and the American plans of the teachers' seminary and the extension library, the University of Chicago developed two new features in its University Extension Course, which have proved both popular and profitable. These are the correspondence teaching, and the special class teachings Saturday and week-day evenings. By correspondence with a teacher a student in any part of the world may carry on regular and systematic study in absentia, and still be a matriculated student of the University. In this way a student may do one-half of the under-graduate or one-third of the doctorate work.

The social life of the University is unique in one respect. It is at once the most radical and the most conservative of schools. The Woman's Quadrangle, on the east side of the campus, is an original feature, and the key to the situation.

About one-third of the students at the University are women, and a third of these live in the three dormitories which are named after their donors, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Kelly, and Mrs. Beecher. Each hall is a household by itself. The "head," a woman selected by the trustees from the faculty, is the hostess upon all social occasions, and to her the members go for advice on matters of social and personal importance. The only other official is a house counsellor, who is a man and also a member of the faculty, but so far his duties have not been very arduous. Members of the house are voted upon. Each new girl is a "guest" for six weeks, then if she is eligible she is voted a member. All rules connected with the girls have been introduced by the house members, the University making the single exception of "chaperonage," which, however, is highly approved by the students. All undergraduate students are expected to consult with the "head" before going out for the evening, and to be in early, unless by special arrangement, and always to be properly chaperoned. By the general desire of the girls, evening calls have been mostly relegated to Friday and Saturday nights, when visions of unprepared lessons for the morrow do not destroy happiness. Even fathers and brothers do not visit the girls in their own rooms, unless "the head of the house and every girl rooming on that floor has been notified, so that there may be no study gowns or negligees flitting through the corridors.

There is an entire absence of those petty annoying rules that constitute the bane of girls' lives at the boardingschool, and often form the only incentive to their outlandish pranks; but there is another phase of the question that outsiders are viewing with interest. These girls undoubtedly have an active, healthy home-life, but nevertheless are constantly thrown among men of similar tastes and aspirations, and the result has been the usual one—frequent announcements of engagements; not that the number has been unusually large for a co-educational school, but neither has it been surprisingly small.

Many parents desire that their daughters should finish their education before considering such questions, and teachers know that outside interests are apt to conflict with the best classroom work. There is a well-defined rumor that President Harper looks with disfavor upon such events in school life, and certain it is that a number of young ladies have left school soon after such announcements, while the opinions of the chief executive have been well understood upon the subject of marriage among students, ever since the foot-ball team was called upon to lose one of its best members on account of his marrying during his course.

President Harper vigorously denies that the school is in any sense a "young ladies boarding academy," and says that the only rules enforced are the conventionalities of private life; but some day we may yet have an official statement.

The social life is unusually wholesome, and as full of events as possible. Dances, dinners, opera - parties, and teas fill spare moments, and educate the girls to meet the social problems that will confront them later.

Once a month each "house" holds a reception and the girls manage everything. They pour tea, usher, and assume the different responsibilities. Guests frequently number from three to four hundred on these occasions, and it taxes the social capabilities of school-girls to entertain well. Doubtless they enjoy better the informal chafing-dish parties, or the five o'clock teas. A visitor can but be impressed with the amount of work accomplished by the women students, and the air of maturity so evident at the woman's

quadrangle. Graduates of Wellesley, Smith, and Vassar come West to take special work at this three-year-old University. Three of the deans are women, and half a dozen women are members of its faculty. They instruct men as well as women, and in this particular it differs from most co-educational schools

The University officially recognizes athletics, and pays the salaries of the instructors. President Harper has always made a strong feature of this department. When the school was first opened three instructors were brought from the East, one of them being Stagg, the noted Yale pitcher. The teams have always ranked high among those of Western institutions, and doubtless the favorable opportunities for athletic work have influenced many under-graduates in selecting this school.

During the season of 1894 and 1895 the foot-ball team went to California and played during the season. But while the students are not obliged to pay for their "coach" themselves, neither are they allowed any voice in the management of affairs. This has caused a great deal of discontent, especially among the teams. They have a fine athletic ground, six acres in extent, and called Marshall Field, in honor of the man who leased it to them. Gymnastics are compulsory among under-graduates. The gymnasiums were built at the time the first buildings were erected, and are in the temporary library building.

Surely great things have been done these three years. Musical and literary organizations, college papers, fraternities, clubs of all kinds and descriptions, from the young ladies' cycling clubs to the Semitic club of the graduate schools, have taken a firm hold, and with a few years' time to allow the appearance of crudeness to wear off, this great University will present as venerable and scholastic an appearance as the oldest of the Eastern colleges, and a much better general outline.

Grace Gilruth Rigby.

A VALENTINE.

SWEET Winifreda, lady mine,
Oh, drive me not to dark despair,
While I for thee my love declare,
And prythee be my Valentine,
Sweet Winifred.

Thy soft gray eyes of lustrous shine, Can penetrate mine inmost heart, And find no love from thee apart, So prythee be my Valentine, Sweet Winifred.

Thy cheek, no damask is so fine,
No rose hath ere so soft a glow
As in thy face doth ever show,
So prythee be my Valentine,
Sweet Winifred.

Now grant, I pray, fair lady mine,
My prayer, and take the love I send,
For I'll be happy without end
And thou wilt be my Valentine,
Sweet Winifred.

Dr. C. M. Blackford, Jr.





John D. Rockefeller.
From a drawing by B. S. Williamson.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AS A TYPE.

OHN D. ROCKEFELLER is one of those men whose mention in the newspapers is almost invariably coupled with an estimate of his wealth. The fact that he has frequently given a million dollars as a New Year's gift to Chicago University is usually added to illustrate the vastness of his resources. That his entire fortune exceeds \$100,000,000 there seems to be no reason to doubt, and some writers place the figure at double that, but any estimates on this point are almost wholly conjectural. However, this popular habit of counting the number of figures in a man's reputed fortune is a bad one, for the reason that the man himself is apt to be lost sight of.

In more aspects than one John D. Rockefeller may be viewed as personifying the genius of his age. He it was who demonstrated an apparent contradiction—that monopoly, while enriching its organizers, may at the same time benefit the public by lowering the price of a product. And his rule of cutting

down every possible expense in order to reduce the cost to the consumer proved to be a sound business policy, because cheapness meant more markets. Thus to-day the Standard Oil Company, which he helped organize, and of which his brother William Rockefeller is president, furnishes petroleum not only to America and Europe, but also to such impoverished races as the natives of North China and the islands of the Pacific. Kerosene lights the world because it is the cheapest illuminant in the world.

But not only does John D. Rockefeller stand for the spirit of organization and conquest which dominates the commercial world of this period. He also represents in a conspicuous degree the spirit of magnificent philanthropy which goes far toward redeeming our age from a charge of materialism. His gifts during the last five years to the Chicago University have attracted great attention, yet they are not his only benefactions. It is said that, like

the Jewish patriarchs, Mr. Rockefeller consecrates a tithe of all his increase to some unselfish end. He also employs a confidential agent whose duty it is to investigate all appeals for charity, and recommend the worthy. The fact that so much of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune is devoted to the cause of education would seem to indicate that, like many other students of philanthropology, he has come to the conclusion that the greatest and most enduring results are to be gained by properly training the young.

John Davison Rockefeller was born at Richford, Tioga County, N. Y., on July 8, 1839, and is therefore in his fifty-seventh year. In 1853 his parents removed to Cleveland, O., where he entered the high school at the age of fourteen years, and after two years' diligent work left the school, and entered the forwarding and commission house of Hewitt & Tuttle in that city. He remained with this firm some time, and then went into the same line of business for himself. was then not quite nineteen years of age, and the firm was known as Clark & Rockefeller, the other member being Morris B. Clark.

As early as 1860 the firm, in connection with others, established an oil refining business under the name of Andrews, Clark & Co., and in 1865 Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Andrews bought out their associates in the oil refining business and established the firm of Rockefeller & Andrews. Afterward Mr. Wm. Rockefeller was made a member of the firm, which then opened offices in Cleveland and was known as Wm. Rockefeller & Co.

Shortly after this the New York house of Rockefeller & Co. was founded, for the purpose of selling the products of their various refineries. Two years later all the refining companies were consolidated, under the name of Rockefeller, Andrews & Flagler, Mr. Henry M. Flagler having been taken into the partnership. This firm was succeeded in 1870, three years afterward, by the Standard Oil Company of Ohio.

Mr. Rockefeller has none of the airs commonly attributed to self-made men.

He cares little for the follies of society. His wife, who was a Miss Spelman, a school-teacher of Cleveland, is likeminded. They are earnest Christian people with a purpose in life. They are members of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York. Their summer residence is at Cleveland, O. One of their daughters is the wife of Charles A. Strong, Professor of Psychology in Chicago University, and another has just married Harold F. McCormick, of Chicago, the son of the millionaire inventor of the McCormick reaper. Miss Alta Rockefeller is their remaining daughter, and their only son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a student at Brown University.

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Mr. Rockefeller's gifts have been largely through the American Baptist Education Society. He gave the building for the Spelman Institute (named after his wife) at Atlanta, Ga., a school for the instruction of negroes. He built the Rockefeller Hall for the Baptist Theological Seminary of Rochester, and his gifts to the University of Rochester it is said aggregated \$100,000. He has also assisted from time to time Cook Academy at Havana, N. Y., Peddie Institute at Hightstown, N. J., and Vassar College, which are all under Baptist influence. His benevolences to other institutions have also been very large.

Mr. Rockefeller's first gift to the Chicago University was made in 1889, during the Baptist Convention which was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, when he promised to give \$600,000 on condition that \$400,000 more should be raised. The sum was raised and the college authorities had the money in hand, when Marshal Field gave the lots for the building, and then Mr. Rockefeller met Mr. Field's friendly challenge with an additional \$1,000,000. His contributions to this one institution to date have been as follows:

May 15, 1889(cash)	\$600,000
September 16, 1800(cash)	1,000,000
February 23, 1892 (bonds)	1,000,000
December 23, 1892(bonds)	1,000,000
June 20, 1803(cash)	150,000
December 24, 1894(cash)	675,000
January 1, 1806(cash or bonds)	1,000,000
Promised on conditions (Jan. 1, 1896)	2,000,000
Total	\$7,425,000



"You'll wait for me, sweetheart, won't you?"

A NEW WOMAN AND THE SAME OLD MAN.

"THEN you refuse to consent to my very simple request?" she

"How can you call it a simple request? Could any man who considers himself half a man consent to let his wife actually earn money? It is ridiculous, and I don't consider that you are treating me with any justice or consideration in advancing such ideas. What would the men at the club think when they heard that Kennedy Maxwell's wife was actually doing work?"

"Then I understand that this is positive? This, then, is your answer?" "Yes."

She waited several minutes and controlled the uncomfortable twitchings of her heart. Kennedy was the dearest

man in the world. She would not care, she thought, what her circle of feminine friends thought; if her plans succeeded as they should, she flattered herself they would follow her example if placed in her position.

Kennedy had no money except what he made, and he had to share that with three sisters, whom he was educating. They were orphans, and Kennedy had been obliged to give up his own ambitions at his father's death. This he did uncomplainingly. He gave up his racers, his launch, his plans for the future, in studying and writing abroad. He did not give up his sweetheart—at least, he did not want to. "I know I am a brute," he had said to her, "but I can't afford to marry you and I can still

less afford to give you up." Then what do you propose doing with me?" she asked. "You'll wait for me, sweetheart, won't you?" He said this so intensely and he looked so pleadingly that any other heart but hers would have softened into acquiescence. But she was of a practical turn of mind, and she had no idea of idly languishing away a long engagement while the three sisters were being educated, brought out, and finally trousseaued and married. So she hardened her heart, and told him she would work with him, but she would not wait for him. This he flatly refused to allow, hence the above conversation.

"Then, Kennedy"—she managed to control her voice into a very business-like tone—"I can't promise to wait for you—I hate promises—and I might break it, then I would hate myself. So as I leave to-morrow morning on the 6.40 train, I take this opportunity of returning this and this and this. The other things I want, and you don't. Good-by."

She had slipped off a diamond, a hoop of emeralds and diamonds, and a diamond pin from her well-fitting gown. She placed them in his hand and left the room before Kennedy quite realized that he had been thrown over by the sweetest woman the Lord ever made.

He heard her retreating steps mount the stairs, and he heard her door close, and he knew that the doors of her heart were also closed. For she was no trifler, but a clear-headed woman who thought out her line of action and then stuck to it.

"It is all up with me," he sighed. He went to the desk and addressed an envelope to the owner of the three rings, enclosed them, and left them on the desk, writing a few words on his card, which he also enclosed. Then home to his diminutive hall-room, one window for breeze in summer, and no hearth-stone for the winter; his office work, his club, and his hard daily work. This then was to be his life in the future. He would never care for any other woman. He would never marry; he would be an ill-tempered, morbid, bitter man; circumstances were against him; what could he do? He filled his pipe—that was at least faithful to him—he smoked, but that gave him no comfort. "Hang it!" he exclaimed, and threw the pipe out of the window. "She loves me anyway; I know she does, and I'll see that she keeps on loving me too."

And she?

With the self-confidence of the woman of her type, she felt the ordeal was a hard one; but she thought "he loves me, I know he does."

On the 6.40 train the next morning, when she had settled down among her traps and bags, her heart ached. was going among strangers and far away, and she could have cried for very homesickness and heartache. It was all so different from the life she had pictured a few months ago. Then it was to have been a life with Kennedy in travelling abroad, until they took lodgings near one of the universities; and Kennedy would study law, and she would have been as happy as the days were long, and—she shut out the future from her imagination. But—there was Kennedy looking cheerful and bright, even at this gloomy hour; something new for him to rise so early, she thought.

"I know you think I am a myth," he said, "for I am never visible at this time of day, nor do I make it a practice of coming to this infernally hot depot except when you are the inducement."

"I am sure I appreciate your unusual effort," she said, wonderingly, for she was not prepared for this natural, self-possessed manner of Kennedy's. She was feeling in such a high tragedy mood, and he was just as usual, only a little paler. He sat by her, arranged her satchels more comfortably for her, began cutting the leaves of a pile of magazines he had brought, took out a dainty-looking box from his pocket and placed it in her lap. "Here is some candy for you, and some books, and some carnations for your belt."

He looked into her eyes and saw there what he wanted. Oh, that conversation of the eyes! No words can ever do justice to it. No lip-words are necessary when the eyes are talking. "Will you give me your address, and will you write to me and tell me of yourself and of all that interests you?" A man can't stop loving a woman all at once, neither can he lose interest in what has hitherto been his one heart interest. This last he spoke, not with his lips but with his eyes. And she promised to write to him.

But her letters were a continuance of their comrade-like good-by. She wrote him of her new life, of her fellow-lodgers; of one interesting medical student, of their long conversations, and of their roof-garden suppers; not much of her work, only an occasional allusion to it, that she liked it even better than she thought, and that she was not as stupid as she had supposed. And once she spoke of a prominent young architect, Stanford Meade, who helped her and encouraged her in her work.

His letters to her were in the same style, only he could not help mentioning that he missed her, that he hoped she would soon come back, and once he even ended with a "God bless you, my darling."

And so the months passed. Then she came home at last. The local papers had copied from another paper a short but striking account of a recent graduate from the Architectural Institute.

The article was headed "Another Woman's Success." It was she. And so she had succeeded, and she was to arrive that very day. He would go and congratulate her on her latest achievement and give her a welcome home.

He went.

The successful graduate came down in a rustling silk gown with a bunch of carnations at her belt. She was a thoroughly up-to-date young woman, and yet she had not lost any of her charms. She looked fresh and happy, her color was of the kind that comes and goes under your eyes. She had a deeper expression, if possible. She had so much to say, she was up on all subjects, she talked as one who knows whereof she speaks. The conversation

was impersonal, and yet Kennedy was so interested that he forgot to tell her so until he heard the twelve chimes of the city clock. Horrible! she must be tired to death; she would not be kept up any longer, but he did so long to tell her that he loved her more than ever if possible. But she led him from the subject every time, until he left, not hopeless, however. "Next time I'll have my way," he thought. Several visits were paid her, several drives taken, and yet she skilfully foiled him in his efforts. "What does it mean," he thought. "A whole week has gone, and she has not yet shown signs of relenting."

Finally he had his chance. He went to see her, and she sent word from her sitting-room that she was resting after a long walk, and begged to be excused. He heard her voice; he dared take a few steps in the hall; he saw her among a dozen, more or less, cushions on her divan, with a bewitching faille silk of china blue, fastened at her throat with a soft knot of creamy chiffon. dared go in the room and draw up a chair near her. He took her hand and looked into her eyes. The language was not as speaking as the last time he had tried to read her heart through those expressive eyes. She tried to withdraw her hand, but he held it tight, and even took the other one. "My darling," he began, "I can't wait any longer to tell you that I am unhappy without you, that I have lived and hoped that you would once more be my sweetheart, and let me love you, my life, my darling." He bent over her, but she turned away her head. He had her hands and held them tightly, but did not notice a superb ruby with diamonds on her left hand. "Tell me, darling, will you promise to be my wife?" Then she looked at him, and her expression was more of pity than of love. Her voice was clear but low, and the words came slowly but oh, so surely!

"It is impossible," she said. "I am going to marry Stanford Meade, my architect-partner."

Josephine Hill.

THE

ARMENIAN

NLESS something unforeseen occurs Turkish Armenia will soon be a thing of the past, and the Turkish Armenian will vanish from the roll-call of the Sublime Porte!

Fortunately for that excellent but luckless race the events of the past forty years have forced vast numbers of the people of Armenia into those portions of the ancient kingdom which are included in modern Persia and Russia.

and other multitudes into other districts, not only in Asia but in Europe, Africa, and even in this New World beyond the sea. No nation better illustrates the ups and downs of history than does the Armenian. Two thousand years ago, when the Turk was a peaceful Chinese nomad, and the Russians were fierce Tartars in Central Siberia, when imperial Rome was still an insignificant power, Armenia was a rich and great kingdom. It was magnificently located, so far as the conditions of those early years were concerned. It was protected on the north by the great mountains of Caucasus, on the east by the Caspian Sea, on the northwest by the Black Sea, on the south by the great Arabian deserts, and on the southeast it was on



Arab Water Vender.

TRAGEDY.

friendly terms with the various kingdoms and civilizations which prevailed in the rich and fertile basin of the Euphrates and the Tigris. The kingdom was upon high ground, with a fine and invigorating climate, and possessing every resource necessary for civilization in either those early years or to-day. In those years Armenians were, if possible, the most civilized people in that part of the world. They had learned

the graces of education, refinement, and culture, but, unluckily, they had not acquired that indispensable half of all civilization, the art or science of killing without being killed in return. The civilization of the great powers to-day would go down in a single hour against the fierce children of the desert, and the fearless heroes of Zululand, were it not for the iron walls of the modern war-ship, the rapidfiring cannon of Christianity, and the magazine rifles of an altruistic civilization. As Carlyle puts it, the fun-damental question of life is "Can I kill you or can you kill me?" Modern nations have learned that fact and have acted accordingly, but the great kingdom of Armenia never did. So, as population grew, and human wave upon



The Gate of the Palace Dolma Bagtone (the Sultan's residence). Designed and built by Armenians. 146

Egyptian darkness. The present de-

plorable condition, and the massacres,

which are its most salient and hideous

feature, are not the result of any cal-

culation or premeditated design at

Stamboul, but the logical outcome of

historical and political causes. Tur-

key, the sick man of the East, has

grown smaller and smaller and, in fact,

has been kept alive for at least thirty

years by British gold and British diplo-

nevertheless, and its taxes have grown

greater from season to season. In the

imposition of these political burdens the Moslem official is only too apt to

lay them the most heavily upon the

Giaour. Here the patient, plodding,

industrious, and saving Armenian is the first to feel the iron hand of gov-

ernment. Although his land is fertile,

and every soul in it should be prosper-

ous and well-to-do, two-thirds of the

population live from hand to mouth.

dress in rags, and in bad seasons starve

to death by scores. Even the well-

to-do are compelled to conceal their

riches and to play the part of hypo-

crite in order to escape the rapacity

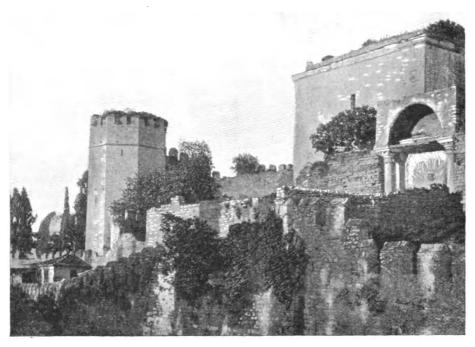
Its expenses have kept on,

human wave was sent westward and northward from that great store-house of humanity, Central Asia, it suffered the same fate or a worse one than did Rome at the hands of the northern races, or Byzantium in later years from both north and south.

There must be a marvellous vitality and moral and intellectual strength in the Armenians to have withstood the clash and pressure of two thousand years. Persian and Roman, Byzantine and Roman, Mongol and Tartar, Turk and Russian have swept across the doomed land with a regularity like that of the stars in their courses, and yet the people have kept up their language, their customs, their identity, almost unchanged. Even where they had no hostile relations they were thrown into wars by reason of their position. The Turk could not get into Europe without crossing their kingdom as a highway. Russia could not expand into Persia or into Asiatic Turkey without first absorbing Armenia in whole or in Thus it is that besides the wars part. of its own seeking it has been compelled to bear the brunt of those arising from its geographical position.

of the tax-gatherer, the tax-farmer, the skies Seldom have their magistrate, and even the high officials. been clear during the Chris-To-day, when Turkey is in its sorest tian era. On the contrary need, the imposts are necessarily the heaviest, and the means employed in looking back over the years, it would seem as if the clouds them are the severest. collecting had been growing thicker Torture, confiscation, outrage, through the centuries, and murder may be defiarson, and were now culminating in an nitely and distinctly charged against the officials, whose funcgather the revenue of tion is to

The Hippodrome, the Egyptian Obelisk and Serpentine Column, Constantinople.



The Walls of Constantinople and the Golden Gate, through which Constantine made his Triumphal Entrance.

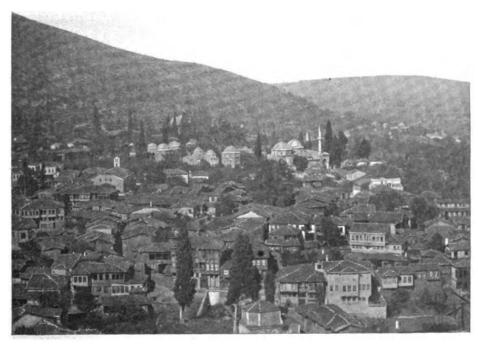
the Sultan, and who, it is safe to add, will continue their present career of infamy and iniquity until that Sultan is no more, and until the system of which he is merely a small part has been crushed by the sword of Europe and thrown into the same pits with the bodies of the murdered Armenians.

In the last generation Armenia received much more consideration in the Turkish policy than it does to-day. The raison d'être of the change is that Armenia has lost its usefulness to the Sublime Porte. Formerly, in the making of the Ottoman armies, it furnished a heavy contingent of young men, who were utilized by the Turkish Government. Its daughters have furnished thousands of harems with beautiful inmates, and its men of talent have filled government offices from the lowest to the highest, time and time again. But since Russia lopped off a large portion of its northern frontier, and since Turkey has become insolvent, and since a few remaining officers are insufficient to supply the Turks pure and simple, Armenia is of no great use. Its growing poverty has increased this condition, and has warranted the Turkish Government in withdrawing or giving up garrisons it could no longer afford to maintain, and to thus expose the Armenians to the wandering hordes of semi-independent Tartar tribes, whom we sum up under the general term of Khurds, from the fact that most of them, or their ancestors, have dwelt at some time in the province known as Khurdistan. It is easily seen how, under these conditions, rape, pillage, and massacre must occur. is a large district, of which the population is partly agricultural and civic, Christian and Indo-European, for the Armenian belongs to the Aryan family and not the Turanian. On the other hand, is a nomad population addicted to robbery, ignorant, depraved, bloodthirsty, Mahometan, and Turanian. Each one of these differences is enough to provoke riot or war where government is weak. The nomad Ishmael had his hand against every man, and every man had his hand against him! The Cross and the Crescent have never been married, excepting with the sword! The white race and the yellow race never meet but what each endeavors to swallow the other!

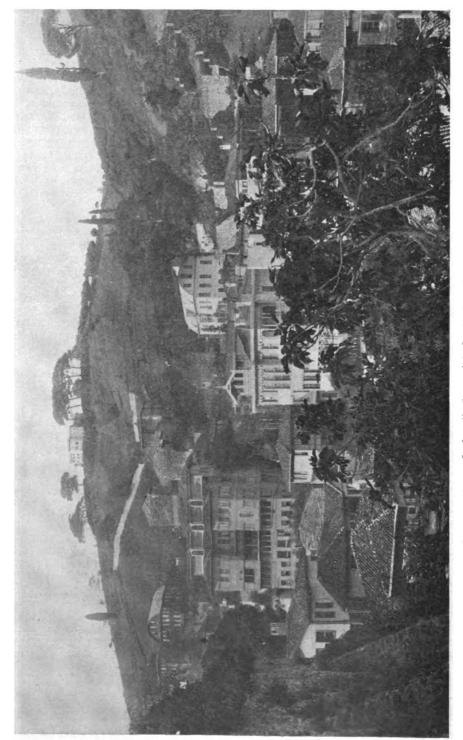
All four of these causes combine to make Armenia a scene of misrule. The Khurds attack the farmer and slay the household. The farmers assemble and justly retaliate with killing a lot of Khurds. The Khurds send out the war cry and come forward with a tribe, and massacre the citizens of an entire town. What few Turkish troops that may be in the neighborhood are then sent forward to preserve peace and order, and, finding two armed factions, side naturally enough with those of their own race, blood, and faith, and against the infidels who, according to their religion, are presumably wrong in everything. And those who have not been killed by

the Khurds are killed by the soldiery. This is especially the case to-day. In the old days the Turkish Government very wisely sent troops raised in one region to keep order in another. Those raised in Armenian Khurdistan would be found in Syria or Roumania, and those raised in Bulgaria and Macedonia would be found in turn in Armenia and Khurdistan. This is the policy employed by Germany in regard to its own provinces, by Great Britain in respect to its colonies, and by Rome in the days when she governed her enormous empire.

But now the Constantinople treasury is so empty that troops no longer can be moved with any degree of case. Most of those in Asiatic Turkey are dwellers of the soil, and in the garrisons and encampment in Armenia and its neighborhood are any number of men from the nomad tribes living in Armenia. To expect those men to take any other course from what they have



Brousa, the first Turkish Capital.



Bebek. At this place Dr. Cyrus Hamlin started the first American educational institution.

taken is to be tray ignorance of the very first principles of human nature.

No matter how much our noble missionary bodies try to accomplish, their best efforts are often frustrated. ignorant Turk understands but little of the progress of events, and still less of the forces which are bringing his do-He knows that minion to an end. things are going from bad to worse, that the land is growing poorer and poorer, and that the machinery of government has lost its former power and efficiency. He hears vague rumors that the infidels whom Allah cursed are tearing European Turkey to pieces; that the coasts are lined with infidel warships; that infidels are building railways in his land which are creations of Eblis, and that the missionaries, neat and well-dressed, are rapidly increasing in numbers and prosperity. He cannot understand, nor will he believe, that we send missionaries especially to do humane work; so he joins the movement of which the ignorant Khurd is the head and soon rivals the latter in cruelty and bloodthirstiness.

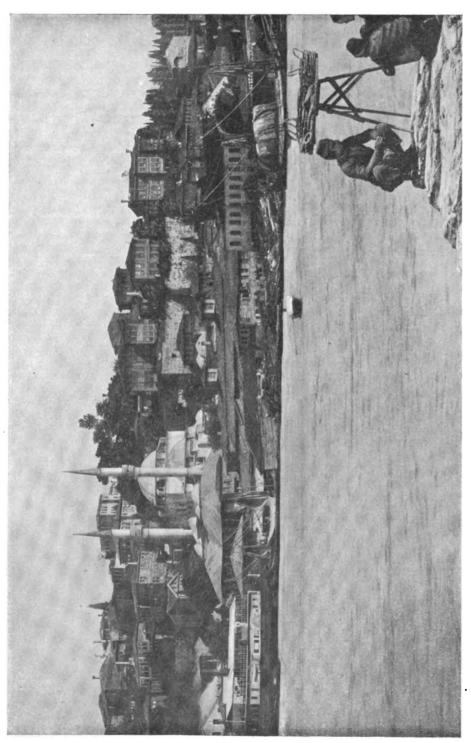
A careful inquiry shows these troubles to have begun in 1890 and to have increased in almost

geometrical ratio. A year ago it was calculated that one hundred and fifty thousand Armenians had lost their lives in this civil and religious conflict. This year has surpassed anything known in the history of the past two centuries. and has witnessed the loss of nearly four hundred thousand more. These portentous figures, of course, cover deaths from all causes, including massacre, death from wounds inflicted, or from diseases growing out of the wounds, death from starvation, and death from privation occasioned by pillage and other causes. As things look, the probabilities point alarmingly not alone to a continuation, but to an increase in these outrages and horrors, until the land is depopulated or the people driven to a few walled cities, or until the great powers intervene and put an end to a government which for fifty years has been a synonym for everything corrupt, vile, and deprayed.

This should be done without a particle of delay. The forces of Russia on the Armenian frontier are sufficient to cover the entire territory in thirty days. If this is not sufficient a descent can be easily made from Trebizond. In the mean time much good can be done, suffering alleviated, and lives saved by the Red Cross Society, which under the



St. Sophia, Constantinople.



brave leadership of Miss Clara Barton, proposes to open the campaign of peace within the borders of Armenia. Much splendid work has been already done by the Armenian Relief Committee, which has powerful branches in the United States and in every country of Europe. Its head-quarters in this country are in New York, and its American Board of officers includes J. Bleeker Miller, chairman of the executive committee; Nicholas R. Merseran, secretary; Charles H. Stout, the treasurer; and H. M. Kiretchjian, the general secretary.

The Red Cross Society is organized under the Turkish law, where it is known as the Red Crescent Society, and is protected by both law and treaty. It has already received permission from the Sultan to undertake and prosecute its works, and it has a very good office in Constantinople, and branches where the local officers reside in other cities of the Empire. now on the centre of attention will be Constantinople itself. It is there that the action will be taken which will make or unmake Turkey, and which will decide the future of Armenia and the Armenians. Every great power is represented in that world-famous capital and nearly every one by a man of ability, forethought, and moral courage. While there are only some fifteen or twenty guard-ships, so-called, in the immediate vicinity there is an international Armada of fifty great war ves-

sels at the entrance to the Dardanelles. which could reach the city of the Sultan in twenty-four hours and annihilate it with a very brief cannonading. Armenian Relief Society has also an agency at the capital, as have many of the great missionaries societies of England and America. There is a Christian quarter, Christian schools, and institutions of various kinds. In the work of evangelization there is a generous rivalry between the Greek Catholic, Roman Catholic and Protestant faiths. There are also communities which follow the Armenian Church, and a small one, the Coptic. In fact. Constantinople contains probably a greater variety of Christian sects than any other city of Europe. There is also a large Jewish colony, and a much larger one of so-called Levantines. these being a class of people strange to this country, who belong to the Mediterranean ports, and who come of a mixed blood, in which the Armenian, Greek, Jewish, Arab, and Italian are strangely commingled. No city is better qualified to be the theatre of the last acts of a great international drama than Constantinople. When it was Byzantium, the eastern capital of Rome, it was said to be the most beautiful city upon the earth. Even in the time of the Crusades, which Scott has made real and living in his delightful romance of "Count Robert of Paris," it was still famous for its magnificence and splendor. The Turk has improved it in



San Stefano. Here was made the first treaty between Russia and Turkey, afterward revised in the Berlin treaty.

many respects, neglected and disfigured it in others. At the height of his power, the city itself and its suburbs on both sides of the Bosphorus were long lines of palaces, forts, mosques, and other stately buildings. Nearly all of these remain to-day. Many have fallen into ruin, others have fallen from their high estate, and from palaces have become dens of poverty, while still others have decayed and lost their pristine beauty.

Notwithstanding this decay the city is still one of unspeakable interest to the antiquarian, the student, and the man of the world. Its buildings are an object-lesson in the history of a dozen schools of architecture, Greek and Roman, Tartar and Armenian, Phœnician and Gothic, Egyptian and Saracen, English and French, Roman and

Austrian, and even Russian and Persian. In its cafés may be heard fifty different languages, more than any city of the world, barring, it may be, that cosmopolis, New York.

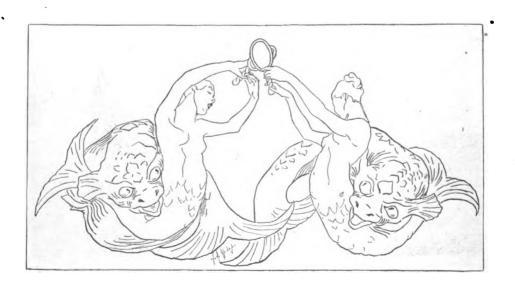
Almost every street and square is crowded with historical associations, while the countries on either side—Europe to the north and west and Asia to the east—are landscapes of magnificent beauty. From here will go the means which will bring some happiness to unhappy Armenia, and from here also, let us hope, will go the orders that will divide Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia into fragments; will distribute those fragments among the great European powers, and will write, "Finis" to the last chapter of Ottoman history upon the face of this globe!

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

THE CREATION OF ART.

A SHAPELESS chaos void and lifeless lay
Before a dreamer in his mighty hour:
He breathed his soul between the lips of clay,
And all the empty arteries flowed with power;
Then, leaping at the master-mind's control,
It stood an angel with its maker's soul!

Freeman E. Miller.





Prince Robert, Duke of Orleans.

TWO PRETENDERS TO THE FRENCH THRONE.

THE third French Republic has now lasted for twenty-five years, or ten years longer than either of its predecessors, and there seem to be no indications, at the present time, that it will cease to be the popular form of government in that country. Yet, for all that, there has never ceased to be two distinct parties in France laying claim to the throne. One of these claimants is the head of the House of Orleans, the other is the heir of the Napoleonic Dynasty.

Since the death of the Comte de Paris, his son, Prince Robert, Duke of Orleans, is the chief of the Orleanist party. The rivalry which formerly existed between the elder and younger branches of the House of Bourbon was removed after the visit made by the late Comte de Paris to the Comte de Chambord at Goritz, in 1873. Louis Philippe's grandson, declining all personal competition, went to Goritz to pay his respects to the chief of the House of France and the representative of the monarchial principle, and the reconciliation was as loyal and sincere as it was complete. After the death of the Comte de Chambord, the late Comte de Paris became the chief of the monarchist party in France. As is well known, the Comte de Paris and his brother the Duc de Chartres, at that time exiles in England, visited the United States in 1860, and served with the Federal forces under General Mc-Clellan. Four years later the Comte

de Paris, who had returned to England, married his cousin, Princess Isabella d'Orleans, the mother of the present pretender.

After the war of 1870, when the German army was marching on Paris, the Orleanist princes demanded permission of the Government of the National Defence to be allowed to take up arms as common soldiers, and offered to return to their exile on the termination of the war. This privilege was denied, but when the war was over the laws of exile were repealed and the Comte de Paris and all the members of the Orleanist family re-entered France. The Comte re-entered into possession of all the property which the Empire had confiscated. He lived alternately at his town house in Paris, and at his country château at Eu, leading the life of a private gentleman and taking no part in any of the public events, except as a disinterested spectator. One of the most important literary labors that he accomplished at that time was his "History of the American Civil War." Shortly after that occurred the event which led to their being banished again from France. Princess Marie Emilie had been married to the King of Portugal, and to celebrate the birth of a son, the Comte de Paris gave a grand reception in Paris, to which he invited the élite of Parisian society. The following day Henri Lavedan, now the well-known dramatist, wrote in the Paris *Figaro* an article in which he described the magnificence of this brilliant reception. What he saw above all among the celebrated men present was the elements of a brilliant monarchist This article made the government. radicals very angry, and they declared that the reception was a conspiracy against the State. The Government was obliged to give way to public opinion, and the law of 1871, which authorized the princes to re-enter France, was repealed after a long and animated discussion in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate. Before starting out once more on the road of exile, the Comte de Paris wrote a vehement protest, of which the following is the principal passage. It was the first cry of

anger and sorrow that had ever come from his lips:

"Compelled to leave the soil of my country, I protest, in the name of Right against the vio-

'Passionately attached to France, which its misfortunes have endeared still more to me, I have lived up to now without transgressing any of its laws.

'My enemies pursue in me the monarchist principle which has been confided to me by he who so nobly preserved it. They seek to separate from France the chief of the glorious family which has directed its destinies for nine centuries and which, associated with the people in good and bad fortune alike, has established its greatness and prosperity.

"The Republic is afraid. In attacking me, it points me out. I have confidence in France. At the decisive hour, I shall be ready."

The Comte and his family went immediately to England and took up their residence at Stowe House, Isle of Wight, where the present pretender still lives.

The Orleanist policy advocates the re-establishment of the monarchy in France, as necessary to re-establish order in the country and to bring about harmony among the French people. The Republic, the Orleanists argue, has excited every appetite, encouraged personal ambition, and the result has been that it has always been a question of private interests instead of the general interest. Hence have resulted financial thefts, scandals in the Government, uncertainty as to the morrow. What confidence can a Power inspire which may change any day on a simple parliamentary caprice? What alliances can be made? What security does it offer to the laborer? To those engaged in business affairs? has the Republic done? It has given liberty, but it has also given disorder. And it has compromised its liberty by its intolerance. It has pretended to solve the labor question by inciting the workman to rebel against his employer. It has squandered the public moneys, and encumbered the administration with useless functionaries. Monarchy alone can end this disorder. She will be the restraining element which is lacking in the Republican regime. She will give the same liberty, but with greater wisdom and moderation.

That was the programme of the late Comte de Paris, and the Duke of Orleans has declared that he will likewise adhere to it. He has announced his intention of opening a house in London, where he will probably hold a kind of court for the royalists that live in England.

The Duke of Orleans is now twentyeight years old. He is active, ardent, and enthusiastic. When he came of age, he entered France in spite of the law of exile and demanded to be alchances the monarchists would have if the French people definitely decided against the Republic. The monarchist cause is by no means dead in France. Some of the most eminent Frenchmen in literature, art, and science, and politics believe in the monarchist principle and would be ready when the time comes to draw the sword for the king. The monarchists are also carefully and elaborately organized. They have their agencies in every city and town in France, and they control some of the



Prince Victor Napoleon.

lowed to serve in the army, which is the duty and privilege of every Frenchman. He was promptly arrested, and condemned to two years' imprisonment. The incident caused considerable excitement at the time, the young prince being held up as a martyr, but it was always suspected that it was a preconcerted plot to gain sympathy for the Orleanist cause at the approaching elections, although the Comte de Paris stated publicly that he disapproved of his son's actions. However, the young man was pardoned after a few months of detention and immediately went on a long voyage around the world.

It is difficult to determine what

most powerful daily newspapers. But whether or not the Duke of Orleans will ever live to be crowned king at Notre Dame is a question the solution of which lays concealed in the womb of time.

The present head of the Napoleonic dynasty is Prince Victor Napoleon, a nephew of Napoleon III., and son of the late Prince Jerome. He has for several years lived in Brussels, where he leads the life of a private gentleman. He often receives ceremonious visits from the prominent members of his party, and from time to time he issues a manifesto, but so far the French Government has had no reason to complain of him.

The Bonapartist party has practically been divided into two camps for several years. One wishes the re-establishment of the Empire through the Republic; the other wishes to see Victor Napoleon placed immediately upon the throne. If the wishes of the first party were realized and Prince Victor was made president of the Republic, it would not be long before he crowned himself Napoleon V.

Many of the Bonapartists, especially the younger and more enthusiastic members, espoused the cause of the late General Boulanger, believing that in Boulangism lay the hope of France. There was, it is true, an understanding between General Boulanger and Prince Napoleon, father of Prince Victor, just as there was an understanding between the General and the partisans of the Comte de Paris. Bonapartists and Orleanists both demanded the revision of the Constitution, hoping that this revision would be to their advantage. General Boulanger, on his part, would have used these powerful auxiliaries to secure power and would have stayed The soldier had lofty ambitions, but was handicapped by lack of intellectual power and even common intelligence, and he was completely ignorant of political matters. He thought that a fine black horse, a cockade, and musichall songs would suffice to give him lasting popularity, but he soon found that he was mistaken. Boulangism failed pitifully, as everyone knows. It sufficed for a strong ministry to put the General to flight, and the adventure which had commenced as a comedy ended like a drama, the General committing suicide on the tomb of his mistress.

It would be rash to prophesy at the present time what future lies in store for the Bonapartists. Perhaps it only needs a man of action and energy to assert himself in the name of the Napoleons, for if France is tired of the present régime which has known so many scandals, it is possible the country would be eager to welcome the newcomer. In this case the country will be with him whether the man be a Bonapartist or an Orleanist, for the mass of the people feels the necessity of a government strong and powerful enough to protect its best interests.

Charles Haumont.

THE CITY'S SOLITUDE.

OT to some bleak and long-forgotten wilderness

My feet would turn, had I desire to be alone;

Not of the hills would I seek respite from distress,

Nor let the silent desert hear my sorrow and my moan.

Nay, here where chaos reigns, where din and noise are rife,

The soul can find its solitude, its surcease from the strife.

The myriad throngs that seem to ceaseless come and go,
And, moving on, forget that other men have life—
Forget the simple hand-clasps and forget that they should know
Each other in the battle of Pain and ruthless Strife,—
Here where the tide of life rolls on with an incessant moan,
Here on the city's throbbing breast I feel the most alone!

Charles Hanson Towne.



THE theatrical season is half over, but so far none of the managers have added much to their bank accounts. The New York theatres, with very few exceptions, have been doing very badly, and the same is true of the companies travelling out of town. In this city only two plays have been genuine successes—"The Heart of Maryland" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." The former play is still being presented at the Herald Square Theatre to audiences so large

that it is no unusual thing for a thousand dollars to be refused at the doors. It is pleasant to be able to record this extraordinary success for a play by an American author, particularly as most of the plays imported from England, such as "His Excellency," "The Shop Girl," "An Artist's Model," "The Sporting Duchess," "The Benefit of the Doubt," and "The City of Pleasure," received but a cold reception. Most of these pieces were brought over by that enterprising manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, who has been somewhat unlucky of late. With the exception of "Too Much Johnson," which made and is still making a great deal of money, Mr. Frohman has not had a real success for some time. However, he is energetic and shrewd, and will probably soon make up for his losses by producing another money-winner.

The tour of Mr. John Hare in this

country is hardly likely to prove satisfactory to that actor. Mr. Hare enjoys considerable popularity in England, where he has been actor-manager for many years, but, although a finished and talented artist, he is not gifted with unusual power or marked personality, which alone can make a tour in foreign countries a pecuniary success. Mr. Hare is an excellent character actor, but is certainly no better than half-a-dozen American actors whom I could name, and whose



Blanche Walsh as *Trilby."
Photograph by Falk.

ambition has never soared so high as to wish to star abroad. One of Mr. Hare's most successful parts is that of *Blandinet*, the elder brother in Labiche's comedy "Les Petits Oiseaux," known on the English stage as "A Pair of Spectacles." The play was

to be untrue, Mr. Hare's portrayal of the character being in nowise superior to that of Mr. Stoddard. Mr. Hare was seen earlier in Pinero's sensational and impossible play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," which scored an immediate and well-deserved failure.



Miss Julia Arthur.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Falk, New York.

produced here by A. M. Palmer some years ago, the veteran actor, J. H. Stoddard, having created the part played by Mr. Hare. The play failed to interest New York audiences, and it was explained at the time that the English success of the piece was due to Mr. Hare's finer interpretation of the part; but the recent presentation of the comedy by Mr. Hare himself proved this

Nothing more crude or tiresome than the earlier parts of this play can be imagined. The plot is improbable and trite, and the chief situation where Mrs. Ebbsmith thrusts her hand into a glowing furnace to rescue a Bible, which she herself has thrown in, is cheap and theatrical in the extreme. Julia Neilson, the new English leading lady about whom so much has been written,



Eleanora Duse.
From a photograph by Vianelli, Venice.

was also a disappointment. Her work gives occasional glimpses of histrionic talent yet undeveloped, but her acting is so crude and so full of mannerisms—many of which seem to have been copied from Ellen Terry—that she failed completely to win her hearers.

* *

Olga Nethersole closed her New York engagement on the 11th inst., and is now touring our other large cities. Two weeks before she closed here she produced a dramatic version, by Henry Hamilton, of Prosper Merimée's romance "Carmen." Miss Nethersole made a profound impression in the title rôle, and it was unanimously conceded by the critics that so fine an impersonation of the Spanish gypsy girl had not yet been seen upon the stage. Calvé's impersonation of Carmen is a wonderful performance, apart from the singing; but Nethersole's creation is far superior from every point of view. It is more intelligent, more subtle, more real - a triumph of character study. Calvé's Carmen is to a great extent idealized by the beauty of the singer's magnificent voice and Bizet's music,



Stuart Robson in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," Photograph by Moses, New Orleans.

but in the dramatic version there is no music and no singing. The real Carmencita is before you in all the passion and recklessness of her semi-savage nature, and like every rôle representing a courtesan the character demands interpretation by an artist to make it acceptable. Miss Nethersole has been harshly criticised in some quarters because of the unusual realism and sensuality with which she invests the part, and to my mind very unjustly. The Carmencita of romance was sensuality personified, and no impersonation of this repellent, yet picturesque character, would be artistically complete if played otherwise than this gifted artist plays it. It is possible that her managers may have sought to make capital out of the sensation made by the actress's realistic ardor - particularly in the much-talked of kissing passages-but the responsibility of the artist ends when she has portraved the character to the best of her ability and artistic temperament. The play itself might offend prudish minds, and is not likely to have any lasting success on our stage. In the hands of an inferior artist the character might have become offensive, but Nethersole has succeeded in achieving a great triumph in it and in enriching the stage with a remarkable creation. There was to my mind but one flaw in the production, and that was the interpolation of Bizet's music instead of having new incidental music especially composed. No modern composer, probably, could have written music so characteristic and so beautiful as Bizet's, but the new music would at least have had the advantage of being original, and would not have laid Miss Nethersole or her managers open to the charge of plagiarism.

Augustin Daly's admirable stock company has just produced a success-



Stephen Grattan



Mile. Blanche Duhamel.

ful comedy adapted from the German and entitled "The Two Escutcheons." German comedies, as a rule, fall flat in this country, the humor and eccentricities of character of one nation not always being appreciated by another people three thousand miles away. But the new play at Daly's is more universal in its wit and its general plot, and its situations might be as true of this country as of Germany. The piece is admirably acted by Mr. Daly's company, and has been cleverly adapted by Sidney Rosenfeld.

By a curious coincidence, the two greatest actresses of our day, Eleanora Duse and Sarah Bernhardt, will shortly be playing engagements in this city at the same time. Bernhardt opened at Abbey's Theatre on January 20th, and Duse is due at the Fifth Avenue Thea-

tre early in February. It is not improbable that both artists will give performances of "Camille" simultaneously.

In many minds, Bernhardt has degenerated as an actress. This is not true. Bernhardt is the same as she ever was. We imagine she has degenerated because there has arisen in the dramatic world an artist who is her superior — Eleanora Duse. Bernhardt represents the stage

traditions of the past; Duse the dramatic possibilities of the future. Bernhardt's Camille, to-day, is the same as it was twelve years ago; the same as it will be ten years hence. Duse is never the same in the part. She casts aside every tradition, and always does what is least expected of her. Bernhardt's Camille is the very personification of the Paris courtesan; Duse's Camille represents the fallen woman in general without distinction of race, and is, therefore, a more poignant and human creation. Duse is unquestionably Bernhardt's superior in art. She is an artist in naturalness while Bernhardt is but an artist in artifice.

The poetic play by Armand Silvestre and Eugene Morand, entitled "Yzeyl," with which Sarah Bernhard topened her tour at Abbey's, is a Buddhist drama, and the scene is laid six centuries before Christ. Yzeyl



Miss Nita Allen.

is a courtesan, and when the Crown Prince of Saryamouni gives up his throne to become the Hindoo Messiah, Yzeyl follows him and worships him as Mary Magdalen did the Christ. She returns to her home and is amorously

her always, he says, but faith and duty won the battle. In the confession their lips touch, and Yzeyl droops like a flower. She dies, but to live again in the lotosflower that the god Indra holds in his large, golden hands. The play is writ-



Miss Grace Filkins.

Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

pursued by the new king. To defend herself she stabs him. The last act is full of peace, poetry, and melancholy resignation. Yzeyl is sightless and she is dying. Her only prayer is to hear once more the voice of the Master. He comes at last, bringing words of pity, even of love, for he did love

ten in powerful blank verse, and, like all courtesan rôles, affords Bernhardt a fine opportunity for the theatric and sensuous style of acting in which she excels.

Among the young leading men of our stage Stephen Grattan occupies a promi-

nent position. He is at the present time a member of the Lyceum stock company. From a Jesuit college Mr. Grattan made his first acquaintance with the footlights as a humble recruit a part in "Money Mad," Captain North-cote in "The Crust of Society," George de Lesparre in "Led Astray," and just before joining Mr. Frohman he was seen in the production of William Young's



Miss Marie Studholme.

of Augustin Daly's stock company, spending four years in that excellent school without a single opportunity for advancement presenting itself. After leaving Mr. Daly he played Marshall in "Captain Swift," the Priest in "The English Rose," Pierre in "The Two Orphans," the title rôle in "The Ensign,"

play, "Young America," in Boston. He made his *début* at the New York Lyceum in "A Woman's Silence," the piece by Sardou which failed so deservedly, and his excellent performance of the "heavy" part was the one redeeming feature of the production. Mr. Grattan has a good stage presence, an admirable



All of the above are from photographs (copyrighted, 1805) by Falk.

diction, and gives promise of developing into a useful actor.

* *

The first failure that our successful farce-writer, Charles Hovt, has written for years, "A Runaway Colt," has been removed from the boards and in its place Mr. Hoyt has produced "A Black Sheep," which promises to eclipse in popularity all his other farces. Hovt's plays never involve any intricate problems. They are only intended to create laughter, and this they certainly succeed in doing. Even those who are most untiring in advocating stage reform and in demanding that more attention be paid to the serious drama would not wish the better class of farcical entertainment to disappear entirely from the stage. Another farce which appears to be very prosperous is "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," now being played at the Standard Theatre.

The theatres will continue to do worse, instead of better, so long as they are conducted on the same principles

as they are at present—that is to say, in the purely speculative and commercial spirit—and so long as theatrical management attracts, and is in the hands of uneducated and uncultured Many of the theatrical managers in this country are little better equipped for their positions than the showmen who in the old days stood at the entrance of their booths beating the public in with a drum. As a rule, he is absolutely ignorant of everything pertaining either to the dramatic art or to dramatic history. He is not an actor himself; knows nothing of the traditions of the stage, and cares less. He has had no artistic training, nor has he the slightest conception what people mean when they speak about "art," How should he? He had a little capital, and he has gone into the theatrical "business," just as he would have invested in a gin-mill. He knows that the public is willing to pay its money to see a good "show," and his idea of a good show is one, naturally, that pleases him. He then proceeds, still in accordance with his own taste, to disfigure the public thoroughfares with vulgar and indecent posters-which,

by the bye, the municipal authorities ought to prohibit as a public nuisance—and by the judicious use of money he is able to fill complacent and mercenary newspapers with his own unimdisgusted the intelligent public, and keeps it away from the playhouse, so that the few plays of merit which are put forward suffer from the prejudice done the Theatre by vulgar commercial

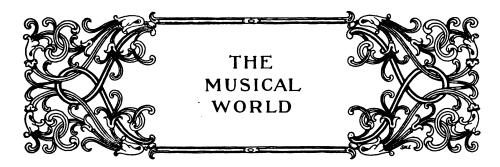


Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Forbes Robertson as "Romeo and Juliet."

portant personality and also with highly eulogistic advance notices about his attraction which—to their credit be it recorded — the more honest critics promptly reject in their critical capacity. It is the vulgarity and utter inanity of many of the pieces put on the stage nowadays that has wearied and

exploiters. Many even of the respectable managers, those who have some critical ability, education, and taste, and who have the means to secure plays by the most prominent of the world's dramatists, select the plays less for their real merit than for the prominence of their author.

Arthur Hornblow.



HE many lovers of German opera are prepared to give a warm welcome to the Damrosch Opera Company on its arrival in New York. The company, which includes some of the greatest living Wagnerian singers, will open in this city early in March. Although Mr. Damrosch's season here will last only three weeks, the répertoire will be very extensive, consisting of the following works: "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Die Gotterdammerung," "Tannhäuser," "Die Meistersinger," "The Flying Dutchman," "Fidelio," "Der Freischutz," and Mr.

Damrosch's new opera, "The Scarlet Letter," founded on Hawthorne's great romance. The libretto is by George Parsons Lathrop, son-inlaw of the great novelist. Selections from the opera were heard at Carnegie Music Hall last winter, but the work has not as yet been presented here in its entirety.

Experiments with Wagnerian opera have heretofore proved pecuniary failures. There seems to be no money in Wagner 168

- why, I do not know. I am not a blind worshipper at Wagner's shrine, but I must confess that the music of no other composer can touch the chords of my soul and make them vibrate as do some of the passages in "Tannhäuser" and "Meistersinger." Wagner's music and stories lift us from this mundane sphere into a fairy land where we get a glimpse of the ideal. The only drawback to Wagner presented on the stage, is the more than material aspect of some of the singers. Vocalists, both men and women, all run to girth in a most distressing manner,

and German opera seems to be more fattening for the singers than any other. If we could only listen and not

We shall hear

see!

once more in opera those great favorites, Max Alvary and Emil Fischer, and we shall make acquaintance for the first time of singers who are strangers here, but who are of international fame. Among these are Frau Klafsky, of Hamburg, and Fraulein Ternina, of Munich, the two

greatest dramatic

sopranos in Ger-



Mme. Melba.



Calve.

many to-day; Fraulein Gadski, who was heard here last year and who became a great public favorite; Wilhelm Gruening, of Hamburg, one of the greatest exponents of heroic tenor rôles; Demeter Popovici, baritone, who

won laurels in Bayreuth last summer, and Mr. Barron Berthald, the young tenor who is remarkable for his ability to sing such rôles as *Lohengrin* and *Walter* at a few minutes' notice.

* *

Frau Katharine Klafsky has the reputation of being as fine an actress as she is a singer. She is said to be as great an *Isolde* as Lilli Lehmann, if not greater, and this is high praise indeed. Frau Klafsky is an exceptionally handsome woman and is now in the prime of life. She is distinguished in person, and her profile might have been the model for the classic face pictured on our silver dollars. She recently married Herr Lohse, the musical composer and director of Hamburg.

* *

That other great dramatic soprano. Milka Ternina, rose to fame from absolutely nothing. She was born in an obscure country village in Germany. Her parents were miserably poor and the little Milka was adopted by an uncle who decided that, as the child had a pretty voice, it should be cultivated. At the age of twelve, she took her first singing lesson from Ida Winiberger, and it was her teacher who first awakened in Ternina her passion for the study of music, and who pointed out to her the heights she could reach by hard study and perseverance. Fraulein Ternina's great rôle is Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre," and while she possesses a remarkably extensive répertoire, European critics have declared her to be absolutely without a rival in the abovenamed rôle.

Wilhelm Gruening, the new tenor, like many celebrities of the operatic stage, began his vocal education under his father. He comes from Hamburg, and although still a very young man, is reported to be the superior even of Alvary in the Wagnerian rôles. He likewise is reputed to be an actor of rare ability, the part of *Tannhauser* being his best.

* * *

Walter Damrosch is too well known to need an introduction here. The son of an illustrious father, he has already done much to elevate the taste for music in this country while holding, for several years past, the responsible position of conductor of the Symphony Society, the foremost organization of its kind in this city. Eighteen months ago there was lively competition between Mr. Damrosch and Anton Seidl as to who was most capable of organiz-



Alvary as "Tannhauser."



Katherine Klafsky as "Isolde."

ing and conducting a season of German opera. Mr. Damrosch succeeded in securing the support of the Wagnerites in this community, and he went to Europe to personally secure his present artists. Mr. Damrosch was married about five years ago to Margaret Blaine, a daughter of the late statesman, James G. Blaine.

I wonder if it is generally known that Jean de Reszke, the eminent Polish tenor, is fifty-two. To judge from the vigor and ardent fervor with which he sings and acts one would not take him to be over thirty; but it is a cold, cruel fact that our ideal Romeo is already old enough to be a grandfather. A number of rumors have been circulated to the effect that Jean de Reszke is engaged to be married, but the singer has always laughingly denied it. As a

rule he avoids women's society. He has been so petted and spoiled during these years of his artistic triumphs that he has become surfeited with female adulation. He gets \$1,400 every time he sings, and he often sings three or four times a week. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has been able to accumulate a fortune which is invested in real estate and race-horses in Poland.

Accompanying the portrait of M. de Reszke, reproduced in this article, is an autograph written by him in the Polish language.

One of the greatest triumphs of the present opera season has been won by Madame Nordica as *Isolde*. Nordica has never until now received from the public that attention and appreciation which her wonderful voice deserves. Her success in the great Wagnerian rôle is all the more satisfactory as Nordica is an American singer by



Gruening as "Tannhauser."



Walter Damrosch.

birth, although, of course, she received her musical education abroad. I say "of course" because, while we have excellent singing schools and instructors in this country, there is lacking here that art atmosphere, that constant incentive to achievement, the living examples of the best and highest in music, which are distinctive features of artistic life in European capitals.

Nordica is stopping at the Savoy Hotel, and she recently gave a luncheon to Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Grau, Morris Bagby, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, and Alexander Lambert. Out of compliment to her Polish guests the menu card was printed in the Polish language, so, of course, the other convives could only guess vaguely what they had eaten. Paderewski was invited, but he did not accept because his Man Friday, Herr Goelitz, had not been included. The famous pianist is a very shy man and refuses to go anywhere unless protected by his secretary, whose principal duty is to talk for him.

A good story is told concerning Nordica. The day following her ap-

pearance in the rôle of *Isolde*, in which she made such a great success, all the New York papers rang with her praise, only one—a German paper—finding fault. Wishing her folks, who live in Germany, to read what the critics said, Nordica instructed her maid to send all the papers marked to Germany. A few days later, when the singer asked the girl if she had done so, she replied: "I only sent the German paper; I didn't think they would be able to understand the English papers."

Reginald de Koven's new opera, which will be seen at the Herald Square Theatre next September, will be called "The Mandarin," the scene being laid in China. Harry B. Smith is writing the libretto. It is too bad that Mr. de



Ternina as "Brunhilde" in "Walkure"



Koven wastes his time trying to write music criticisms. He is a delightful composer, and it is a well-known fact that the brain which can create—and Mr. de Koven has certainly shown us has been released by M. Carvalho and will remain with the Abbey and Grau Italian Opera Company until the close of the season. This bit of news will give great satisfaction both to those



Mme. Saville as "Juliet."

that he has the creative faculty—is rarely gifted with the power of analysis, which is essential in every critic, musical or otherwise.

Frances Saville, who was under contract to the director of the Paris Opera Comique to return to Paris in January,

who have never heard this talented singer and those who have still that pleasure in store.

Mascagni, the famous composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," has laid aside five or six unfinished operas in order to assume the directorship of the "Ros-

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Jean de Reszke.

sourmir, d'un public épieuxses e mas bioly.

Hand Tring que

sini" Lyceum, at Pesaro, Italy. He says he will not write for several years to come.

Lola Beeth, the prominent soprano, is not a German, as some papers persist in saying. She is a Pole by birth and a countrywoman of those illustrious artists, the de Reszkes, Paderewski, and Modjeska.

Young Josef Hofmann, who scored such a marvellous success in this country eight or nine years ago, gave his first concert in Berlin recently, with great artistic and financial success. It is a pleasure to hear this, as musical prodigies, as a rule, outgrow their precocious talent. It has been reported a number of times of late that Josef Hofmann was to visit this country again under Henry E. Abbey's management. But it is hardly likely that Mr. Abbey would make the mistake of bringing him over now when Paderewski is worshipped as the piano god.

Ellen Beach Yaw, the phenomenal young soprano about whom so much has been written both here and abroad, made her début at Carnegie Hall recently. Miss Yaw has a fine and sympathetic voice, but her fame rests less on real ability than her unusual power of being able to reach a higher range than any other living singer.

N. L. H.



Mme. Nordica.

Photograph (copyright, 1895) by Dupont.





Mons. Flammarion.

CAMILLE FLAMMA-RION, the astronomernovelist, is writing another story based on scientific and astronomical facts. Flammarion is the only astronomer of any importance that has used his scientific knowledge for the purposes of fiction; in this respect he is not unlike that other scientific

French writer, Jules Verne. He was educated for the priesthood, but, being unable to reconcile his own views with those of the Church, he resigned his post and took up the study of the stars. It has always been a pet theory of Flammarion's that the mysterious parallel lines seen on the planet Mars are huge canals which can only have been constructed by human agency. The latest discoveries and observations by astronomers fully as eminent as M. Flammarion have proved this theory to be entirely fallacious. There was some talk a short time ago of Flammarion coming to this country to deliver a course of lectures, but it is by no means certain that he will do so.

One of the most picturesque figures in the present Congress is M. W. Howard, member for Alabama. He is almost a giant in stature, being nearly seven feet in height. His face is beardless and boyish looking, and unless serious in thought is always beaming with good nature. No one, to look at him, would imagine that this man had had the courage to pre-

M. W. Howard.

pare a bill demanding the impeachment of President Cleveland. For Mr. Howard is a demagogue. He believes in the government of the people by the people, in the confiscation of all the great fortunes of the country above a reasonable amount, and he has sworn

everlasting enmity to trusts, syndicates, and all other corporations organized by the plutocrats. He advocates revolution and the uprising of the masses to fight the common enemy — plutocracy — and if this revolution cannot be accomplished by the legal means of the ballot then the people must take up All these warlike sentiments and many more are contained in a work just published by Mr. Howard entitled "The American Plutocracy." Mr. Howard was born at Rome, Ga., on December 18, 1862. He commenced studying law at an early age and began to practice at Fort Payne, Ala., when only nineteen years old. He was appointed prosecuting attorney, and held this position for four years. He was also city attorney for two terms. He has held the position of chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee for six years. In the election of 1894 he was elected to Congress from the Seventh Alabama District by over three thousand majority.

Levi P. Morton runs a good chance of being nominated for President at the next Republican convention. Mr. Morton has displayed rare executive capacity and good judgment as Governor of the State, and has won a high place in the affection of the people, who will make a strong effort to put him in the



Gov. Morton

White House. Were Governor Morton a younger man, his candidacy would ere this have been regarded as a certain result of the next convention. He has twice carried the State—once when on the ticket in 1888 with 154 majority over David B. Hill. Mr. Morton will be seventy-three years old next May.

Richard Mansfield is attracting considerable attention to himself at present on ac-

count of some speeches he has been making to his audiences. No person having any artistic temperament or artistic knowledge can fail to admire the work done by Mr. Mansfield in most of the characters he assumes. He is an actor of exceptional gifts, and no matter how uninteresting the character is that he may be impersonating, he never fails himself to charm the audience by the finesse and intellectuality of his acting. But to come before the footlights, as he recently did at Atlanta, and threaten never to visit that city again because of the small receipts taken in on his visit that time is foolish in the extreme, beneath the dignity of a true artist and a proceeding that can only have been committed by a person whose sense of what is fit and becoming is blunted by eccentricity and ego-tism. Mr. Mansheld



Mr. Mansfield.

remarked sarcastically that Sir Henry Irving would shortly appear at Atlanta, and that probably as he (Irving) had the right to put an escutcheon on his notepaper, the citizens of Atlanta would welcome him with open arms. What utter folly! Mansfield is superior to Irving as an actor in every particular, but in blowing his own horn as he does he is com-

mitting a dreadful breach of good taste and alienating from himself the sympathies of the intelligent public.

Cecil Rhodes, who is responsible for all the trouble in the Transvaal, is supposed to be worth \$50,000,000. Although well connected in England, he went to the Cape a poor man many years ago and made his fortune in the diamond fields. He was al-ways remarked for his keen sagacity and administrative ability, and it was he who first planned and ultimately carried through the organization of the British South Africa Company—a company modelled on the same plan and having the same object in view as the East India Company, which ultimately gave the whole of India to the British crown. He secured a charter from the English Government and was practically king of a little South African domain. He used his immense wealth to further his ambitious plans, and there can be no doubt that, working in intelligence with the English Colonial Office, he dreamed of the annexation of the whole of South Africa by the English people. His present coup de main, which failed, and which has caused the English Government to throw him over, may result in the loss to England of the territory that it had gained in South Africa, for, encouraged and backed up by Germany, all Cecil Rhodes has got to do now is to declare the territory owned by the British South Africa Company independent and make himself either



Dr. Talmage. Copyright, 1895, Falk, N. Y.

its president or its king. Future developments in Africa will be awaited with interest.

DE WITT TALMAGE is now in Washington, as pastor of one of the most prominent churches there, and which, under his leadership, will undoubtedly achieve even a wider fame. Talmage has probably said farewell forever to the scenes of his past labors. When the Brooklyn Tabernacle was destroyed by fire for the third time he said he feared the Lord did not look with favor upon his work and wished him to enter upon new pastures. That is one reason which induced him to accept the Washington appointment. Talmage is a unique figure among contemporary churchmen. His methods may be criticised, but his sincerity is unquestionable.

W. R. Hearst, the young man who has recently bought the New York *Journal*, represents not unworthily the infrequent type which Tennyson crystallized into expression as "the heir of all the ages," in journalism. Mr. Hearst, who is the sole legatee of a fortune of some thirty millions, is one of the finest examples of the young working millionaire in this country. He has, it is true, his counsellors, but he is self-reliant to the last degree, and as his peculiar gift for his vocation, is credited with having the keenest and most unerring judgment of news of any of the younger class of newspaper conductors.

He is a Western man to the core, born in and proud of the great West, and yet possessed of that keen, sensitive, intellectual temperament on which almost any amount of culture may be grafted. Sketched roughly, he has the spirit of freedom, the energy, the impeccable indepen-



W. R. Hearst

dence of the bucking broncho of the plains, a Harvard education, and thirty million dollars.

In this young man's character is presented the apparently unheard-of paradox of the democrat and the plutocrat. They meet on common ground. He partakes necessarily, absorbingly, of both types. He is a democrat by birth, wilfully chosen association and native instincts. He is a plutocrat by virtue of his costly training, his temperament, which is of the ruling order, and in the right of his millions. This alone makes William R. Hearst personally, characteristically notable, a man who must account for himself. Outwardly, he is of a very gentlemanly cast, distinctly refined in face, with a magnetic suggestion of repressed buoyancy in his personality.

Prince Bismarck, who has never been on very friendly terms with the present Kaiser,



Prince Bismarck,

is strongly opposed to the warlike foreign policy followed by his master, the Emperor. One of the Berlin papers, known to be Bismarck's semi-official organ, remarks editorially:"Germany has other interests at stake at the present time without entering upon hazardous and even dangerous colonial adventures." This bold utterance is not

likely to hasten the reconciliation of the old German statesman and the impetuous young Emperor. Bismarck's political principles have always been conservative. He is the man who made the German Empire, and any hasty step that is likely to endanger the safety of his handiwork is looked upon by him with suspicion and distrust.

The Pope is about to issue from Rome another encyclical letter which will probably be more discussed than any manifesto that has ever come from the Eternal City. It is addressed "To all Christians," and is an appeal for the Christians of all denominations to enter a common fold and to recognize the Pope as God's representative on earth. The document is intended chiefly for Protestants, the Pope believing the time must come when, to save the Church, Protestants and Catholics must stand together. As every Protestant is a heretic in the eyes of the Roman Catholic Church it can be seen at once that this is one of the most surprising and radical declarations of policy ever issued from the Vatican.

The Pope evidently believes in the old maxim, "United we stand; divided we fall." He possibly believes, as do many other intelligent men, that the edifice of the Church is becoming more unstable every year, and that unless some such alliance is made among



Leo XIII.

the different sects of believers in the Christian faith the day must come when its very existence will be threatened.

David Belasco, the playwright, is in the public eye just now, first, on account of the great success of his play, "The Heart of Maryland," at the Herald Square Theatre in this city, and secondly, because of his numerous legal difficulties. Like many public men, Belasco is always in the law courts. Some amusing testimony came out recently in a suit against Mrs. Leslie Carter, his leading lady, who claimed that she was unable to pay a certain debt because she had borrowed \$25,000 from Belasco, and had to pay it back at the rate of \$150 a week out of her salary, leaving herself only \$50 to live on. Belasco is one of the cleverest men writing for the American stage, and nearly all his plays have made a great deal of money.

For the past few weeks the eyes of the world have been turned toward South Africa where the audacious raid made by Dr. Jameson threatens to result in the renunciation by the Boer Republic of the suzerainty of Queen Victoria. Dr. Jameson seems to have been but a tool in the hands of Cecil Rhodes, the millionaire director of the British South Africa Company. Whether or not the British Colonial Office was privy to the plot, which had for its ultimate object the aggrandizement of British territory, can at present be only matter for conjecture. The South African Republic

and the European powers are evidently of that opinion, and the German Emperor has incensed England by offering to back up President Kruger if he retaliates by demanding the abrogation of the convention of 1884, by the terms of which England was authorized to exercise suzerainty over the Transvaal.



William III.

THE CLEVELAND SOROSIS.

F the East takes credit for having started women's clubs, the West can take credit for having given them their greatest development. While today the two oldest eastern organizations, Sorosis of New York and the Woman's Club of Brooklyn, are still without rivals in their own domains, in the West there are scores of great organizations which engage in a generous rivalry as to which shall be the greatest, the most efficient, and the most powerful in doing good. To a certain extent clubs reflect the character of the city in which they have their home. Sorosis is marked by wealth, fashion, influence, and great intellectual power, in all of which it follows the key set by the great metropolis. The Woman's Club of Brooklyn is conservative, unobtrusive, industrious, and benevolent like the city of which it has long been an attraction. The New Century Guild of Philadelphia brings together those who desire to teach and to learn; the art designer and the pupil, the author and the printer, the writer and she who reads her writings. It is industrious in the real sense of the word. It is also literary, social, and beneficent. but not least, is the New England Woman's Club, which has long been a great power for mental amelioration and progress in Massachusetts. It is essentially scholarly, broad-minded, helpful, and It possesses the old public-spirited. Puritan characteristics in much more symmetrical form than the city where it has toiled so long. So, among the leading clubs of the West, one which well expresses the intense activity, the ambition, the co-operative impulse, and the power of unlimited work, is the Sorosis of Cleveland.

The club well typifies the city. Not so long ago Cleveland was a village on the shores of Lake Erie with a great ravine, which would have been an insuperable obstacle to many builders, and had few natural advantages for the foundation of a metropolis. Yet, thanks

to its men and women, who made the wilderness bloom like the rose, and who took advantage not only of every natural resource, but also of every invention, discovery, process, and improvement, it has leaped forward until to-day it is the first city in the great State of Ohio, and promises to be one of the greatest communities on the American continent. The very ravine which was once an obstacle has been converted into a thing of beauty and utility as well. Everywhere trade and commerce, locomotion and manufacture, transportation and transformation make night as well as day musical with the sounds of human activity. ceaseless smoke which pours from the chimneys tells not only of perpetual fires beneath, but also of the phænix which is forever growing out of its unending flames.

What once were fields and forests are now noble mansions, blocks of vast industrial buildings, tree-shaded avenues of unspeakable beauty, schools and institutes, libraries and churches, magnificent parks and estates, so handsome as to be a household word throughout the American commonwealth. Its fleets dot the lakes, and its roads of steel tie it in indissoluble union with a thousand other cities and towns. It sits upon the shore of the lake, the model of a great city and the living example of what the American brain and hand, ambition and perseverance can achieve from the poorest and simplest materials.

Its leading club, Sorosis, bears a family resemblance to the city. It has had the same swift and strong growth. It started in 1891 in the parlors of Mrs. Mattie E. P. Rose, wife of the Mayor of Cleveland. Mrs. Rose was chosen president. No wiser choice could have been made. She is an Ohioan by birth, her father, Theodore Hudson Parmelee, having been one of the founders of the Western Reserve College in Hudson, Ohio. He was a student under the

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Rev. Lyman Beecher, famous as a great pulpit orator in his time and as the father of Henry Ward Beecher in the past generation. Mrs. Rose received a splendid collegiate education and was graduated in 1855, in Oberlin. She started an independent career as a the movement brought fruit, and a manual training school was established. She has been student, lecturer, and writer upon pauperism, its causes, alleviation, and cure, and has been an invaluable helper to the associated charities of her city. She aided in founding



Mrs. N. Coe Stewart.

pedagogue, but graduated from that into wifehood. In 1864 she and her husband came to Cleveland, then a very busy little town, where she has resided ever since. She took a very active part in the development of Cleveland, and was the chief leader of the movement for establishing technical education in that city. Thanks to the exertions of a number of benevolent women and men, among whom she was foremost,

the Woman's Employment Society and a number of other local institutions. Under such auspices it is little wonder that the new club grew. In 1894 it had nearly three hundred members, and today it is advancing well onward to the five hundred mark.

The club has a suite of handsome rooms in the City Hall, charmingly furnished and equipped, where it holds its meetings and receives visitors and

guests from home and abroad. It extends a generous hospitality to the clubwomen of other cities, and endeavors to make its house a head-quarters of people eminent in art, music, literature. science, and the learned professions. Its present home is, however, but a temporary one, the vast majority of the members of the club having determined to erect at no distant time a club-house which shall be a model for similar associations throughout the land.

The policy of Sorosis is broad and philanthropic. It admits not only all who have similar tastes and tendencies, but also many who desire to pursue studies or careers in which the club can be of material assistance. Its organization is well differentiated, and enables the club to cover a long line of departments at a minimum expenditure of time and energy on the part of either officers or members. Thus its work is divided into fourteen departments, each in the control of a standing committee under the leadership of a These departments are dechairman. voted to the following general subjects: suffrage, philanthropy, science, physical culture, business women, the drama, education, home-making as a profession, literature, temperance, parliamentary law, house and home, music, and art. The committees are selected with reference to their mission and also to the amount of time and attention they are at liberty to bestow upon their of-Meetings are also arranged with reference to the department, so that the programmes are always of the highest order, and are invariably marked by a long and careful preparation which, under a less thoughtful and elaborate system, would be impossible. It is a member of the Ohio State Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies, which is now only a little over a year old and consists of over eighty clubs and nearly five thousand members.

In this powerful aggregation it stands in the front rank, if it does not occupy the very first place, by reason of its numerical strength, its social influence, and its numerous deeds of practical benevolence. The club personnel is remarkable for the number of talented and versatile women it contains There is hardly any special field of study or of thought but what is represented by some one engaged in it as a profession and by some who have mastered it as a matter of pure love. Of the long roll of members it is safe to say that two hundred could serve as professors upon some topic in our institutes and colleges.

The president, Mrs. N. Coe Stewart, is one of the most distinguished women in her State. Her husband, Professor N. Coe Stewart, is the musical director of the public schools of Cleveland, and one of its best known and most respected Mrs. Stewart is a marvel of citizens. energy. Besides bringing up a large and interesting family she has found time to identify herself with many of the leading temperance, reform, and educational associations of Ohio. is a busy member of the Temperance Union of Ohio, and of the Woman's Suffrage Association, and many of the charitable societies of which Cleveland is famous. Her special work for many



Mrs. J. N. Richardson.



Miss Gabrielle T. Stewart.

years has been home-making as a science and art. In this she has done much admirable work. Her views have been endorsed by her club, and have been listened to with deep interest and approbation by prominent clubs and societies in various parts of the country. She argues for a scientific training of women, so that they may thoroughly understand and supervise the sanitation of a house and of the street and surrounding land; a knowledge of chemistry, cooking, and practical housekeeping, so as to obtain the greatest amount of comfort and benefit at a minimum cost; a training in the domestic arts according to the latest ideas, so as to insure a knowledge of every problem which confronts a housekeeper, and of the best means of solving each question. Home-making has not kept pace with the progress of civilization. The average housekeeper of to-day acts upon lines which were appropriate enough in 1850, but are now more or less antiquated. The substitution of gas and electricity for the candle and lamp; the municipal supply

of water, with its concomitants. plumbing, and drainage; the substitution of furnace, hot water, steam, gas, and electrical heating for the old-fashioned fireplace: the creation of new substances for the destruction of disease germs and other offensive forms of life; the changes and the improvements in foods and food materials; all of these present difficulties which require a much broader education to be a successful housekeeper than was ever known in the past. When to these new conditions are added the modern house, and especially the modern flat, electric locomotion in the cities and towns, greater necessities for

railway and steamship travel, it is obvious that a higher education is needful for the women of the present gen-Mrs. Stewart is a finished eration. speaker, and a favorite visitor at the public functions of the great clubs of the other cities of the Union. As if to illustrate the force of the law of heredity, she is well represented in her absence by her daughter, Miss Gabrielle Townsend Stewart, who is already one of the leaders of the younger element of Sorosis. She is a young woman of great beauty, fine presence, and charming address. She is versatile, being clever in music, literature, newspaper work, business, and art. She is an able contributor to the press of Cleveland, and has done some excellent writing for the journals of New York.

In so active an organization there must be an able executive board. In the Cleveland Sorosis this consists of eleven elective members, and the president, recording and corresponding secretaries, and treasurer, ex-officio members

Upon them devolves nearly all of the

routine work of the club. In associations with a large number of members it is always difficult and generally impossible to get a quorum unless there be some exciting question to be passed upon. When there is nothing but routine business members will not attend to their duties. This is provided for in nearly all organizations by the Constitution, which gives almost unlimited power to the executive board to do the business which, theoretically, should be done by the club as a whole. The system is the result of necessity and cannot be avoided. When such a board consists of indifferent or negligent members it is a sorry makeshift, but when it is composed of bright and active individuals it is a great improvement upon club government by the whole. Cleveland Sorosis has been very careful in this respect. It gives its executive board the fullest pow-

er and widest discretion, and it also picks out the ablest members to fill the eleven chairs of the committee.

The executive board has been fortunate in both its present chairman, Mrs. E. J. Blandin, and her predecessor, Mrs. J. K. Hord. Both are enthusiastic members, and have served with ability and zeal in other positions since the club started. Both are popular and both are earnest in their desire to increase the excellence and efficiency of their club. Mrs. J. N. Richardson, the third vice-president, is a member who has exerted a profound influence not only upon her club but also upon her city and State. She is a fine scholar and a profound lover of modern science. Her taste runs to the natural sciences, and in them she holds a high position as an expert. She has a talent such as was possessed by the late Professor Proctor, the astronomer, and is possessed by his daughter, Miss Mary Proctor, of making scientific truths clear and easily understood to those who have had no special training on the subject, and in this way of starting a love for such topics, which in many instances creates students and classes where before there were none. To the influence, direct or indirect, of Mrs. Richardson are due the formation of the science class in Sorosis, of the science club movement of Cleveland, of Cincinnati, and of Pittsburg. This scientific tendency is a gratifying feature of many of the women's clubs of the Central and Western States. It is an improvement, in many ways, upon the systems pursued in the East, which is essentially literary, musical, and artistic. Scientific work, to be thorough, necessitates a large amount of outdoor exercise. The geologist tramps her five and ten miles carrying hammer, cold-chisel, and specimen bag; the entomologist must bear the long pole



Mrs. J. K. Hord.



Mrs. E. J. Blandin.

and soft net familiar to the butterfly hunter; the botanist not alone tramps, but frequently plays all sorts of antics to secure rare leaves, flowers, or other objects from trees and inaccessible places; the zoologist, ichthyologist, biologist, lithologist, and metallurgist do their best work in the open air and not cooped up in the study, library, or The movement undoubtedly parlor. started at Oberlin, but it only has become appreciable in the past ten years. To - day scientific clubs are found everywhere among thoughtful women. There is a very good one in the Alumnæ Association of the New York Normal College, which has made some admirable collections for its Alma Mater; and at the very opposite extreme, California, there is a similar club, which has done exceedingly well in collecting mineralogical specimens from that magnificent commonwealth.

Another notable member is Mrs. C. S. Selover, the treasurer, and she, apparently, has a first mortgage upon

that office, being always elected to it with enthusiastic unanimity. an excellent executive, and keeps her accounts in model style. To her credit and that of the society it may be said there is always a favorable balance in the treasury. Mrs. Selover has a very handsome face and figure, and is an enjoyable speaker. She is an earnest advocate of the club movement, and in one of her addresses spoke of it in a very feeling and yet convincing way. She said: "Why do we strive to attain a higher degree of intelligence, to think and reason on a broader plane? That we may be the better prepared to perform our duties as wife and mother, to instruct and educate our children, and become more congenial companions to our husbands; that when they come home with their brain tied up in a double bow-knot, endeavoring to solve some business problems, the wife need not draw her little ones aside and sit silently and helplessly by, while he, perplexed and weary, tries unaided to find the thread which will guide him through his business labyrinth. She may take her place beside him and intelligently comprehend, while he explains in minutest detail his business complications, and she, with a well-balanced mind, suggests plans for his assistance; or, when he is too much fatigued to read, she, enjoying the same line of thought and the same class of literature, may read to him. Is this type of woman less lovable than your careless, thoughtless, dancing-doll baby? Woman reaches to her brother's height, not to conquer him and not to rob him of the noble prerogatives of his manhood, but to satisfy his reason. Man has been the intellect of the world, woman its soul. Man has reasoned, woman believed, but to-day we are coming to a better and higher understanding.

The corresponding secretary, Mrs. H. L. Tobien, is a well-known Clevelander, who has been very active in philanthropic work. Mrs. Tobien is one of the few who have studied the social problem very thoroughly, and who, in curing social ills would go to the causes, as well as treat the effects. She has long been an earnest advocate

of woman in the business world, and has written several clear and cogent articles upon the theme. Her views are neither radical nor even sanguine. She looks at social changes as the result of natural law, and realizes that women have entered the professional, industrial, and commercial world very little through their own volition, but through the pressure and strain of social conditions.

In a brilliant speech, which she made before Sorosis, she expressed her sentiments in a manner that probably represents the opinion of the leading thinkers of to-day. She showed that it was not so long ago when woman's education was confined to a little reading, writing, and arithmetic, and it was considered injudicious to extend her education beyond this point. Society in that period had little use for anything beyond, and did not conscientiously believe that woman had the ability to master any branches of study more complicated, much less the law of the past and the sciences of the present.

If it had been hinted in those days that she could become a mathematician or a distinguished scholar it would have been invite ridicule rather than an answer. Time itself has changed all this the old barriers are down and obliterated. They were forced down partly by the pressure of circumstance and partly by the growth of woman herself. She has gone into all the lands of the invisible kingdom of thought, and has proved herself as worthy of possession as her most famous brothers. In all these fields where she has entered she has raised the standard of mor-

als and manners. In the business world into which she is now going, the ethical standard is not too high. Society and commerce accept the terrible doctrine. that the measure of success is the worldly wealth obtained. This is opposed to woman's nature, and will undoubtedly be an obstacle to her progress in a mercantile career. For this reason the odds are fearfully against She will have to undo what has been done, and by her influence create a revolution in existing methods. Not in the limited horoscope can her success be determined, but it is certain that in the long years she will influence the business world to newer ideas, and will introduce the golden rule with a broader interpretation and a wider significance.

The Sorosis of Cleveland is very strong musically. Mrs. John Eisenman, the chairman of the music committee, Mrs. S. P. Churchill, the ex-chairman and now recording secretary, and Mrs. Edward C. Kenney, the favorite soloist of the club, are three of the mu-



Mrs. C. S. Selover.



Mrs. S. P. Churchill.

sical leaders out of scores of others, to whom music is an A, B, C. Mrs. Churchill has a broad, catholic nature, which tends naturally to beauty, whether in art or in music; Mrs. Eisenman has in her composition the elements that would make a successful leader or composer, while Mrs. Kenney is one of those rare spiritual organizations which express themselves naturally in music.

Another commanding personality is Mrs. M. J. Caton, formerly recording secretary and chairman of the Committee of Physical Culture and Dress Re-She possesses great beauty, both physical and mental, and is an enthusiast in her support of the doctrine of mens sana in corpore sano. She has written and spoken on the subject, and has aided the cause of physiculture very materially in Cleveland. One of the best points made by Mrs. Caton was in reply to the argument that our fathers and grandfathers gave no thought to physical culture, and yet lived lives as healthy, strong, and long as could be desired, and that the instinct they transmitted ought to be

sufficient to keep us in the same con-She called attention to the fact, first, that the modes of life between the old days and to-day have undergone a profound revolution. In the last century men and women passed much of their time in what we would consider hard work rather than exercise. They were, for example, compelled to walk long distances or to ride still longer ones on horse-back, where to-day the condensation of life in great cities brings everything to within a distance of a few squares, and further than that supplies cars, which go from almost every point in a modern community to every other point. former generation was compelled to do much labor in the household which to-day is done by machinery or third parties. On the other hand, they had fewer luxuries and even comforts, and during a large portion of the year lived on a diet so low that to-day it would be considered practical fasting. In the second place, instincts are only transmitted when they have been in active employment for many generations. In those communities where modes of life do not change, such as among the Indians on the Plains, the Chinese among the rice-fields, the Egyptians upon the Nile, and the Bedouins upon the desert, their instinct is undoubtedly a strong factor; but in a community or a nation such as ours, the changes are so great that the lives of no two consecutive generations are identical, and in many cases they are almost as different as those of diverse races. tendency of a high-pressure civilization is to depend upon the brain and to exalt it above all things else, whereas health and the highest permanent welfare demand that the body shall receive a certain and regular amount of attention.

If this law be disobeyed disease, insanity, and premature decay are certain results; but if obeyed it means not only high physical development, but with it the moral and intellectual strength which must always have some corporeal basis.

Another distinguished member is Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, who has served

upon the Committee on Science. She is also the State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Ohio. She is a member of the executive committee of the International League of Press Clubs, and is a member of the school council, the first woman in Cleveland to fill the office, and she has recently been made chair-

"Musical Education," "Voice Culture,"
"Business Women," "Physical Culture," "Whitechapel, London," "Health Dressing," "A Talk on Whittier,"
"Pictures at the World's Fair," "Keramic Art," "Norwegian Pottery at the World's Fair," "Art in Cleveland,"
"Women Physicians," "Women as Educators," "Tapestries, Old and New,"



Mrs. H. L. Tobien.

man of the executive committee of the woman's department of the Cleveland Centennial Commission.

Mrs. F. A. Kendall, Regent of the Western Reserve Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is a shining light of the Cleveland Sorosis and one of the most progressive women of the State.

A good idea of the wide field covered by this bright club in its work may be gleaned from a brief list of the papers which have appeared upon its regular programme. These comprise:

"World's Fair Experiences," "The Seven Ages of Woman's Life," "A Visit to Canton," "Parliamentary Drill," "House and Home," "Talk on Ceylon," "Corals," "Pantomime," "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," "The Drama of the Sixteenth Century," "Ocean Currents," "Asbestos Cloth and Clothing," "Characteristics of the Poets," "The Women Editors of Cleveland," "American Women in Literature," "Unity in Christian Work," "Glimpses of the World's Parliament of Religions," "A Journey to



Mrs. John Eisenmann.

the Mid-winter Fair," "The Irish Industrial Village," and "The Sea and Shore."

Nor is it to be supposed that the meetings are confined exclusively to solid and serious work. Song and instrumental music of a high class, readings, recitations, and discussions give endless variety to every meeting, regular, special, and social. At times a programme has for its main feature a symposium in which anywhere from five to ten members will each read a short paper upon some general topic, or upon a series of phases of a general topic. Besides their own members they are frequently addressed by eminent women from other clubs, or from the various colleges of the country.

This still further increases the vari-

ety offered, and imparts a high educational value to the meeting. Sorosis has had a perceptible influence upon its home city. Its success has greatly encouraged and strengthened its many sister clubs, and has started many into being, not only in Cleveland but in the . smaller surrounding cities and towns. In this light it may be regarded as an excellent home missionary, carrying the gospel of literary and intellectual work into the highways and by-ways of, the land.

Unlike many Eastern clubs which value only literary cult, it holds in high esteem movements based upon other ideas and looking for other results. It has extended the hand of welcome to the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, many of whose mem-

bers are upon its roster; to the National Woman's Suffrage Association, to the National Council of Women, The King's Daughters, the Daughters of the American Revolution and other colonial and patriotic societies, and to the United Charities of Cleveland. In this way it plays a broader part, and a much more beneficent one, than if it limited all its energies to mere personal culture and mental improvement.

There is, it must be confessed, a certain selfish tendency in many of our literary clubs and institutions. They give, it may not be a fictitious value to literary culture, but they certainly tend to make those who acquire that culture look down upon their fellows who have not been so favored in the great battle of life. There is an aristocracy in let-

ters as well as in blood, wealth, family, rank, and title. All aristocracies are good in themselves, and especially when they lift those up who have not had their advantages. All aristocracies work evil when they draw a dividing line over which no one is permitted to come. The Cleveland Sorosis sets a splendid example to younger and smaller clubs in inviting all to its meetings, in endeavoring to help the ambitious whose

opportunities have been few, or none, in making their own ability, talent, and influence a source of benefaction to the community in which they live, and in lending a tone to the society of their own city, which makes the individual give her best thought rather than her poorest, and to display her better nature rather than the stereotyped one, which passes current where society alone holds sway.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.



Mrs. Edward C. Kenney.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.*

The Citizen.

The Soldier.

The Statesman,

The Patriot.

. NINTH AND CONCLUDING INSTALMENT.

A^T the date of the Revolution the people of America were by no means averse to a monarchy.

Their revolt was not against the form of government, but against the injustice of its administration.

When they rose in arms and beleaguered the British garrison in Boston they unfurled the royal standard above their siege-lines.

To repel the imputation that they were in rebellion against the crown, Congress resolved that the British forces in America should be termed "The Ministerial Army."

There was not a line in the Declaration of Independence that denounced the monarchic principle. The establishment of a constitutional monarchy with an elective king in each State, or to reign over the whole confederation, would not have been inconsistent with the enunciation of that instrument, that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Nor would it have contravened the assertion of sovereignty embodied in the words, "these United Colonies are, and of right, ought to be, Free and Independent States."

It would have been but the exercise of "the right of the people," as claimed in the Declaration, to alter or abolish their form of government, "and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

When Washington was offered the crown in 1782, the federative system

of government had been tried for seven years and its operation had not commended it to popular sanction.

The Congress was vested both with the executive and legislative powers of the Confederacy, and that body had invariably collapsed when confronted by a great emergency. It had twice confessed its incapacity, by twice proclaiming Washington dictator, vesting him with supreme power to meet and overcome the crisis that it dared not face

The agency appointed to exercise the functions of government had thus discredited the form of government itself, the vast majority of its acts passing uncondemned only when they passed unnoticed. The Congress had also long since come to be recognized as hostile to the army, and especially to the commander-in-chief, who so perfectly commanded the devotion of the Continental soldiers, that in their judgment reverence for Washington was the true test of loyalty to the cause that he symbolized.

Happily for America, and for mankind, Washington would not stoop to take the proffered diadem, and no kingly crown throws its baleful shadow upon the halo that encircles his serene brow.

The sceptre of royalty that he declined to wield, no other man would dare to grasp, and by thus suppressing the monarchical movement Washington became the real founder of the Republic.

This important incident in Washington's career, which reflects additional

^{*} Begun in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for June, 1895.

lustre upon his character, although it has received but brief mention from his biographers, did not pass unnoticed in Europe.

While sojourning in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1891, I was selected by the American Colony in that beautiful city—the gem of the Alps—to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July at a banquet given in honor of the day. It was attended by all the foreign consuls, and among them by the Consul-General of Austro-Hungary, M. Exner, a most worthy and erudite gentleman, a member of the Aulic Council, who furnished for my address the following anecdote and vouched for its authenticity:

A number of Americans residing in Vienna in the year 1810 united to fittingly celebrate Washington's birthday, and invited the Emperor Francis of Austria to honor the occasion by his presence. That genial monarch, a true gentleman, although "every inch a king," overlooked the disregard of established forms into which his wouldbe hosts had been betrayed by their patriotic zeal, and made the following answer in his own handwriting:

"GENTLEMEN:

"I thank you for your hospitable invitation and the gratifying terms in which you have expressed your desire that I should attend a banquet which you propose to give in celebration of General Washington's natal day. But you must excuse me from uniting with you to honor the memory of your illustrious countryman, since I could not do so with sincerity, for Washington scorned a crown, and did more to bring royalty into contempt than all men who have ever lived, and I am a King by trade."

Washington's refusal of a throne, however, and his appeal to the patriotism of the officers who had tendered it to him, did not quiet the discontent of the army or abate its resolve to enforce its just demands upon the civic government of the country at the point of the bayonet, if its appeals, often reiterated, remained any longer unheeded.

On March 10, 1783, an anonymous address was issued and circulated throughout the Continental Army, urging officers of every grade to assemble

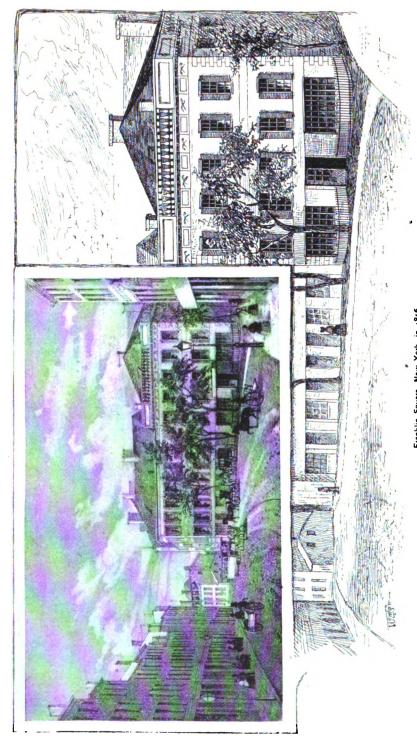
on the 15th of that month, in the townhall at Newburg, N. Y., and "Adopt such measures as might prove effectual to secure for the army that redress of grievances which it has so long solicited in vain." Between seven and eight hundred officers assembled pursuant to the call, and the meeting was organized by calling General Gates to the chair as the ranking officer present.

It had not proceeded to business, however, when Washington entered, and all rose to their feet in recognition of his presence. After requesting them to resume their seats, he stated that he did not deem himself an intruder in appearing among them, as the anonymous circular inviting them to assemble was addressed to all the officers of the Continental Army, and he came, not as their commander-in-chief, to control their proceedings by his orders, but as a brother-in-arms, to share in their counsels.

He then said: "By your leave, gentlemen, I will read from the manuscript that I hold in my hand the views that



Judge T. J. Mackey, of South Carolina Author of "The New Life of Washington."



Franklin Square, New York, in 1856.
The view is taken, looking north. Where the houses on the left are shown is now located Harper & Bross, publishing house. The drawing at the right shows the Walter Franklin house, at that time regarded as one of the most palatial residences in the city.

I desire to submit for your considera-

As he adjusted his spectacles to read his carefully prepared address, he remarked: "You perceive, gentlemen, that I have grown blind as well as gray

in your service."

There was exquisite tact, as well as profound pathos, in the remark. thus recognized the army as embodying the real sovereignty that he served, the flag standing for the people as the crown stands for the king, while at the same time it invoked the tie of comradeship by recalling the great sacrifices that he had made in the common cause which that army had for eight years so heroically upheld under his masterly and devoted leadership. It illustrated also his thorough knowledge of the American soldier in whose breast sentiment is always more potent in controlling his conduct than rules of action, formulated by the cold calculations of reason. This quality distinguishes him from the soldier of all other nations, and has inspired that chivalric spirit which exalts the profession of arms above the plane of mere brute force, and has given to the martial annals of our country a long line of knightly heroes worthy to have worn in battle the plume of snow that gleamed on the crest of Sidney.

Washington's address recalled the officers of the Continental Army back to their sense of duty as citizens and soldiers. They responded to his exhortation that they would not cloud their glorious record by any act unworthy of them as patriot soldiers of America, by passing a resolution which, after reciting their just claims upon the country, closed with the following

words:

"And we unanimously declare that no circumstances of distress or danger should induce officers or soldiers of the Continental Army to engage in any conduct that might tend to sully the reputation and glory which they had acquired at the price of their blood, freely shed in the cause of America through eight years of faithful service, but we will still continue to trust in the justice of our country, feeling assured that the representatives of America will not disband the army until their accounts are liquidated, their balances due accurately ascertained and adequate funds provided for their payment."

Through the earnest and persistent efforts of Washington, the Congress was induced to settle claims of the Continental officers by paying all arrearages, and granting them five years' full pay when they were mustered out of service, which they agreed to accept in lieu of half-pay for life, which they had been guaranteed by a resolution adopted in 1780.

The negotiations for peace, which were being conducted at Paris by the American Commissioners with Oswald, the representative of Lord Shelbourne, the British Prime Minister, proceeded but slowly, owing to the perfidy of the Count de Vergennes, whose chief aim was to aggrandize France and Spain at

the cost of the United States.

The Congress had by resolution instructed the Commissioners to "be guided in all things throughout the negotiation by the judgment and advice of the Count de Vergennes," but at the instance of John Jay, they refused to be governed by that instruction, which would have converted them into mere vassals of France.

He discovered that the wily chief of the French ministry had actually sent a secret agent to England for the purpose of prevailing upon the Earl of Shelbourne to defer acknowledging the independence of the United States until the American Commissioners had come to an agreement with France and Spain as to the territorial concessions that were being insisted upon by those powers, whose thrones were both occupied by Bourbons—Charles III. in Spain and Louis XVI. in France.

The boundary of the concession which de Vergennes, acting in concert with Count de Aranda, the Spanish Minister, sought to exact from the United States in the hour of its presumed extremity, was termed by them

"The Conciliatory Line."

Had their inequitable demand been acceded to, the United States would have been shut out from the navigation of the Mississippi and from the Gulf of Mexico, and deprived of the vast territorial area which now includes the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana,

Washington resigning His Commission.
This ceremony took place at Annapolis, December 36, 1783, in the presence of the most prominent men of the new Republic.

Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and a

large part of Minnesota.

Such was the disinterested spirit with which France and Spain had upheld the cause of American independence, an instructive illustration of the speculative basis on which national friendship is always founded.

John Jay, the foremost publicist and diplomatist of his age, who deserves to be entitled the Metternich of America, by his quick sagacity and timely action baffled the intrigues of "America's faithful allies" by despatching his own secret agent to Lord Shelbourne, with a full exposure of the French and Spanish scheme, and by a masterly argument convinced the British Prime Minister of the impolicy of promoting its chance of ultimate success by any longer deferring the conclusion of a treaty based upon the recognition by England of the independence of the United States.

A provisional treaty of peace with England was thus effected and duly signed by the representative of the British ministry and the American Commissioners, John Jay, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Henry Laurens, before the Count de Vergennes, subtle diplomat as he was, learned that any independent negotiation had been initiated for that purpose.

The treaty thus covertly negotiated to enable the United States to evade the unconscionable greed of France and Spain, was by its terms to become operative when a treaty of peace was concluded between Great Britain and those kingdoms.

The definitive treaty of peace was signed and promulgated at Paris, on

September 3, 1783.

The curtain fell upon the closing scene of the great military drama that for eight years had been enacted on the soil of America, when at sunrise on November 25, 1783, the British army evacuated New York. They marched to their ships with colors flying, but no beams of glory glittered upon their folds. Their last act before embarking was to nail the royal standard to the tall pole from which it

floated at the Battery, and then to grease the pole with lard and remove the cleats by which it was ascended.

It is the only instance recorded in history of British soldiers voluntarily leaving behind them any of the "fat of the land" that they had long occu-

But the flag of England can never float so high but American soldiers will prove themselves capable of lowering it, and the departing Britons as they looked back from the decks of their transports toward the city that they had ruled so haughtily for seven years, saw the Stars and Stripes floating out in the free winds that loved it well. from the staff that had borne the banner of St. George.

At noon on the same day the division of New England troops commanded by General William Heath, of Massachusetts, and a brigade of Virginia riflemen under the command of General Charles Scott, entered the city with Washington riding at their head, amid the pealing of the church bells and the plaudits and grateful prayers of the people, thousands of whom knelt down upon the streets as the Continental troops marched by, and offered thanks to God for their deliverance from British tyranny.

The rolling years that have covered more than a century since that day have but emphasized those patriotic prayers in the hearts of all Americans worthy of the land

> "Where Washington hath left His awful memory A light for after times."

On December 4th Washington took final leave of the officers of the army in the dining-room of the old Fraunces Tavern, at the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, New York.

Pouring out a glass of wine, he requested them to fill their glasses, and after giving his habitual first toast, "To all our friends," he said:

"With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take my leave of you, most devoutly praying that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been honor-



Washington as a Mason

able and glorious. I cannot come to each of you, but will be glad if every one of you will come forward and take me by the hand."

He embraced each one of them, mingling his tears with theirs in silence, and then they escorted him to Whitehall Ferry, where a barge lay in waiting to bear him to the Jersey shore.

He stood in the stern of the boat and waved his hat in answer to their parting salutes until his majestic form was lost to their view.

On arriving at Philadelphia, he filed his account with Robert Morris, the Treasurer of the United States. It was carefully itemized, with all sums received duly credited, and showed that his official expenditures during the war, covering a period of eight years and five months, aggregated \$74,900,

which sum included \$21,000 paid out by him for the secret service of the army. He subsequently estimated, as stated by his adopted son, G. W. P. Custis, that he had expended in addition \$100,000 of his private fortune, for which he made no charge against the government.

On December 23, 1783, he appeared before the Congress at Annapolis, Md., and resigned into its hands his commission as General and Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

His address on that occasion, delivered in the presence of a vast assemblage, the members of the Congress standing during its delivery, was as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT: The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I have now the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my ability to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union and the retrease of Hayara

patronage of Heaven.

"The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest. I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping.

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here

offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

With those impressive words he advanced to the seat of the President of the Congress (General Thomas Mifflin), and delivered his commission into the hands of that officer, who although he had been an active member of the Conway cabal, paid a just tribute to his character.

Washington arrived at Mount Vernon on Christmas-eve, and for the first time in eight years the triumphant soldier was able to lay aside the harness of war, and celebrate beneath his own roof the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

His exchange of the sword for the ploughshare, however, brought him no rest, for he had three thousand acres under cultivation in his four plantations, and he gave the most thorough supervision to every detail of his farming operations.

Much of his time was also occupied in graciously performing the duties of

host to the visitors who thronged to Mount Vernon from all sections of the country, and even from distant lands, to pay him the homage of their gratitude or respect. Side by side with his wife, a woman worthy of his greatness, he dispensed that Virginia hospitality which like the Pon-

which, like the Pontic sea.

"Ne'er feels retiring

In the spring of 1784, he was closely besieged by painters and sculptors who were ambitious to transmit his "counterfeit presentment" to posterity, certified by their signatures. Of these artistic visitations he wrote

"I am so hackneyed to the touches of painters' pencils that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit 'like patience on a monument'

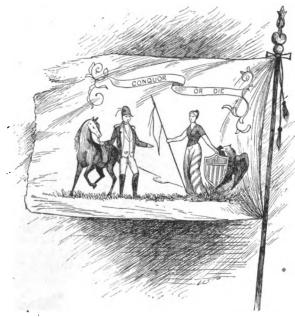
to his friend Hop-

kinson:



St. Paul's Church, New York.

Still one of the most prominent landmarks of the city. Located on Broadway, between Vesey and Fulton Streets. The churchyard holds the graves of many well-known Americans. Washington worshipped in this church. The illustration is from a rare steel plate over fifty years old.



Flag designed for Washington's Body Guard. The drawing is a faithful representation of the work upon the banner.

while they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof, among many others, of what habit and custom can accomplish."

Elkanah Watson, who visited Mount Vernon in that year, relates in his Memoirs a very unique experience of Washington's with Mr. Wright, a London sculptor. These, he states, are the words of Washington, as he noted them down at the time:

"Wright came to Mount Vernon with the singular request that I should permit him to take a model of my face in plaster-of-l'aris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features over, and placing me flat on my back upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. While in this ludicrous attitude Mrs. Washington entered the room, and involuntarily exclaimed her surprise. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my mouth a slight twist or compression of the lips, that is observable in the bust that Mr. Wright has made of me."

The following anecdote, narrated by Mr. Watson, presents Washington not in his traditionally austere attitude, habitually poised to be pedestalled in bronze or marble, but as the kindly tempered man and considerate host,

beneath whose native dignity of manner there glowed the most tender sympathy with the sufferings of others, suggesting the pinions of the eagle folded around the warm heart of the dove:

"Although I had frequently seen General Washington in the progress of the Revolution, and had corresponded with him from France in '81 and '82, this was the first occasion on which I had contemplated him in his private relations. I observed a peculiarity in his smile which seemed to illuminate his eyes; his whole countenance beamed with intelligence. while it commanded confidence and respect. I found him kind and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him, agreeably social without ostentation, delighting in anecdotes and adventures without assumption; his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic. His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his

every wish, hence a look was equivalent to a command. His servant Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was always at his side; smiling content animated and beamed on every countenance in his presence. The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality we sat a full hour at table by ourselves, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed with a severe cold and excessive coughing, and he pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so. As usual after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed the door of my room was gently opened, and on drawing my bed-curtains, to my utter astonishment I beheld Washington himself standing at my bedside with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. I was mortified and distressed beyond expression. little incident occurring in common life with an ordinary man, would not have been noticed, but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington it deserves to be recorded.

In August, 1784, Washington started on a journey to the Ohio River, with a small party of six or seven, taking with him his four-pole chain and transit, to run the lines, and mark the boundaries of his lands that he held under crowngrants along that river, and in the valley of the Monongahela.

He crossed the latter stream on his return, near its headwaters in the Alleghany Mountains, and travelled on horseback in sixty days nearly seven hundred miles.

Albert Gallatin, the illustrious Swiss, who was Secretary of the Treasury both under the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, related the following anecdote of that journey, which like many others equally realistic, escaped the attention of Washington's many biographers.

It presents Washington, as again engaged in his early occupation as a surveyor, running his lines and planting his stakes as when in his youth he surveyed the broad lands of his courtly patron, Lord Fairfax, and explored with Jacob staff, and compass, and measured and mapped out the mystic recesses of the Dismal Swamp.

It was as if King David, after the triumphs of his great wars, had descended from his throne, and laying aside his royal diadem, had resumed his shepherd's crook, and the rude garb in which he once tended flocks of sheep on the hills of Judea.

Gallatin was one of a party of surveyors prosecuting their work on the

northwestern border of Virginia, near the Monongahela River, in the early autumn of They had built a log 1784. cabin which they made their head-quarters, and were engaged one night after supper in plotting their field-notes, when a horseman rode up to the door, and requested accommodations for the night. Major John Brent, the head of Gallatin's party, had served in the Continental army at the siege of Yorktown, and on going to the door he recognized the visitor and ex-claimed, "General Washington, I am greatly honored by your visit, please light, I will take charge of your horse." The General unbuckled the leather portmanteau that was fastened to the cantle of his saddle, and entered the cabin, and seated himself on a rough camp-stool, as he requested the eight or nine surveyors who had risen upon his entrance, to be seated, and seeing a pack of cards with several hands dealt out, lying upon the camp-chest, expressed the hope that his presence would not interfere with their game.

He stated to Major Brent that he was engaged with a surveying party in running out and marking the lines of a crown grant of land owned by him in that vicinity; that he had arrived that morning, and his party was encamped on Dry Creek, about two miles away; and having been informed that his old companion in arms had his headquarters near, he had concluded to trespass on his hospitality for the night, that he might plot his field-work, his baggagewagon not having arrived with his tent. Gallatin was then a robust young fellow of twenty-three years, and as he had the largest and best bunk in the cabin the Major requested him privately to surrender it for the night to General Washington. The request was cheerfully complied with, and the future father of the American financial system was soon lying literally at



Washington's Pew, St. Paul's Church, New York.

Showing it as it appears to-day. The pew is not opened except on unusual occasions.

the feet of the "Father of his Country," for he had spread his blankets in front of the great log-fire, alongside of the broad pine table at which Washington was engaged with his field-notes, summing up the meanderings of streams that he had run, and the triangulations made during the day.

While so engaged the General repeated the figures in his equations quite audibly, and appeared to be very much perplexed, as the result of his calculation was manifestly erroneous, and yet he could not determine whence the error arose. The youthful Gallatin was an expert mathematician, and was much fresher from his plane and spherical trigonometry than the conqueror of Cornwallis, whose arms for eight long years had used

"Their dearest action in the tented field,"

and raising himself up so that his head was just above the table, he said, "General, I see your error," and then proceeded to point it out, showing, in addition, that he had not made the proper allowance for the variation of the com-His utterance was quickened as he went on with his correction, and he hurriedly stated what he deemed the true result, for he saw the storm gathering on the brow of Washington, who gazed at him with a look which Gallatin described as one of the most terrible anger, before which he (Gallatin) shrank appalled, and sunk down upon his blankets, resolved to be more cautious in the future in volunteering mathematical corrections. He had lain about ten minutes, and was still discomposed by the coup-d'ail that he had received, when Washington arose, and bending over the table, looked down upon him and said, "Young gentleman, are you asleep?" On Gallatin's answering "No, General," he continued, "Young gentleman, you were right, and I am very much obliged to you, and hope that we shall meet again on your return from your survey.'

Washington, always vigilant in the cause of the people, utilized his western land trip to secure further information of the plan proposed by him in 1775, for the construction of a canal uniting the Potomac and James Rivers, with the Ohio and Lake Erie.

It was an enterprise worthy of his comprehensive mind, and he was impelled to engage in it, not as a speculation, but from patriotic motives. In the scattered settlements that were then dotting the valley of the Ohio, and the movement of population trending westward to the Mississippi, he saw the muscle and the mind of great commercial communities and the raw material of future American States. Spain held the lower Mississippi, and was pressing her trade steadily west along the course of that mighty river, while Canada was seeking to control the valuable fur trade around the Northern Lakes. To compete with them successfully it was essential to have an interior line of communication between the Atlantic States and the Western border lands.

He determined the distance between Detroit, at the head of Lake Erie, via Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg) to Alexandria, Va., at 607 miles, to Philadelphia, 741 miles, and to Montreal 955 miles, thus showing that the proposed canal from the head of navigation on the Potomac would enable us to reach the great centre of the northwestern fur trade, by a route 348 miles shorter than that by which the Canadians had begun to prosecute their ventures into that region. He also urged that the canal would tend to bind the East and the West more firmly together, strengthening the Union of the States by the strong tie of commerce, and the mutual pecuniary interests of their inhabitants. He thus prevailed upon the States of Virginia and Maryland to charter a company with the title of "The Potomac and James River Canal Company," and to grant it liberal subsidies, and subscribe largely to its capital stock which was divided into 5,000 shares, at two hundred and fifty dollars per share.

He accepted the presidency of the company after much solicitation on the part of the stockholders, and purchased one hundred shares of the stock. In gratitude for his services in projecting and promoting the enterprise, the legislature of Virginia voted him one hun-



Washington's Reception at Trenton.

This reproduction of a somewhat crude steel engraving is interesting because it shows what actually occurred when Washington was on his way to the inauguration ceremonies, which were to make him the first President of the United States. Beautiful youg girls strewed flowers before him as he advanced, at the same time chanting appropriate songs.

dred and fifty shares of the stock. He declined the proffered gratuity in a letter in which he said:

"I would wish that every individual who may hear that it was a favorite plan of mine, may know also that I had no other motive for promoting it than the advantage which I conceived it would be productive of to the Union, and to this State in particular, by cementing the eastern and western territory together, at the same time that it will give vigor and increase to our commerce, and be a convenience to our citizens.

"How would this matter be viewed, then, by the eye of the world, and what would be the opinion of it when it comes to be related that George Washington received twenty thousand dollars and five thousand pounds sterling of the public money as an interest therein? I would surely appear in the light of a pensioner or dependent."

In October, 1785, Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, presented his sword to Washington, who received it at the hands of a special messenger despatched to the United States for that purpose. It was a straight Toledo blade, and bore upon the guard of its richly chased steel basket hilt the inscription:

"From the Oldest Soldier in Europe To the Greatest Soldier in the World."

That terse but splendid tribute to Washington as a military commander came from Europe's acknowledged greatest master of the art of war, the victor of the renowned battle-fields of Rosbach, Leuthen, Zorndorf, and Liegnitz, who, in the Seven Years' War, baffled and defeated the combined armies of Austria, Russia, the German Empire, and France. Washington was deeply concerned at this period for the future of the country, as he contemplated the radical defects of the federal system.

It was but the mere shadow of a government, possessing no attribute of national sovereignty, and devoid of all executive power. He thus pointed out the duty and the danger of the hour in a letter to John Jay, dated August 9, 1786:

"I do not conceive that we can exist long as a nation without having lodged somewhere a power which will pervade the whole Union in as energetic a manner as the authority of the State governments extends over the several States.

"To be fearful of investing Congress, constituted as that body is, with ample authority for national purposes, appears to me the very climatof popular absurdity and madness. Its requisitions are actually little better than a jest and a by-word throughout the land.

"If you tell the legislatures they have violated the treaty of peace, and invaded the prerogatives of the Confederacy, they will laugh in your face.

"It is much to be feared, as you observe, that the better kind of people, being disgusted with judgment, for his appeals to the governors of the several States, and to the leading men of the country, to take measures for establishing a truly national government, vested with adequate powers to maintain the Union and enforce respect for its authority, was responded to by a call from all the States except Rhode Island, for a constitutional convention to convene at Philadelphia on May 14, 1787.



The David Verplanck House, near Fishkill.

It was at this house that the offer of a crown was made to Washington.

the circumstances, will have their minds prepared for any revolution whatever. I am told that even respectable characters think of a monarchical government without horror. From thinking proceeds speaking, thence to acting is often but a single step. But how irrevocable and tremendous! What a triumph for our enemies to verify their predictions! It is not my business to embark again upon a sea of troubles. Nor could it be expected that my sentiments and opinions would have much weight on the minds of my countrymen. They have been neglected, though given as a last legacy, in the most solemn manner.

"I had then, perhaps, some claims to public attention. I consider myself as having none at present."

In this estimate of his influence, Washington's modesty clouded his

He was elected a delegate from Virginia, and when the Convention was organized on May 21st, that being the first day on which a quorum was in attendance, he was unanimously elected to preside over its deliberations.

In the exalted moral character and learning of its membership, and its aggregate of great intellectual forces, as well as in the importance of the work assigned it, that Convention stands supreme above all deliberative bodies known to the annals of mankind. Washington proved himself fully equal to the efficient discharge of the duties that devolved upon him as its

President, and on September 17, 1787, he attached his official signature to the constitution that it had framed with consummate wisdom—the matchless organic law of the nation, which now embraces under its benign rule the largest number of civilized people dwelling under one government, all of whom recognize that instrument as the inviolable safeguard of their rights as freemen, and the unquestionable, supreme law of the land.

An election for President of the United States was held pursuant to the constitution on the first Wednesday in February, 1789, and on the first Wednesday in the ensuing month of March the electors chosen cast their unanimous vote for George Washington

John Adams was at the same time chosen as Vice-President, but by the vote of a bare majority in the electoral colleges.

On April 12th a messenger sent by the President of the Senate, delivered to Washington at Mount Vernon the official notification of his election, and on the same day, with a filial loyalty which no change of circumstances had ever weakened, he rode to Fredericksburg to bid his venerable mother good-by, and to receive her blessing. Mary, the mother of Washington, was then in her seventy-sixth year. gave him her blessing, and expressed her gratitude to God that she had been so favored as to be the mother of a son who had conferred such great good upon his country, and had become so lofty an example of virtue. Their parting was deeply affecting, and their next meeting was not on earth, but, as the all-consoling faith that they both devoutly cherished would teach us, in the white courts beyond the stars. On April 16th Washington started for New York City to be inaugurated as the President of the United States, and under that date made the following entry in his diary:

"About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express set out for New York, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

No hero of ancient Rome, who, having borne her eagles to victory, returned with his veteran legions to be crowned with laurel by the Senate, ever led up a triumph to the temple of "Capitolian Jove" as grand as that of Washington during his progress to the seat of government.

Throughout his journey of two hundred and fifty miles he was welcomed by great multitudes, who gratefully hailed him "Savior of his Country. Every city and town upon his route appointed a civic guard of honor to escort him to its public hall, where an officer of the municipality read to him an address of welcome. Indeed, it is apparent from the chronicles of the time that the patriotic gratitude of the people was so fervid that it rose to the height of a religious exaltation of feeling, and the popular applause was deepened into adoration. Never has it been allotted to any man to have his steps so hallowed by the benediction of a whole people,

"And read his history in a nation's eyes."

But the boundless tribute of praise with which Washington was greeted did not inspire in him any spirit of self-worship, for his was the full-orbed glory of a Christian hero who daily acknowledged on bended knees that "God alone is great." I can notice but one example of the many impressive ceremonies by which he was welcomed on his approach to the national capital,

He crossed the Delaware River on April 21st at Colvin's Ferry, where he was met by a vast concourse of citizens, headed by the Mayor of Trenton, who escorted him into the town, while his coming was proclaimed by the ringing of the church bells, the firing of cannon, and the joyful huzzas of men, women, and children.

He was mounted on a magnificent white stallion, and entered Trenton by the main Assunpink Bridge, where, a little more than twelve years before, he



Robert R. Livingston.

Chancellor of the State of New York at the time of Washington's inauguration as President. The oath of office was administered to Washington by Mr. Livingston.

had stood with the light of battle upon his face, and steadied the line of Continental riflemen as they shattered with their deadly volleys the assaulting columns of the British grenadiers. An arch thirty-five feet in height and twenty feet in width, wreathed with branches of laurel, spanned the bridge. The top of the arch bore a large sunflower, emblematic of the sentiment, "I bow to thee alone," as that plant always bends toward the sun. At the bridge-head a large number of ladies assembled, while thirteen fair young girls dressed in white robes, and wearing chaplets of lilies, strewed the bridge and roadway with roses, as he advanced, and the whole vast assemblage united in singing a song of welcome, ending with the verse,

"Virgins fair and matrons grave, Those thy conquering arms did save, Build for thee triumphal bowers; Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers Strew your Hero's way with flowers!"

He took his departure from Trenton the same evening, addressing to the authorities of the town a letter of thanks, of which the following is a copy:

"General Washington cannot leave this place without expressing his acknowledgments to the

matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and grateful a manner at the Triumphal Arch in Trenton, for the exquisite sensation he experienced in that affecting moment. The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the same spot—the elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion, and the innocent appearance of the white-robed choir who met him with the gratulatory song, have made such impressions on his remembrance as, he assures them, will never be effaced.

"TRENTON, April 21st, 1789."

Washington embarked for New York at Elizabeth Point, N. J., about twelve o'clock (noon) on April 23d, in a splendid barge, rowed by thirteen ship-captains in white uniforms, under the command of Commodore James Nicholson, United States Navy.

He was accompanied by a joint committee, consisting of thirteen senators and members of the House, that met him at the place of embarkation. He landed at the Wall Street Ferry dock, where he was received by Governor George Clinton and his staff and a vast concourse of citizens. As he stepped on shore the Spanish ship of war, Galveston, fired a salute of thirteen guns, as did the United States brig, North Carolina.

Elias Boudinot, a member of Congress, who accompanied Washington in the President's barge, wrote to his wife an elaborate account of Washington's reception in New York, and related the following incident:

"When the President was on the wharf an officer came up and addressing him said he had the honor to command his guard, and that it was ready to obey his orders."

The President answered:

"As to the present arrangement you will proceed, sir, as directed, but after this is over I hope that you will give yourself no further trouble, as the affection of my fellow-citizens is all the guard I want."

On the same day Washington made the following note in his diary:

"The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal, and some with instrumental music, on board; the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people, which rent the skies as I walked along the streets, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene, which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing."

He was inaugurated on April 30, 1789, in Federal Hall, located where the United States Sub-Treasury now stands, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets. The oath of office was administered to him by Robert R. Livingston, Chancellor of the State of New York, on the south balcony of the building in full view of the people. He delivered a brief but impressive address upon taking the oath.

Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, the greatest orator in the Congress, a wise statesman and pure patriot, wrote the following description of Washington's manner on that occasion, and the effect produced by the address:

"It was a very touching scene, and quite of the solemn kind. His aspect was grave almost to sadness; his modesty actually shaking; his voice deep, a little tremulous, and so low as to call for close attention, added to the series of objects presented to the mind and overwhelming it, produced emotions of the most affecting kind upon the members. I sat entranced. It seemed to me an allegory in which Virtue was personified as addressing those whom she would make her votaries."

When the inauguration ceremonies ended Washington, accompanied by the members of Congress, went to St. Paul's Church and devoutly engaged in divine service.

I should state that Washington, when inaugurated, was clad in a suit of dark brown cloth of extreme fineness, manufactured in Hartford, Conn., the coat double - breasted, with military collar, and oval brass buttons with the American eagle embossed on them. He wore a steel-hilted dress-sword, white silk stockings, and low quarter shoes with silver shoe-buckles.

The question as to what title should be confirmed upon the President was warmly discussed in Congress. John Adams urged that he should be styled "His Highness, the President of the United States and Protector of their Liberties." At Washington's instance it was finally decided that he should be addressed simply as "The President of the United States."

Referring to that discussion, William Grayson, a senator from Virginia, wrote to Patrick Henry on June 12, 1789:

"Is it not still stranger that John Adams, the son of a tinker, and a creature of the people, should be for titles and dignities and pre-eminences, and should despise the common herd and the ill-born?

"It is said that he was the *primum mobile* in the Senate for the titles for the President, in hopes that in the scramble he might get a slice for himself."

Washington's first cabinet was composed as follows:

Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State; Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury; General Henry Knox, Secretary of War; and Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General.

He appointed John Jay, of New York, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, a great jurist and most exalted character, of whom Daniel Webster justly said, "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell upon John Jay it touched nothing less spotless than itself."

Washington seemed to have a forecast of the harassments by which he was beset during his administration of the government.

"Back - wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes,"

and he was not exempt from its malignant stroke, but his peerless character, like truth itself, was no more to be soiled by any outward touch than the sunbeam. A few weeks after his inauguration he wrote to a friend:

"Few who are not philosophical spectators can realize the difficult and delicate part which a man in my situation has to act. All see and most admire the glare which hovers round the external happiness of elevated office. To me there is nothing in it beyond the lustre which is reflected from its connection with the power of promoting human felicity. In our progress toward political happiness my station is new, and, if I may use the expression, I walk on untrodden ground. There is scarcely an action the motive of which may not be subject to a double inter-pretation. There is scarcely any part of my conduct which may not hereafter be drawn into precedent. If after all my humble but faithful endeavors to advance the felicity of my country, and mankind, I may indulge a hope that my labors have not been altogether without success, it will be the only real compensation I can receive in the closing scenes of life.

While administering the office of President as a public servant Washington did not forget that he was also With him the duties of life were more than life, and he neglected He never forgot for an instant that beneath the lowly eaves of the cabins on his homestead hills there dwelt five hundred dark vassals of his will, chattel slaves by law, but in his eyes men and women, the image of God, though carved in ebony, who gratefully looked up to him as their earthly Providence and over whom he felt bound to exercise a kindly and constant guardianship. He required his plantation-manager to forward to him a weekly report as to their condition, furnishing all details as to births, deaths, marriages, and sickness, and forbade the infliction of any corporal punishment. He at the same time exacted a full account to be rendered to him each week of the work done or in progress on his plantations, the area planted, the crops produced, the condition of his stock of horses, mules, cattle, etc.

Unlike Cincinnatus he kept his strong hand upon the plough-handle while holding with a firm grasp the helm of the ship of state. He was a regular exhibitor, as he had been for a long period, at agricultural fairs, not only in Virginia but in other States, where he bore off many prizes for the best samples of tobacco, wheat, and barley, and for the finest specimens of horses, mules, bulls, cows, and improved breeds of sheep. Among his trophies, won as an agriculturist and stock-raiser, was a massive silver cup, nine inches in height and six inches in diameter, elegantly chased, and bearing the following inscription:

1790
A Premium from the Agricultural Society of South Carolina
TO
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON
For raising the largest JACKASS.

Directly under the inscription a striking picture of the animal was engraved. Washington's market-garden was famous through all the country round, and for years a market-cart laden with vegetables, poultry, butter and eggs,

was run daily from Mount Vernon to Alexandria, a distance of eleven miles. His gardener was a braw and canny Scot, who had long been a too ardent disciple of

"Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,"

but through the moral influence of Washington was induced to limit his indulgence in what his countrymen call "gude drink," as will appear by the following agreement, which was strictly adhered to by "the high contracting parties:"

"I, Philip Barter, gardener, do agree to keep sober for one year from the date hereof, if allowed, in addition to my monthly wages, four dollars at Christmas with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning and a drink of grog at dinner at noon.

"For the true and faithful performance of all these things the parties do hereunto set their hands, this twenty-third day of April, Anno

Domini, 1787.

" Philip Barter,

nis × mark

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

" Witness,

"GEORGE A. WASHINGTON,

" TOBIAS LEAR."

I have been informed by a citizen of Alexandria, who knew Barter well, that he lived to the age of one hundred years, having died in that town in 1850, and that he attributed his great longevity to the regular habits imposed upon him by that agreement, although at the time he thought that Washington, in exacting it of him, showed himself as no better than one of the "Unco Gude," as Burns terms the over-righteous.

The spirit of faction was rampant during the whole period of Washington's presidency.

Malice, like death, loves a shining mark, and he was not exempt from the universal decree of fate which ordains that

"Whoso surpasses or subdues mankind, Must look down on the hate of those below."

The first assault made upon his official character, through the press, was di-

rected against his manner of bowing to visitors at his receptions, which was characterized as "An imitation of a royal nod, and entirely too regal for a citizen of a republic." To that criticism he made the following good-humored response:

"That I have not been able to make bows to the taste of poor Colonel B. (who by the by, I believe never saw one of them), is to be regretted, especially, too, as upon those occasions they were indiscriminately bestowed, and the best I was master of.

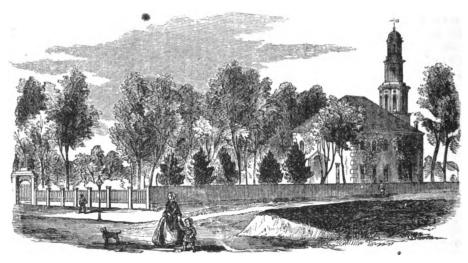
"Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskilfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and dignity of office, which God knows has no charms for me."

Washington met and overcame a grave crisis in the affairs of the country in 1793, which but for his wise firmness, and decisive action would have embroiled the United States in a war both with England and Spain, then allied against France.

One Genet, a true Gallic coxcomb. had arrived in America, as minister from the French Republic, and in open defiance of the President's neutrality proclamation, issued letters of marque and proceeded to fit out privateers in ports of the United States, to prey upon British and Spanish merchantmen. He was supported openly by the press of the Republican party, and no doubt covertly by Jefferson, who had become thoroughly Gallicized, appearing in public with a tri-color cockade on the lapel of his coat and wearing a bright red waistcoat and breeches. He had even declared in a published letter, with the spirit of a genuine Jacobin, that "The tree of liberty must be watered by the blood of tyrants every twenty years."

Washington, with his usual sagacious judgment of men, had years previously expressed his conviction that Jefferson's once sterling American character had been alloyed by his French sympathies, and thus wrote to Robert R. Livingston in January, 1783:

"What office is Mr. Jefferson appointed to that he has, you say, lately accepted? If it is that of Commissioner of Peace, I hope he will arrive too late to have any hand in it."



Christ Church, Alexandria, Va.

Washington was a regular worshipper in this church, and one of its vestrymen. The pew occupied by himself and family bears an appropriate inscription. The illustration is reproduced from an old wood-cut.

On Washington's demand the bellicose and insolent Genet was recalled, and Jefferson soon after retired fromthe cabinet.

The journal that assailed Washington most malignantly, was edited by one Fréneau, a French adventurer, whom Jefferson had imported from New York to Philadelphia, where the seat of government was then located.

He at once commenced the publication of his libellous sheet, entitled The National Gazette, and Jefferson conferred upon him the appointment of Chief Translator in the State Depart-In 1793, when the French furore was at its height, General Henry Knox, Secretary of War, showed, at a meeting of the cabinet, two cartoons published in Fréneau's paper, one of which, entitled "The Modern Cæsar," represented Washington in the act of placing a kingly crown upon his head, and the other, entitled "Washington's Funeral," represented him as standing beneath the axe of the guillotine bound for execution.

Justly enraged by such a monstrous political libel, Washington exclaimed, "Damn them, they lie! The whole damned pack of them lie! I would rather be on my farm at Mount

Vernon than emperor of the world! By God! I would rather be in my grave than in my present situation." Evidently there was a great deal of human nature in the "Father of his Country."

The necessary limitations of a magazine article do not permit me to notice in detail the beneficent work accomplished by Washington's two administrations.

It was due to his wise statesmanship that the American fiscal policy of protecting home industries by adequate duties levied upon competing foreign products was firmly established, and that a sound financial system was inaugurated, and our foreign relations placed upon a proper basis.

At the close of his second presidential term, on March 4, 1797, he retired from the public service, in accordance with his purpose announced in his "Farewell Address" issued September 19, 1796. It is noteworthy that the Address was headed "United States," as if he intended to emphasize his distinctly national character.

I have space to quote from that matchless paper only the following paragraphs:

"Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate

your affections.

"The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference you have the same Religion, Manners, Habits, and political Principles.

ciples.
"You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together. The Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings,

and successes."

The following letter, addressed to him in March, 1797, by Thomas Erskine, then the acknowledged leader of the English bar, and later Lord Chancellor of England, indicates the profound impression made on the minds of men in Europe by Washington's exalted character:

"I have taken the liberty of introducing your august and immortal name in a short sentence which is to be found in the book I send you. I have a large acquaintance among the most exalted class of men, but you are the only human being for whom I feel an awful reverence.

"I sincerely pray God to grant you a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to

the universal happiness of the world."

The following incident, related by John Bernard, an English actor, in his "Retrospections of the Stage," gives us a view of Washington standing on the common level of humanity and dealing with the ordinary affairs of daily life. I should first state that Bernard was a comedian who came to this country in 1797, and was a popular favorite in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as well as in Boston, appearing in "The Beau's Stratagem," and as Goldfinch in "The Road to Ruin," and other plays. He subsequently became the manager of the Boston Theatre, and Secretary of the famous Beefsteak Club in London.

While sojourning at Annapolis in July, 1799, he made a visit on horse-back to Alexandria, Va., distant twenty-four miles, and on his return journey came upon a chaise (a species of double top-buggy) which had been upset, and its occupants, a middle-aged farmer and his wife, thrown out into the road. The man was somewhat bruised, and

the woman, more seriously hurt, lay in the road with her head bleeding. While he was succoring her by sprinkling water on her face, the husband seeming to be in a half-dazed condition, and giving no aid, a horseman rode up from the direction of Alexandria, and dismounting at once, and offering to aid in the good-Samaritan work, raised her head and tenderly wiped away the blood that had flowed over her face from an abrasion on the forehead. She soon revived and gave proof of her restored vitality, by pouring out a torrent of abuse on the head of her husband for wrecking the chaise through his careless driving. horsemen, giving no heed to the domestic explosion, busied themselves about righting the overturned vehicle, and gathering up and replacing the parcels of provisions with which it was loaded, and that had been scattered in the road.

Bernard states, that when the discordant couple had driven off, "my companion, after an exclamation about the extreme heat, courteously offered to dust my coat. I returned the favor, and while doing so employed my eyes in taking a deliberate survey of his

person.

"He was a tall, erect, well-made man, evidently advanced in years, but who appeared to have retained all the vigor and elasticity resulting from a life of temperance and exercise. His dress was a blue coat buttoned to his chin, and buckskin breeches. Though, the instant he took off his hat I could not avoid the recognition of familiar lineaments which, indeed, I was in the habit of seeing on every sign-post, and over every fire-place, still I failed to identify him, and to my surprise I found I was an object of equal speculation in his eyes. After a moment's pause, how-ever, he said, 'Mr. Bernard, I believe?' and mentioned the occasion on which he had seen me play in Phila-He then asked me to go home with him, and pointed out his house in the distance. Discovering, when he named Mount Vernon, to whom I was speaking, I drew back, with a stare of wonder, and exclaimed,

'Is it possible that I have the honor of addressing General Washington?'

"With a smile and an expression of benevolence I have never seen equalled, he offered me his hand, and replied:

"'An odd sort of introduction, Mr. Bernard. But I am pleased to find that you can play so admirable a part on the stage of private life, and without a prompter.'

"In the course of conversation at Mount Vernon, General Washington referred to the institution of negro slavery in the United States in the fol-

lowing terms:

"'Slavery was bequeathed to us by Europeans, and time alone can change it; an event, sir, you may believe me, no man desires more heartily than I do. Not only do I pray for it on the score of human dignity, but I can already foresee that nothing but the rooting out of slavery can perpetuate the existence of the Union, by consolidating it into a common bond of principle."

The ancient Greeks taught that "sudden death is given only to the favorites of the gods," and Providence benignly spared Washington a lingering illness before he was summoned to take his place among the immortals.

While riding around his farms on the afternoon of December 13, 1799, he was overtaken by a storm of rain and sleet, and on his return to his house was seized with a congestive chill, followed by a spasmodic strangury of the throat. His physician, Dr. Craik, failed to relieve him, and in answer to his inquiry stated his opinion that the attack would prove fatal.

He received the announcement with the calm resignation of a Christian hero. At eleven o'clock on the night following the first attack of the malady he felt his own pulse, and just before it gave its last beat he uttered the words "'Tis well," and as his beloved and ever faithful wife laid her hand in his, he went to his rest

"Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

In response to the joint committee of the Senate and House of Represen-

tatives, which announced to him the death of Washington, President John Adams addressed a message to Congress that was marked by a deep sense of bereavement. In that noble tribute to Washington's character he wrote:

"Malice could never blast his honor, and Envy made him a singular exception to her universal rule. For himself he had lived enough, to life and to glory.

"For his fellow-citizens, if their prayers could have been answered, he would have been im-

mortal.'

Washington's mortal body was entombed at Mount Vernon on Wednesday, December 18, 1799, with the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Masonic and military honors.

His coffin-plate bore the brief but suf-

ficient inscription:

"General
George Washington
Departed THIS LIFE ON THE 14th DECEMBER
1799, Æt 68."

Near the head of the coffin was a silver plate inscribed with the words:

"Surge Ad Judicium."

His death united all patriotic Americans in the communion of a common sorrow, and as the tidings of it were borne abroad the flags of all nations in every port of the civilized world were lowered to half mast as a token of respect for his memory.

By his last will all his slaves were made free, fertile land conveyed to them in fee simple for their settlement, and ample funds set apart from his estate

to aid in their maintenance.

The following clause in his will breathes the dauntless spirit of the American patriot-soldier.

"To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Washington, Bushrod Washington, and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords or conteaux of which I shall die possessed, and they are to choose in the order they are named.

"These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their COUNTRY, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment

thereof.'

In the grand harmony of his attributes as a Leader of Men, a Patriot, a Soldier, and a Statesman, whereby he achieved the liberty of his people, and became the founder of a great Nation of freemen, Washington stands the foremost figure in human history.

The following extract from an address delivered by Henry Brougham, Lord Chancellor of England, at the University of Edinburgh in 1860, embodies the loftiest panegyric ever pro-

nounced upon Washington. Its terms of deserved eulogy might well be deemed gross flattery if applied to any other historic character.

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

T. J. Mackey.

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.

THE SOCIALIST'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE OHNET,

AUTHOR OF "THE IRONMASTER," ETC.



Presbourg. He usually arrived from his office at this time, and as a rule he went immediately to his wife's room to chat a few minutes before dressing for dinner. This evening, however, he went straight to his library and rang for his valet.

straight to his library and rang for his valet.
"Has the baroness company?" he asked, with an ill-humor in his tone that made the servant look at his master with surprise.

"I think so, M. le Baron," replied the man, respectfully. "There are two carriages waiting down-stairs in the courtyard. I'll go and see."

"No," interrupted Tresorier, impatiently, "go and ask the baroness to come here as soon as she can."

The servant withdrew and the baron threw his hat and gloves on the table, took off his coat, and with an angry expression on his face took a seat near the fire and waited.

It was Saturday, the fortnightly settlement day at the Bourse, and the broker usually made a point of appearing unruffled and unconcerned on settlement days. He always took his wife to the opera in the evening and appeared as light-hearted and good-humored

as if he had not a single care in the world; so much so, in fact, that his business friends

often exclaimed: "One would never think you were in business, Tresorier. You seem to live only for pleasure," which remark pleased the baron greatly. At the present moment he appeared neither light-hearted nor good-humored. He walked nervously up and down the room in a state of the greatest excitement. Every now and then he ground out between his clinched teeth:

" What a little wretch!"

On the entry of his wife he stopped short. "What's the matter, dear?" inquired the baroness, anxiously.

"Oh, a pretty how-do-you-do!" cried the broker. "Your son has made a nice ass of himself."

According to how pleased Tresorier senior was with his progeny the young man was or was not his father's son.

"You frightened me, sending for me so ceremoniously," said the baroness. "I was afraid something had gone wrong at the Bourse."

"Oh, no!" rejoined Tresorier, with an important air. "The settlement went off all right. It's your son———"

"Well, what's the poor boy done? Debts?"

"Debts!" cried the broker, angrily. "No, I wouldn't care if it were only debts!"
"He hasn't fought a duel, has he?" asked

"He hasn't fought a duel, has he?" asked the mother alarmed.

"It would be pretty bad for his adversary if he had!" returned the father with paternal pride.

"Has he run off with some woman?"

"I wish to heaven he had!" exclaimed the baron. "Oh!" exclaimed the baroness, shocked.

"Oh!" exclaimed the baroness, shocked.

Tresorier strode up to his wife and said solemnly:

"The idiot wants to get married."

The mother smiled. She gave vent to a sigh, and calmly taking a seat, asked:
"How do you know?"

- "Oh, I knew there was something going He hasn't been the same since he came back from the Russian fêtes at Toulon. He has entirely stopped going to the theatres and social affairs and does nothing but mope and sigh. At the office he is preoccupied and always thinking of something else than his work. This morning before the Bourse op-ened my colleague Heurtebise remarked, with a sneer, 'I saw Henri at the Ministerial Ball last night, Tresorier.' Naturally, I was thunderstruck. A boy of mine at a ministerial ball—a young aristocrat, who wouldn't even attend the charity bazaar at the Elysée! It was incredible! Of course, I pretended to Heurtebise that I knew all about it. I told him he was there on business. 'Is that so?' he replied. 'It's strange that he should have danced all the evening with Courcier's daughter.' 'The socialist deputy?' I asked. 'Yes; the deputy that beat you at the last election. Perhaps your son wants to avenge you. The socialist's daughter is very pretty.' You can just imagine how I felt. It made me unfit for business all day. I bought and sold stocks without knowing very well what I was doing, and when the Bourse closed I hastened to the office to find Henri. I found him calmly smoking a cigarette in my office. I shut the door and told him what I
- had heard. He immediately grew pale."
 "Poor boy!" murmured the mother, gently. "Just wait a little before you pity him. He said that one of his friends had given him an invitation, and that he had gone out of pure curiosity. So then I crushed him. I said, 'And was it out of curiosity that you danced all the evening with Mlle. Courcier, the daughter of my political enemy?' Then he got angry. His face grew scarlet, and he insisted on knowing who had told me. I refused, and then he confessed.

"What?" anxiously asked the mother.

" That he loved the girl.'

"Well, there's no great harm in that. She

may be very nice."

"No great harm," rejoined the baron, furiously, "to want to marry the daughter of a socialist, a communard, a bandit, who has calumniated and insulted me, and dragged my name in the mire!

"Those are only electioneering tactics. It

was not serious."

"Not serious!" cried the baron, greatly excited. "A wretch who spread the report that I grind down my tenants, rob the poor, and starve the orphan. And you expect me to allow my son to marry that scoundrel's chit of a girl!"

- "Perhaps she is very nice," expostulated the baroness.
 - " He says she's charming."

"You see!'

"But is that a reason?" growled the baron. "Her father is atrocious.

"Of course, it's very unfortunate. The father is dreadful, but-

"I know what you're going to say-that the boy's not going to marry the father. But he'll be a member of the family; it's impossible for it to be otherwise; and then, by degrees, we shall end by having the rabid socialist sitting with us at our dinner-table.

"Where did Henri meet the girl?" inquired the baroness.

- "At Toulon, during the recent naval parade."
 - "And he says he loves her?"

"He wants to marry her."
"Well, come, dear," coaxed the baroness, taking her husband's arm. "Let us go down to dinner. I'll see Henri to-night and talk

The baron touched his wife's upturned brow with his lips, and allowed her to lead him from the room.

II.

HENRI TRESORIER was a handsome, athletic young fellow of twenty-six. His eyes were blue, his complexion dark, his height medium. His upper lip was ornamented with a mustache, of which he was particularly proud, and he was always faultlessly dressed. He was an ideal son in every respect, and had never given his parents the slightest uneasiness. He lived very quietly and economically, although his means and the examples of the other young men of his age might have prompted him to lead a different life. The young man had voluntarily entered his father's office and worked as hard as any other employee, although having little taste for business routine. He was, in fact, so conscientious in his work, and so unusually steady in his life, that his father used to say that it was not natural. "One of these days," the baron would often remark to his mother, "the young colt will take the bit between his teeth, and make amends for his unnatural propriety by committing some enormous folly.

After the baron had left the office at the close of the stormy scene referred to in the preceding chapter, the young man sat for a long time smoking silently and thinking. All traces of anger had disappeared from his handsome young face. He was thinking of the girl his father had spoken about, and through the clouds of smoke that floated lazily to the ceiling he conjured up the scene where he had first met her.

It was at Toulon a few weeks before. He had gone down to the famous seaport, like thousands of other Parisians, to witness the great naval parade in honor of the Franco-Russian alliance. He had an invitation to visit one of the big ironclads—the Latouche-Tréville-and when he boarded the steam tender, and the officer in charge told him politely that they would have to wait a few minutes for the Deputy Courcier and his daughter, who were also invited, he remembered how annoyed he was at the delay, only to accommodate a commonplace deputy and his daughter! Then, when at last they arrived, how he barely noticed a full-bearded, grave man, severe and official-looking, in a



noticed that she had the daintiest of feet, encased in black silk open-work stockings and the smallest of patent leather slippers. But that was all. His attention had been completely absorbed by the novel scene around him, the graceful movements of the majestic war-vessels, the flotilla of small excursion craft, the booming of the cannon, and the accents of the Marseillaise wasted on the sweet-scented sea-air. The deputy's daughter, also, was too busily engaged watching this constantly changing panorama to notice her fellow-passenger in the tender. Yet, when the little boat arrived at the ironclad she had been obliged to take his outstretched hand in order to avoid an accident. How sweetly she had thanked him! Yes, that was the beginning-those two

words, "thank you." Then, after they had been on board a little while, the deputy was driven below by the motion of the vessel, and he (Henri) could not do otherwise than offer his arm. Then, for the first time, she had looked at him, and a bond of sympathy seemed to be sealed between them. Two long hours were they thus together, he explaining the nationalities of the different vessels, the nature of the manœuvres, she listening attentively, and chattering as if she had known him all her life. Then, when finally the big war-ship turned her head once more toward the port, the good-fellowship on her side seemed a little chilled by the recollection that they had not even been introduced. However, she smiled at her companion, and said: "What a nice day it has been!

He had replied earnestly: "And one that I shall never forget."

Then, after the deputy had reappeared and they were about to land, he had asked: "Do you expect to be at the Ministerial Ball tonight?"

"We are invited," she replied, "but we

may go straight back to Paris.'

That was all. He had taken off his hat ceremoniously, and she and her father bowed. Then, that evening, he had met her again—a vision of grace and feminine loveliness in a gray, low-cut, tulle dress—at the Ministerial Ball, where he had been seen by the baron's friend.

And now as he sat smoking and thinking of it all he felt how dear and necessary this girl had become to him. He did not even know where she lived, nor her first name, but he loved her. He felt now the all-conquering emotions of love as he had never experienced them before. Perhaps, if he had been left alone, if his father had said nothing, he might have forgotten her. But the hot words with the baron had fanned the flame instead of extinguishing it.

The day previous to the explanation with his father, he had opened by accident the élite directory, and almost the first name he had come across was Courcier (Jules), deputy of the Seine-et-Marne, Rue Spontini, 48. He took up the volume again now, noted the address, and about four o'clock left the office. Hailing a cab he told the coachman to drive to the corner of the Rue Spontini and the Avenue Victor Hugo. Arrived there, he walked slowly up the street looking for No. 48. He soon came to it, a roomy old fashioned apartment house, with a vast courtyard laid out like a garden. Henri examined every window, wondering which apartment was hers. "Perhaps she lives on the other side of the court-yard." How could he find out? Should he take a seat in the café on



the other side of the street and watch for her to come in or go out? Or should he question the janitor? While cogitating he perceived a small sign, " Apartment to let," displayed outside the door, and he suddenly conceived the idea of visiting the apart-He went to ment. the janitor's office and found a woman sewing. He told her he was looking for a small flat. She immediately arose, put aside her work, and

taking several keys from the mantel, said:

"There are three apartments to let—two on the court-yard at two thousand francs, and one on the street at fifteen hundred. Would Monsieur like to see them?"

"Yes, I would," replied the young man.

They went up the staircase, the janitor leading. The apartment giving on the street was quickly inspected. "Perhaps the landlord would let it go for less than fifteen hundred," said the janitor.

" It's too big for me," replied Henri.

"Ah! Monsieur lives alone? I ought to tell Monsieur that this is a family house and the landlord only wants very quiet people.

"Let me see the apartment on the court," said Henri, taking no heed of her remark.

The apartments looked upon a beautiful There was a small flat on the garden. second floor which appeared to please the visitor immensely. He examined the ceilings, the mantel-pieces, the wall papers, with the object of gaining time and learning something about the other tenants.

"I want the apartment to work in," he said. "Is it a quiet house? No noisy children, no singing or piano teacher? Who lives up-stairs?"

"A bachelor, a clerk in the Government offices. He goes away at nine in the morning and comes back at six at night. He lives here with his sister.

"And underneath?" he asked, striking the floor with his foot.

" A deputy lives there."

Henri blushed and echoed the woman's words so as to keep his countenance.

"A deputy, eh? There must be a great deal of coming and going. What kind of a deputy? One has to be careful with some of these anarchists."

"Oh!" exclaimed the janitor, smiling, "he is a radical, but one of the best men in the world. Besides, he receives all his visitors at the Chamber-on account of his daughter who lives here with him. live in the two apartments beneath this, with the privilege of the garden. See! There is Mademoiselle watering her flowers.

Instead of running to the window to look, Henri drew away from it as if indifferent. From where he stood he could catch a glimpse among the flowers on the green lawn below of the graceful figure of the young girl, gliding here and there, a watering-can in her hand. Her head was bare and her golden hair was hanging loosely over her shoulders. Making an effort, Henri turned away and in a voice slightly changed by his emotion said to the janitor, "Very well, I'll take the apart-

"It is usual to pay six months in advance," said the woman.

Henri could not help smiling. Henri could not help smiling. He who had an income of two thousand francs a He who month to be suspected of not being able to pay his rent regularly! Putting ten francs into the woman's hand, he said, "I'll come back to-morrow. Don't show the apartment to anybody until then.'

"Very well, sir," and the janitor bowed

Henri out.

The young man hit upon a plan. He said to himself, "Why should I not rent that apartment? It will give me an opportunity of seeing her and being near her. Yet how can I do that without letting people know who I am? Take a false name? That is ridiculous and dangerous as well. Yet what other way is there?" All these thoughts passed through his mind as he went back home in the cab, and all sorts of objections presented themselves. "What will the people think I am doing there? The people in the house seeing nobody come to see me, the janitor receiving no letters for me, knowing that I don't sleep there, will take me for an anarchist manufacturing bombs, or for a counterfeiter or a foreign spy. No; I'll let the janitor take care of my rooms; she'll see that it's all right. Then, of course, she will suspect that there is some woman in it. That may compromise my pretty blonde. Besides, what will my sweetheart herself think if she finds me out? She will be offended and frightened, and that will be good-by to my hopes. No; the idea is absurd, I won't think any more about it. The best thing I can do is to forget all about the girl, too.

He congratulated himself on his wisdom in coming to this determination. He felt calmer and happier, and at the dinner-table that evening his parents remarked that he was in unusually good spirits. But the next day at four o'clock he went to the Rue Spontini and rented for a thousand francs a year

the small apartment on the second floor, under the name of M. Henri Gervais.

III.

THREE days later M. Courcier, on leaving his apartment at four o'clock, met downstairs a young man who took off his hat as he passed. The deputy made with his hand the noble gesture which he was accustomed to bestow on his constituents, and murmured: "Hello, that's the young man whom we met at Toulon! What's he doing here?"

Courcier was naturally suspicious, a habit which he acquired in the days when he was conspiring against the government. He went to the janitor and demanded, in an inquisitorial tone:

" Who's the young man whom I just met in the court?"

"Ah, that's M. Gervais, a new tenant."

"Who is this Gervais?"

"He is a law student, who has just been made advocate. He has to live here, as he says, on account of the rules of the order, but he sleeps and eats at home. He seems to belong to a very good family. I attend to his rooms."

"On what floor does he live?" asked Courcier.

"One floor above you."

Courcier dissimulated a grimace, and passed on into the street, murmuring to himself: "Who knows, perhaps it's a spy the police have sent to watch me. I'll soon find out." That evening, when he returned home, he went into the garden, and, as it was dark, examined attentively all the windows on the second floor. There was no light in any of them. Henri had been gone out for the last half-hour.

Anxious to find out if his daughter had noticed anything, Courcier remarked at the dinner-table, "Did you know, dear, that the

flat upstairs had been let?"

"No," rejoined the young girl, "I did not know it; but I am not surprised to hear it. For the last three days they have been making a terrible noise on the staircase moving up furniture. Otherwise, the new tenant is very quiet; we don't hear him at all."
"Who do you suppose the tenant is?

"Who do you suppose the tenant is? It's the young man we met at Toulon."

Mlle. Courcier manifested such complete surprise on hearing this that her father could not resist remarking:

"Isn't it a curious coincidence?"

She paused for a few moments, and then, in a slightly changed voice, replied:

"Most extraordinary. Do you know the gentleman?"

"Not at all," said the deputy. "He's an

advocate, and his name is Gervais, so the janitor says. But I'll soon find out. I'll drop a note to the prefect of police."

"You're surely not going to cause the young fellow any trouble!" exclaimed his

"Oh, I'll only ask them to watch the man

without letting him know."

Mlle. Courcier seemed only partly reassured. However, she did not insist. Instinct told her to drop the conversation, and call her father's attention to something else. She immediately began to talk politics, and asked for the latest news about the ministerial crisis. For the past two years Courcier had been intriguing to become a member of the government, and his fruitless efforts in this direction embittered him against all his colleagues. They were all ingrates, he said. Even those men whom he, himself, had helped to power were the first now to give him the cold shoulder. So he passed his evening denouncing his fellow-politicians and making plans for the future. In his fevered imagination he already saw himself president of the republic. Mon Dieu! It was so easy to become president nowadays, simply a matter of chance. When he had grown tired of talking in this strain he went to bed and thought no more of the new tenant.

But his daughter had not forgotten him. Who was this stranger? Where did he come from? What did he want? Was his name Gervais? His presence at Toulon on a war vessel belonging to the State indicated that he was "somebody," and his manner and dress showed that he belonged to a good and rich family. And now he had come to live in a little flat in the Rue Spontini a few days after their meeting! Was there not enough in all this to set any girl thinking—no matter how virtuous, unsentimental, and modest? And long after she had retired she lay awake thinking of the strange coincidence.

Until then her life had not been very happy, although her father loved her very much and was good to her. But she had lost her mother when very young, and her childhood had not known the tender care, the maternal love, which nothing can replace, and the absence of which puts a sad and melancholy note in the heart of the orphan. Her father's somewhat Bohemian household was looked after by an old servant, whose commonplace affection she had to accept in default of better. They were never long in the same house, for Courcier had always difficulty in paying his rent. He was at that time a poor journalist, and eked out a very slender income by acting as agent for a champagne house. And it was oftener the champagne than his pen which prevented him from starving to death in the service of Blanqui. For Blanqui was his god, or rather his "man." One day, in a fit of enthusiasm, he had said to the revolutionist: "Master, you are my god!" The old rebel looked at him out of his cunning and piercing eyes, and retorted, sourly: "Citizen, what you say is doubly foolish; I cannot be either your god or your master, for there is no god and no master!" Courcier took the hint, and afterwards he always called Blanqui "father."

Since the death of Blanqui Courcier had taken up his doctrine and argued it in his journal, and in public meetings, with blind conviction. Courcier was a revolutionist and a socialist to the back-bone. He seriously believed that the capitalist was the greatest enemy of mankind, that religion paralyzed the intellect of man, and that France would not be free until every priest had been driven out of the country. He believed in taking away by force all the property of the rich and giving it to the State; he believed in the suppression of the army with the conviction that in the case of invasion it would suffice if the population went to meet the enemy waving green palms and chanting fraternal hymns. And he said and he wrote that he was ready to deluge the streets in blood, and to shed his own if necessary, so as to insure this millennium to humanity.

He had brought up his daughter on the broadest principles of intellectual freedom. Mme. Courcier, who was a pious and sensible woman, had had time to baptize her child before she died. But, excepting this first religious ceremony, the child had grown up completely ignorant of, and indifferent to, religious matters. She had never been to church, had never opened a Bible, and of course had not made her first communion. At twenty years of age the little Parisian girl was as untutored as if she were one of those savages to whom the missionaries read the Bible, and who listen surprised and charmed as if they were being told some beautiful story. The young girl had, more-over, the disadvantage that she had never heard talk of religion except to blaspheme; of the Creator except to deny Him; and of priests except to curse them. But an innate goodness had, to some measure, protected her against the atrocious ravings in which her father and his friends indulged. Her mind had not absorbed the poison. Perhaps some guardian angel had laid his wings over her soul to preserve it immaculate.

IV.

THE next day, almost as soon as she arose, the young girl went out into the garden. Her father was reading the papers while taking his breakfast, and so, sure of not being seen, she raised her eyes to the windows of the mysterious tenant without appearing to look. Nothing could be more commonplace than their aspect. Muslin curtains of dazzling whiteness hung behind the windows. Nothing was moving inside. Henri at that time was opening the mail at his father's office in the Rue du Quatre-Septembre, and so Mlle. Courcier could gaze on the windows without danger of being seen.

without danger of being seen.

She was disappointed. She did not expect to see, as in a fairy tale, the windows open and a gallant prince climb down to the ground on a silken ladder, but this absence of all animation and this eternal silence chilled her heart. She re-entered the house, sad and

thoughtful.

Her father soon went off to the Palais Bourbon, and left her free to her thoughts, and all day long she wondered who the stranger was and what he wanted. About four o'clock she heard a door slam up-stairs. It was evident that M. Gervais had come in. Then all was silence again. What was he doing? Perhaps at the window looking into the garden. She wanted very much to go down, but did not dare. So she called the old servant and said:

"Rosalie, I heard a noise upstairs. The new tenant has probably come in. Perhaps he is looking in the garden. It is very tiresome, because I like being in it so much."

"What's he got to do with it, child?" exclaimed the servant. "All the other people in the house see you, and you don't mind them."
"They are farther off. See if you can see

the gentleman."

The servant opened the long French window leading to the balcony, went down the few steps into the garden, raised her head and cried, at the top of her voice: "There's no one there, Gilberte; you can come."

no one there, Gilberte; you can come."
"Hush," cried the young girl, blushing.
"He may not be looking, but he may be lis-

tening.'

"What's the matter with you, child?" asked the old woman, astonished at these precautions, which were so entirely novel.

"Nothing," said the young girl, vexed.
And allowing Rosalie to enter the apart-

ment, she passed on into the garden.

Henri had watched this little scene, concealed behind his window-curtain. He heard the servant call Mlle. Courcier "Gilberte," and was surprised at not having guessed before that that was her name. It certainly fitted her well; it expressed the proud and candid grace, and the simple and refined charm of the girl who had so quickly and so potently imposed herself on his life. Not knowing her real name, he had taken pleasure

ure in calling her "White Lilac," and now he experienced a delicious satisfaction in being able to give her her true name, that under which she lived, loved, and was loved. At the same time, noticing the emotion of the young girl, he was certain that she already knew of his presence, that she was thinking about him, and that he was not indifferent to her.

Yet he decided not to show himself, for he did not want to trouble the harmony of her every-day existence. It was an inexpress-

ible pleasure for him to stand behind his curtain watching her going and coming, attending to the flowers. She often looked up at the window to see if she could see him, and seeing nothing but the drawn curtains, without a sign of life, she re-entered the house, as night fell, sad and dissatisfied. Then, as soon as she had disappeared, a door slammed upstairs, and all became silent. Henri had deserted his observatory, having nothing more to observe, and had left the house.

Eight days passed thus. Courcier entirely preoccupied with politics, appeared to have completely forgotten his neighbor. He had not met him again in the house, and was, perhaps, not even aware that he existed. Yet Henri came assiduously and regularly. He arrived about four o'clock and departed at dark; that is to say, directly Gilberte disappeared from the garden. But Courcier had not omitted to notify the police of the mysterious arrival of the person named Gervais in his house, and the chief of police had instructed one of his attachés to look into the matter. This was soon done, and within twelve hours the attaché had found out that the tenant called Henri Gervais was the son of Baron Tresorier, stock-broker, president of several important societies, and possessor of one of the biggest fortunes of France.

Chance had it that the young attaché charged with the case was an old college chum of Henri, and he saw at once that there was nothing in Henri's disguise that constituted a menace to the public peace. It was evidently some intrigue with a woman, so, instead of



sending for Henri officially, he invited him to lunch privately, and when they had got to the coffee he suddenly asked: "I say, M. Gervais, what are you plotting in the Rue Spontini, in that little flat on the second floor?"

Henri started. and his friend continued.

" For the past two days, my dear fellow, the police have been after you, and if it had not been for me their investigation might have been disagreeable to you. You have probably no desire to call attention to what

you are doing, and as I do not think you are conspiring against the State, I thought it well to warn you.

"My dear friend, what a service you have done me!" cried the young man. "How can I thank you! Yes, you have guessed right; I don't want the matter known, and I swear I am not meddling in politics. But who's having me watched?"

"That very radical deputy, Courcier."
"The devil! Why?"

"To know who you are, where you come from, and what you want. The man is an imbecile. He imagines that the whole world is taken up with his little personality. He dreads the police himself, but does not object to set it after others. What shall I tell

"Tell him, my dear fellow, that my name is Gervais, and that I have taken the flat in the Rue Spontini to study political economy.'

"All right, but don't be imprudent, and don't compromise us.'

"Be easy on that score. Thanks."

Courcier, entirely reassured on learning that his neighbor was really Henri Gervais and had taken the flat for study, had ceased worrying about him, when one Thursday afternoon, about four o'clock, he met the young man down-stairs. Henri was not satisfied with bowing this time, but went up to him and addressed him in a tone full of deference. "M. le Deputy," he stammered, bowing low, as if before a potentate, "I do not know if I have the honor of being recognized by you, but I have already had the

good fortune to meet you. And if I make bold to address you again personally, it is because I know that a man of your character does not despise beginners nor those who labor, however modest they may be.'

Courcier threw back his head, and in the pompous manner which he always used at

elections, rejoined:

"I see you know me, young man. Yes, I take great interest in workers, and particularly in beginners. What can I do for you?"

"I have begun a work on Socialism, and as you, perhaps, know more about this subject than anyone else, I thought I would like to consult you, so as to avoid making any grave errors.

The deputy looked at the young man more kindly, and his voice assumed a gentler tone. "A work on Socialism, eh? An impor-

tant undertaking, indeed."

"That is why I came to you, sir," replied

the young man.
"I am always willing to give any assistance I can," rejoined the deputy, pompously. "Come to the Chamber to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock. We shall not be disturbed. Simply send in your card."

"How can I express my gratitude!" ex-

claimed Henri.

"Don't mention it." said the deputy, with dignity. "It is my duty, since you, like myself, devote yourself to the cause of human-

He bowed to his neighbor and entered his apartment, and at the dinner-table Gilberte

was surprised to hear her father say:

"I met M. Gervais just now. He spoke to me. He is a charming young man, full of good ideas. I should not be surprised if

he had a future before him.'

The young girl thought to herself: "What can he have done to win papa? He must be very clever, and he must love me very much, for, evidently, this is only a ruse to get nearer to me. Who knows, papa may take a liking to him?" And all that evening she was joyful and happy.

Meantime Henri was shut up in his apartment in the Rue de Presbourg, poring over all the socialistic books he had been able to lay hands on, anxious, at any rate, to know something about his subject when he met

Courcier the next day.

The following morning, at the hour stated, Henri arrived at the Palais Bourbon and sent in his card to the deputy. The latter soon joined him, and taking him into a deserted corner of the library waved him to a seat, and said, gravely:

"First of all, my dear sir, one question—have you any means of existence?"

"Why yes!" exclaimed the young man,

" my family is very well off, and I have an independent fortune.

'That's good. Because nowadays one

cannot live entirely on politics-

"Oh, I have plenty of money," said Henri.
"And a Socialist?" asked Courcier, ironically.

Henri looked his interlocutor straight in the face and replied, gravely: "It is a princi-

ple with me.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the deputy. "I have known many like you; they were the most enthusiastic, the most fanatical. What form do you propose giving to your work?"

"The most useful for the cause, and that which will make me most talked about,'

"So you don't fear publicity?"

"I long for it!" exclaimed Henri.

"There is considerable risk in attacking our social organization.

" I'll run that risk.

Courcier lowered his voice. He felt that he was in the presence of a true disciple. And yet the gentlemanly manners of the young man, his gentle voice, his distinguished bearing clashed so strangely with his radical opinions that the deputy felt a kind of un-

"I had thought at first of founding a review," continued the young man. "But I am not sufficiently well known to start it myself. A name is necessary, recognized ability. Ah! if such a man as you-

At these words Courcier's face grew pur-ple, his eyes glittered. This young man, this stranger, offered him the realization of the dream of his life. To have a paper of his own, to become a power, to make society tremble, to bully the Government, that had been his great ambition. In the brief space of a second his imaginative brain conjured up pictures of future wealth and greatness. He saw the whole legislative body the slave of his pleasure; he saw his enemies grovelling in the dust, and entire France ringing with his praises. He looked at his young companion with a sudden sympathy, but he had met with so many disappointments that he could hardly realize what he had heard.

"It takes a long time to establish a review," he objected, "and it's very costly. Could you put much money in the enterprise?"

"About fifty thousand francs as a starter,"

said the young man, calmly.

Courcier's expression changed; he became very grave. He felt that the moment was a solemn one and that this was a turning-point in his career.

"Listen, young man," he said. "You have won me by your frankness and your ardor. You ask me for my assistance; you shall have it. We'll fight together. But we

won't establish a review. We can do better than that. There's a socialistic newspaper for sale called the *Parti Revolutionaire*. I know we can buy it for twenty thousand francs. It is a daily penny paper, and would make an admirable instrument of propaganda. You shall become editor-in-chief, and I'll manage it. We'll have on our staff some of the best socialistic writers in the country, and we'll give society h—ll every day."

He had risen while speaking, and his large beard curled with enthusiasm, while he made the lofty halls ring with his sonorous voice. Henri frightened, like a boy who out of curiosity has opened the gates of a lock without knowing how to close them, stood openmouthed before this overflow of insanities, and wondered by what means he could with-

draw from the scrape.

He had used the stratagem to enter into the good graces of Gilberte's father, and the old gentleman, taking him at his word, threatened to bring about the most unpleasant complications and difficulties. He thought it wise to throw a little cold water on the deputy's enthusiasm.

"We'll think the matter over," he said, with an evasive air. "I am not a man to go into a thing without thinking it well over;

for, once started, I must go on.

"Think it over," said the deputy, "but believe me you won't find anything better than the *Parti Revolutionaire*. Suppose you come and talk it over with me this evening?"

At this proposition, Henri felt his courage revive.

" At your house?" he asked.

"Yes, at my house, at nine o'clock."

"I shall be delighted," exclaimed the young lover, ardently.

Courcier had noticed Henri's hesitation, and he thought it would be better to conclude the matter at once, without giving the young man time to change his mind. He therefore smiled and said, cordially:

"Do better than that. Come and dine at the house. You will make acquaintance with my daughter again, and after dinner we can

talk the matter over."

"It's agreed!" cried Henri, dazzled by the rapidity of this almost undreamt-of result.

"Good-by then. To-night at seven o'clock."

" I shall be there."

They shook hands, and Henri Tresorier rushed out of the Palais Bourbon having committed, in one hour, more follies than his imprudent father had ever desired him to commit during his entire lifetime.

(To be concluded next month.)



AT SIGHT OF PAN.

THE one who truly feels the wondrous grace
Of Nature, dies to all the ways of man;
For, tracing harmonies, he, face to face,
Will meet and fall before the great god, Pan.

But we will hear his liberated soul
Sing o'er the blossoms and amid the leaves;
And, in the woods or on the waves that roll,
We'll thrill beneath the spell his spirit weaves.

Randall Neefus Saunders.



A NEWSPAPER WOMAN'S ROMANCE.

HE entire staff of the Daily Bugle was prejudiced against Harold Prentice before they ever set eyes on him. In the first place he was a college graduate, and most of us objected to college graduates on principle. Then again, he was a Valedictorian, and some of us had learned from sad experience the true ratio between what a Valedictorian knows and what he thinks he knows. And finally, and principally, he was a protégé of the Old Man, and therefore destined, as we bitterly prophesied, to enjoy all sorts of soft snaps.

Nor did Prentice, on his first appearance, tend to remove this pre-existent prejudice. He was a little fellow, pretty like a woman, very careful of dress and speech, and overflowing with knowledge that he was too willing to impart. He even read old Colby's tariff editorials—something no one but the proof-reader had been previously known to do—and contested some points with him, giving the old gentleman a shock which almost prostrated him.

Our city editor at the time was - slouchy, unshaven, and profane, a wanderer on the face of the earth, with a nose for news like a hound dog's, a rough but vivid power of expression, and an exceedingly active blue pencil. He and Prentice were of exactly opposite natures, and a consequent mutual dislike soon grew up between them. The new-comer's life was anything but a bed of roses. His were the hardest and most unsatisfactory assignments, his the copy that was most mercilessly chopped. But the youngster was plucky and never complained. He was a bit slow at times, some of us high-pressure fellows thought, but he was always careful and patient in his work, and once or twice turned in stories so far above the average that even the city editor, who, to do him justice, tried to be fair, was forced to pass them unscathed, and to mark them for good positions.

On these occasions the Old Man, guided apparently by instinct, would appear in the entrance to his private office, paper in hand. "Who wrote this local story on the first page, Mr. Sullivan?" he would say to the city editor, and when the answer came, rather reluctantly, "Prentice, sir," a gratified smile would appear on the wrinkled old face. "Ah, yes, I thought perhaps so," he would say. "Very good work, Mr. Prentice, very good indeed." I do not think one of us ever congratulated Prentice on these bits of good fortune except "the Queen."

"The Queen" was the Bugle's first, last, and only newspaper woman. She had drifted in on us a year or two before, and the Old Man, moved by one of his frequent freaks, had given her the chance she had asked for. He certainly was not influenced by her beauty, for she was singularly unprepossessing. Large and loosely framed, her auburn hair and blue eyes were equally faded and lustreless, and her hands and feet were something tremendous.

Her name was Sarah Smith, it appeared, and she had previously supported herself by teaching a country district school. Led by some sort of inspiration she had turned her thoughts toward newspaper work, and had sought employment on the *Bugle* because her father had been that frequent contributor to the press, "A Constant Reader," of it.

Her advent was greeted with ridicule by some, and with doubt by most of us. But her work soon dispelled all that; she was a natural reporter. Everything was fish that came to her net, from a horse trot to a religious convention. She interviewed a political leader in a barber's chair and a prima donna in her bath. She went up in a balloon and down in a diver's suit. She sold flowers in the street and "did" the events of the fashionable season. In short, she successfully car-

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ried out all the wild ideas that came into the heads of the Old Man and the city editor, and speedily made her stories the feature of our Sunday editions. She so impressed us all with her superiority that before long some one of the Bugle's bright young men rechristened her "the Queen," and she was soon known by no other name throughout the office.

But not to lose sight entirely of little Prentice in H. R. H.'s effulgence, let it be said at once that the Queen was from the beginning his best friend upon the paper, not even excepting the Old Man. She always had a kind word in answer to his courteous greeting, she listened patiently to his usually tiresome monologues, complimented him on his good work, and very tactfully suggested where and how he might improve. If it had not been for the Queen, I am afraid Prentice's first six months on the Bugle would have been lonesome, homesick ones. it was largely through her aid that at the end of that time he was able to ask odds of none of us.

One evening in September the sporting editor was sick, which was unusual; and the city editor was cross, which was not. There happened to be an unusual amount of sporting news afloat that evening, and the men who were regarded as up on that particular branch of knowledge were soon all assigned to duty. Still the city editor glared at his pad. "There's that Scrap Club opening," he said, and transferred his glare to the surrounding reporters; "who is to do that?" Only echo answered.

Finally his glance lighted on Prentice, who sat quietly at his desk cutting the leaves of a new magazine. "What was it I gave you, Prentice? That Browning Society meeting? Well, you will have to fake that a bit, send in your stuff by a messenger, and hustle around to these slugging matches. You know where the club's hall is on Lagrange Street? All right, here's your ticket. Badges don't go there."

Prentice said nothing—he had at length learned the difficult lesson of keeping quiet when speech was useless

—but his face expressed unspeakable disgust. Meeting the Queen's eye he saw there, much to his surprise, a look, not of sympathy, but of joyful triumph. When he left the office a few minutes later, she followed him, and as they reached the street gripped his arm so tightly that he winced.

"Harry!" she cried, "I'm so glad I'd like to dance a jig right here."

"That's good," he replied, "I wish I felt that way myself, but I don't."

"Oh! But you must," said the Queen, joyfully, "for it's on your account I'm so happy. You're to do the boxing show to-night."

"I'am," assented Prentice, grimly. "Where is the happiness in that?"

"The happiness in that, my boy," said the Queen, with a little skip like a baby elephant, "is in the fact that you are going to get the biggest scoop this town has seen for years. Keep still now while I tell you all about it. Scrap Club's meeting to-night is simply a blind for a fight for the light weight championship of the country between Abe Johnson and the new Australian Parson Davies has in charge. boxing bouts are to be held in the club's hall on the second floor. Up another flight, in a smaller hall, the big fight will be pulled off. There are just one hundred admission tickets. got one and no other person connected with a newspaper in this city has. Don't ask me how I got mine or how I was going; that's too long a story. But brace up, take the ticket, scoop the town, and make your fortune."

"Queenie," cried Prentice, as the news value of the "exclusive" gradually came over him, "you're the best old girl in all the world, and I'll never forget it. But how will I handle the downstairs show too?"

"I'll fix that for you all right," answered the girl. "And I'll tell the Old Man for you, if you like, that you'll have a double column first page exclusive."

Luckily Prentice had taken a liking to sparring while in college, and knew the science and theory of boxing thoroughly. And although he entertained a natural enough dislike of the brutality of the usual prize fight, the contest which he witnessed was different enough from that to arouse in him a sort of poetic ardor for its description.

One of the fighters was black, the other white. The latter was slightly the taller and the heavier, and both were as lithe and agile as tiger-cats. Around the roped-off ring sat the picked company of a hundred. Nearly all were men whose names are known from ocean to ocean. There were murderers among them and the lawyers who procured their acquittal; there were famous actors and weazened boy jockeys with fortunes for yearly salaries; there were State Street kings of finance and Beacon Street leaders of cotillions; but among them all, as Prentice assured himself by careful scrutiny, there was not one newspaper worker.

That was a notable fight, and its memory will be long in fading from the annals of the ring. For three long hours the athletes battled. The white man fought for his opponent's head and neck, and, despite the latter's quickness and skill, frequently landed stinging blows. But the negro never flinched, and in return aimed every time for the white man's heart. Presently it was seen that his scheme was bearing fruit. His opponent breathed with increasing difficulty as each round closed, the firm, rosy flesh over the heart grew gradually puffed and then blackened.

And, finally, as a quiet, keen-eyed man at the ringside was about to speak, the white man fell on his face and laid there like a log while the referee counted aloud the passing of the moments. Then his seconds came gloomily out to him, raised him to a chair, and with great draughts of whiskey brought him back to a knowledge of defeat. The quiet men who had watched the long contest in silence buttoned their coats and went out into the air, reckoning their gains and losses. The fight was over.

Prentice captured the first hansom he found unoccupied and jolted and bumped away to the office with a vivid, splendid word picture of the scene painting itself within his brain. This is not primarily the story of a scoop, so it is not necessary to tell what a sensation the *Bugle's* first page made next day; or how the Old Man, though a Scotch Presbyterian and an elder, chuckled for hours almost continuously; or how he sent for Prentice and soon the boy, coming out, started on a vacation with the brightest eyes and the rosiest cheeks we had ever seen him possess; or how the city editor, a few days later, confided to us all that he had been given his notice and that Prentice, after the vacation, was to have his position.

None of us enthused much at that—for still we did not like the boy—except the Queen. She was sorry enough for Sullivan—who got a better place within a week—and told him so; but her happiness for Prentice bubbled over continuously. Some of us were a little curious to see how their friendship would stand the strain of his promotion, and on this account and others were impatient for his vacation to be finished.

The night before he was due at his desk again he appeared in the office at midnight and greeted us all with a gayety that was quite unusual for him. He came to the Queen last and stood silently watching her for some minutes as she dashed off the final pages of a sensational exposé of South End "dancing academies." Finally she looked up and blushed and smiled, and actually dimpled at the surprise.

"Let me walk home with you, Queenie," he said. "I've lots to tell you."

So they went out under the electric stars of Washington Street and strolled along together in silence for a time

"Queenie," said the boy, suddenly, "you've been very good to me."

The woman's lips moved, but without words.

"You've helped me lots," the boy went on. "You've taught me all I know. You've been my nearest and dearest friend. I can't tell you how I feel about it, Queenie. You know, don't you?"

Still she did not speak, but the plain red face was glorified for a moment till it was almost beautiful. Prentice, watching the lights of a receding electric, did not notice.

"And so," he continued, "I wanted to tell you, first of all, my secret. I'm in love, Queenie."

For the first time her voice came to her. "In love?" she said, dully.

"Yes, Queenie, in love," the boy answered, dwelling tenderly upon the words. "With the sweetest little girl you ever saw. And I want you to wish us joy."

"Why, yes, of course, to be sure," said she, brokenly. "I'm surprised, Harry, but I'm glad for you. And is she young and graceful and pretty?" with a wistful sigh.

"I can't begin to describe her, if I am her lover, Queenie. You must see her and judge for yourself."

"Yes, so I will, some day, Harry.

Here is my door. Good-night."

The little room on a Hollis Street third floor that the Queen called home, could tell a story of tears and weeping on that night if it chose. But to us in the Bugle office she seemed only a little plainer and more faded than usual when, next day, she said good-by and told us, as she had the Old Man:

"I'm going back to teach the little ones, boys. The Queen abdicates. God

bless you all."

H. C. Pearson.

THE FLOWER CARNIVAL.

SANTA BARBARA.

RAIR Channel city by the sunset sea, Thy Carnival is here, and pampas plumes And waving palms, and swaying garland blooms Crown all thy dance and song and revelry. The flowers hush the tramp of feet, and free They pour their heart's rich fragrance on their tombs; The gods are here, and Flora from her looms Carpets the green, lush earth with ecstacy. The music bursts in transports, swells and dies, The pulsing warmth of melting skies enthralls, The shrines of Venus, Bacchus potions lave, The day throbs out its life in sacrifice, While far away the rose-veiled island calls Mellifluous greeting o'er the sun-kissed wave. Emma Playter Seabury.

MOCKING-BIRD.

OCKING-BIRD perched on a golden ball, In the orange hedge in the fragrant night, Pouring your heart in your jubilant throat, Have you forgotten each sorrowful note That gurgled and bubbled, and rung in the light? Can sleep and dreaming efface them all?

Mocking-bird, why do you sing so long? Even the flowers are folded in dreams Of humming-birds and their golden wings, Of butterfly angels; the soul of things Through the heart of Nature flashes and gleams, And throbs in the ecstacy of your song.

Emma Playter Seabury.



LINCOLN AND LEE.

ANNOUNCEMENT appears elsewhere in this Magazine of the early publication of two noteworthy contributions — one on Abraham Lincoln and the other upon Robert E. Lee. The first of each of these articles

will appear in the March issue.

The authors of each of these articles are gentlemen whose relations to the men of whose lives they write were those of personal friends. Mr. Frank B. Carpenter, who will contribute the Lincoln matter, was for months a resident in the President's family at the White House, and is also widely known as the painter of "The Proclamation of Emancipation," a wonderful work, now hanging in the Capitol.

Judge T. J. Mackey, author of "The New Life of Washington," will write of General Lee, and we feel amply assured that our readers will find that his subject will be handled by the Judge with a force, clearness, and interest that will make it as popular as the

Washington articles.

THE PETERSON MAGAZINE announced nearly a year ago that its aim was to be AN AMERICAN MAGAZINE FOR AMERICAN PEOPLE, and in furtherance of this plan it began the Washington papers. In this respect it has been a leader of the public thought, as is evidenced by the awakened interest in Washington, and the republication of many incidents connected with his career in many of the leading periodicals of the country. The articles on Lincoln and Lee are a continuation of the same plan, and their contemporary publication in our periodical may well be regarded as a work worthy of an AMERICAN magazine such as THE PETERSON MAGAZINE is.

Besides the above prominent contributions the March PETERSON will contain the first of a series of articles entitled "American Naval Heroes." This will be as valuable in its way as anything that has yet appeared in magazine form touching upon American history. The story of the formation of the first Navy of the United States is incidental to this article, which is unique in many points of almost forgotten history.

Another article describes the wonderful

work that has been done by Toynbee Hall, London, in the slum districts of that city, and the principles and workings of which are now, or soon will be, followed in the great centres of this country, in reclaiming the dark spots that have so far resisted civilizing influences.

THE PETERSON MAGAZINE is a wholesome publication, its contents being of a firstclass nature, and its mission being to instruct

while entertaining.

The illustrations in the March number will be of the very best.

NEW DEPARTMENTS.

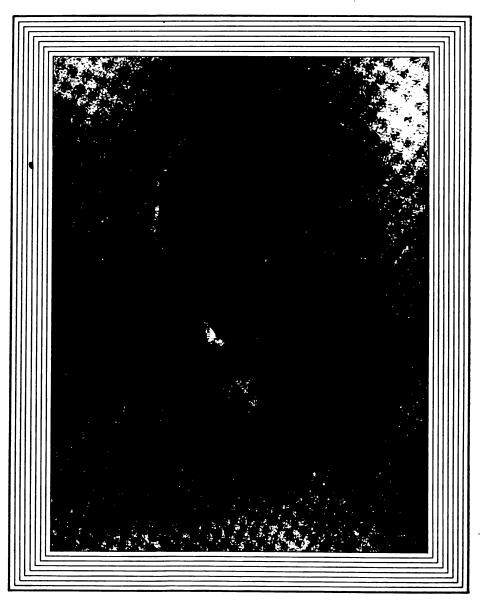
BEGINNING in an early number—probably in March—The Peterson Magazine will contain two new departments—one that shall be known as "Out-door Life," and devoted to recreation, outings, and sports, and the other to be devoted to the newest developments in human progress, especially in the lines of science, art, industry, travel, and invention. Both these departments will be conducted by people well fitted for the work, and will be illustrated. Readers of The Peterson Magazine will find these departments not only entertaining, but useful.

A TRIP TO FLORIDA is no longer considered costly or tedious. The Clyde Steamship line from New York to Jacksonville, touching at Savannah and Charleston, offers travellers unusual inducements to take this line when going South. The palatial boats contain every comfort for tourists, and, in every respect, the accommodations are luxurious. Rates are low and include meals and state-rooms. The Clyde Steamship Company, 5 Bowling Green, New York, will be glad to furnish any further information desired.

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., New York.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
From the painting by Mr. Carpenter,
(First authorized publication.)

THE

PETERSON MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES-VOL. VI.

MARCH, 1896.

No. 3.



After the Charge.

Painted by Gean Smith.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

A MERICAN art was never so far advanced as it is to-day. It still lacks the distinction of a great national individuality, but it is rich with promise, and has won the respect, and gained the high anticipation, of the whole world. And yet, while lacking a strong national character, it is not without a number of individual artists whose superb attainments place them among the very foremost of the living painters. Whistler and Sargent are two names even more appreciated and admired abroad than at home. And there are a few others only a little less renowned.

What we need here is an audience for art. Everybody with eyes and a

brain should put himself through a course of sprouts, and study seriously to build up within himself that understanding of art that is so pitifully lacking in our American people. We may have enough material in our schools, and liberty and natural resources to justify a very loud and nasal brag, but when it comes to skill in distinguishing a masterpiece from a chromo, the usual Yankee must modestly retire to a back seat. He knows as little about art as a farmer does about the botany, the geology, and the complex beauties of his own pastures.

Art-appreciation, like art-creation, is a slow evolution. It must eventually come to America in a high degree.

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The City Home, a Portrait. Painted by Thomas W. Wood.

Our people are too keen, too subtile, too cosmopolitan, too well endowed with the sense of the ridiculous, and an appreciation of the values of sincer-

ity, courage, and independence, to fail of becoming a race of great art-critics. But the time, alas, is not here! Hence these tears!

The especial cause of this outburst of regret is the last exhibition of the National Academy. Now the Academy is so venerable, so representative of the historical and the earnest side of American art that its exhibitions are big with omen. One looks, then, with something like alarm on the re-



An Imp of a Boy, Painted by Leslie Cauldwell.

cent "Autumn Exhibition." It was the fourteenth of the annual fall shows, and, this year, deserved its name on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle; for it was

called an Autumn Exhibition, though it opened on December 23d, the time it formerly closed. The exhibition of Portraits for Charity's dear sake was to blame for this

The most important death among the Academicians the last year was that of the distinguished Thomas Hovenden, whose masterpiece was his death, for he died saving a child's life. Other Academicians deceased this year were M. F. H. De Haas, Henry A.

Loop, and Alexander H. Ritchie. Besides the few artists elected associates, only Louis Moeller and Harry W. Watrous have been added to the list of full-fledged Academicians and given

As it is, the show has been extremely disappointing, almost discouraging, to everybody. Furthermore, it is very small; the corridor-walls were not hung with pictures at all, but with decora-



Confidence.
Painted by V. G. Stiepevich.

the glory of polishing off their names with a glittering "N. A."

It is a pity that the unusual delay in opening this exhibition should not have led most of the painters represented to devoting the extra time to the improvement of the works offered. tions, rugs, and tapestries. About nine hundred pictures were submitted to the Committee on Selections. Out of these three hundred and fourteen were granted the honor of a hanging.

Something must have got into the artists this year. The summer was

mild and the autumn lingering and suave. The season offered every advantage to unfretted fancy. It must have been the panic that befogged the eyes of their fancy and "the stiffened pregnant hinges" of their fingers. Hard times bring a quiet disturbance and a slow reassurance in the artworld. The first of the luxuries to be cut off, and the last to be resumed. is the maker of pictures and the moulder of statuary. These have been grievous years for

world of commerce has not yet dawned away their night.

To add to the poverty of the exhibition, many of the most prominent members were not represented at all. One looked in vain for a trace of the familiar skill of Robert Blum, William M. Chase, F. S. Church, T. W. Dewing, R. Swain Gifford, Winslow Homer,

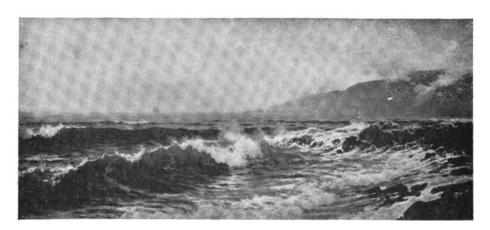


Very Sweet.
Painted by Maria Brooks.

John Lafarge, Will H. Low, George W. Maynard, Walter Shirlaw, Irving R. Wiles, or William L. Picknell. Even those of the better known artists that did exhibit rarely did themselves any justice, and in some cases did work of amateurishcrudity. I am especially fond of Robert C. Minor's soothing, mysterious twilights, but his four pictures hung here were all languid imitations frequently done with a technique that is nothing so much as woolly. Some of the older Acade-

micians contributed works that would have done small credit to a chromosplasher.

Thomas Moran contributes a picture of "June" that has no special merit. Henry Mosler, an associate elect, has done some very strong work and has come home from Paris full of honor. He exhibited here two paintings, both uninteresting and both apparent-



Morning after a Stormy Night.
Painted by A. T. Bricher.

ly put on the canvas with inexcusable haste.

J. Wells Champney, A.N.A., did himself scant justice in a pastel, "The Antiquary's Daughter." It represents a quaintly pretty girl in a dull gown standing idly in a curiosity shop. It is really a study in still-life, and the implements of all sorts are treated with considerable detail.

much needed relief from the multitude of eye-sores. Bruce Crane's "Winter" is a noble thing—a bleak spread of snow, a most original sheet of sky, and a delicate violet glow that mellows it all into poetry. Louis Paul Dessar's "Across the Dunes" is full of the evening spirit of Millet's "L'Angelus." A dull sun hangs in the cold sky, and a young mother and a toddling child



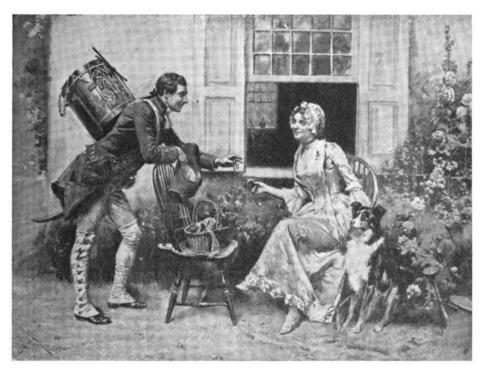
Noontime.

Painted by Matilda Browne.

Charles Warren Eaton sent three pictures, one of them, "Winter," a frail attempt at a tour de force, the other two good, especially "The Close of an October Day," which was weirdly suggestive of incantation and witchery. Excellent work was shown by Daniel Kotz, David Ericson, Gilbert Gaul, C. M. McIlhenney, Letitia B. Hart, Mary T. Hart, J. Francis Murphy, Francis C. Jones, Herman Hartwick, F. C. Gottwald, and Charles Caryl Coleman.

Besides these there were a golden few that brought genuine delight and move through the haze in the spell of the coming night. Edith Mitchell Prellwitz, who took a prize last year, exhibited a "Child in White" that is delightful with childhood, and is handled with a velvety technique. Otto Stark's "Behind the Curtain" shows the brilliance of impressionism, and represents a child seen through a mist of lace. E. S. Hamilton displayed his marked individuality of sombre depth and mysticism in two valuable works. Herbert Denman is superb in his "Meadow Pools," and Francis Day's "Indian





The Cockade.

Painted by J. L. G. Ferris.

Summer" is as rich as peaceful music.

Among the other works are: "The City Home, a Portrait," by the President of the Academy, Thomas W. Wood. It is a study in his well-marked style, with his usual realism and his usual minute detail. It is strange to see J. G. Brown forsaking the bootblacks and the side-streets for the sea. But though he deserves all praise for discovering and dealing in so picturesque a feature of our every-day surroundings, he has only rarely got beyond the exterior of the street-arab. His rags and patches are always correct, but the real character of these little gutter-rats he very rarely gets. His picture, "By the Sea," represents a fair young girl sitting on a cliff overlooking a sea faint with mists. She is drowned in idle revery. The spirit and peace of the conception are excellent and there is no little grace in the execution.

In much the same mood is William Morgan's "It Might Have Been." A colonial girl pauses in her spinning, absorbed in the dreams of the things that have not come to pass. She is a handsome girl, and the artist has well caught the intense expression of a look into the far-away. The skin-tints are less clear and warm than the same painter's "Bubbles," a success of last year. Also colonial is J. L. G. Ferris's "The Cockade," an interesting bit of genre. The soldier has stopped to chat with a flirtatious girl, who is teasing him with a red cockade. The boyish deviltry that J. G. Brown usually misses is present to a high degree in Leslie G. Cauldwell's "An Imp of a Boy." The rather muddy, dauby handling is redeemed by the brimming mischief of the typical enfant terrible. Full of excellent humor, too, is Harry Roseland's "A Penny Short." The negro world should furnish painters of genre with no end of inspiration. This excellently drawn and unctuously characterized painting is a good introduction to the field.

The girl of to-day is a charming subject for a painter's fancy. V. G. Stiepe-

name for her painting, "Very Sweet," but she has made a commendable effort after strong contrasts in the girl's brave black hat, black gloves, ribbons and sash, and her white gown. The



By the Sea.
Painted by J. G. Brown.

vich has chosen two interesting figures in a quiet exchange of secrets. The quizzical expression on the face of the listener is most delightfully caught. The drawing is good and free, and the brush-work smooth and rich. Miss Maria Brooks has chosen a wretched

skin tints and the few other colors used are of a cool tone.

War has furnished Gean Smith with a subject permitting considerable action and vigor in the riderless horses dashing full at the beholder, "After the Charge." It is to be noted, however, that the bodies and legs of all the horses are in practically the same position, except the falling animal, who is not handled as well as might be. The background of the picture is its most suggestive feature, with the smoke of battle and the frightened figures looming out into view. Claude Raquet Hirst's "Signs of Spring" is a bit of still-life whose crude coloring is largely atoned for by the well-selected subject and its unusual unity. Two noteworthy landscapes are H. Bolton Jones's "A Late October Afternoon," which represents the bleak side of autumn, with barren trees, chilly stream, cold sky, and general desolateness; and A. F. Bricher's "Morning After a Stormy Night, Island of Monhegan," a seaview, in which the middle distance is still ominous with storm and the horizon is darkling, while great waves break on the rough coast. The sky is poorly done, but the pellucid green of the breakers is delightful.

Impressionism is pushing its way past the formerly frantic opposition of the Academicians, and several good examples of its moderate use were notable on the walls. A strange hybrid is Henry Poore's "In Arcadia." He has kept the rigid outlines of academical drawing and blotched them over with impressionistic colors. The effect is most curious.

An important feature of the exhibition was the display of three paintings by our great master, the late George Inness. Though hardly showing him at his best, they form a striking contrast with most of the work shown. Inness was always en rapport with nature, always pat in something besides mere topographical outlines, and always had something to say, which is an unusual thing among landscapists.

Rupert Hughes.



Winter.
Painted by Bruce Crane.

Abraham Lincoln.

Personal Recollections and Reminiscences of a Six Months'
Sojourn in the White House During the
Lincoln Administration.

By Frank B. Carpenter.

WITH hearty good-will I greet and commend all contributions to the popular knowledge of Mr. Lincoln; with every additional incident and anecdote his fame grows brighter. Other men have their morning, noon, and night. Lincoln's sun, like that recorded of the Biblical Joshua, will always stand at the meridian.

It is interesting to know when and where a work which has arrested public attention started. I am often asked "How came you to know Mr. Lincoln and to paint the picture of the Proclamation?"

I go back to my youth, to the days when the famous "Hutchinson Family," that New England "Household of Harmony," electrified the country with their songs of

their songs of patriotism and freedom. "The Old Granite State" became a household word in every town and hamlet of the country. One verse was an inspiration and a prophecy:

"We are the friends of Emancipation, And we sing the Proclamation, Till it echoes thro' the nation From the old Granite State."

This was seventeen years before secession 234

and the civil war. The oft-quoted expression, "Let me write the songs of a people and I care not who makes the laws," had a striking illustration in the case of the Hutchinsons. They began their public concerts just before the Clay and Frelinghuysen and Polk and Dallas presidential campaign of 1844, twelve years before the formation of the Republican party. Who can measure the influence of their songs of freedom upon the unformed opinions of the youth of that day?

My first interest in politics was in the Fremont campaign of 1856. As a young Republican I of course voted for Lincoln in 1860; my first sight of the incoming President was when he was passing through New York on his way

to be inaugurated in 1861, as he rode down Broadway.

In December, 1863, a new Congress came into existence. Among the newly elected members was an intimate personal friend, Mr. Samuel F. Miller, of Delaware County, N. Y. On his way to Washington to take his seat in the House of Representatives, he stopped in New York for a



Lincoln and "Tad,"

From an early photograph by Brady, presented by Mrs. Lincoln to
Mr. Carpenter.



Samuel Sinclair,

Publisher of the "Tribune" during the Lincoln Administration.

day or two, and I called upon him at his hotel. Knowing the fact of my having been previously invited to the White House in two different administrations, to paint the portraits of President Fillmore and President Pierce, Mr. Miller proposed that I should again visit the Capitol and paint President Lincoln. Leaving him at the Everett House, where this conversation took place, I crossed Union Square to West Fourteenth Street, on my way home on the west side of the city. My friend's suggestion had aroused my imagination. The year had opened with the final Proclamation on New Year's Day. Suddenly there flashed upon my mind the conception of a picture representing the moment when President Lincoln announced Emancipation and first read the Proclamation.

Although I had never had the benefit of much training in historical compositions, a blind impression accompanied the conception that I should do this work. Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, had severely criticised the artists for their apparent lack of patriotism and comprehension of the great issues of their own time. He

said he had walked through the galleries of the Academy of Design, and had looked in vain for any trace on their walls of a perception of the tremendous crisis the nation was passing through. One of the artists thus arraigned deeply felt this reproach. The burning words of the great preacher were imbedded in my memory, waiting only the breath of inspiration to take form and shape.

"The Declaration of Independence" had been painted by Trumbull, of the Revolution, for the walls of the Capitol. Why should not an artist of to-day paint the Proclamation of Emancipation? The first asserted that "all men are created free and equal," the last fulfilled and vindicated the promise and the assertion, and made it a fact.

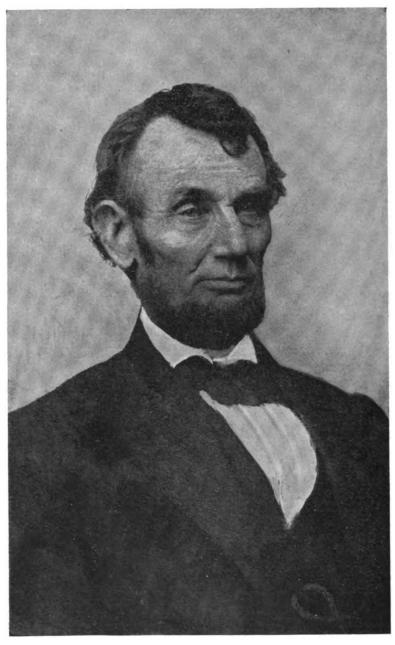
The audacity of the conception of thus pictorially celebrating this scene fascinated me. The vision of my boyhood again rose before me. "The hour and the man" had come, Lincoln and the Proclamation were living facts!

A few evenings later, during a call at the residence of Mr. Samuel Sinclair,



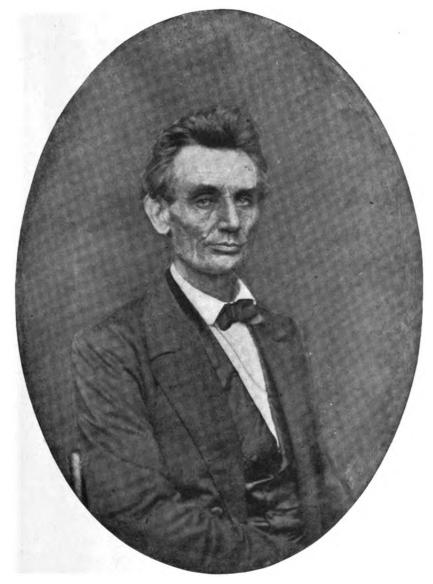
Hon. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois.

the publisher of the New York *Tribune*, I found Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair preparing for a visit to Washington, where they were to be the guests of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Hon. Schuyler Colfax. To paint my picture I must have the co-operation of Mr. Lincoln. Here seemed an opportunity to lay the matter before him. These friends entered earnestly and sympathetically into my purpose.



Abraham Lincoln.

Enlarged from a card-size photograph by Brady, of Washington, belonging to Mr. Carpenter, and taken about the time of the painting of the Proclamation picture. But three of these photographs were made, and this is supposed to be the only one in existence. The barber who dressed Mr. Lincoln's hair for the occasion brushed it differently from his usual style, attempting to part it on the right side instead of the left, as was Mr. Lincoln's ordinary habit.

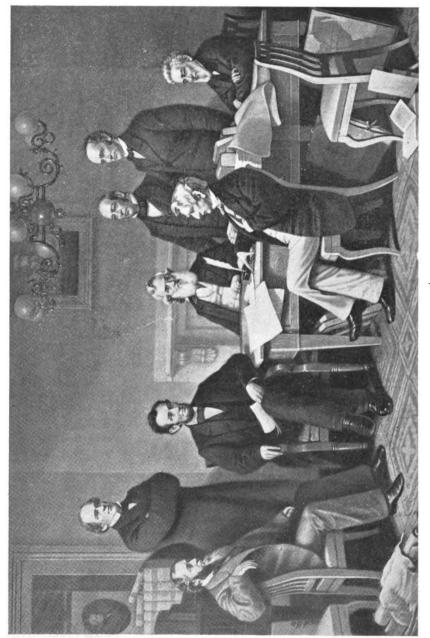


From a photograph made in Springfield, Ill., and presented to Mr. Carpenter, by A. M. Garland, of that city.

While in Washington Mr. Colfax accompanied Mr. Sinclair to the White House, and together they stated to the President my desire to paint the picture. He listened with patience, and manifested sufficient interest to tell them briefly the history of the Proclamation. At the conclusion he said:

"If I understand you, gentlemen, you wish me to sit to your artist friend for this picture he proposes to paint?"
The reply was: "Yes, this is what we came to ask of you." With characteristic kindness, Mr. Lincoln replied,
"Well, say to him, I will do it."

Before returning to New York, Mr.



THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION.

Montgomery Blair, Edward Bates, Postmaster-General. Attorney-General. From the painting by Frank B. Carpenter, now hanging in the Capitol at Washington.—Copyright, 1895, by Frank B. Carpenter. Gideon Welles, Sec. of the Navy. LINCOLN. Edwin M. Stanton, Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of War. Sec. of the Treasury.

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and Mrs. Sinclair interested the Hon. Owen Lovejoy, a member of Congress from Illinois, a warm personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, in my purpose. Mr. Lovejoy's brother, Elijah P. Lovejoy, was the victim of a pro-slavery mob, some years before, in Illinois, for publishing an anti-slavery newspaper. During a visit to New York shortly afterward, Mr. Lovejoy was brought to my studio by Mrs. Sinclair. After listening to an expression of my ambitious purpose, he quaintly remarked: "Now I can tell Mr. Lincoln that I believe, not because of what the woman told me, but because I have seen for myself."

At this interview I stated to Mr. Lovejoy my wish to execute the painting, under the direction of Mr. Lincoln, at the White House. He promised his cordial co-operation in securing for me the invitation I required from the President, on his return to Washing-

ton.

Two weeks later I received from Mr. Lovejoy the following letter:

"Washington, D. C., January 16, 1864. "My Dear Sir: I saw the President again yesterday on the matter of the picture. He tells me that Mrs. Lincoln is expecting her son home soon with some friends, and that they will not be able to give you the proposed room opposite the President's study, but that you can have the use of the library. This room, you will remember, is just across the gangway on the track as you go upstairs, immediately over the 'blue room' below. He showed me the room and I think it will do you. He seems quite favorably impressed with the enterprise, and is disposed to afford you all the facilities in his power.

"Truly yours, "Owen Lovejoy."

Through the kindness of my friends, the Sinclairs, the way was thus opened for me to paint the picture. There remained one most serious difficulty: I had no order for the work. To accomplish it successfully I must give up my ordinary sources of income for at least six months or a year. By a happy accident, just at this juncture, I met an old friend whose face I had not seen in two years, Mr. Frederick A. Lane, of New York. I stated to Mr. Lane my purpose and the President's invitation. He heard me through thoughtfully.

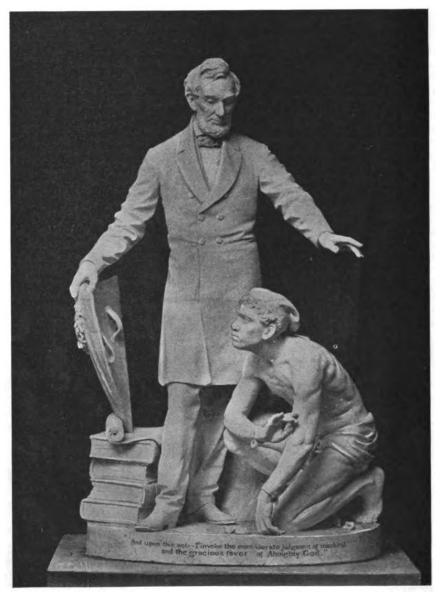
When I had finished he said, very frankly, that he was "a Democrat" and a "McClellan man," and playfully added "if I would bring General McClellan into the picture he would give me an order for it on the spot!"—then more earnestly, "but, of course, this would be unhistorical and is out of the question." Placing his hand in mine, he continued, "Old friend, your conception is a grand one; start for Washington as soon as you can get ready, and draw upon me for all required funds till the work is finished." And

Mr. Lane kept his word.

I arrived in Washington the first week in February, 1864. My first call was upon Mr. Lovejoy, who was very ill, but who sat up in bed to write an introductory note for me to the Presi-My first meeting with Mr. Lincoln took place at the Saturday afternoon public reception. I was personally introduced by Mr. William O. Stoddard, one of his private secretaries, who stood by his side, and who mentioned my profession. "Oh, yes, I know," the President replied, taking my hand; "you are Mr. Lovejoy's friend." Then straightening his tall form to its full height, with the pleasant expression his face could assume, he said, "Now, Mr. Carpenter, do you think you can make a handsome picture of me?"

A rapid glance conveyed to me the difficulties a serious remark of this kind would encounter, and I must confess to some embarrassment, but he quickly removed this by a characteristic reply to my request for an interview after the reception, by saying in Western vernacular: "I reckon; come up to my office when this show is over. The appointed hour found me at the door of the official chamber. Mr. Lincoln had preceded me. He was alone, and was already deep in state papers which awaited his signature. Seating me near his own arm-chair, he read Mr. Lovejoy's note, then taking off his spectacles he said, "Well, Mr. Carpenter, we will turn you loose in here, and try to give you a good chance to work out your idea."

Without further preliminaries he then entered upon a detailed account



Lincoln and the Slave.

This photograph is from a group made by Thomas Ball, an American sculptor living in Italy, almost immediately after the Proclamation was issued.

of the history and issue of the Proclamation.

"It had got to be," said he, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card and must change our tactics or lose the game.

"I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy, and with-

out consultation with or the knowledge of the Cabinet I prepared the original draft of the Proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July or the first part of the month of August, 1862 [the exact date he did not remember]. This Cabinet meeting took place. I think, upon a Saturday. All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a Proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy," said the President, "was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks.

"Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said, in substance, 'Mr. President, I approve of the Proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind consequent upon our repeated reverses is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea," said the President, " was that it would be considered our last shriek on the retreat." This was his exact expression. "'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the

war!'" Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that in all my thought upon the subject I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the Proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Things looked darker than ever. Finally came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home [three miles out of Washington]. Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary Proclamation, called the Cabinet together the following Monday to hear it, and it was published the next day."

At the final meeting, September 22d, another interesting incident occurred in connection with Secretary Seward. The President had written the important part of the Proclamation in these words:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever FREE; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

"When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me and said: 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word recognize in that sentence the words and maintain.'

"I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression in this connection, but I had not seen my way to promise what I was not entirely sure I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to

'maintain' this. But," said he, "Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground, and the words went in."

Writing at this distance of time after the event, I recall vividly the scene, as Mr. Lincoln gave me this narrative. The historic Cabinet chamber, with its simple furniture, its long table near the centre, covered with public documents and war maps, the President's writingdesk near the window, the high desk with pigeon-holes, standing against the unused door communicating with the adjoining room at the head of the stairs where visitors were received, the white marble mantel upon which rested a framed photograph of John Bright, of England: Mr. Lincoln in his armchair between the long table and the window, myself, facing him, listening to a narration perhaps more minute in its details than he had given to any other person, for from the first he seemed pleased with the idea of having the scene of the Announcement of Emancipation perpetuated upon canvas-all this without the least appearance of self-consciousness, nor any attempt at dramatic display, is a heritage of memory which cannot be overvalued. As I sat by his side that afternoon looking intently into his eyes, with their dreamy far-away expression, I realized that I was in the presence of one whose name and place in history would have no compeer save that of Washington-who had been divinely chosen from the common people to perform an act, the stupendous nature of which could not be exaggerated—a man withal so simple and unpretending that the humblest bondman or bond-woman would meet with no repulse or rebuke in extension of greeting or invocation of sympathy or service. I can never be sufficiently

grateful for the inspiration, the friends, and the circumstances which combined to bring me thus face to face with Abraham Lincoln.

At the conclusion of his most interesting statement, the President gave me his recollection of the position and action of himself and the members of his Cabinet when he had finished reading the Proclamation. "Chase and Stanton," said he, "were here on my right, Seward and the others were grouped around the table at my left. Secretary Seward, at the submission of the first draft in July, and at the final meeting in September, made the most important suggestions and comments." When I exhibited to Mr. Lincoln the perfected design of the picture a few days later, he gave me his warm approval. His words were, "It is as good as can be made."

At the close of our first interview, Mr. Robert Lincoln, home on a visit from Harvard College, came into the office, and was directed by his father to take me to the library, to see if the room and light would answer for a studio. I found the windows were under the portico, which obstructed the light seriously. Noting this, Robert suggested the state dining-room on the floor below, to which he led the way.

This room I found admirably adapted for my purpose. The great diningtable was pushed to one side, the long packing - box was brought in, the "stretching" frame, nine feet by fourteen feet six inches, put together, the "canvas" unrolled, and with the aid of Edward MacManus, the porter, who served the different administrations, from the presidency of Polk through that of Lincoln, it was soon ready for the historic group.

(To be continued in The Peterson Magazine for April.)

AN AMERICAN HISTORICAL PAINTER.

FRANCIS BICKNELL CARPENTER.

"The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring."
—Byron.

ILBERT STUART will ever be I known as the painter of Wash-Francis B. Carpenter ington. will go down to posterity as the painter of Lincoln. Stuart's Washington was painted at Mount Vernon in 1794, Carpenter's Lincoln at the White House in 1864. Each artist enjoyed an intimate personal association with his illustrious subject. This fact places the historical value of these portraits far beyond that attaching to any contemporaries. Stuart's Washington is the property of the Boston Athenæum. Carpenter's Lincoln still remains in the possession of the artist. Both should be owned by the Government and hung in the President's room in the National Capitol.

The story of Stuart's life has been often told. It is our pleasant task to record the struggles and triumphs of his successor in historical portraiture.

Francis Bicknell Carpenter was born at Homer, Cortland County, N. Y., August 6, 1830, the second of a family of eight children. His grandfather, Noah Carpenter, was one of the pioneer settlers of Western New York, having emigrated from Pomfret, Conn., in 1800, and settled in the then wilderness of Cortland County, where he took up a section of land, which still remains in the possession of his descendants. Noah Carpenter's mother was a sister of General Ethan Allen, of the American Revolution. One of her sons bore the name of Allen Car-The father of Francis, better known as "Frank," was Asaph H. Carpenter, a fair representation of the New England type, born with the century and trained in the hard school of pioneer life. He was a stern, practical, hard-working farmer, and believed that his boys could do nothing better than follow in his footsteps. The world of art was wholly an unknown region to men of his class at that day.

When Frank was ten years old an event occurred which proved the turning-point in his life. A lad, Fessenden N. Otis by name, came from a distant part of the State and for one winter attended the district school of the neighborhood. He was four years the senior of Frank, and possessed an uncommon talent for drawing. Surrounded by his admiring schoolmates, one day during recess he rapidly sketched on a panel of the school-room door a horse and a boy running at full speed. This wonderful drawing kindled a spark until then unknown in the ardent nature of farmer Carpenter's son. For months he strove day and night to copy it. Unaided by teacher, drawing - book, or models, other than young Otis's sketches, he made such progress as was possible under the conditions. A penny pencil and sheet of foolscap from the village store, three miles distant, was his only outfit. The instinct thus awakened thrived on the crude material at hand. The blank leaves of an old account-book and the weather-beaten boards on his father's barn and outbuildings afforded the young artist the only available surfaces on which to depict his chalk and charcoal creations. These became the subject of much comment among the neighbors. Deacon Ives, the nearest neighbor, being questioned as to Frank's talent for drawing, replied, "Draw! I should think so; you can't pick up a chip on his father's wood-pile that won't have a pictur' on it."

As the industry of the lad spent itself in the direction of drawing, to the neglect of his duties on the farm, his father was often told he would never



George L. Clough.

be able to make a farmer of Frank, but he gave no heed to the remark, little dreaming that the boy would choose a profession so little known as that of an artist. His general reply was, "Picture-making is the boy's pastime, he will grow out of it; if he does not like the farm there is the store, the shop, the trade." Just after Frank's thirteenth birthday the "store" was decided upon, and he was duly installed as clerk in a grocery store in Ithaca, kept by a relative. For a few months he tried to forget his chalk representations of "William Tell Shooting the Apple from his Son's Head," and "The Capture of Major André," which embellished his father's wood-shed. He failed utterly, however, in giving his relative satisfaction as a clerk. This period of his life was described by Whitelaw Reid, in a Washington letter to the Cincinnati Gazette in 1864, in these words: "The lad knew more of 'figure' than 'figures,' and other 'drawings' than those of molasses and vinegar." After six months' trial he was returned to his father with a letter, saying, "The boy's mind is taken up with picture-making, and he is no good in a store."

Just at this juncture a young artist, George L. Clough, of Auburn, visited Homer to paint the portraits of some of the residents. The discharged clerk found his way into the artist's temporary studio and confessed to the artist his ambition. Up to this time he had never seen but one or two oil portraits, and the earnestness of the lad induced Mr. Clough to permit him to witness the commencement of a portrait. The sharp eyes of the thirteen-year-old boy took in everything, the palette and brushes, the easel, the relation of the "sitter" to the painter, the curtained window admitting the light from the top-all was noted, never to be forgotten. The rekindled fire burned the brighter—the fever had "struck in." Its victim was restless and unhappy. Opposition from his father intensified his purposes. With white-lead, lampblack, and brick-dust, and a piece of canvas given him by his mother, whom he persuaded to sit to him, his first portrait was painted. Concealment became no longer practicable, and he boldly announced to his father his purpose of becoming a painter. He had already a powerful ally in his mother. After some months prejudice and opposition gave way, and the father consented that the boy should seek instruction in Syracuse in the studio of Sanford Thayer, a pupil of Charles Loring Elliott, the most distinguished American portrait painter of his time. The boy made rapid progress, and during his five months' course he for several weeks enjoyed the advantage of suggestions and criticism from Mr. Elliott, who spent some weeks with Mr. Thayer.

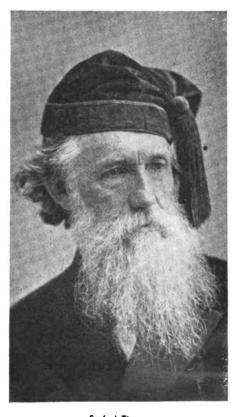
Returning to Homer, Frank opened his first studio in the spring of 1846. His studio rent was twelve dollars per year, and the first year's rent was paid by painting a picture for his landlord. Orders came slowly. The well-to-do people of Homer could not believe that one of their own farmer boys, not

sixteen years of age, could paint a portrait. His first patron was a clerk in one of the stores, who kindly consented to sit for the young painter in order to overcome prejudice, and show the townspeople what he could do. The portrait when completed was exchanged for sufficient cloth to make a pair of much-needed trousers. His next order was from a journeyman shoemaker, and in payment he took a pair of boots. A leading citizen wished the portrait of a handsome cow belonging to him. Success with this brought a crisp ten-dollar note, the first he had ever received. He was then employed by Hon. Henry S. Randall to make drawings from his flock of sheep to illustrate his work on "Sheep Husbandry," then in course of preparation. This led to an order for portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Randall, which gave him an assured position in the community as a portrait painter. Our young artist next painted the portraits of the ten surviving original trustees of Cortland Academy for the Library. This added to the popularity of the portrait painter.

In 1847 young Carpenter, then seventeen years old, sent to the American Art Union of New York City an ideal female head. The picture, "The Jewess," was submitted with four hundred others. Out of this collection twelve subjects were selected for purchase, and this ideal head was one of the twelve. At the annual distribution by lot this painting fell to the Hon. George W. Schuyler, of Ithaca, N. Y. The Art Union paid Mr. Carpenter the, to him, munificent sum of fifty dollars for the picture.

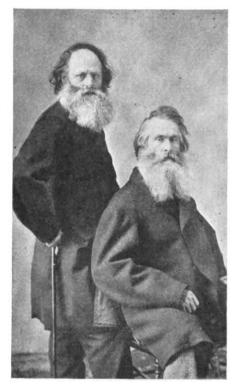
In May, 1851, Mr. Carpenter removed to New York City, and in August following, just after his twenty-first birthday, he was married to Miss Augusta H. Prentiss, a granddaughter of Deacon John H. Rollo, a well-known citizen of Central New York. He there renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Elliott, and made a new one in William S. Mount, the painter of the popular pictures, "The Farmer's Nooning," "Bargaining for a Horse," and "The Power of Music," all engraved for the Art Union.

To Alfred G. Benson, a prominent shipping merchant, Mr. Carpenter was indebted for his first important commission, after locating in New York. This was a whole-length portrait of David Leavitt, president of the American Exchange Bank. This painting was exhibited at the Academy of Design in 1852, and at once brought the artist into public notice. It was presented by Mr. Benson to the bank, and has since occupied a prominent position in the directors' room. Mr. Carpenter's election to the Academy soon followed, he being at this time the youngest man on its roll of membership. Mr. Benson next obtained for the rising artist an invitation to visit the White House to paint President Two full-length portraits Fillmore. were the result, one of which was pur-



Sanford Thayer.

Mr. Carpenter's only teacher in art.



Elliott (painter) and Palmer (sculptor). From a photograph taken in 1965.

chased by the city of New York and now hangs in the City Hall, the other being purchased by David A. Bokee, then the naval officer at New York. Mr. Benson then introduced Mr. Carpenter to ex-President John Tyler, who gave a number of sittings at the artist's studio resulting in one of the best of his portraits. This became the property of Clarence W. Bowen, of New York, who has a fine collection of historical portraits.

In 1854 Mr. Carpenter made his second visit to the White House to paint President Franklin Pierce. His success with these presidential portraits brought him into unusual prominence. Paragraphs floated through the newspapers describing him as phenomenally gifted—a youthful Benjamin West. The next year he spent much time in Washington, having commissions to paint Marcy, Cass, Seward, Chase, Houston, and Cushing. On his return

to New York it seemed as if all the eminent men of the country were flocking to his studio. Reverends Horace Bushnell, Samuel Hanson Cox, Lyman Beecher, Henry Ward Beecher, E. H. Chapin, J. P. Thompson, Richard S. Storrs, Leonard Bacon, Sr., Professors Gibbs, Aiken, and Parker, from Yale, Dartmouth, and Grinnell Universities: Justice Caton, of Illinois; Mayors Talmage, Brush, and Hall, for the Brooklyn City Hall; C. L. Elliott and W. S. Mount, the artists; Theodore Tilton. John Pierpont, P. T. Barnum, Schuyler Colfax, and Charles Sumner; Horace Greeley, for the *Tribune* Association; Myron H. Clark, for the Governor's room, New York City Hall; Ezra Cornell, for Cornell University; Asa Packer, for Lehigh University; President Cattell, for Lafayette College; Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Bowen; Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist; Alice Cary, the poetess, Augusta J. Evans, the novelist, and Abby Hutchinson Patton, the songstress; George William Curtis, Goldwin Smith, James Russell Lowell, for Cornell University; Representative William E. Kelley, for the Union League Club, Philadelphia; Dr. Crawford W.

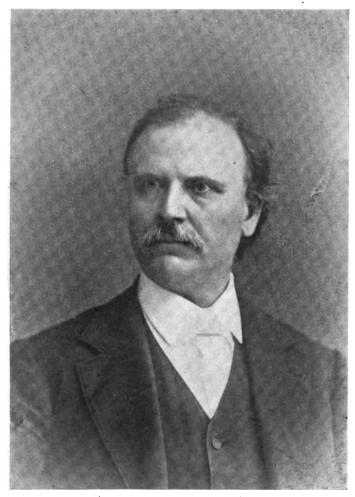


Mrs. Henry C. Bowen.
From the original painting of 1858, by Mr. Carpenter.

Long, for the State House, Atlanta, Ga.; General Emerson Opdyke, of Ohio; Elisha Mulford, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Steele Mackaye; Theodore J. Munger and J. B. Wallace, for the Produce Ex-

length portrait of Lincoln by Mr. Carpenter, for the Capitol at Albany. This was completed in 1874.

The most interesting passage of Mr. Carpenter's life was his being invited



Frank B. Carpenter.

change; William M. Carson, for the city of Newburg, N. Y., and John W. Hutchinson, of the Hutchinson family of singers, now on his easel. In 1885 he painted a three-quarter length of President Garfield for H. G. Bullard, of New York, presented to Dartmouth College. In 1873 the New York Legislature appropriated \$3,000 for a whole-

by President Lincoln to the White House, in 1864, to paint the historic scene of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before his Cabinet." We leave the recital of his six months' association with Mr. Lincoln while engaged on this great work, now the property of the nation, to the artist's pen as begun in the current

number of The Peterson Magazine, and go to his second historical painting, "International Arbitration."

When the wise statesmanship of Great Britain and of the United States determined upon and adopted arbitration as the means to settle the Alabama ink was fairly dry on the signatures that made valid the treaty signed May 8, 1871. He met and was introduced to the English commissioners, and made personal studies of each, as a basis for his projected work. With the aid of Brady's admirable photographs



From the original portrait painted by Mr. Carpenter in 1855, and now in the collection of Clarence W. Bowen.

claims and other threatening international questions, they formed the first International Court of Arbitration and assembled at Washington in 1871, where they adjusted by peaceful arbitration questions theretofore in the history of the world never adjusted except by the sword. Mr. Carpenter saw in this another step in the progress of humanity, and determined upon a second historical picture before the

of the members of the commission, and from personal sittings by the American commissioners, he soon had the composition of the group on canvas. He, however, wisely discovered that he was twenty years ahead of his generation. The subject which had so inflamed his imagination, and which he characterized as "The crowning glory of Christianity in the nineteenth century," did not awaken the general public interest he

had expected, and he turned the canvas to the wall to await its time of resurrection. This came in 1889-90, in the Behring Sea agitation, and the appointment of a second Arbitration Commission. With his first conception of the painting had come to him the it did happen. A public-spirited woman of wealth, Mrs. William W. Carson, of Newburg, N. Y., one day visited his studio in the winter of 1889. A curtain concealed the unfinished historical group. Her curiosity was aroused, and she asked to see the picture. With



Senator Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, 1857-61.

Painted by Mr. Carpenter in 1856, and now in the collection of Clarence W. Bowen.

place for its permanent exhibition to be the home of Queen Victoria, there to stand a perpetual witness of arbitration as a substitute for war. How the picture was to be finished, or how find its way across the sea, or if it would be accepted, he could not tell. In the case of his "Emancipation Proclamation," the "unexpected happened," and might it not now? And some hesitation the curtain was withdrawn, and some moments of unbroken silence followed; then the questions were asked, "Why unfinished?" and "What its destination?" The first was easily answered, "Want of means;" the second, "Windsor Castle." Mr. Carpenter believes that there is an occult, mysterious power in the universe that accomplishes its purpose, outside of mundane material conditions. His career would seem to afford some evidence to justify him in this belief. Be that as it may, the results that followed this interview were material. The work was completed, presented, and accepted by Her

ture, religion, statesmanship, journalism, and education, gave a memorable dinner to him on the occasion of the departure of the Arbitration painting for England. The guests numbered nearly one hundred, and as many letters of regret were read. Andrew D.



President John Tyler.

From the painting by Mr. Carpenter in 1854, now in the collection of Clarence W. Bowen.

Majesty, Queen Victoria, on Christmasday, 1891, and is fulfilling its mission on the walls of Windsor Castle. Who can tell of the lessons of peace and fraternity this noble gift, "on behalf of the women of the United States," may convey to those in whose hands are the issues of peace and war!

On December 2, 1891, the friends of Mr. Carpenter, including as they do the representative men in art, litera-

White presided. Daniel Huntington, T. W. Wood, Eastman Johnson, J. B. Bristol, and John Rogers represented the craft of the guest. Among the speakers of the evening was the President, Rev. Robert Collyer, Senator Hiscock, Erastus Wiman, Daniel Dougherty, Henry George, Rev. Theodore T. Munger, Daniel Huntington, T. W. Wood, and Robert J. Ingersoll. Rev. Theodore T. Munger, of New

Haven, in the course of his speech at this dinner, said:

"There is one feature of the life of the guest of the evening to which no reference has been made, and that is his skill with the pen. I regard Mr. Carpenter as good a writer as he is a

should have sat up all night to read it. I am constantly urging my friend to do more with his pen. His relations with Mr. Lincoln and other eminent men of the country have been so close, that I am sure he could give us a volume of the greatest value.* He has a memory as quick as his eye, and he carries in that memory treasures of incident and association with the great men of



William L. Marcy, Governor of New York and Secretary of State during the Pierce Administration.

From the painting by Frank B. Carpenter in 1856, now in collection of Clarence W. Bowen.

painter. . . . A great many books have been written about Lincoln and will continue to be written. They already run up in the hundreds. Among them all, however, there is not one that will convey to posterity a certain side of Lincoln's character that brings us nearer to the man Lincoln than that written by Mr. Carpenter. It is a daily picture, a daily photograph of Mr. Lincoln for "six months" of his life. It is not surprising that Charles Dickens, when he got hold of the book at the time he was in New York,

the country which would be of supreme value if they could be read in print. Now I venture to express a wish that as this great work is completed he will drop his pencil for a time and write a book."

John Howard Brown.

* As already announced, THE PETERSON MAGAZINE has secured Mr. Carpenter to do this very work, and his first instalment of a series of articles on Abraham Lincoln is presented in this number.



APPLES OF SODOM.

SHE stood at the end of a short maple-shaded avenue, this little Shaker maiden, her lithe form silhouetted against the glowing western sky.

On the steps of the office building Sister Hannah, the eldress, sat with her knitting. Her white hair, combed straight and smooth back from the part, showed in a beautiful silver line in front of the close-fitting cap, lighting her face like the dainty frame to some quaint medallion. Her thoughts were more busy with the little maid than with her work. The mellow, vibrant notes of Elizabeth's fresh young voice, as she had heard it in the meeting-house only an hour before, still lingered in her mind.

The stocking grew, row after row gliding from under the swift fingers. When the heel, with its neat gore, was finished, Hannah let her work fall to her lap and sat for a moment looking anxiously at the young girl. Elizabeth may have felt the look, for she turned toward the house, and the eldress, tucking her ball of yarn under her arm, went slowly down to meet her, knitting as she went.

"Art thou still unhappy, child?" she asked, as they walked up and down the lane.

"More than I can tell thee," Elizabeth answered, passionately.

They crossed the broad macadamized street, over into the meadow and down to the little cool grove. They paused to listen to a bobolink singing as he swayed up and down on the top of a tall dry weed in the meadow.

"Now listen to me, sweet one," called the Shaker maiden as the clear, rich notes died away, and placing her hands on her hips, with chest expanded and head thrown back, she mimicked Sir Bobolink's rollicking glee. Never before, in the sedately methodical village of Shakertown, had such sounds been flung on the decorous breezes. Now, as her song ended she drew a long sobbing breath of ecstacy.

When in the religious meetings the spirit moved Elizabeth to sing, none took up the strain, but listened breathless to the sweet new melody in the simple, familiar chant,

"Oh, Sister Hannah," she cried, "I must go; I cannot stay here. Dost thou not see that? Think of the great beautiful world. Think of the music and song. Oh, think of all the beautiful, wonderful things I am missing. That soulless bird is more to be envied than I, for he has freedom. Oh, what am I saying? I will never learn thy self-command. Do not reprove me," she moaned, as she threw one arm around Sister Hannah's neck and with her hand caressed the white, troubled face of the eldress.

"Forgive me, dear friend," she pleaded, "but let me go."

"Elizabeth," and the sweetly modulated voice helped to calm the impetuous girl, "thou hast been my especial care since thou wert brought to the village, a wee bairnie. In all things I have chosen for thee what seemed for thy best good." She hesitated, then saying, "I will speak with Elder Charles concerning thy wishes," she turned toward the house where he was standing on the steps.

"Wilt thou leave us a while?" Hannah requested, "and try to remember that in all things we seek thy truest happiness?"

Elizabeth walked on dejectedly while Elder Charles and Sister Hannah went into the office. The elder took one of the plain wooden chairs by the table, but Hannah chose to sit by the open curtainless window.

"She must never leave us," he declared, sternly. "She was sent to us that she might grow up into pure innocent womanhood."

"For nearly twenty years," Hannah began quietly, "she has been with us. Through precept and example her mind has become imbued with the truest principles. She has grown up in the Household of Faith, and from her childhood has had before her mind the divine example of Mother Ann. We have done what we could. She is legally her own mistress. Unless she choose to stay with us we cannot compel her."

Sister Hannah rarely spoke so long or so earnestly, and Elder Charles listened in silence. He rested his elbows on the table and his head in his hands.

"Hannah, she is the sunshine of my day, the perfume of spring in the autumn of my life." His voice was firm and sweet, and Hannah noticed the absence of its usual ring of unyielding decision.

"Her mother"—Hannah started forward as if to interrupt him, then nervously settled again into her chair. What right had she, who had long ago forsworn all earthly loves, to be jealous of the beautiful singer who had brought Elizabeth to them, and who alone had the right to give a mother's love to the turbulently demure young Shakeress. A faint conscious blush tinged her face as she realized that the years of watch-care which she had given to the child left in her charge, had created in her heart a love which the Manifesto taught to be earthly and unworthy a devout Shaker. She tried to put away the feeling and listen calmly to what the elder might say.

Charles noted her confusion.

"Hast thou heard anything further concerning her mother's history?" he asked, hurriedly.

Hannah shook her head.

"Thou wouldst not choose to send her to her mother's people?" she asked.

"If she must leave us," he answered, "I would rather she went to Daughter Hannah's. She is a good woman, according as the truth has been revealed unto her, and I still hope she may be brought into the Household of Faith."

Then was one of those rarely recurring times when, for a moment, their thoughts were allowed to turn back to the sweet home ties that beautified their younger days.

The pause was scarcely perceptible,

and they brought themselves sternly back to the business in hand, each trying to regret the happy glow left in his heart by this tiny lapse in his religious fervor.

"Should she be made acquainted with her mother's history?"

"As thou wilt, though it seems to me unnecessary."

Elder Charles hesitated. "Thou art right, we will not cloud her life with the shadow of sorrow."

He went to the door, sent a sister in search of the little maid, and then returned to his chair.

Sister Elizabeth came with eyes downcast, expecting the rebuke which she felt she deserved.

"And thou wouldst leave us?" Elder Charles asked when she stood before him.

The girl glanced up and saw in his face the permission she desired. "Then thou art not angry," she cried, "and thou wilt let me go? Oh, thou wilt never regret it."

How she longed to thank them, to caress them in the excess of her delight. But the long years of discipline and self-repression had given her no words with which to express herself.

"Now may I leave thee for a time?" she asked abruptly, her eyes full of happy tears.

They watched her silently as she went down the smooth white gravel

"I am going away," she said to the hedges as she passed between them. "I am going away," she said to the Jerseys as she went through the lane where they awaited the milking time. And, "I am going away," she said to the grass-hidden violets of the meadow, to the trees in the grove beyond, and to the rugged hills that kept watch over the peaceful Shaker valley.

Away from the dull, colorless life, away from the peace and shelter of the only home she could remember! Going from the unaltering methods, from the irritating unchangeableness and the hope-depressing tranquillity, into the rush and strife of the unknown world.

The caressing quiet of the summer evening surrounded and enveloped her.

She returned to her room, exhausted but happy, to dream and dream again of the new world into which she was going. Waking or sleeping, her dream continued through the details of preparation to the hour of departing.

The elders of the community offered her an embarrassment of riches in friendly advice and timely warnings. The juniors regarded her with half deprecating admiration, while some of the more devout ones took leave of her with tears and sighings, thinking in their hearts that it was a final farewell.

Everyone was kind, so kind that she sometimes wondered if she could find other friends so true, or if after all the new life would be so happy.

Charles and Hannah had chosen wisely when they selected their daughter's home for Elizabeth while she was away from them. They had no doubt she would return.

They knew that the maiden over whom their hearts yearned with such exalted love had not yet reached that state of consecration that "her individual interests were merged in the divine interests, her purposes in the divine purposes, and her individual labors merged in the labors of Christ's kingdom." But they believed firmly, that since the principles and practices of a worldly life are so opposed to the polity of the Shaker Communism, her heart would instinctively return to them, and her spiritual nature would once more rise to their level.

At their daughter's, Elizabeth would have the best of masters for the cultivation of her voice.

This they deemed only right. Moreover, they knew that here her peculiar religious views would be respected, and her sublime gift improved to a refinement of perfection.

For the rest, for her ultimate return to them, and her entire consecration of treasure, as well as of body and soul, of time, talents, and service, which is required for full membership in the Household of Faith, they relied upon their thorough training through the years she had been with them, and her own steadfast nature underneath the youthful impulsiveness.

And so they let her go, looking forward confidently to the time when she should return, satisfied.

In her new home her love for artistic beauty was satisfied with the harmonious whole.

She looked at the bits of curio, the soft thick carpets, and the beautiful hangings, thinking, as she worked still more earnestly, "How much better this is than the old life."

When at the beach she wandered alone on the cliffs and sung the soprano to the ocean's deep bass, she said, looking forward to the winter when she should make her début on the stage, "Yes, this is better than the old life."

But when the time came and she found herself frightened and bewildered, standing before the audience, her courage gone, she longed for the seclusion of the peaceful valley.

The accompanist understood the Shaker maiden, understood his audience and his instrument.

He gave the piano a swift caress, and leaning forward, seemed to whisper, "Encourage her."

The soft, varying melody breathed upon her over-wrought nerves and quieted them. It soothed and petted and comforted her until she could control her voice, then subsiding, furnished the background against which her fresh young voice was only the more charming. She felt the enthusiasm of her audience and forgot all but the rapture of song.

Her triumph was complete. Even the soprano, the beautiful star of the company, sent for her and congratulated her, kissing her on both cheeks.

"Oh, madam!" Elizabeth gasped, in her surprise and pleasure; "my mother might have done so."

The soprano smiled, kissed her again, and sent her away. As she went to her room, she heard the soft, sweet notes of the violin and paused to listen with a happy feeling of proud possession.

She had come to the city with the firm belief that any earthly love was in itself a passion to be condemned and marriage a more than questionable institution.

She had not thought either how or when the change had come about, but now she found her heart fluttering joyously with the memory of the promises she had given such a short time ago in response to the violinist's ardent wooing. As the music rose and fell, she fancied the player was giving to his listeners visions of home, her home and his, and she blushed a little, thinking everyone must read their happy secret in the deliriously impassioned notes.

When the number was ended, Elizabeth passed on to her room, not daring to trust herself to stay to offer congratulations before those dreadful giggling chorus girls.

She heard one of them then going into the adjoining room. The bunch of roses, his roses, which she was pinning to her corsage, fell unnoticed as she heard his knock at the door—not her door—the other one.

She heard—oh, she did not know she was listening. She would have died rather than hear him repeat to another those words of love which she could never forget.

When she realized that her bright dreams were at an end, that one who could be so false could never be anything to her, her overwrought nerves gave way, and for the first time in her life she fainted.

When at last she came back to consciousness, the soprano was working over her with the kindest anxiety.

"Take me home," Elizabeth whispered to her, "home to Sister Hannah."

"She was a Shakeress," one of the girls explained.

The soprano looked up sharply. "From where?" she asked; "Shakertown?"

The girl nodded.

The soprano's face was white and tense as she gave orders and arranged details.

"I will take you home to the village," she promised, soothingly; "not to-night—as soon as you are able," and with that Elizabeth had to be satisfied.

During the days that followed, until

she was able to travel, the soprano cared for her protege with tender solicitude, and when she was far enough recovered, went with her to her home in the Shaker village.

The dismal afternoon was settling into the more pronounced gloom of evening. Sister Hannah was by the window, peering through the gathering darkness at the dreary landscape.

The boisterous autumn wind had whistled the clouds together and was tossing them to and fro across the heavens, dropping dashes of sleety rain down to the shivering earth. A closed carriage coming down the street seemed only a bit of concentrated gloom. She watched it indifferently, for there was nothing to tell her that the little maid was so nearly home.

Hannah stepped back to hospitably bid the travellers enter, when the door flew open and with a rush of wind, she found herself clasped about by the little maid's arms and a white tearstained face resting on her shoulder.

"May I come home?" Elizabeth entreated; "home to my dear, peaceful valley?"

"Yea, child, this shall always be thy home. Thy room is always waiting for thee and our hearts' welcome is always ready. Who is thy friend, Elizabeth?"

But in her anxiety to be once more at home, Elizabeth had overestimated her strength, and now, overcome by fatigue and the heat of the room, she tottered and would have fallen had not Hannah's strong arm been about her.

"Don't you know me?" asked the soprano, as they together worked over the girl.

Hannah searched the face for some familiar feature. The soprano removed her hat and wrap.

"Are you her mother?" Hannah asked, slowly, still searching the face.
"Is she my daughter? They told

"Is she my daughter? They told me my daughter died in childhood. I thought it was true until I saw her."

"Thou wouldst not take her away again?" Hannah asked, tacitly acknowledging the relationship.

"Does she know of me?" asked the soprano.

"Only as a sweet memory."

"Then let her think me only a friend. I would not, even for the joy of having her with me, have her exposed to the temptations of the world if she can be happy here."

Elizabeth stirred uneasily, opened her eyes, and reaching out, took Hannah's hand with loving confidence.

"May I tell thee all?"

"In the morning."

"No, no, I could not sleep unless I had confessed to thee and knew that thou still loved me, and forgave me."

Hannah smiled at the familiar im-

petuosity, but gave her consent.

With her eyes fixed on Hannah's to watch lest there should any shadow fall between them, she commenced her piti-

fully common story.

"There is, in the home where you placed me, a wee babe whose tiny hands drew aside the curtains that heretofore concealed from me the knowledge of such joys. When the mother placed it in my arms, and it nestled its little head in my neck, when its warm, sweet breath kissed my

cheek and the clinging fingers fastened around my own, my heart ached with

the fulness of its joy.

"When one came, who seemed the noblest of his kind, and with sweet words and music such as I never dreamed of, told me his love and asked me to be his wife, I thought that some day we might have a home as happy as the one in which I was living, and I gave him my promise.

gave him my promise.
"Then—" she hesitated, and in a few words the Soprano finished her

story for her.

"Forgive thee, child? there is nothing to forgive; and if there were thou shouldst have our forgiveness, before thy penitent heart could give the wish to thy lips for wording."

Then they two, her mother and her guardian, the old time friends, helped her to her room and watched beside

her until she fell asleep.

When she wakened, she entered again into the sweet, calm life of the Shaker village whose placid stream is rippled only by the pebbles dropped from the crags of memory.

Emily D. McBride.

PARTING.

A TALE OF A PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP.

ONCE we built a house of friendship, And we placed therein to dwell Two fond hearts in mutual feeling, And they lived there true and well.

Happy in their mutual pleasures,
To their joy seemed no decease;
All the years were days of sunshine
To the hearts there blest with peace.

But the love god made an entrance,
In his mischief all aflame;
Deeply in one heart his arrow
Lodged there in the other's name.

Then the sunshine came more fitful, Mixed with rains of gentle tears, Telling, in each falling shower, Stories of new doubts and fears.

Lightning bolts of jealous feeling
Rive the house of friendship sore,
And the walls are surely parting,
Never to be drawn back more.

Charles Sloan Reid.



General Robert E. Lee,

The Soldier and the Man.

By T. J. MACKEY,

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.



N the Imperial Gallery of Arts at Berlin there is a painting of a battle of the Franco-Prussian war, in which the artist has portrayed the horrors of a field

where the red, right arm of Slaughter reaped its bloody harvest along furrows shot-sown and bladed thick with steel.

But the supreme horror that seems to send a shudder through the canvas, is not seen on the stricken field, but above it.

Far up among the clouds formed by the smoke of the guns the spirits of the slain foemen are beheld battling in mid-air.

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell."

The white flag of death that waved over the pallid faces below brought no truce to their more than mortal hates.

My companion while I stood, some ten years ago, looking upon the ghastly malevolence displayed in the picture, was an Austrian captain of artillery, who, knowing me to be an ex-Confederate officer, assumed that it expressed the unquenchable hate engendered also in the breasts of American soldiers who combatted in our great civil war.

Turning to me, he said, "Très nature!!
Très sublime! Est-cela votre opinion?"
(Very natural! Very sublime! Is that your opinion?)

I assured him that it was not; and that American soldierhood, whether it

upheld in the line of duty the starry ensign of the Union or the blue-cross battle-flag of the Confederacy, was as far from the malevolence typified by that painting as it was from cannibalism itself. That incident was one among many that served, during my long residence in Europe, to convince me that even the most enlightened Europeans are unable to comprehend the fraternal tie which now binds together the survivors of that renowned soldiery of the opposing armies, that less than a generation ago, on the soil of the United States, awoke the world with the tumult of their arms.

The mystery of this concord that sprang from war, as the goddess of love arose from the storm-vexed waters of the Ægean Sea, would be deepened in their view if they knew that the hands which then grasped the swordhilt most firmly, and advanced their levelled bayonets farthest into the breath - smoke of the reeling guns, are those that clasp most warmly now. The national harmony thus wrought out of sectional discord through the drawing together of late hostile elements, as if by the silent but irresistible influence of some centripetal force operating in the moral world, exalts alike the American's pride of citizenship and the civilization of his country. Certainly, the thoughtful advocate of human progress in every land will gratefully behold in this unity of American sentiment the surest guarantee of the perpetuity of the great republic, whose ever triumphant flag challenges the respect of the nations as the symbot of liberty regulated by law.

Results so profoundly beneficent,

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and flowing thus speedily from the greatest of internecine wars, must be imputed primarily to the sterling manhood and inborn chivalry of the American soldier.

But the potent inspiration that im-

cious statesmanship. He there generously merged the conqueror in the more exalted character of the pacificator.

Those terms he maintained inviolate, despite the active hostility of the civil administration of the country, and at



Richard Lee,
Founder of the Lee Family in America.

pelled most strongly to the active exercise of these qualities was derived from the two great commanders of the opposed armies.

The terms accorded by General Grant to the army of Northern Virginia, at Appomattox, will forever stamp him as an exemplar of the loftiest knighthood and the most saga-

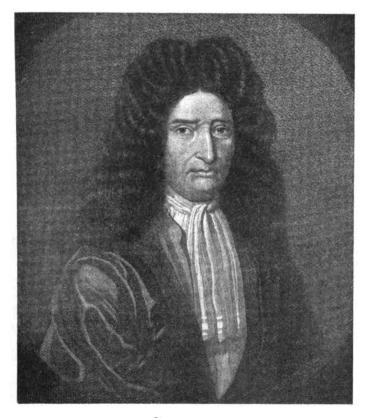
his own hazard made good his word as a soldier against political casuists who sought to enforce a policy of revenge. Not sullenly, but with serene fortitude and cheerful endeavor, did General Grant's greatest opposing commander, General Robert E. Lee, respond to his earnestly expressed desire for "peace"—not the peace of the publicist, which

consists in the formal termination of a state of war, but peace in the hearts of the people, cemented by a loyal devotion to the flag of their common country.

Sincerely cherishing that spirit of national brotherhood, I propose in this series of articles to contemplate

affirmed as the settled opinion of enlightened and impartial historic students.

In presenting the facts that made up his unsullied life, of which from the first flower of his youth to when his temples were white with the blossoms of the grave, duty was the guiding star,



Richard Lee, Jr., Second son of Richard Lee.

Robert E. Lee as an illustrious American,

"On Fame's eternal bead-roll Worthy to be filed."

That he was a great master of the art of war, and justly entitled to rank among the foremost field captains of whom history makes mention, and wore his uniform as the upright judge his ermine—without a stain—may now be

I shall not enter into a critical review of his memorable campaigns.

I will notice them only in limine, merely so far as is requisite to a clear understanding of the achievements upon which rests his renown as a soldier, and that have added new lustre to the martial annals of the English-speaking race.

Robert Edward Lee was of noble lineage, for there flowed, full proof,

through his veins the blood of a long line of brave and honorable men and virtuous and refined women.

While under our republican institutions hereditary titles and privileges are very properly repudiated, and every first of his ancestors who came into historic notice was Launcelot Lee, a belted knight, who, in the year 1066, fought under the consecrated banner of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and for his services had a



Colonel Thomas Lee,
The first American Governor of Virginia.

man having an equal chance in the race of life is justly deemed, as Carlyle phrases it, "the child of his own work," yet the old adage, "Blood will tell," still goes among the people, and it is a matter of common observation that there are hereditary gentlemen, as well as hereditary rascals.

The thoroughbred is recognized among men as well as horses. The

vast domain in Essex bestowed upon him by that monarch.

His great-grandson, Lionel Lee, served under Richard Cœur de Lion in the third Crusade to the Holy Land, and for his gallant conduct at the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre was created Earl of Lichfield. The armor that he wore is still preserved in the Tower of London.

Richard Lee, his descendant, tenth

Earl of Lichfield, achieved distinction in the English army that invaded Scotland during the reign of Henry VIII. (1542), under the command of the Earl of Surrey, and the banner that he bore may yet be seen suspended in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

George's Chapel, Windsor.

His son, Sir Henry Lee, a distinguished soldier, was made a Knight of the Garter by Queen Elizabeth, and

was the father of Richard Lee, the founder of the American branch of the family, who was appointed by Charles I. Secretary of the Colony of Virginia.

He brought to the Colony, from his estate in Shropshire, a large number of laborers, and settled upon an extensive tract of fertile land that he purchased in Westmoreland County. Upon his death, in 1664, his son Richard succeeded to the homestead, which was known as Stratford House.

Thomas Lee, the grandson of Richard, was appointed Governor of the Colony of Virginia by King George II., and was the only nativeborn American who ever held that office under the Crown. He died in 1750, leaving six sons and two daughters.

His second son, Richard Henry Lee, may justly be considered the real author of the Declaration of Independence, for on June 7, 1776, he introduced into the Congress at Philadelphia the following resolution, which was adopted by that body three days later, after a long debate:

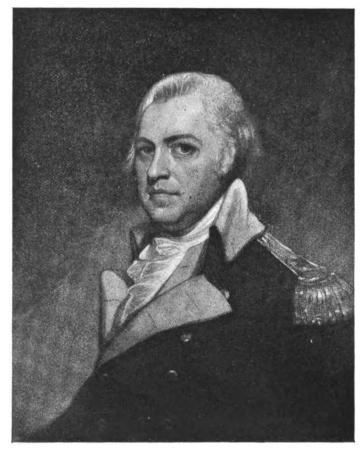
"Resolved, That the United Colonies are, and ought to be, Free and Independent States: that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

The terms of the resolution were afterward incorporated in Jefferson's draft of the Declaration. Richard Henry Lee's nephew Henry, a son of Governor Thomas Lee's brother of the same Christian name, married Lucy Grimes, who was known as the "Lowland Beauty," and was the early love of Washington, whom she inspired with such poetic ardor that he wrote an im-



Richard Henry Lee.

passioned sonnet in her praise. She became through that marriage the mother of six sons and four daughters, and thus made ample amends for her error in declining the hand that was destined to achieve the independence of her country and round into endurto transfer to the gallant son the affection once cherished for the lovely mother. He attained the rank of brigadier-general in the Continental army, and at the close of the war was elected to Congress, and was Governor of Virginia from 1792 to 1795. He was se-



General Henry Lee ("Light-Horse Harry"),
Commander of Lee's Legion in the Revolution, and Governor of Virginia, 1792-95.

ing form a mighty nation of freemen. Her eldest son, Henry Lee, was the renowned commander of Lee's Legion in the War of the Revolution, and bore the sobriquet of "Light-Horse Harry."

His was the brightest blade that led the Continental cavalry in battle, and Washington was deeply attached to him, his presence, no doubt, recalling the spirit of his youth and leading him lected, while a member of the House of Representatives, in 1799, to deliver a funeral oration upon Washington before the two Houses of Congress.

It was a master-piece of forensic art, worthy of the occasion, and he forever associated his own name with that of his august chief in the eloquent sentence that with equal truth and brevity defines Washington's place in his-

tory as that of "The man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." In 1798 General Henry Lee was married to Anne Hill Carter, of Shirley, Va. By this, his second marriage, there were six children-two daughters, Anne and Mildred, and four sons, Algernon Sydney, Charles Carter, Sydney Smith, and Robert Edward. The youngest son, whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of millions of Americans, who proudly point to his name as one of the noblest that earth wears upon her zone, was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va., on January 19,

That historic section of the "Old Dominion" seems to have been dedicated by nature as the birthplace of illustrious men, for there Washington and President James Monroe were born, and Richard Henry Lee, and his brother, James Lightfoot Lee, both signers of the Declaration of Independence, there first saw the light.

Near its northern border, in the county of King George, James Madison, justly called "The Father of the Constitution," the fourth President of the United States, had his birth.

Robert Edward Lee's first baptismal name was conferred upon him in honor of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, from whom his mother's descent was traceable in a direct line.

Her mother, Anne Moore, was the grand-daughter of Alexander Spottswood, who was recognized in the Herald's College as a lineal descendant of "the Bruce," and wore upon his escutcheon the arms of the immortal hero of Bannockburn. Colonel Spottswood commanded a regiment of Scottish Highlanders at the battle of Hochstädt, or Blenheim, as the English term it, where the allied armies of England and Austria, under the command respectively of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, on August 13, 1704, won a decisive victory over the combined forces of France and Bavaria.

For his gallantry in that battle, Queen Anne, in 1710, appointed him Governor of Virginia.

General Lee never sought to borrow lustre from his ancestral line, regarding it as the proudest heraldry for an American that his father was worthily the companion in arms and trusted friend of Washington, and his mother an exalted type of the noblest American womanhood.

Having been informed, while in command of the army in Petersburg, in February, 1865, that a scholarly genealogist at Richmond was about to publish by subscription a "History of the Lee Family of Virginia," he thus wrote in a letter to his wife:

"I am very much obliged to Mr. — for the trouble he has taken in relation to the Lee genealogy. I have no desire to have it published, and do not think it would afford sufficient interest beyond the immediate family to compensate for the expense. I think the money had better be applied to relieving the poor."

In 1811, when he was four years of age, his parents removed to Alexandria, Va., in order to secure better educational facilities for their children, and Lee passed his boyhood in that time-honored town so beloved by Washington

The family resided in a massive brick dwelling known as the Parsonage, which still stands in good repair, although built in Colonial times.

The first great grief that flung its deep shadow over the happy household circle came in the following year.

England, by a long series of aggressions that were as flagrantly violative of international law as they were of the plain principles of common justice, had forced the United States either to engage in open war with her or submit to national dishonor.

Soon after the commencement of hostilities, which was announced by a resolution of Congress declaring that "war exists between the United States and Great Britain," General Henry Lee tendered his services to the government.

The famed commander of the Legion had not yet passed his manhood's prime: he was but fifty-six years of age, and his commanding form was as erect, and his eyes as ready to kindle with the flash of the sword, as



Stratford, Westmoreland County, Birthplace of Robert E. Lee. (Drawn by B. F. Williamson.)

This beautiful example of early colonial architecture is still standing. It was erected for Colonel Thomas Lee by Queen Caroline. It is said to have been the finest place in Virginia. Charles Carter Lee wrote of it: "When I was a boy the chimneys of the house were the columns of two summer houses, between which there was a balustrade; and in Colonel Philip Lee's time, during the evening promenade of ladies and gentlemen a band of music played the while in one of the summer houses."

when he cut through the British left, and curbed the high vaulting ambition of the fiery Tarleton, at Eutaw Springs, the last battle of the war in South Carolina.

President Madison promptly appointed him Major-General, and he proceeded to Baltimore to make some necessary business arrangements before taking the field. A large number of the newspapers representing the general views of the Federal party, since termed the Republican party, earnestly opposed the war, and their publishers advanced dangerously near to the line that divides the freedom of the press from rank treason.

The matrix of the anti-war feeling was in New England, and the rift in the patriotism, even of Massachusetts, became so wide that Bunker Hill with all its glories, now so resplendent, sank down for a time in the crevice.

William Hanson, formerly a citizen of that State, was then editing a Baltimore paper called *The Federal-Republican*—a hyphenated paradox; and having published an article on July 3d,

bitterly denouncing the President and his administration, the mobilized savagery of the town famous alike for the violence of its mobs, the beauty of its women, and the bravery of its men, advanced upon his house, threatening to lynch him.

General Lee, then being in the vicinity of the editor's home, interposed to protect him from the threatened outrage, and although he succeeded in preventing it, he received injuries from bricks and paving-stones at the hands of the mob, that disabled him for military service, and were the direct cause of his death, which occurred a little more than five years thereafter, on March 25, 1818.

The following extracts from letters written to his eldest surviving son, Charles Carter, from the West Indies, whither he had gone to recruit his broken health, reveal him both as a moral philosopher and a Christian hero.

On June 18, 1817, he wrote from Nassau:

"This is the day of the month when your dear mother became my wife. Since that happy day, marked only by the union of two humble lovers, it has become conspicuous as the day our war with Great Britain was declared in Washington, and the one that sealed the doom of Bonaparte on

the field of Waterloo.

"The British general rising, gradatim, from his first blow struck in Portugal, climbed on that day to the summit of fame, and became distinguished by the first of titles, 'Deliverer of the Civilized World.' . . . You know I love my children, and how dear Smith (his son Sydney Smith Lee) is to me. Give me a true description of his mind, temper, and habits. Tell me of Anne. Has she grown tall? And how is my last (his daughter Mildred) in looks and understanding? Robert was always good, and will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever-watchful and affectionate mother; does he strengthen his native tendency?"

'I may add here, that "Robert" did strengthen it; that he was indeed, as these pages will show, "always good," and the laurels laid upon his brow in the morning of his life faded not at night. Again the noble father wrote wise counsel, clothed in words that make it a veritable "apple of gold in a picture of silver:"

Fame in arts or arms is naught unless betrothed to virtue. Thales, Pittacus, and others in Greece taught the doctrine of morality almost in our very words: 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.'

"The beautiful Arab couplet, written three centuries before Christ, announced the duty of every good man, even in the moment of destruction, not only to forgive, but to benefit the destroyer, as the sandal-tree in the instant of its overthrow sheds perfume on the axe that fells it."

His widow found solace in the bitterness of her bereavement, not only in the Christian faith that she would be reunited with her devoted husband, where "there shall be no more parting," but in the earnest and judicious discharge of her duty to the five fatherless children committed to her sole

Robert E. Lee attended first the Alexandria Academy, where he was under the tuition of Mr. W. B. Leary, a talented young Irish gentleman, to whose skill and fidelity as a teacher he testified in after years.

He then entered the Alexandria High School, whose head-master was Benjamin Hallowell, a "thee" and "thou" Quaker of the strictest sect, famed as an instructor of youth and beloved as a good man.

He stood abreast with the foremost in his class in all the studies, and his conduct was faultless. He was especially proficient in mathematics—the science of absolute proof—and in history. At the age of sixteen he became the chief prop of his home, aiding his mother in household duties while dili-

gently pursuing his studies.

His eldest brother, Charles Carter, was then a student at the University of Cambridge, England, and the next, Sydney, had entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis, so that Robert was, as it were, his mother's chief of staff and home commissary, attending to the marketing and purchasing the family supplies of every kind. He spent his vacations in hunting, and often followed the game, such as deer and the brown bear, then to be met with in the middle and western counties of Virginia, on foot from sunup to sundown, and many of them fell to his rifle. The arts practised by the hunter are more closely related to the art of war than would appear at the first glance. To hunt large game successfully requires some strat-



Robert E. Lee.

As a Lieutenant at the age of 30.

egic skill to take advantage of the contour of the ground and cover the hunter's approach to the wary animal,

until within rifle range.

The faculty termed by Jomini, in his work on the Art of War, the coup d'ail, or power to discern with a stroke of the eye the value of a given position for attack or defence, is thus acquired, and is of immense advantage to a commander on the field of battle.

Lee, like Washington, continued to be an ardent hunter, until called to high military command, and

> "deep on his front engraven Deliberation sat and public care.

At the age of eighteen, when he had thoroughly mastered the curriculum of the High School, he was required to choose a profession, and selected that of arms, the most chaste of all professions, save the Christian ministry.

His application to his member of Congress for appointment as a cadet at West Point having been granted, his name was placed upon the rolls of that renowned military academy-the nursery of great American soldiers-in September, 1825, when he was in the nineteenth year of his age. His mother, writing to a relative soon after his departure for the academy, said: "I miss my Robert very much, for he has been both a son and a daughter to me.'

My old instructor in belles-lettres at the military academy of South Carolina, Colonel W. H. Brisbane, who was an assistant professor at West Point, and present at cadet Lee's preliminary examination, described him to me as then the beau ideal of perfect physical development, and of almost feminine

beauty of face.

He was five feet ten inches in height, square - shouldered and full - chested, formed for activity and strength; his face oval, his nose nearly Grecian in its outline, with expressive hazel eyes, and hair of a deep brown color, and withal his bearing bespoke him as the modest and courteous young gentleman. But he was not only physically and mentally well equipped, for his moral training was of the highest. He had been reared in the faith of a Christian at the household altar, and its divine principles, as illustrated in the daily life of his mother, became his rule of conduct, both in his own self-government and in his relations with others.

Hazing was then at its height at West Point, and although he was only a "plebe," as the newly entered cadet was termed, even the hazers respected the native dignity and modesty that marked his demeanor, and forbore to "put him through" a full course of their midnight gymnastics, and made him but one visit, only standing him for a few minutes on his head, that he might thus be taught to look up to them as his superiors.

He was a hard student, orderly, and methodical, painstaking in the discharge of every duty, and exemplary in all his conduct, and yet no recluse in habit; for he excelled in all manly sports, and his associates recognized his genial quali-ties by pronouncing him "a right good fellow." In his third year he was appointed adjutant of the corps of cadets,

a much coveted position.

He graduated in 1829, taking the second honor, in an exceptionally talented class numbering forty-six. I may observe that the first honor was borne off by Mercer, of Georgia, who seemed to have exhausted his powers in achieving that distinction, leaving him no reserve of mental force, for he made no mark in the war, and did not rise in grade above the rank of brigadier, to which he was originally appointed in the Confederate army at the commencement of hostilities in 1861.

Upon graduating, Robert E. Lee was commissioned a second lieutenant of engineers, the most *elite* corps of every military establishment, and entered upon his career as an officer of the

United States Army.

(To be continued in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for April.)

LEE.

The Military Genius and the Noble Man.

THE Greek, the Carthaginian and the Roman brave
The lustre of their glory to their countries gave.
Then England, Prussia, and immortal France,
Bore each a son to wield the war-god's lance.

These men were soldiers—each one of deathless name,
But, all, alas, were doomed to mar their brilliant fame.
The world despaired. It seemed that need must be
The warrior linked with lust or cruelty.

And then, as if His patience
waited but to find
This seeming lesson graven
on the human mind,
God sought to prove that even
war's demands
Need not pollute great Genius'
heart or hands.

He chose a time when, roused from its fateful rest,

The thought of freedom stirred an unborn nation's breast,

And gave us LEE to consummate the plan—

A perfect soldier and a perfect man!

Fohn Kearnes White.



ENGLAND'S GREATEST STATESMAN.

Mr. Gladstone, Mrs. Gladstone, and their favorite grandchild, Dorothy Drew.

From their latest photograph, by Elliot & Fry, London.



THERE is serious talk of reviving in New York and other American cities the Passion Play—copied on the Ober-Ammergau production—which the authorities here objected to when Henry E. Abbey tried to produce it about ten years ago. It is somewhat curious to note that those most opposed to the Passion Play in this country, are either Roman Catholics or High Church Peo-

ple, whose ancestors in mediæval days, and whose descendants in Bavaria and other parts of Europe, first originated and still carry on the custom of performing sacred plays. Consistency is a pearl without price, and it must be admitted that the Church people find it beyond their means. What is good for the 'salvation of the Bavarian peasants cannot surely be pernicious for New Yorkers. It is claimed by the Church people that the religious atmosphere of Ober-Ammergau would be lacking in our cities, and that the

holy subject would simply be taken up in the speculative spirit. According to those who have seen the Passion Play abroad, there is just as much commercial speculation attaching to the performances as there could possibly be here. The prices at all the hotels are trebled, beer and champagne bottles are uncorked during the play, and a large sum is realized as gate-money.

Does this show the stimulus of religion or of speculation?



Frederic de Belleville. Photograph by Scholl, Chicago.

That great Italian actress, Eleonora Duse, opened her second American tour at Washington, on February 17th, and is now playing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in this city. Her performance of Camille is unquestionably the most perfect ever seen upon our stage. How different is her interpretation of this famous *rôle* from Bernhardt's. The latter has the advantage of being of the same nationality as the character, and she makes Marguerite thor-269

oughly French, as of course the original of the play—the ill-fated Marie Duplessis—really was. Duse's *Margherita*, therefore, might not be entirely appreciated by the Parisians. Her

Throughout the five acts of the play, there is not a single scene which is played alike by the two artists. Duse is not a Parisian, yet she carries out the intentions of the author. At the



Mile. Sara Bernhardt. From photograph (copyright, 1892) by Sarony, New York.

Camille is not confined to the limits of a single city. She has made the character more universal, more human. She has made her the fallen woman in general, good at heart and waiting for an unselfish love that will purify her. beginning of the first act, the audience is told by *Norine* that *Marguerite* was formerly employed in a milliner's establishment. She is therefore a child of the people, and although she has been inveigled into leading a life of



needs for her redemption only the

Miss Bessie Tyree.
Photographed by Schloss, New York.

Bernhardt's Camille is different. She simply trifles with Armand, not believing in him or in herself. She believes in Fate and thinks herself predestined to lead the life of the courtesan. Duse's Camille is optimistic; Bernhardt's is pessimistic. At the close of

trary, is entirely absorbed in it. She is not the same woman. She has undergone a change. The brilliant demimondaine has become a timid child. Bernhardt never loses the thought that one day she may have to go back to the old life, and meantime she trusts



Miss Jeannette Northern.
Photograph by Dupont.

the first act, when *Camille* promises to yield to *Armand*, Bernhardt gives the promise in the spirit of the experienced woman who enjoys novelty. Duse yields as the maiden to her first sweetheart, confused and bashful. Bernhardt always trifles a little with her love for *Armand*; Duse, on the con-

to luck. She never considers herself completely cleansed from her former life. To the old *Duval* she talks in an unhappy tone, as if to soften his heart at the sight of her distress. Duse cannot understand why all the world, including *Duval* père, should not consider her rehabilitated. In the famous

gambling scene, Bernhardt plays to the bystanders; Duse more to herself. When Armand throws the money in her face, Bernhardt utters a heart-rending scream; Duse averts her face and, heart-broken, murmurs almost in a whisper: "Armand! Armand!"

and it is an open secret that Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, her managers, only depend on the one-night "stands" to recoup their losses in the larger towns. One-night-stand audiences are not critical. They go to see the woman rather than the artist, and as there is



Miss Katherine Florence.

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by Schloss.

It was thought, earlier in the season, that Bernhardt would be playing in New York at the same time as Duse, but the date of the latter's opening was postponed two weeks, which rendered it impossible. The "divine Sarah" is now visiting our other cities. Her audiences here were by no means large,

only one performance given, the local critics have little time to sharpen their pencils. On the other hand, a woman like Duse—a far greater artist than Bernhardt—and who plays to "standing room only" in New York—would not do so well in the one-night "stands" because her name is less known.



Mme." Eleonora Duse.

Duse objects most strenuously to the American custom of interviewing public persons. She thinks that an artiste is entitled to as much privacy as any other citizen, and that to seek to print details of her private life is an impertinence. The first time she came to this country, her managers tried hard to get her to give interviews to the papers, but without success. They persisted, until finally she wrote them as follows:

"I have always found it possible to succeed in my work without having to resort to methods which are—alas—generally adopted. I intend to adhere to my resolution, even in a country like America, where, I am told, exaggerated advertising is absolutely necessary. I believe there is in the United States a public which is cultured, educated, and impartial, and that is the only public which interests me. That public is as tired as I am of all this exaggeration which attempts to deceive it, and of which one has not the slightest need in order to form an independent and serious judgment."

How few "leading men" we have on our stage! They could all be counted on the fingers of both hands. There are plenty of so-called "leading men," those who play young hero rôles, but these, properly, should be styled leading juveniles. The leading man proper should be a man advanced in years, having the presence, polish, and experience of the man of the world. To entrust a part demanding these requirements to a young stripling is ridiculous. Ideal leading men, judged from their appearance alone, are Charles Coghlan, Henry Jewett, Eben Plympton, and Frederic de Belleville. Mr. de Belleville, by the way, is now playing the part of a priest in a melodrama called "The Last Stroke."

Augustin Daly has never done anything to encourage our native dramatists, but he is indefatigable in trying



Thomas Keene as "Leuis XI." Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.

new and old pieces from Germany. Producing translations of German plays is largely a matter of luck. It is impossible to guess beforehand what reception they will have with the New York public, no matter how successful they may have been abroad. Mr.

only at the beginning of his career, has made an unquestionable personal success in the part of a young Austrian officer in love with the Countess. Mr. Richman made his first success as the Christ in Hauptmann's beautiful dream play "Hannele," when it was produced



Miss Alice Pierce.

Daly's latest adaptation, "The Countess Gucki," has turned out all right, and no one, probably, is more surprised at its great success than Mr. Daly. The piece is a pretty bit of sentiment, and the purity of its atmosphere is refreshing after the glut we have had of the Impure-Heroine play. J. Charles Richman, a handsome young actor, who is

at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, about two years ago.

Katherine Florence, the pretty ingenue of the Lyceum stock company, is engaged to be married to Mr. Fritz Williams, the young comedian of the same organization. The young people

have played at being lovers so often in fun on the stage, that they feel now like making love in earnest. An excellent portrait of Miss Florence is reproduced on another page.

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the parts in which he has been seen, he has been little else than a walking, gentleman; and, in fact, many people like to see Mr. Drew play himself. But Mr. Drew has his good points. He is always faultlessly dressed and he al-



Mile, du Fresne.

John Drew seems to have a substantial success in "The Squire of Dames," which is a new adaptation of Dumas's old comedy, "L'Ami des Femmes." The part is that of a man of the world who is always assuming the rôle of woman's friend and adviser. Mr. Drew is not an ideal actor. Perhaps he has not yet had an opportunity. In most of

ways looks well-bred, which cannot be said for some of our actors more gifted histrionically. Mr. Drew was obliged, by reason of other engagements, to break into a very profitable run of "The Squire of Dames" at Palmer's, but he will probably play a return date here later.

Arthur Hornblow.



TICTOR HERBERT, who succeeded the late Patrick Gilmore as leader of Gilmore's famous band, is becoming more prominent in musical circles each season. Mr. Herbert is an exceptionally talented musician, and besides composing operas and leading the Twenty-second Regiment Band, he is a 'cellist of rare ability. At the concert given recently at Carnegie Hall by a number of young pianists, pupils of Alexander Lambert, Director of the New York College of Music, Mr. Herbert led the orchestra, and no one could help becoming enthusiastic over the masterly way in which he accompanied the soloists. The perfect smoothness with which the difficult concertos were executed by both pianists and orchestra was

truly remarkable. Mr. Herbert could give Messrs. Seidl and Paur some points in accompanying soloists. It is not generally known, by the way, that Mr. Herbert is an Irishman by birth. When quite young he was sent to Germany to receive his musical education, and, in consequence of his thorough knowledge of the German language, is considered by many to be a German. He was married some years ago to Fraulein Foerster, the well-known dramatic soprano, who won fame for her rendition of Elsa in "Lohengrin" and other leading Wagnerian rôles with the German Opera here during the season of 1892. She has since retired into private life.

Foreign violinists galore are here this season in quest of American appreciation—or American dollars. Ondricek, Sauret, and Rivarde have each been successful in a way, which goes to show that we are really appreciative of what has artistic value. Americans are developing into devoted music-lovers, and they demand the best and finest in music. What other country

in the world can boast of having so many musical celebrities at the same time as we now have in this country? What with the De Reszkes, Melba. Nordica, Calve, Paderewski, Alvary, Klafsky, and hosts of others too numerous to mention in these columns, the European music world must be somewhat deserted.

somewhat deserted.
Ondricek was born in Prague.



Mons. Sauret. Photograph by Sarony.

When quite young he assisted his father in supporting his family. In his seventh year he was advanced sufficiently to play violin concertos. In his fourteenth year he was admitted to the Prague Conservatory, where he made great progress and three years later visit to this country. He was here twenty years ago, when he proved a great artistic and financial success. In England, Germany, and Austria he is ranked among the first of violin virtuosi. At present he is Professor at the Royal College of Music, London.



Miss Clara Hunt.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Dupont, New York.

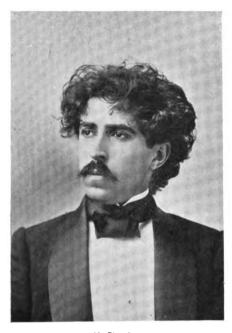
he received the first prize for his rendition of the Beethoven Concerto. Later he took a course at the Paris Conservatory, where, after studying two years, he also took the first prize.

Emil Sauret is about forty-three years of age. He was the first husband of Teresa Carreno, the pianist, but their married life did not prove a happy one. This is not Sauret's first

Rivarde, the youngest of the trio, and the most eccentric, is also a very fine performer, and invariably arouses his audiences to great enthusiasm by his brilliant execution.

Miss Lillian Blauvelt, who was frequently heard with the Damrosch Sunday evening concerts, is now touring in

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M. Rivarde. Photograph by Sarony.

the West. Miss Blauvelt has a charming personality and possesses a flexible voice of excellent range. She phrases naturally and her intonation is admirable. She has a musical voice, and renders her songs with a simplicity that is most pleasing to her hearers. After her Western tour comes to an end Miss Blauvelt will be heard again in this city in concerts and oratorio.

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erally known that M

It is not generally known that Modjeska was instrumental in introducing the now famous Paderewski into the musical world. When in Warsaw many years ago Mme. Modjeska met and heard Paderewski play at the house of Louis Grossmann, a composer and warm friend of all the celebrities that visit Poland's capital. Modjeska was at once interested in the young pianist, advised him to continue studying, and advanced a large sum of money for his musical education. The eminent actress, with her usual modesty, has never mentioned this fact, but Paderewski does not make

a secret of the kindness shown him by his countrywoman.

* * *

No one will dispute Ellen Beach Yaw's claim that she can reach a higher note than any other living singer. Miss Yaw, when last heard at Carnegie Hall, performed all that has been said of her in reference to her high notes, but her voice, although pure and flute-like, is deficient in expression and feeling. The singer has an interesting personality. Her form is slender and graceful, her face pale like one of Burne-Jones's pictures, and her features classic, and she has a wealth of golden hair that she arranges becomingly on her head like a halo.

Mr. Plunkett Greene, the well-known Irish basso, is again in this country. Mr. Greene, since his first visit here, has become very popular with the concertgoing public by his delightful rendition of Irish melodies. His fine intonation helps greatly toward making his songs enjoyable, as the words in most cases are either amusing or pathetic, but if Mr. Greene would try and control the motions of his arms, hands, and legs while singing the effect would be still better.

Is the world of music about to discover another Mascagni? The news-



M. Ondricek.

paper, *Il Teatro*, of Milan, offers prizes for a one-act opera to be produced next year in Vienna. Genius is bound to be recognized in time, but Mascagni might have struggled for years had it not been that his opera, "Cavalleria

hearing his orchestra. Mr. Thomas, after several years' absence from New York, will give a number of concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House in March. Although his ability as an orchestra leader cannot be disputed, it



Mile. Marie Brema. From photograph (copyright, 1895) by A. Dupont, New York.

Rusticana," won the prize in Sonzogno's competition. Mascagni's new opera, "William Ratcliff," was given its first German performance at Stuttgart not long ago. It was not, however, as successful as the composer's first effort.

The admirers of Theodore Thomas are again to have an opportunity of

must be admitted that Mr. Thomas was never a popular man, personally. He is despotic and aggressive, which is always objectionable in a public man. Mr. Thomas brings with him his Chicago orchestra of ninety men, including some of the finest musicians in the country. Among the soloists who will appear at his coocerts are Emma Juch, Max Bendix, Rafael Joseffy, and Plunkett



M. Lubert.

From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Dupont, New York.

Greene. The programmes for all the concerts have been already arranged, and include works from Beethoven, Wagner, Chopin, Dvorak, Bach, Brahms, and Händel.

It has been decided that the Damrosch Opera Company will open at the Academy of Music, in this city, on Monday, March 2d. There will be in all twelve performances—nine evenings and three matinees. The company has met with remarkable success throughout the West, and easily carried off the honors in every city that it visited. The names of the soloists and list of operas to be performed appeared in the last number of this magazine.

Word comes from Russia that Josef Hofmann, known here years ago as the child pianist, is having phenomenal success. He is playing in St. Petersburg, Odessa, Moscow, and the other large cities of Russia, and coining a fortune with his recitals. Presents of all kinds are showered upon him, and even roy-

alty and the nobility send him tokens of their esteem. Josef Hofmann—or Josio, as he was called some years ago—has developed from the condition of "prodigy" into the full-fledged pianist and is now about eighteen years old. His parents, who always accompany him on his tours, are now in Russia with him.

Although Emma Eames did not join the Opera Company here this season she has not been idle. Mme. Eames has been engaged by Sir Augustus Har-



Victor Herbert.

Photograph by Falk.



Mons. Plançon. From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Dupont, New York.

ris for the season of opera at Covent Garden, London. She has added a number of new *rôles* to her already extensive repertoire, and among them are *Aida* and *Valentine* in "The Huguenots."

M. Pol Plançon has purchased the rights to Victor Herbert's "The Wizard of the Nile." He expects to present it at one of the Paris theatres.

It may be interesting to know that Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous infidel, is a devoted lover of music, and attends as many operas and concerts as his time will allow. He delights in listening to

difficult symphonies and concertos, and claims that music is the highest and noblest food for the soul. He is partial to Wagner and very rarely misses a Wagner night at the opera. One of his favorite singers is Scalchi, who, although now rather passée, has still a certain charm in her voice. The Colonel's two daughters have good voices, and when the great agnostic is home of an evening they entertain him by singing to him.

The great success which has attended the return of that eminent pianist, Rafael Joseffy, to the concert stage, after many years of retirement, is particularly satisfactory, for since the advent of Paderewski it has been a common delusion that there was only one pianist in the world. In many respects



Miss Lillian Blauvelt.
Photograph by Falk.

Joseffy's talent is as great if not greater than that of the eminent Polish pianist. For a number of years Mr. Joseffy has lived in retirement at Tarrytown, N. Y., and no inducement could make him play in public. But he deMassenet's new opera, "La Navarraise," is a native of Bordeaux, France. He began to carry off prizes almost directly he began to study, and had won a reputation in the world of music long before he was thirty. He has



Ellen Beach Yaw.

Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

cided to appear in Boston lately, and received a perfect ovation from both the press and the public. He will be heard shortly in this city with the Thomas Orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A. Lubert, who sang here for the first time the leading tenor rôle in

been identified with a number of important productions at the Paris Opéra Comique, and was specially engaged by Abbey & Grau for their American season of grand opera. M. Lubert has a tenor voice of agreeable quality and wide range. He is also a clever actor.

N. L. H.





J. H. Stoddart.

J. H. STODDART, who recently celebrated his sixty-third anniversary of active work on the stage, is one of a trio of aged Thespians popular in the esteem of the public, and with a long record of honorable service in their profession. The two other players referred to are Joseph Jefferson and C. W. Couldock, Mr. Jefferson only plays

a short season each year, and Mr. Couldock has practically retired; but Mr. Stoddart continues in the field as untiringly as ever, and even more faithfully than many younger actors with whom he is associated. A few weeks ago, on the occasion of the completion of his sixty-third year in his calling, during which time, by the way, he has missed only two performances, Mr. Stoddart was presented with a silver loving-cup and other tokens of affection and regard by his comrades.

It was at the age of five, in Glasgow, Scotland, that Mr. Stoddart made his first appearance. When still very young he began playing old men parts, and continued it until he became almost identified with that line of work. For a long time he was associated with the Wallacks, and he even starred independently for a while. Dr. Pangloss and Bob Acres were famous characters of his in the old days. Later, under the management of A. M. Palmer, he was a member of the old Union Square Stock Company, and then the Madison Square Stock Company. During this period he appeared in the "Lights o London," "A Pair of Spectacles," "Saints and Sinners," "The Banker's Daughter," "Alabama," and a long list of others. His creation of *Colonel Preston*, the loyal old Southerner in "Alabama," will be remembered as a marvellous character study; in "The Broken Seal" Mr. Stoddart was a hunted convict; in "The Fatal Card," a grasping broker; in "The Sporting Duchhe contributes the only artistic acting

to the performance by his portrayal of the sturdy and honest old trainer. It may not be generally known that in the old Union Square Stock Company days Mr. Stoddart refused the part of *Baron Chevrial* in "A Parisian Romance," because he did not think it of sufficient importance. The *rôle* was given to Richard Mansfield, then almost unknown, who made a notable impression in it, though, in justice to Mr. Stoddart, it should be added that the part has since been elaborated for Mr. Mansfield's starring purposes. Mr. Stoddart has been before the public so long and so consecutively that his record of parts is familiar to almost everyone interested in the theatre. His forte is character acting, and his success in this line of work is the more remarkable because his identity is rarely changed. He uses little make-up, and his voice never varies. Mr. Stoddart attributes a measure of his success to his never-failing good health, which has been preserved by a simple and happy home life and much outdoor exercise on his little farm in New Jersey.

It is more than probable that Senator William B. Allison will be the Republican candidate with Governor Morton for the next presidential nomination. Senator Allison was a candidate in 1888. He was also offered the position of Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison, but declined the office.

Harrison's withdrawal from the present campaign will probably result in his friends voting for Allison, which, of course, will mean a great deal for the latter. The Senator has also many friends among the legislators. Otis H. Cutler, member of assembly from Rockland County, is a



Senator Allison.

strong Allison man, and there are a dozen others whose support will be forthcoming at the proper time. It has been freely admitted for some time that Senator Allison is the most formidable opponent that Governor Morton has. With these two in the field it is uncertain what the outcome will be. Allison is not an extremist on the silver question, but his tariff views are pronounced.

About the most prolific, and by far the most serious, of contemporary English playwrights is Henry Arthur Jones. His plays have always had a high moral tone, and have not usually been burdened with the enigmatical problem in which nearly all of his brother dramatists delight. His plots and ideas are distinctly varied and unconventional, his dialogue concise and epigrammatical, and his



Henry Arthur Jones.

character drawing masterly. His best-known works in this country are: "The Silver King," a melodrama which served as a pattern for many others; "Saints and Sinners," a veritable sermon on the stage, which had interest as well as power; "The Bauble Shop," in which a dissolute man rises above himself

and society under the influence of a pure woman; "Judah," in which a clergyman lies to save the woman he loves; "The Middleman," a moving picture of a certain phase of trade and society in England; "The Masqueraders," with its thrilling card scene, in which a husband and a lover gamble for the wife, and " Michael and the Lost Angel," which depicts the fall from grace of a clergy-In "The Case of Rebellious Susan," a remarkably brilliant comedy, Mr. Jones presented a satire on the tiresome new woman, and the problem plays and other literature she has inspired, that was as distinct as it was delicate. Other plays by Mr. Jones are "The Dancing Girl," "Chatterton," "Wealth," "The Crusaders," "The Triumph of the Philistines," and "A Clerical Error." Out of this long list but two or three have been failures. Actors like Henry Arthur Jones's plays, because they afford such excellent opportunities for fine acting, and are not always limited to one or two good parts. He writes slowly and carefully, giving the minutest directions as to stage "business," and having his work well mapped out in advance. It was said of him recently that he now has roughly outlined seven or eight new plays, to be written in turn when he shall work up to them.

Jacques St. Cère, who has been somewhat prominently before the American public of late years as Paris correspondent of



Jacques St. Cère.

the New York Herald, was arrested in Paris recently on a charge of blackmail. The news of the arrest came as a thunder-clap in the French capital, where M. St. Cère was an important figure in Parisian journalism. Everyone read his articles on foreign politics, for he had the gift of making that very dry subject readable. "Jacques St. Cère," which means "Truthful James," is only a pseudonym, his real name being Armand Rosenthal. He is a Russian by birth, but adopted France as his country. His arrest was the result of certain unsavory revelations in the examination of the causes which led to the death of Max Lebaudy—the little Max, as he was called-who was worth many millions, and had not brains enough to keep out of the hands of professional blackmailers.

It is very difficult to picture correctly a man of such unusual versatility, if not genius, as Dr. Albert Shaw, of New York. He is known as the editor of the Review of Reviews, as the author of the best writings upon the government of municipalities, and as a lecturer and thinker of the highest type.

He is a college man, who has taken many degrees, and who represents the broad culture of the modern university system. He is a brilliant writer, with the rare power of analysis, description, satire, and generalization.

Dr. Shaw has a strong business sense, which is best illustrated by the success of the publication of which he is the head. When he assumed the American editorship of the Review of Reviews it was comparitively insig-

nificant, and had been read only by a few Americans in the great cities who had travelled abroad. Under his management it increased rapidly in circulation and influence until the American edition passed the English, and became practically the original work.

The management of such an enterprise de-



Dr. Alfred Shaw.



Mrs. Mary Dimmick.

mands more energy, wisdom and industry than almost any other business known. How, while doing this, Dr. Shaw could find the time to travel, and to study city government at the very place where it was going on, is a mystery even to his friends. Yet he did it, and compiled facts and statistics theretofore inaccessible, and upon these built a structure of civic economy which is now employed by

every student and statesman. It is safe to say that his writings in this field are now acknowledged as authoritative in every form. Dr. Shaw's latest departure has been into the field of the Lyceum, and here he has already made his mark as a captivating thinker and speaker. He not alone talks well, but he has the rare faculty of presenting the driest facts, even statistics, in so concrete a form as to be graphic and interesting. Best of all, through his work, whether literary, polemic, scientific, or oratoric, runs a high patriotism, combined with philanthropy and hopefulness, that makes him one of the greatest acquisitions to the American world of letters.

Mrs. Mary Scott Dimmick, soon to be the wife of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, is a brilliant and handsome woman of about thirty-five years of age, who has long been a social favorite in New York, Washington, and other great American cities. She is a niece of the late Mrs. Harrison, and in that way has been acquainted with her prospective husband and his family ever since



Cushman K. Davis.

she was a young girl.
She is well read, travelled, and talented.
During the Harrison
Administration she was one of the reigning belles of official society at the capital, and was an honored guest at all the great ambassadorial functions. Besides being very beautiful she is said to be a conver-

sationalist of singular ability and charm. The affair is a love match, Mrs. Dimmick having a comfortable estate in her own right, and the ex-President being a wealthy man. The wedding will take place in the spring and will be conducted on the simple and quiet basis which marks all the doings of the Harrison family.

Mrs. Dimmick takes a warm interest in patriotic and national affairs, and is remarkably well informed upon the politics, government, and national characteristics of the great European nations as well as of her own. She has a natural bias in that direction, and her personal and social relations have been such as to give her opportunities for study, knowledge, and experience granted to very few, even among men.

Senator Cushman Davis of Minnesota has been a prominent man in political circles ever since he introduced

his resolution regarding the Monroe doctrine. Senator Smith, of New Jersey, who is supposed to be in the confidence of the White House, later rebuked Senator Davis's jingo utterances, but there can be little doubt that a jingo policy in regard to the Venezuela affair would be popular among the American people. The New Jersey Senator's cen-



Alfred Austin.

tral argument was to the effect that any declaration of what constituted an infringement of the Monroe doctrine would operate to tie the hands of the Government and open the way to future difficulties.

Ever since the death of Lord Tennyson it has been matter for speculation in literary circles as to who would be appointed Poet Laureate to the English throne. The final selection of Alfred Austin has not been received with the enthusiasm expected. Mr. Austin is a man well advanced in life, and so far he has not shown any of the qualities which alone should entitle him to such an exalted position. Some of his work is extremely commonplace, both in style and sentiment.

American Naval Heroes.

Esek Hopkins, James Mugford, John Manley, Joshua Barney, Ezekiel Broughton, Abraham Whipple, Dudley Saltonstall, Nicholas Biddle,

John Barry, John B. Hopkins, Captain Adams, William Burke.

"Their multitude is such,
That to immortalize them, each by name,
Ten mouths, ten tongues, an everlasting voice
And breast of adamant, would ne'er suffice;
Jove's daughters only, the Olympian choir,
Have power, proportion'd to the mighty task."



HE Continental army had been placed in Washington's command, and he had established his head-quarters at Cambridge, Mass.

The battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had been fought, and the first blood shed in freedom's cause had become the seed of an American republic. Rebels to the British crown were patriots in the cause of freedom.

In Boston harbor was assembled a formidable fleet of English vessels of war, and the city was occupied by an army of 13,600 English soldiers. Supporting these was a naval force of over 1,000 marines manning a fleet comprising the Boyne, 64 guns, Preston, 50 guns, Scarborough, 20 guns, Summit, 64 guns, Cerberus, 36 guns, Glasgow, 24 guns, Lively, 20 guns, and the Falcon, and Symmetry, with 18 9-pounders each, besides the usual barges and smaller craft that make up a wellequipped naval squadron. Of these the swiftest cruisers were kept busy along the coast from Falmouth to New London, pillaging the towns to supply the English army with provisions. Gloucester, Bristol, and Falmouth had been sacked, and when the inhabitants, forced to give up their stores of provisions, refused to surrender their arms, the town was bombarded and burned. This conduct outraged public sentiment, and retributive measures were instituted by the colonists. The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts appointed a naval board and proposed to fit out six swift sailing schooners as cruisers. Rhode Island and Connecticut each fitted out two similar schooners to protect their coasts.

Washington readily encouraged these efforts, and saw in the movement a possibility of providing a most pressing need of his army—a supply of arms and ammunition. He had notified the Continental Congress of this need and had urged the immediate necessity for help. His letter stated, "I am in great want of powder, lead, mortars—indeed most sorts of military stores."

The manufacture of gunpowder in the colonies was limited, by the few rudely constructed powder-houses located in out-of-the-way places, to an annual product that did not meet the demands in times of peace, the supply having to be obtained largely from Europe. At Bunker Hill the American soldiers had exhausted their supply of powder and shot, and scraps of iron and lead had served as substitutes for bullets, and been defiantly hurled against the advancing enemy with the last charge of powder in their horns, ere they fell back, permitting the English troops to entrench themselves on the battle-field.

Every incoming vessel was heavily ladened with arms, ammunition, and commissary stores for the use of the British army. To appropriate these supplies to meet the needs of the Pro-

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First Seal of the Admiralty.

vincial troops, was the motive that gave birth to the first Continental navy.

New England was at this time rich in bold and hardy men who had followed the sea in the merchant marine and fishing service, since they were boys. Their largest vessels were but small schooners and sloops, but they were celebrated for their speed, as were their skippers for the skill with which they handled them.

The war had called many of the ablest of these seamen into the army, they never dreaming of the possibility of serving the cause of independence except on land. In the docks at Salem, Marblehead, Beverly, and Plymouth, many of these crafts were idle from this absence of their owners and crew.

Washington directed Colonel James Glover and Muster-Master-General Moyland to co-operate with the Board of Admiralty appointed by the congress of Massachusetts, and the Lynch and Franklin were fitted out with an armament of four 4-pounders and ten swivel guns each. They were manned by fifty men, drafted mostly from the army. To their commanders were issued letters of marque and reprisal. The cruisers were supplied from the stores of the army with twenty rounds of ammunition for each gun—all they could possibly spare.

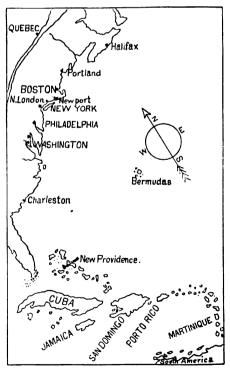
These two small crafts set out under

the command of Captain Broughton, of Marblehead, who received the first naval commission issued by the Continental Congress. It was signed by George Washington as its agent.

The Hancock, the Lee, and the Warren rapidly followed under Captains Manley, Coit, and Adams. These vessels all sailed under the pine-tree flag. This flag was of white bunting, on which was painted a green pine-tree, and upon the reverse the motto:

"Appeal to Heaven."

Washington established at Plymouth the first American navy-yard where the schooner Harrison and the brigantine Washington were fitted out. The Washington was the first ambitious product of the American navy. She mounted ten carriage-guns, which had been brought by wagons and boats from Bristol. Her commander, Captain Martindale, undertook to equip her as a man-of-war. Washington discouraged the undertaking and deplored



Field of Operations of the Early American Naval Heroes.



the delay caused by the ambition of her commander. At this time he defined his policy as to the use of the infant navy, which was to seize incoming merchantmen ladened with stores intended for the use of the English army rather than to engage in sea-fights with British men-of-war.

tons of musket shot, 3,000 cannon-balls for 12-pounders, 8,000 fuzees, 50 carcasses adapted to firing buildings in besieged towns, and one 13-inch mortar, besides a large supply of gunpowder and stores.

This news gave great joy to the discouraged army at Cambridge, and the



John Adams, the Father of the American Navy.

Before Congress had time to respond to the appeal of the commander-inchief for munitions of war, and just as he had the discouraging news of the capture of the Washington by a British frigate but a few hours after leaving Plymouth, news came from Cape Ann of the arrival of Captain Manley with the Lee, having in convoy the British brigantine Nancy, with 2,000 muskets and bayonets, 31

patriots turned out *en masse* to help unload the prize. Captain Manley had supplied the very articles enumerated by Washington in his letter to Congress, and in conveying to that body the good news, the commander-inchief added, addressing the president: "I sincerely congratulate you, sir, on this great acquisition; it more than repays all that has been spent in fitting out the squadron."



Esek Hopkins, the first Admiral of the first regularly constituted United States Navy.

The captured mortar was placed in the artillery park at Cambridge, and Washington named it Congress.

Captain Manley did not long remain idle, but followed up his success by bringing in three other valuable prizes in less than a week. For these services he received from Congress a place on the list of Continental captains, and was given command of a frigate. The Lynch and Franklin returned about this time with well-ladened prizes, and Captain Broughton shared with Manley the honors of the naval successes. The Harrison, Captain Coit, also gave a good account of her first cruise, having captured and brought in port a valuable cargo.

Early in 1775 the enterprising shipowners of Rhode Island, seeing the possibility of a market for large quantities of gunpowder in the colonies, in case of a determined war with England, had loaded two vessels with rum at Newport and despatched them to the coast of Africa where the rum was exchanged with the garrisons of the British forts along the coast for gunpowder. The thrifty Yankee skippers drove so close a bargain with the garrisons that they obtained the very last ounce of powder in their magazines. This supply, added to that captured by the navy, soon enabled Washington to begin offensive movements.

In February, 1776, the navy was reorganized—if it could be said to have ever been organized beforeand Captain Manley was made Commodore of the fleet, which was made up of the Hancock as flagship, the Warren, Captain Burke; the Lynch, Captain Ayres; and the Harrison, Captain Dyer. After the British had evacuated Boston the Franklin passed to the command of Captain James Mugford, of Marblehead, who had been a seaman from his boyhood. On his first voyage he captured the British ship Hope just outside the harbor of Boston and within sight of the English squadron anchored there. When the Hope was brought to Captain Mugford and

his boarding party leaped on board, the English captain ordered his sailors to cut the topsail halliards, hoping to delay the progress of the vessel and thus enable the squadron to recapture her. Following this command came Mugford's stern and determined threat to cut down the first man who undertook to carry out the order. The British officers and men did not move, and the ship was safely brought into Boston with her cargo of 1,500 barrels of gun-A few days after Captain Mugford, in running out of the harbor, accidentally grounded the Franklin, and the English squadron sent out boats to capture her. On their attempting to board, the English seamen were met with Yankee cutlasses, and many a poor fellow left his head on board the Franklin, while his body dropped The brave Mugford was into the sea. in the hottest of the fight until a bullet from the enemy pierced his body. Turning to his lieutenant he said: "I am a dead man; do not give up the vessel; you will be able to beat them off." He fell back lifeless, but the remaining officers and crew saved the ship.

The exploits of Broughton, Manley, Adams, Coit, Chew, Waters, and Mugford became the chief topics of public interest in the colonies, and the story of their valor even reached England. Washington's army had been placed on a war-footing through the successes of the new navy, and the results accomplished by so small a fleet caused the enemy no little concern. The colonies were really in earnest and England saw that if these Yankee pirates, as they termed them, were not checked, the ocean would soon swarm with their little swift-sailing crafts and a complete embargo would be placed on commerce.

Ship-owners and consignees known to be in sympathy with the cause of the colonists were protected by the new government, and their vessels and cargoes released, but the property of loyalists, as well as goods contraband of war, was confiscated and sold, the government sharing the prize-money with the officers and crew.

In the Continental Congress the chief supporters of the movement towards establishing an efficient navy were John Adams, justly called "the Father of the American Navy;" Stephen Hopkins, Silas Deane, and Robert Morris, all members of the Marine Committee.

In the fall of 1795 Congress fitted out the Lexington and Providence, followed by the Alfred and Columbus. They also purchased the Andrea Dorea and Cabot. These constituted

the first Continental navy. Its armament was as follows: the Lexington, 16 guns, Captain John Barry; the Alfred, 24 guns, Captain Saltonstall; the Columbus, 16 guns, Captain Whipple; the Andrea Dorea, 14 guns, Captain Nicholas Biddle, and the Cabot, 14 guns, Captain John B. Hopkins. At this time the British navy ruled the sea, and comprised 100 line ofbattle ships, 150 frigates, and 300 smaller vessels. Before the end of the Revolutionary War she had 250,000 trained seamen in her service. line-of-battle ships were immense structures, with from two to four gun-decks and carrying 64 to 100 guns. The frigates had but one deck, and carried an additional battery on the spar deck. They served as scouts or outposts. The smaller vessels were called "brigships" and "sloop-ships," square rigged with two and three masts and carried 20 guns.

England could at this time have sung her afterwards famous boasting song so popular in 1874-80:

"We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do, We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money too."

It became a question of considerable moment with Congress as to the selection of a commander-in-chief for the American navy. Nicholas Biddle, a young midshipman who had seen much service in the Royal navy, and had

resigned when the colonists declared war, and returned to give his services to his country, was the only skilled officer available who had seen actual service. The Board of Admirally thought him too young,

Hector Wheile

Autographs of Four of the Early Americans, Members of or interested in the First American Navy — Stephen Hopkins, Hector McNeill, John Manley, and John Glover.

John manley



Commodore Nicholas Biddle, Second Admiral of the New Navy.

From a wood-cut.

as he was at the time scarce twenty-five. As the navy needed money as well as trained officers, the choice of the board fell upon Esek Hopkins, who was a brother of Stephen Hopkins, a member of the board, and one of the few wealthy members of Congress. He was the oldest signer of the Declaration of Independence except Benjamin Franklin, and it was charged against him when his signature appeared, written with a palsied hand, that the fear of the gallows, as the result of his act, had caused the trembling.

Esek Hopkins assumed command of the American navy December 22, 1775. He held the same rank as Washington did in the army, and his pay was fixed by Congress at one hundred and twentyfive dollars per month. The public prints of the period styled him high admiral, while the officers and men of the navy, by common instinct and consent, gave him the title of commodore.

Esek Hopkins was born on the farm of his father, William Hopkins, at Scit-

uate, R. I., 1718. His grandfather, Thomas Hopkins, followed Roger Williams to Rhode Island, and was a prominent public man of that day. Commodore Hopkins was fifty-seven years old when he was commissioned commander-in-chief of the American navy. He had been a sailing-master and chief owner all his life. and at the outbreak of the war was commissioned a brigadier - general, serving in Massachusetts under Washington.

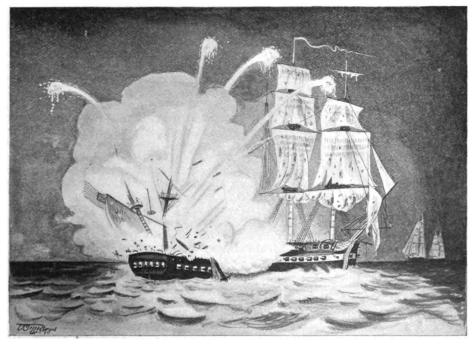
Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, holding also a commission as commander of the British naval forces then operating on the coasts of Maryland and Virginia, was pursuing the same course adopted by Admiral Howe on the Massachusetts coast, and his ravages became a source of great loss to the colonists. Congress directed Commander Hop-

kins to put an end to these depredations. He therefore assembled his fleet at Cape Henlopen, but was detained by ice until February, 1776, when he weighed anchor and put to sea. Hearing, before he sailed, that the enemy had an immense quantity of powder stored at New Providence, on the Bahama Islands, and being fully aware of the needs of the army, he deferred his operation on the coast until he should make an effort to secure this powder. Upon reaching the island he landed his marine force of three hundred men under the protecting guns of his fleet and they succeeded in capturing the fort and the entire garrison, making them prisoners of war and carrying them, with the governor and high civil officials of the island, on board his ships. He captured one hundred heavy guns and a large quantity of supplies, but was disappointed when he found that the gunpowder had been removed to a safe hiding-place, on the first arrival of his

fleet in sight. He determined to carry his prisoners and booty to New London and then return to the coast of When off Long Island the Virginia. squadron attacked and captured the British tender Hawke, of 6 guns and the bomb-brig Vulcan, of 8 guns. They then attacked the English manof-war, Glasgow, 29 guns, which vessel, however, managed to escape. After landing his prisoners and prizes safely in the harbor at New London he returned to Philadelphia, where he was summoned before the naval board to answer for disregarding its orders to protect the southern coast. The Southmembers of Congress harshly criticised his conduct. John Adams defended him. By the vote of the Southern members he was dismissed from the service, January 2, 1777, he having technically refused to answer to certain charges preferred. He returned to his farm, and was continuously elected a member of the general assembly of Rhode Island up to the

time of his death, which occurred February 26, 1802.

Nicholas Biddle, one of the ablest of the early American naval heroes, was born in Philadelphia, September 10, 1750. He followed the sea as a boy, and when twenty years old joined the Royal navy as midshipman and served two years, when he sailed as coxswain on an expedition fitted out by the Royal Society for exploration in the North Polar His companion on this voyage was Horatio Nelson, who was afterward to lead the English nation to victory at the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. The expedition penetrated the eighty-first degree north latitude and returned to England in 1774. Upon the outbreak of hostilities with the colonies in America, young Biddle resigned, returned to his native land, and offered his services to the Continental Congress. He was assigned to the command of the Andrea Doria and was one of Commodore Hopkins's fleetcaptains in the operations against New



The Randolph blown up by the Yarmouth.

From a drawing by B. F. Williamson.

Providence. He left the fleet there and cruised off the coast of Newfoundland, where he captured valuable prizes ladened with arms and ammunition, which he carried into port and thus Washington's strengthened greatly army at Cambridge. He was made commander of the new frigate Randolph upon her completion, and also received the thanks of Congress. fitting out the Randolph for sea, he found much difficulty in procuring a suitable crew, as privateering with small vessels was more attractive and profitable to capable seamen, and many had joined the army where they found the labor much less oppressive. Congress finally drafted a crew from the army, and the large magazine of the frigate, after much delay, was provided with a supply of aminunition. These drawbacks delayed her departure until February, 1777. When a few days out the ship, which had been badly constructed, through haste on the part of Congress, lost her masts in a gale and her crew at the same time mutinied. Captain Biddle rigged jury - masts, quelled the insubordination of the crew and carried his ship into Charleston harbor for repairs. When refitted he sailed for the West Indies, and soon after captured the English ship True Briton, of twenty guns, having under convoy three merchantmen, and carried the four prizes into Charleston har-This exploit was highly praised by the Southern members of Congress, as it was the first-fruits of the new navy, and had been left in a Southern The vessels were well loaded with arms and ammunition, and these were at the time greatly needed in The Randolph was blockthe South. aded in Charleston harbor for some months, during which time the State of South Carolina fitted out a fleet of small vessels, hoping to raise the blockade and then to cruise with the Randolph. Before this fleet was ready the enemy had disappeared. In February, 1778, the Randolph set sail on another expedition, and in less than a fortnight fell in with the British lineof - battle ship Yarmouth, sixty-four guns, and engaged her. Her adversary

had double her armament and was in every way superior, save possibly in the gallantry and patriotic ardor of the commander. Early in the engagement Commodore Biddle was wounded, but ordering a chair, was placed in it on the deck, and continued to direct the battle and encourage the crew. His fire was constant and well directed. and for the time seemed to promise victory. Just then, while a surgeon was examining his wound, he being seated on the quarter-deck, the Randolph blew up. The commander, with three hundred and ten of her three hundred and fifteen officers and men perished. Four escaped after four days' floating on the wreckage to tell the tale of the fate of the brave naval heroes. Commodore Biddle's untimely death was a great blow to the colonists, and the whole country joined in extolling his virtues and regretting He was the first great his death. martyr of the American navy.

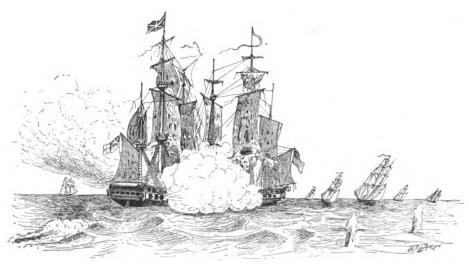
Of all the officers of the first Continental navy, Joshua Barney gave to the colonies and to the States the longest term of service, extending from his commission as lieutenant in 1776 to 1818 when he died, after efficient service throughout the war of 1812. He was born in Baltimore, Md., July 6, 1759, and was a practical sailor before he was fourteen years old. He had already made several voyages to the Mediterranean. At the age of fourteen he was second mate of a brig, and at eighteen master of a fine ship. On a voyage home he first learned of the revolt of the colonists and hastened to join the revolutionary forces. He first served as a volunteer in the smaller vessels patrolling the coast, and afterward as lieutenant on the Andrea Doria under Captain Robinson, on a cruise to the West Indies. He was at this time only seventeen years old. In 1778, after various services rendered to the new government on the Doria, and captures, imprisonments and escapes, he joined the sloop-of-war Saratoga, Captain Young. At the head of a boarding party of fifty men, he captured the British ship, Charming Molly, and took as prisoners a crew outnumbering his own three to one. He was rewarded by being put in command of this prize, but was himself with his prize captured by an English squadron, carried to New York and thence to delphia in 1782, where he took command of the Hyder Ali, read as a romance.

When off Cape May the Hyder Ali engaged the British sloop-of-war



Joshua Barney. For nearly forty years a prominent member of the navy.

England in the hold of the Yarmouth, where he suffered imprisonment, and after three months managed to escape. His prison experiences, with all the horrors of his various places of confinement, his wanderings in England and on the continent, with a price set upon his head, and his return to PhilaGeneral Monk, of eighteen guns, formerly the American cruiser Washington, fitted out in 1775 at Plymouth and captured while under the command of Captain Martingale. During the engagement the Hyder Ali ran aground and the fight became a hand-to-hand conflict, the two ships being within

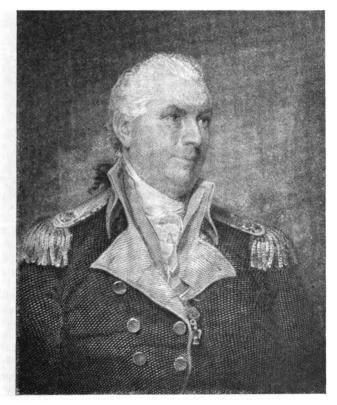


The Hyder Ali and General Monk in Battle.
From a drawing by B. F. Williamson.

pistol-shot range. The General Monk was of greatly superior force, but was finally obliged to strike her colors. Cooper, in his naval history, says: "This action has been justly deemed one of the most brilliant that ever occurred under the American flag. It was fought in the presence of a vastly superior force that was not engaged and the ship taken was, in every essential respect, superior to her conqueror." The victor and vanquished were towed from the scene of conflict, off Cape May, N. J., into port at Philadelphia a few hours after the conflict, each bearing their respective dead. The old name Washington was restored to the prize and Captain Barney made a cruise in her to the West Indies. He continued an active and extremely successful officer during the war, and was the first to bring to America the news of the conclusion of peace as secured by our indefatigable ministers abroad. He bore the American flag to the National Convention of France in 1794, and then entered the French navy as commander of two large frigates, serving that country till 1808, when he returned to America, and in 1812 took part as lieutenant in the United States Navy in the second war with England, giving nearly forty-two years of naval service to the cause of freedom.

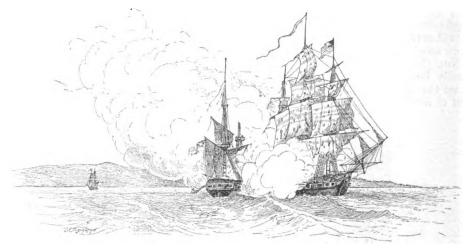
John Barry, the Irish sailor-boy and American naval hero, whom British gold could not buy, was born in County Wexford, Ireland, in 1745. He came to America in 1760, and settled in Philadelphia, so far as a sailor can be said to settle anywhere. The Irish lad continued to follow the sea and soon became a famous sailor, rising to the command of a ship and a ship-master in his adopted city. He was fast accumulating wealth when the Continental Congress asked him to take charge of the building of the first naval fleet that sailed from Philadelphia. To this patriotic duty he sacrificed his business, and when the Lexington, the first finished of the fleet, was ready to sail he was placed in command, and in November, 1775, started on a cruise, in which he succeeded in clearing the coast of a swarm of British privateers that were annoying the commerce of the colonists and pillaging the towns and villages on the tide-water along the coast south of New York. Upon his return to Philadelphia he was placed in command of the Effingham, which was soon after shut up in the Delaware River, upon the possession of the city of Philadelphia by the British army. It was at this time that his manhood and patriotism was put to a severe test. Howe, knowing of the captain's daring and valor offered him £15,000 and a high command in the British navy if he would surrender the Effingham and join their navy. Barry's prompt reply was: "Not the value or command of the whole British navy would seduce me from the cause of my country." Being out of active service he commanded a

finally sorely pressed by the superior force of his antagonist in attempting to gain a harbor, ran the Raleigh on the rocks. He saved nearly all his men and returned with them safely to his home. Before the Board of Admiralty he was acquitted of blame and received the thanks of Congress for his



John Barry.

company of infantry in a guerilla warfare against the English troops in which he was greatly snccessful. With a party in boats he captured a British war vessel in the Delaware River, and also served on the staff of General Cadwalader. The Effingham was destroyed by fire in 1778, and he was appointed to the command of the Raleigh, a frigate of 32 guns. On his first voyage he encountered a large fleet of British war ships with which he skirmished for some days and when gallant conduct. After several voyages to the West Indies, Captain Barry was appointed, in 1781, commander of the frigate Alliance, 36 guns. In this vessel he carried Colonel Laurens, Ambassador to France to L'Orient, after which he successfully cruised, returning to Boston with valuable prizes. On May 29, 1781, during this cruise, he fell in with two British vessels, the Atalanta, 20 guns, and the Trepossey, 14 guns. In the engagement that ensued Captain Barry was wounded and



Engagement between the Atalanta and Alliance.
From a drawing by B. F. Williamson.

carried below. While his wounds were being dressed one of his lieutenants reported the frigate in peril and asked if he should strike the colors. His prompt reply was: "No; if the ship can't be fought without, I will be carried on board again." This reply reassured the men, and their renewed efforts soon forced both the vessels to lower their flags in token of surrender. Upon refitting the Alliance he carried Lafayette and Count Noailles to France in October, 1781, and then cruised in West Indian waters, with his usual success, until March, 1782, when he returned with his ship to Boston, having never fled from

the enemy, but bearing trophies and scars of many glorious conflicts and victories. He superintended the building of the frigate United States under the elder Adams, and was her first commander, retaining his commission until the ship was laid up in ordinary during Jefferson's administration. He died September 13, 1803.

In our next paper, we will tell of the daring exploits of John Paul Jones, the gallant naval hero, who has been made the subject of song and story all over the world—the first man that ever ran up the stars and stripes to masthead.

John Howard Brown.

A FOOTLIGHT.

SINCERITY a cloak is often made
'Neath which a cunning lie doth masquerade.
Who hath not seen a frank straightforward lie
Succeed, where truth real, blundering, shy,
Did fail. Alas, into the dust we blow
And fill our own poor eyes. We barefoot go
Where we have nettles sown; and then we find
The world unjust to us, and most unkind,
Because the troubles that we bring upon
Ourselves are hardest to be borne.

Ethel Hatton.



A Scene in the Wellesley "Forest of Arden."

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT WELLESLEY.

THE great New England college for women has, since its foundation twenty years ago, always maintained a curious attitude toward the theatre and things theatrical. For while not allowing its students to attend the theatre during the collegiate term, it yet smiles most indulgently upon the production of amateur plays within its own walls.

The philosophy of this distinction is, I suppose, that the Wellesley authorities recognize no inherent ungodliness in histrionic art, as did their Puritan prototypes, but simply take the stand that a modern stage career too often proves disastrous in more ways than one to women, and as such should not therefore be countenanced by good women. And however much the Wellesley girl may inwardly rebel, she is forced to accept the fiat of her Alma Mater.

It is, perhaps, owing to this deprivation that Wellesley students throw themselves with such hearty eagerness into amateur acting and the development of home talent. The love of the mimic art is innate, and cannot be stamped out of human nature. If it is not indulged in one form it will be in another.

The latest news from a man's college usually concerns foot-ball or other of the so-called sports, now transformed into most arduous professional toil. But athletics for girl collegians have only just succeeded in wresting a tardy acknowledgment of their importance from a hesitating public, and have yet their way to make. We shall hear nothing much of a serious sort from them until intercollegiate contests in tennis, basket ball, rowing, etc., are established among women. Subtract the element of competition or rivalry

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from athletics, or anything else for that matter, and you take the soul out of them.

So the masque of Comus hangs high at Wellesley, nor has the boar-spear of the athletic Diana succeeded yet in dislodging it.

The Shakespeare Society was the

ing one of the best ways to study the great poet. From that point it was but a step to evolve the idea of presenting an entire play once a year and to invite spectators from the outside world.

These performances are given at Commencement time in June, when



The Three Students in Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," as played by Weilesley Students.

mother of amateur theatricals at Wellesley, and forms a school for acting in a modest way. It is the oldest of the societies at the college, being founded in 1877. Even in those earlier days, when amateur theatricals were still looked upon by the powers that be with somewhat of disfavor, dramatic representation of selected scenes from Shakespeare's plays was admitted at the society's monthly meetings, as be-

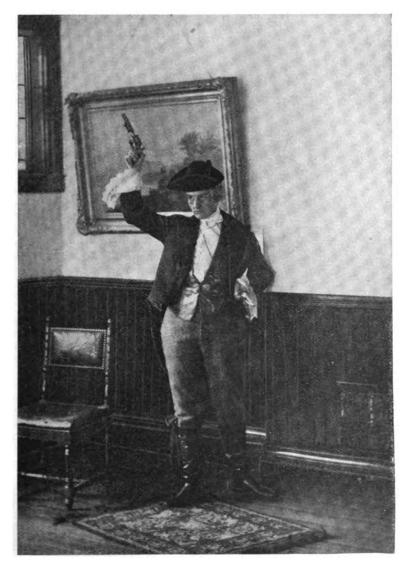
friends of the students from all parts of the country may be present. Consequently, the fame of Wellesley's openair performances of Shakespeare's plays travels far abroad. And truly such a production is a thing to witness with joy and to dream of afterwards. The scenery of their natural stage is ideal with its stately oaks and silver lake in the background.

The performance of "A Midsummer

Night's Dream" at Wellesley, in the open air, in 1893, will remain always an exquisite memory for those who were so fortunate as to see it. The rendering of *Puck* by Miss Florence Converse, of New Orleans, was as dainty a piece of acting as any ever seen on any stage. A winsome wee lassie at all times, Miss Converse was the tiniest of moonbeam fairies in her little tunic

of the palest blue, embroidered with silver. She was deliciously graceful as *Puck*, and her sweet voice was charmingly modulated to make fairy melody.

Miss Caroline Newman, of Alabama, also made a decided hit in the rôle of Bottom, which she played with much taste and spirit. Her success suggests the remark that these girl actors are very clever in the male characters, a



Miss Janet Dingley as "Bob Acres."



Miss Alice Hunt as "Touchstone."

suitable physique and voice being always selected for such rôles.

At the last open-air performance by the Shakespeare Society "As You Like It" was presented very acceptably. Miss Alice Windsor Hunt as *Touchstone* was the life of the piece, showing considerable dramatic talent, and Miss Virginia Sherwood made a *Rosalind* exceeding fair to look upon.

It takes a very prosaic, stony-hearted critic indeed to find serious fault with an open-air play at Wellesley. There is a rare poetic charm about the whole, which is born of beautiful surrounding scenery, the winsomeness of innocent girlish faces, and the grace of shapely young figures.

Other dramatic companies at Wellesley have strutted out their brief day and trod the boards as jauntily as the devotees of Shakespeare. These usually play original or adapted comedies, plentifully sprinkled with "grinds," which is the college vernacular for local hits. Such performances may be presided over by the downy owlet of the Phi-Sigma secret society, or may be played by the mysterious light of Zeta-Alpha's spirit lamp.

The Norumbega Troupe made a farce extravaganza out of Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" and presented it in the college gymnasium. It was as pretty a glimpse of fairyland as one would wish to behold, from the first moment the magic ring begins its erratic career until at last the tiniest Freshman of them all, as Fairy Blackstick, danced down the stage to bestow her blessing upon handsome Prince Giglio and his golden-haired Rosalba.

The Freeman Club, as their chef d'œuvre, gave a careful and artistic presentation of Sheridan's "Rivals" in which Miss Janet Dingley, of Maine, covered herself with glory by her acting and make-up as Bob Acres.

Mary A. Winston.

HE GIVETH TEARS.

OT for the wounds that are the common share,—
The daily burdens and the nightly fears,
But for those sorrows more than thou canst bear,
God gives His balm of tears.

Frank Walcott Hutt

SOME PENNSYLVANIA LITERARY WOMEN.

T will probably astonish those who regard the magnificent commonwealth of Pennsylvania as a combination of agriculture, coal, iron, manufactures, and boundless wealth, to learn that it stands in the very front rank of literary prominence among the forty-five States of the Union. In the number of papers and magazines it is the third State, being surpassed only by New York and Illinois, and being so close to the latter as to be a keen competitor for second place. In the publication of books, in the number of libraries, and the number of books in these libraries, in the number of authors, and in the general interest taken in literature, it is on a par with the two great States mentioned, and with them leads the rest of the Union.

It is only the wealth and intense commercial activity of New York and Chicago which give their States literary prominence. Outside of New York City different conditions prevail, just as in every part of Illinois outside of the city of Chicago. In Pennsylvania there seems to be no such contrast. Pittsburg and its neighboring cities are quite as active as Philadelphia, and in every town and city of the Keystone State the rattle and roll of the printingpress keeps on day and night alike. Pennsylvania has manifested this love of literature from very early times. In the last century large numbers of books were imported, through the city of Philadelphia, from England and the Con-It was in Philadelphia that Benjamin Franklin, the first great name in our literature, lived and labored. It was in Philadelphia, from the beginning of the century until to-day, that authorship has been a large and remunerative vocation. Evidence of this character, in this respect, is afforded by the fact that the Keystone State, with scarcely six millions of population, publishes more papers than the kingdom of Italy, the empire of Austro-Hungary, the czardom of Russia, and more than all the republics of South America together. Another evidence is to be found in its libraries—public, college, private, common school, Young Men's Christian Association, and Sunday-school. Its great university has one hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes; Lehigh University has one hundred thousand; its twenty other colleges have, together, over a half mill-It has over five hundred ion books. great private libraries, and over eight thousand belonging to scholastic, philanthropic, religious, and historical in-Two of the oldest magastitutions. zines—Peterson's and Lippincott's were successful publications in Pennsylvania long before most of the other magazines were born.

It contains probably the highest college for women—Bryn Mawr—in the It was the first State which world. admitted women to the learned professions; it was the first to give them degrees in medicine and dentistry, and to-day is reaping the reward of its liberal policy in having hundreds of young women coming from every quarter of the Union, from Canada, and even abroad, to secure these privileges and opportunities. It has been long and favorably known as "The Quaker State," in honor of the Society of Friends, which Society was the first to admit women to the pulpit. In all the great movements of women it has taken an active, and at times an enthusiastic, interest. Among its people there are branches, influential and numerous, of the National Council of Women, the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, the American Purity Alliance, the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, the King's Daughters, the Woman's Relief Corps, the General Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies. Its women have been active in the sudden and wonderful development of patriotic organizations, which has been so marked a feat-

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ure of the present decade. They have



Miss Janey M. Coard.

formed chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution and Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Daughters of 1776–1812. Besides this, it contains branches of many special philanthropic organizations, such as the Red Cross Society, the Anti-vivisection Society, and the Universal Peace Union.

In the matter of literary women's clubs it has a very proud record. What with those enrolled in the State Federation, Alumnæ Associations, Church Literary Societies, unaffiliated private clubs, Round Robin clubs—which, by the way, were started in Philadelphia by Miss Louise Stockton, a Philadelphia woman—there are over five hundred, with a membership of more than thirty thousand.

Another factor in the literary life of Pennsylvania is the popularity and activity of the Chautauqua and college extension systems. The example is set by its great university, which conducts a very high-class summer school, and is followed at many points within the State. In addition to this, thousands spend their vacations at Chautauqua, in New York State, at Lake Champlain, on the

New Jersey coast, and even upon the Long Island shore, where these summer schools are the leading attraction.

So high is the standard of education that the percentage of illiteracy among the native-born is but a trifle over three per cent., just about one-half of what it is for the native-born American population, and less than that of any country in the world unless it be Scandinavia. It is to this universal education more than anything else that Pennsylvania owes its wonderful prosperity. Its labor is all skilled and all intelligent. Such people produce more and better goods than the ignorant and degraded. toilers of the Old World. The same intelligence causes the laboring and artisan classes to make and own their own homes, and not to herd together in hideous tenements, as in New York City. Of the two hundred thousand homes of Philadelphia about one hundred and eighty thousand are owned by the occupants. The workingman's home of that city is a model, which has been raised for emulation and imitation by every true statesman and philanthropist in America, and by scores upon the other side of the sea.

Every one reads and writes. every home at least one newspaper brings the intelligence from all parts of the world, and keeps its reader in touch with the progress of human events. With such a demand there is, of course, the natural supply. It is found not only in the vast array of publications which issue from the Pennsylvania press, but also in the high standard of their style, management, and contents. Such publications as the *Public Ledger*, Bulletin, Times, Press, Record, Inquirer, Call, Telegraph, and North American, of Philadelphia; as the Bulletin, Dispatch, Press, Post, Commercial Gazette, of Pittsburg, are models not only as mediums of news but also as literary and typographic examples.

The progress of woman in the past twenty years, the new spheres of her activity and ambition, have affected the journalism and literature of the State as of the other States of the land. Nearly every newspaper in the commonwealth has to-day its woman's page,

department, or column, and one or more talented women upon its staff of editors and reporters, and also its outside staff

of correspondents.

Many of the publications were among the first to admit women to these fields. They did so at a time when the idea of a woman succeeding in journalism was regarded as something ludicrous. The success of both the women and their work soon reduced, and then put a practical end to, the opposition which once prevailed. The pioneers have been re-entorced, until to-day there are women earning a professional livelihood in every field of literary work.

They are to be found at the foot of the ladder as stenographers, typewriters, compositors, and linotypers. They are to be found higher up as reporters, as occasional contributors, special writers, and sub-editors. They are also to be found in the front ranks as editors, staff-writers, critics, publishers, staff correspondents, and trans-

lators.

It is difficult to determine how many there are in this army of brave and energetic toilers. Besides those to the manner born there are others who have come into Pennsylvania from other States and other lands; so, on the other hand, many who began their career in Pennsylvania have accepted handsome offers and gone to other centres. In the great army of literary workers in New York, Chicago, and other Western cities, are many whose first lessons were learned in Philadelphia or Pittsburg.

A conservative estimate would put the entire number in the State at about one thousand. Some are very well known to the general public, while others are known only to the profession to which they are a valued acquisition; while there are still others, who by reason of the nature of their work are scarcely known outside the walls of

their own publication.

The machinery of the press is so complicated that it becomes more difficult from day to day to separate the various parts and give due credit to where it belongs. The patient and scholarly translator, who enables you to

enjoy the brightest thought and the latest discovery of the great men of Europe; the exchange editor, who reads five hundred newspapers for your benefit, in order to find a single article which may please or interest you; the reporters and correspondents, who brave dangers and undergo hardships that you may have a thorough knowledge of some important event; the staffwriter, who devotes an entire month to study and research in order that a leading editorial may truly and accurately present and represent its subject; the critic, whose chief duty is to tell you what books, pictures, plays, and musical works are to be avoided, are each and all important elements in the literary mechanism of to-day, and yet their work is so impersonal that scarcely a score of thousand readers have the slightest knowledge of whose words they are enjoying or whose writings they clip from time to time to insert in their scrap-books as something worthy of preservation for a lifetime.

Of this host of workers it is difficult to select leaders. Nearly every one excels in some specialty, and nearly every one has achieved some great professional success. Each fills an important part in the literary development of the State, and each is aiding in



Miss Sophia Keenan.





Miss Anna R. Stratton.

the development of her sex, as well as of the commonwealth in general.

One of the most famous is Ellen Olney Kirk, of Philadelphia. herits her tastes and talents. father was a highly esteemed author of text-books, and on her mother's side she belongs to the great literary and publishing firm of A. S. Barnes & Co. She showed early skill with the pen, and since 1876 has been a prolific contributor to the daily press, the magazines, and the world of fiction. Her greatest success was "The Story of Margaret Kent," which has run, it is said, in its fiftieth edition. Of a very different type is Miss Janey Mulhern Coard, the president of the Pittsburg Women's Press Club, and editor of the Woman's Department of the Pittsburg Bulletin. Young, beautiful, and refined, she is an ideal of a newspaper woman. She is a brilliant descriptive writer, a thorough news-gatherer, and an excellent executive. In the past year she had the honor of acting as delegate to the International League of Press Clubs at Atlanta; of being made a special committee for the Northern States for the Woman's Department of the Atlanta Exposition, and of being appointed upon the committee and the list of orators of the splendid Women's Congresses held in that beautiful Southern city. She speaks well, having a remarkable gift of combining delicacy and force. She made one of the most attractive features of the congresses, and was the recipient of high praise from the Southern press and public.

Another splendid type of the young literary woman is Miss Sophia Keenan, a sister of Thomas J. Keenan, one of the proprietors of the Pittsburg *Press*. As she remarks: "Like everybody else, I have always written." Her first fully matured work were several very artistic and beautiful poems, which appeared in the New York World, when under the management of the late William Henry Hurlburt. Had she continued in that vein she would have made name and fame for herself as a poet, but to the surprise of those who admired her work, she cut the muse short and since then has devoted herself to more serious work. She has acted as editor, home and foreign correspondent, and as special writer for the press of nearly all the great cities.

An eminent scholar as well as a pleasant writer is Mrs. Alice Heineman Sotheran, formerly of Philadelphia and at present in New York. She is the daughter of the great philologist and wife of Charles Sotheran, the distinguished bibliophile and antiquarian. She has extraordinary talent for lan-



Mrs. Anna Pierpont Siviter.



Miss Cara Reese.

guage, and can think in German and French as well as in English. She has also a splendid knowledge of Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Latin, Greek, Gothic, Old German, Dutch and Scandinavian. By competent critics she is regarded as one of the greatest translators in our land. She has been very industrious, and probably has increased our literature by at least one hundred volumes from the best continental authors of to-day.

A good idea of the talent which is demanded by the newspaper world may be afforded by the case of Miss Anna R. Stratton of the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette. She is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College, where she took honors for ability and scholarship, of the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Pittsburg School of Design for Women. The two latter courses of study and hard work were taken largely with a view to fit her thoroughly for writing upon musical and artistic topics. She is a fluent, incisive, and graphic writer, and a very excellent editor. She has a fine appearance, and is one of the best conversationalists in Western Pennsyl-

Among the American poets of to-day

few hold as high a place as Mrs. Florence Earle Coates, of Philadelphia. She is a good example of an American woman, nearly every line of ancestry having come to this country in the seventeenth century, and having contributed soldiers to our wars; statesmen, lawyers, and judges to our civil history. Her literary work is notable not only for its excellence, but for its exquisite smoothness and polish. None of it seems to have been dashed off in a wild hurry, but to have been worked upon with the loving care which a diamond-cutter bestows upon his most precious gem.

In Mrs. Anna Pierpont Siviter, of Pittsburg, may be found the unique combination of a society leader, an eminent church worker, and a very brilliant writer. Each one of these phases of activity usually consumes so much energy as to allow but little time, or even physical strength, for any other field of work. The lady in question belongs to the well-known Pierpont family of New York and Brooklyn. She received an admirable education, and at her debut in society made a very deep impression by reason of her beauty, ability, and accomplishments. She was of a benevolent and philanthropic dispo-



Mrs. Mary Temple Bayard.



Mrs. Charles I. Wade.

sition, and from her early years up to to-day has been identified with every church movement looking toward the amelioration of the race. She has an extraordinary versatility, and seems to be equally at home in all the schools of writing, having written a successful play when a mere girl. She is a favorite contributor to Puck, Life, Vogue, and other high-classed humorous papers; to Harper's Bazar, Frank Leslie's, and the Chautauquan, and also to the great religious papers, such as the Chicago Interior, the Young People, and the She has con-Christian Endeavorer. ducted special departments in the Chronicle- Telegraph of Pittsburg, and in the Santa Claus magazine. Her poems range from grave to gay, and often get far beyond these limits.

A young and talented woman who is beginning to attain a national name is Miss Anna Beaston, of Philadelphia. Her special work is the establishment and development of literary clubs, study clubs, and science clubs. She has an unusual personal power, rare culture, and great energy. Her work has gone on in Philadelphia, New York, and other cities, and has started hundreds of women along lines of intellectual growth, who might otherwise have never left the humdrum of their daily lives.

One of the stars of the Pittsburg Dis-

patch is a bright, clever, and indomitable little woman, Miss Cara Reese. She is a graduate of Bucknell University, and pursued a special course of study to qualify her for literary work. She was the first woman correspondent in the field at the Johnstown catastrophe, and has been the first in many other fields where duty was to be done or any cause to be furthered by her presence. She was a popular and edifying speaker at the Women's Congresses in 1893, at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and repeated the successes won there in those held at Atlanta in 1895.

No list would be complete of the literary women of Pennsylvania without reference to that eminent authority upon all matters culinary, Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer. She has a national, if not an international, name as a writer, speaker, and expert upon her specialty, and has done a world of good in the domestic education of her fellow-countrymen, male and female. She is a clever and persuasive writer, and a very good editor.

Another writer with a national repu-



Mrs. Jane A. Hall.



Mrs. Andrew Easton.

tation is Mrs. Mary Temple Bayard, whose articles over the nom de plume of "Meg" have been read by millions of interested readers upon this continent and abroad. She is the daughter of a prominent Pennsylvanian, and in education is one of the best rounded women in the State. Besides a thorough training in the English, literary, and

classical courses, she has had the same in the modern languages. She undertook this tremendous scholastic task with a view to fit her for either literary or pedagogic labor. She began her literary career only six years ago, and since that time has been a constant contributor to the daily and weekly press. Her articles were so satisfactory to the editorial world that she has been sent as a special correspondent and descriptive writer to various places in this country and in Europe. Many of her articles are syndicated, and have appeared in thirty, forty, and even eighty newspapers at the same time.

A splendid specimen of the New Woman is Mrs. Charles I. Wade, better known under her pseudonym of "Bessie Bramble."

She is a pioneer in woman's journalism, and has been a busy writer for many years. She is a fine musician and one of the best musical critics in the State. Mrs. Wade is an ardent suffragist, and a thorough believer in the advancement and the moral elevation of modern society. She was among the founders of the Pittsburg Women's Press Club, as well as an active member of many of its best educational, philanthropic, and progressive associations. She is a bright writer and deserves the

popularity which she enjoys.

A delightful speaker, a cultured thinker, a scholarly writer, and a charming woman withal, is Mrs. Jane A. Hall, of Pittsburg. She is one of the few women who have a natural talent for pure and applied science. To familiarize herself with medicine, anatomy, and surgery, she took a thorough course of study in one of our best hospitals. She devoted years to political, sociological, and biological studies, and in her leisure has paid great attention to reform and educational movements. Mrs. Hall is an esteemed contributor to the daily press, as well as to the magazines of the country, and stands high among the great philanthropists and scholars of her portion of the country.

An active and influential character



Miss Julia Morgan Harding

in periodical literature is Jane Campbell, the editor of *Woman's Progress*. A finished writer and a wise administrator, she has conducted that magazine with great wisdom and success.

Ida L. Easton, or Mrs. Andrew Easton, to use her social name, is a new-

write is largely the result of study and hard experience. She began her literary work as a newspaper correspondent, and did so well that before long she was writing regularly for the Pittsburg Dispatch, the Florida Times-Union, the Saturday Review, and other publica-



Miss Marie de Sales Coyle.

comer in the literary world, although for many years she had the invaluable experience of being prominent in charities, moral reform movements, and other philanthropic ventures. It was in this work that she learned and developed her ability, as both a writer and speaker. Her official writings were so excellent that they never required to be changed for publication or for use in the daily press. This is high praise indeed, because in most instances the power to

tions. Her ambition is to see women become the historians of the race, believing "that the complete history of the world can never be written from man's point of view—the domestic side of life, the very essence of living, can only be written intelligently by woman."

A power for good is Miss Louise Stockton, of Philadelphia, the famous founder of the Round Robin clubs. These simple but ingenious contriv-



Mrs. Sullivan Johnson.

ances are nothing more or less than special educational mechanisms for the benefit of any person desirous of increasing knowledge or ability in any particular field. They represent the highest development of the idea which finds expression in the university extension and the Chautauqua systems.

Indomitable, indefatigable, ambitious, and brainy are the adjectives which fit best Miss Julia Morgan Harding, who enjoys the unique distinction of being a popular special correspondent for the Press of both Pittsburg and Philadelphia. She is very versatile, being an excellent musician, singer, pianist, linguist, and actress, as well as littérateur. She lives in Allegheny City, where her home is the head-quarters of talented Miss Harding professional society. takes an active part in patriotic societies, and is a leading member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Pittsburg Women's Press Club made a wise choice in selecting for a secretary Miss Marie de Sayles Coyle, one of its ablest and most versatile members. Miss Coyle does special literary work for the press of that city,

and is the local correspondent there of many dailies in New York, Boston, Providence, and other Eastern cities. She is a skilled musician, a very able painter in oil and water colors, and a musical and dramatic critic of great ability.

A philanthropist Christian worker and literary woman of more than average ability is Mrs. Joseph D. Weeks, the editor of the Temperance Tribune, one of the official organs of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. From mere childhood she displayed rare mental and moral activity. She was_graduated with distinction from the Pittsburg Female College, and was the youngest woman to be made a secretary of a Woman's Christian Association. During the war she devoted her entire time to the diet kitchens of the S. Sanitary Commission, which saved the lives of thousands of sick and wounded Union and Confederate soldiers. She took an active part in the development of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, and has held many of its highest positions. She



Mrs. Frederick Vermercken.



Miss Anna Mynott Docking.

was an editor of *The White Ribbon* from 1889, which in 1893 was merged with other papers into her present publication. Besides this special work she has been a valued contributor and correspondent for the leading papers and publications of the land.

Mrs. Sullivan Johnson (Felicia Ross Johnson) may be classed among the leading benefactors of Pittsburg and Allegheny City. She comes of a very distinguished Pennsylvania family, and inherits its intellectual ability and zeal. She is a very fine linguist, an eminent scholar, a clear logician, and a splendid writer. Her tastes run largely to associational work, particularly in the field of charities. Mrs. Johnson was one of the founders of the famous Deaconess Home of Pittsburg, one of the first and the largest in the land; of the Young Woman's Christian Association, Home for the Friendless, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the McAuley Mission, the Mary Washington Monument Association, and the United States Daughters of 1812. She is a clever poet, and has long been the contributor of verse and prose to the public press and standard magazines.

The face and the soul of an artist and a poet belong to Mrs. Frederick Vermercken. She comes from a wealthy and influential Keystone State family, and her husband is the celebrated portrait-painter. She has had the advantages of a fine education and of wide travel. While a good all-around writer her best work is connected with the fine arts, on which she writes a great deal and lectures occasionally. Both her writings and lectures are in very great demand.

Miss Anna Mynott Docking is of English birth, Kansas raising, and Michigan education, having been a very successful student and graduate of the university at Ann Arbor. She is a comparative new-comer into the world of letters, but has already shown great talent as a reporter, special writer, magazine contributor, and editor. She is one of the coming women in the newspaper world of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Henry Bryant Birch is a bright, charming, and pretty woman, who apparently cannot separate herself from the thraldom of the pen. graduated from the Pittsburg Female College, where she served afterward as a teacher. She is also a kindergartner of great ability, and is a recognized authority upon the Froebel system. Mrs. Birch went into newspaper work in her teens and succeeded from the first. She rose, until in addition to her regular local work she became correspondent for New York, Cincinnati, and other journals. She closed this part of her career with a very happy marriage. Nevertheless a love of the profession broke out anew, and she again entered its ranks, this time as



Mrs. Henry Bryant Birch.



Mrs. Joseph D. Weeks.

the editor of a bright social publication entitled *Thursday*. She has a rare knack of writing children's stories and articles for children, a knack which is said by the publishing world to be rarer even than the ability to turn out first-class wit and humor.

Miss Tillie Orr Hays is one who joins business ability with marked literary skill. She is a graduate of Waynesburg College and of the Warren Musical Institute, and is widely read and extremely well informed upon all current topics.

Mrs. Talcott Williams, a publicspirited and patriotic Philadelphian, has made her mark in the past two years by some very able and almost masculine articles upon civics, municipal legislation, and good government.

Two other brilliant women are Harry-dell Hallmark, editor of the Woman's department of the Philadelphia Press, and Edith Townsend Everett, an editor who holds a similar position upon the Philadelphia Times. Each is a facile writer and a very capable editor. Each has high ideals and a keen appreciation of the power and honor which attaches to an editorial chair. Each does a work which meets with the approval not only of the great papers upon

which they are engaged, but also of the critical intelligence of the profession at large.

There are scores of others who deserve comment and praise. They are to be found in every part of the Keystone State. Their writings appear in its many papers and in other publications, and many have established markets for their mental wares in various cities of the land. Many are prosperous, very many are successful, and only a few are struggling for recognition and preferment. They have developed the newspaper of the State in both the scope of news and the tone and style of treatment. It is the same there as elsewhere—the presence of women brings with it a better atmosphere, morally and spiritually. The worst man is at his best when in the company of a woman he respects, and even the best man is improved. tutions where female influence is an unknown quantity do not tend to rise rapidly in either morals or manners. Those where that influence is regularly felt display an improvement which in the course of time extends to every



Miss Tillie O. Hays.

feature and detail of the organization. In this way the literary women of Pennsylvania, in doing their duty in their professional relations, are unconsciously raising the level of their own sex, and also that of the other sex, with whom they work upon equal terms. In the coming century, or thereafter, it matters not, the differentiation of social life will be so complete that it will be practically impossible for either man or woman to work alone in scarcely any vocation. They will work together

in ever larger groups of inter-related individuals, male and female. The progress of to-day is preparing us for that of to-morrow. What we are pleased to call new conditions are simply fractions of what are coming before many years have passed by. In seeing, therefore, the beneficence of the work accomplished by the literary women of to-day, we can rest satisfied for to-morrow and for all the years to come.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

TOYNBEE HALL, WHITECHAPEL.

THERE are many symptoms of the times that society is about to enter a new stage in which a leading, if not the chief, feature will be a relentless war against poverty, ignorance, degradation, and vice.

The endeavor now taking place in Brooklyn to have the churches unite in starting centres of moral regeneration in the slums, the success of the University and College Settlements of New York, the achievements of Hull House and the Abattoir Settlement in Chicago, the results accomplished by the College Settlements of Boston, the work of the United Hebrew Charities in no less than eight of our great cities, and the marvellous growth of Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, in the British metropolis, are all forerunners of national movements in the approaching century.

Society is beginning to realize that it is tied, hand and foot, indissolubly, with the lowest classes of the territory in which it exists; that the hovel and the palace, the pauper and the prince, the burglar and the banker, the boy criminal and the Sunday-school prize student are fragments of the same fact. It begins to realize that most of the evils are not the product of volition, and are not to be stamped out by prayers and sermons, doles and asylums, policemen and jails, overseers of the poor and workhouses; that they are the inevitable

result of conditions which have largely been the product of the action of the governing classes.

Beyond this they begin to understand that these half-starved, half-clothed, half-educated brothers and sisters form a menace to order and civilization of an ominous and terrible character, and that unless the producing conditions are changed all social order will in the course of time be swallowed up in the Red Sea of anarchy.

They are only beginning to see these things. When their eyes are entirely opened, they will realize that the biblical phrase of being thy brother's keeper expresses an unalterable law of the universe and of self-defence, and the defence of home, children, and posterity must bring about the same end upon which charity and philanthropy have been working for so many centuries.

The mere fact that there are one million registered paupers in Great Britain, and that there are four millions who rise every morning without knowing where their evening meal is to come from, should be enough to take away the breath of every thoughtful Christian the world over. Things are not so bad in the three other great manufacturing countries—Germany, France, and the United States—but in all three the tendency is in that direction. When, therefore, an experiment altogether

novel, and at the first unpopular, is tried under the very worst auspices, and succeeds beyond all expectations in combating the social ills mentioned, it is entitled to the admiration and respect of every Christian patriot, and philanthropist, and is worthy of the deepest study and consideration.

Such an experiment is the one which was begun by the University Settlement in East London in July, 1884, under the name of Toynbee Hall. Its history is a very simple one. Public attention was first called to the terrible condition of Whitechapel and its vicinity in London in 1867-68, by Edward Dennison, of Oxford, who lived near the London Hospital in that part of the city. He was a theorist more than a practical man, and while he gained much knowledge of the modes of life of the very poor and the vicious, he does not seem to have had much of a public following, but he wielded a powerful pen and backed it by a very stout heart.

In calling attention to social conditions in the metropolis, he was one of the first to show the evils which had been done by the separation of the rich and poor, and by the comparative isolation of each in its own districts and within its own invisible walls. work which he started was taken up by Edmund Holland and Edward Leonard, and in 1874 by Arnold Toynbee. this year a number of Oxford undergraduates spent a part or all of their vacation in Whitechapel, and joined in the general work of St. Jude's Parish. this work Toynbee easily took the lead. He was warm-hearted, patient, selfpossessed, and inspired by a love to do good. When he made up his mind to win the friendship of some tough character, poor drunkard, or even shiftless criminal, he allowed neither insult nor abuse, threats, nor even violence, to interfere with his designs. No matter what happened he went on, and in every case he reached the goal There were other of his endeavor. workers, equally generous and enthusiastic, but they did not possess the matchless sang froid of Toynbee.

In this way he became looked up to

A STATE OF THE REAL PROPERTY.

as the leader of this little movement by his colleagues and the Church people of St. Jude's on the one hand, and by the poor creatures among whom he lived upon the other. The news of the work spread, and interest slowly became aroused in the University and among a few philanthropists in the city itself.

It is a very singular comment upon our race that these movements seldom come from the rich and powerful, who have passed the meridian of life. They usually recognize in a dim way their duty to their fellow-beings, and whenever their conscience pricks them they appease the pang by a slightly larger contribution at church on Sunday.

It is the young, hot-blooded, and vigorous men and women of the universities who give to the cause what is most needed—human attention, human affection, and human sympathy!

In 1877 and 1879 there must have been some twenty-five University men toiling beside Toynbee in Whitechapel. All were active and all tried to extend and improve their work. They lectured and spoke upon the subject whenever and wherever opportunity offered, and wrote feelingly upon it to the daily press, the weeklies, and even the magazines. So much interest was aroused that in 1883 a number of these young men started out to form a regular organization. At the very beginning they were somewhat cast down by the untimely death of Toynbee, which was largely occasioned by his heroic devotion to the cause of the poor and miserable. They were cast down but a short time, and then went at their work as if to make it a memorial to their late grafted a complete Thev scheme of work, which was read at St John's College, Oxford, in the fall of 1883, and was published in the Nineteenth Century in February, 1884. The scheme, summed up briefly, was as follows: The formation of an organization consisting of University men, undergraduates, to give a portion of their time during the vacation, and graduates such time as appeared proper to them.

They were to carry into the slums all the habits, customs, speech, and manners



of culture. Each was to be an example to the people among whom he lived. Purity, morality, honesty, and truthfulness were to be taught by example, and not by oral iteration. They were to be bright, genial, companionable, and helpful. They were to bring and give their knowledge to those who did not have it. They were to live in small rooms, furnished in the plainest style, eat the simplest fare, and live, as far as possible, in the same manner as an upright workingman would upon his little salary or They were to teach people things important in this life-cleanliness, housekeeping, marketing, gardening, and such industries as might bring an extra shilling into the family purse. They were to teach women and girls how to cook, to keep house, sew, knit, attend to children, and attend to them-Their settlement was to be a selves. link between ignorance, idleness, and misery, and knowledge, industry, and happiness.

The scheme was promptly approved at Oxford, and immediately thereafter at Cambridge. Committees were formed, a charter drafted, and in July, 1884, the "Universities Settlement Association" was duly incorporated. They purchased the head-quarters in Commercial Street, then one of the most disgraceful thoroughfares in London, and with rare felicity named it "Toynbee Hall," after the man who had lived and died in the cause in that neighborhood.

The capital upon which they started was only ten thousand dollars, but large sums were offered to them, and frequently borrowed, for various purposes, all of which have been paid back when due, and on which interest had been paid whenever the loan has been for a considerable period. At the end of 1884 the hall was ready for use by its brave workers. It had a lecture-hall, a library, guest-rooms, large receptionrooms, a kitchen, and fifteen sets of rooms for residents.

It was at once occupied by thirteen residents, some being Oxford and others Cambridge graduates. Each resident continued the work he had already begun, or where he was a new

man, he set out to do work himself. Each learned some trade, or set of trades, so that he might himself have the pleasure and benefit of learning something as well as of teaching. There were no rules or regulations to limit their action or their choice of work. There was no policy, either religious or secular, along which they were to labor. Some, for example, who believed they could do the most good in educational channels used the lecture-hall, four nights a week; others went out day and night, and worked and lived in adjoining districts, making the acquaintance of the population. Still others, noticing the absence of playfulness and mirth among the working-classes in that district, started a curious system of teaching children how to play, of women to form sewing and reading clubs, and men to form debating socie-

Thus at the very outset the endeavors of Toynbee Hall had been in two directions, social and educational. To the reading public, and to many of its warmest admirers, the Hall is synonymous with education and educational reform; to hundreds of workingmen, whom it has trained and made into skilled artisans of the best kind, it is regarded as a very kind and benevolent technical or industrial school; but to the great mass of its beneficiaries, the lower ten thousand or twenty thousand who have enjoyed its ministrations, its social side is the one by which they know and love the institution.

It has no room for idlers nor for hirelings. It does not preach, patronize, warn, nor denounce. It helps and asks to help. Under such auspices it has been a marvellous success. It has grown, and as it has grown it has created new extensions of all sorts, which carried the work still farther on and along among the masses. It constructs its extensions according to popular taste, and not according to any theory or book. In this manner it has made many important discoveries. Thus it gave a series of lectures and readings, which in the beginning were selected from what might be termed the most popular writers, or from writers they thought would most appeal to the audiences. These were crowded and greatly enjoyed.

As they proceeded they would have a discussion after the entertainment was over and get the views of their hearers. It was very slow and hard at first, because the workingmen were a little bit afraid to express their opinions before college graduates. When the ice was broken it became much easier, and finally, as was the case within less than a year, there was a feeling of confidence and affection, and between teachers and taught there was no difficulty whatever.

The hearers began to choose their own authors by degrees, the college men found themselves reading from the great historians and essayists, and the poets and playwrights, from the satirists and scientists, and no longer from the story-tellers, the humorists and makers of ingenious nonsense. As the classes progressed and different tastes appeared under the stimulus of the instruction, reading parties and reading clubs were made up from the hearers, who would meet once a week in either the home of the members or in some hall secured for the purpose, and there study the masters they most enjoyed. They would bring with them their wives and daughters, sisters and sweethearts, thus adding the social flavor and tone to the entertainment. One result was a diminished trade in the saloons of the neighborhood and an increased one in the coffee-shops. Another consequence was the gratitude and intense affection of the women whose homes had been changed for the better through the new activities started by the Hall. Another step, which was laughed at at the time, was the giving of lectures upon the A B C's of science. Many of these, it is true, did not touch any responsive chord in the breasts of the hearers, but others did. To the surprise of the teachers an ever-increasing number began to desire information upon natural history, antiquities, and art. Far from being satisfied with information received, the inquirers, like Oliver Twist, wanted more, and in this way, by degrees, classes were formed in botany and zoölogy, in apiculture and horticulture, in ichthyology and ornithology, in antiquarianism, ethnology, and archæology, in mediæval history, Elizabethan period, the Queen Anne period, and the Victorian era. Out of these classes came clubs on these subjects, and out of these again came travellers' clubs and students' clubs.

Its travellers' clubs have no analogy in history. Thirty or forty workingmen, under the auspices of the Hall, with their wives, will form a club in the early winter to visit some part of Scotland, France, the Low Countries or elsewhere during the coming spring or summer. They economize, and each week put a few shillings by toward the necessary expense. By the time appointed each has the requisite amount of money. It is much less than what it would cost any single individual, because at this point the Hall steps in and by having a large body of men as customers, is able to secure greatly reduced rates on railways and steamers, and at restaurants and hotels. on the appointed day the club starts and makes its tour, covering anywhere from a week to two months, and comes back in renewed health and strength, proud and happy of the knowledge and experience which they have secured through their travel. One club of workingmen went so far as to make a comparatively complete tour of Italy, while a score of clubs have visited nearer countries upon the European continent, and hundreds have gone to places of interest in England and Scotland, and upon the borders of France and the Low Countries.

Thus from the Hall as a nucleus, with its classes, lectures, and clubs, excursions and entertainments, its pile of buildings, ramify a perfect net-work of small organizations into almost every part of London. On the social side its work has been equally assiduous and successful. Court-yards which were once masses of garbage and filth are now flower-gardens full of beauty and color. Window-boxes full of blossoms are seen in hundreds of house fronts; streets which were once almost impas-

sable on account of the filth are now neat and clean. Clean faces, clean clothing, clean rooms, clean furniture, can now be found in thousands of tenements where once was universal dirt. There are hundreds of little girls' clubs where sewing and dancing, darning and singing, cooking and recitations, are among the chief exercises. are boys' clubs where games and sports, gymnastics and singing, whittling and reading, drawing and carpentry are taught daily.

There are technical schools and industrial schools, there are sewing clubs for women, reading clubs, nursing clubs, lecture clubs, "first aid to the injured' clubs, little dancing parties, entertainment societies, benefit societies, newspaper clubs, and every organization which can conduce to human happiness

and improvement.

This work has been accomplished practically by seventy-three men. This is not, of course, the real number of the public-spirited and generous workers who have taken part from time to time. Each has given the time which he could afford. Many came on their vacations who could only give two months, others gave a night, or a week, which they took from their own professional or domestic circle, others gave a year as a matter of Christian duty, but the total work done during the eleven years of its existence is equal to the continuous labor of seventy-three men. Toynbee Hall has taught one great lesson. It has pointed out the only way of reaching and raising those who are living in the depths. The natural impulse of the individual is against soiling his hands with the soiled ones of toil and of pov-He has laws passed which are inoperative, societies formed which usually do more harm than good, and vast amounts of wealth given which go into palatial buildings and highly paid officers' pockets, but never to the poor creatures for whom it is originally in-

The wealth squandered upon many

of these so-called philanthropic societies in the city of New York alone would support one hundred Toynbee Halls, and do good to an army of human beings, where now, at the furthest, it

benefits a corporal's squad.

Among the founders of Toynbee Hall were Masters of Baliol College and Oxford University, the Warden of Merton, the Provosts of Oriel and Queen's, the Presidents of Trinity and Magdaler, the Rector of Exeter, Sydney Ball, W. H. Forbes, the Rev. W. H. Freemantle, P. L. Gell, T. W. Jackson, H. D. Leigh, Sir William Markby, P. E. Matheson, R. L. Nettleship, Rev. L. R. Phelps, Alfred Robinson, A. Sidgwick, A. L. Smith, E. B. Tylor, and Mrs. Arnold Toynbee. From Cambridge came the Masters of Trinity, Emanuel and Selwyn, the Bishop of Durham, Pro-fessors Michael Foster, Marshall, and Seely, James Stuart, Oscar Browning, Rev. Dr. Cunningham, H. S. Foxwell, Arthur Grey, W. S. Hadley, W. E. Heitland, Dr. D. MacAllister, the Rev. S. G. Ponsonby, G. W. Protheroe, R. D. Roberts, G. C. M. Smith, W. R. Sorley, Rev. B. H. Stanton, J. R. Tanner, Sedley Taylor, Dr. S. H. Vines, and A. N. Whitehead. From London were the Rev. E. A. Abbott, Lord Aberdare, the Right Honorable Arthur Balfour, the Right Honorable A. H. D. Ackland, the Right Honorable the Marquis of Ripon, the Bishop of Bedford, W. A. S. Benson, F. Bolton, Edward Bond, Rev. Dr. Bradbury, Hon. W. S. Broderick, Hon. W. N. Bruce, Right Honorable James Bryce, E. N. Buxton, E. T. Cook, the Earl of Dalhousie, C. E. Dawkins, H. W. Eve, the Honorable Sir C. W. Freemantle, A. D. Graham, Albert Gray, the Rev. Brook Lambert, Walter Leaf, C. S. Loch, F. L. Lucas, Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, Hon. J. W. Mansfield, Alfred Milner, Claude Montefiore, Rev. John Percival, Rev. G. S. Reney, Rev. W. Rogers, E. W. Sargent, the Dean of Westminster, the Rev. L. Wainright, H. F. Wilson, and Mrs. Stephen Winkworth.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

THE SOCIALIST'S DAUGHTER.*

BY GEORGE OHNET.

AUTHOR OF "THE IRONMASTER." ETC.

V.

" GERVAIS, you're not paying attention to a word I say."

"Excuse me, Monsieur Courcier,

I hear every word."

"No," exclaimed the deputy, somewhat testily; "my daughter's playing distracts your attention. We'll close the drawing - room

"Oh, please don't!" exclaimed the young

man, in alarm.

Seated at his desk, Courcier was reading to Henri a startling manifesto, which was to appear the next day in the Parti Révolutionaire. In the next room Gilberte, whom they had left alone after dinner, was playing one of Beethoven's sonatas. The young man did not care a bit for classic music, as a rule, but when played by Mlle. Courcier it gave him the keenest pleasure. For the past ten minutes he had not been paying the slightest attention to what the deputy said; his ears absorbed every sound that came from the next room. Gilberte was using the soft pedal, so as not to disturb the two men, but she had all the same the vague hope that her sweetheart could hear her. And he certainly did hear her. He had placed himself so he could see her best. Through the halfopen door he could just catch sight of her

fine profile bending over the piano and her delicate hands running over And while keys. Henri was in a second heaven. absorbed in his lovedream, Courcier took for himself the pleased expression on the young man's face and exclaimed:

"Yes, it's good, isn't it? It's right to the point! That will make 'em howl!"

By "'em," he meant the rascally capitalists, Trésorier and son, and all their friends, in fact.

Eight days had gone by since M. Gervais had taken dinner for the first time at Courcier's house, and the Parti Révolutionaire had been purchased the next day. since then the editing and management of the paper had necessitated constant interviews between the editor-in-chief and the manager, and so Henri's political enthusiasm had been constantly sustained by the irresistible influence of Gilberte's sweet smile. Without coquetry, without calculation, by the sole power of her innocence and her beauty, the young girl had transformed the poor fellow into her father's docile slave. Henri no longer discussed Courcier's theories; he swallowed them all whole. He required only one thing-to see Gilberte. So long as he could be with her, he did not recoil before the most absurd schemes, the most monstrous theories. He looked at her, admired her, adored her. It satisfied him, and he was happy.

But when away from her he was himself again, and then began terrible discussions with his conscience. He felt that he had acted like a madman. Where would this passion lead him? He was too intelligent not to understand that a wide gulf separated him from the woman he loved. He knew that it would be easier to amalgamate Mont Blanc with Vesuvius than to bring

together Baron Trésorier and M. Courcier, and as to the newspaper he had bought, he shuddered at the idea of it being found out that he was connected with it.

One morning while at the office he had a terrible fright. His father called him in and held out a copy of the *Parti Révolutionaire*, exclaiming:

"Now that wretch of a Courcier has a paper. I suppose he will be attacking me before long. But I'll find a way to stop that charlatan. Look!



* This story began in the February number of The Peterson Magazine.



piration starting from his brow, Henri took the paper and found a most ferocious article, which Courcier had written and signed "Gervais." The deputy wrote every article in the paper, but to avoid monotony, he sometimes used his collaborator's name as well as his own. The article in question was a disgraceful apology for lack of discipline in the army. Henri was a soldier himself, as every Frenchman is, and he grew pale. He crushed the paper up in his hand, and, hardly able to speak from anger, exclaimed:

"Ah! That's too much! We must put a stop to this!" He threw the newspaper into the fire-place, and he was sorry he could not do the same with Courcier.

"Never mind," said the Baron, "it won't be long before those scoundrels get into the hands of the police."

That evening there was a lively interview between Courcier and Gervais. The latter assumed such an angry tone in talking that the deputy was absolutely struck dumb.

"I am a soldier," said the young man, "and such an article as that would warrant my being summoned before a court-martial. Say all you like under your own name, but don't use mine. In my opinion you are conducting the journal in a most ridiculous fashion, and I am sick of it. Instead of discussing vital questions, and developing theories, you only make personal attacks."

Instead of getting angry, the deputy, terrified at the idea of losing such a useful auxiliary, promised everything. The name of Gervais should disappear from the editorial

page, and he (Courcier) would alone be responsible. At heart he was just as glad that this arrangement had been made. From now on he alone would be all-powerful. And as he had just signed another article "Gervais," which was to appear the following day, and in which the clergy and the Pope were viciously attacked, Courcier hurriedly took his coat and his hat and made a quick departure for the nearest telephone office.

Left alone with Gilberte, Henri came and sat by the young girl's side, and silently watched her work. She had just begun a piece of embroidery, and it was charming to see her white and delicate fingers working nimbly. She raised her head as he sat down and said, with a smile

"You and papa have been arguing, haven't you? I heard you talking very loudly. Is it about those dreadful politics again?"

"Do you dislike politics so much?"

"They have been the cause of all my unhappiness," she rejoined, sadly. "My father is good at heart, but he becomes terrible directly he begins talking politics. I am always afraid he will do something dreadful. How is it that you, so young, and with all the professions open to you, should enter politics? Are you so fond of it?"

Henri came very near saying, "I am fond only of you!" but Gilberte was so candid and self-possessed that he did not dare. He replied:

"Your father's enthusiastic nature seduced

A look of uncasiness and annoyance came into Gilberte's face as she replied: "I should be very much pained if I thought that he had enough authority to influence your convictions. What will your parents say? What do they say?"

Henri averted his eyes from the young girl's clear gaze. He felt for the first time how shameful his present deception was in entering this house under a false name, and with an object that he could not even confess to himself. He blushed at his own conduct, and felt a wild desire to exclaim: "I have deceived you, I am not what you think; send me away, for I won't deceive you any longer." The humiliation of the confession stopped him. He had not the courage of his sincerity, so he remained silent and unhappy in the presence of the young girl, so much so that she remarked:

"You never speak to me of your family. You have still your father and your mother?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, a father and mother who love me very dearly."

"Of course they know what you have un-

dertaken, for it would be very wrong to hide

anything from them——"
"Yes, it would be very wrong, mademoiselle, but suppose there was some powerful reason making it impossible to tell them. Suppose I am not completely master of my own will-

Gilberte blushed and lost some of her self-She understood what Henri He meant that it was for her alone that he had undertaken all these adventures, and that if he had deceived his family and disturbed his own peace of mind it was solely because he loved her. And confronted with this semi-confession Gilberte felt for the first time how dear the young stranger had become to her.

Happily her father came in at that moment and she was able to break off their dangerous tête-à-tête. Henri rose and said good-by. His voice trembled and he was so visibly agitated that the young girl took pity on him. She extended her hand and he felt a slight pressure as their fingers met. When he left the house he was convinced that Gil-

VI.

IT was the following day in his mother's boudoir. Henri had just made a complete confession to his mother. The Baroness took the matter much more philosophically than her husband. But although usually indulgent with her son, she reproached him now for his imprudence in entangling himself with a socialist's daughter. Of all the girls in the world he had fallen in love with the most impossible one.

A long scene followed, in which the Baroness persuaded Henri to give up all idea of Gilberte. She urged him to go abroad and travel, confident that new scenes would make

him forget her in two weeks.

berte loved him.

"I can never forget her," said the young man, with emotion. "Would you send me away from you at a moment when I am most unhappy and when I need most your tenderness and care? If I cannot have her let me at least stay with those who will at least sympathize with my grief."

These last words choked his utterance, and, laying her head on his shoulder, the Baroness began to weep silently. Feeling that the victory was his, the young lover re-

doubled his efforts.

"I only ask you to see her. Don't say 'no' before meeting her. She will charm you as she charmed me. You will see that she was not born for the life she is leading now. If you will see her you will become my ally, and I am sure to get father's consent. You know you can win over father to anything you want.

The Baroness smiled through her tears. "Well, I'll see your Gilberte, but where and how?"

Henri became serious. He strode up and down the room in deep meditation.

Then suddenly taking his hat, he exclaimed, "Don't do a thing until I come back. I will go to the Rue Spontini and ask her first if she will be my wife.'

He knew he would find Gilberte alone, for Courcier at that time was at the Chamber. Old Rosalie took him into the room where Gilberte was working. She rose from her chair and greeted him with a surprised smile.

" Did papa send you?

He was embarrassed at the question, but he replied, bravely:

"No, I haven't seen your father yet to-day."
"You expected to find him here, doubt-

"No, I knew he wouldn't be here; that's why I came.'

The young girl's physiognomy changed; an uneasy look came into her face, and she asked, somewhat coldly:

" How is it, then, that you came?" Henri hung his head abashed.

"I wanted to see you."

She was too intelligent a girl to have any false prudery. She felt sure enough of herself to be able to listen to all Henri had to say. She sat down, therefore, and calmly waved him to a seat. Both felt that the words that were going to be uttered would be the most decisive in their lives. Henri began, in a half-choked voice:

"I must ask your pardon, Mademoiselle Gilberte, I have deceived both you and your father. My name is not Gervais, I am not a socialist. I have been false in everything.

Then he told the young girl that what he had done had been for her sake, and how he had found it impossible to live without

Her face grew white as marble, and without a word of reproach, she rose with dignity and went toward the door. But he was quicker than she. He placed himself before her, and exclaimed:

"Don't go away. If you leave me now without letting me explain, without giving me time to ask your pardon, I am lost. We shall never meet again, and it will kill me! For God's sake, Gilberte, hear me out. What have you to fear? My sincerity?"

She did not reply, but she looked at him with eyes so sad that his heart smote him. Finally she went slowly toward the chimneyplace and stood there as if in reflection.

After a time she said:



"What is your name then? We must know who you are?"

"My name is Henri Trésorier. My father is the enemy of yours."

She shook her head sadly and replied:

"Ah, now I understand why you did it!"
"You see," continued Henri, vivaciously,
"I couldn't have acted otherwise than as I
have done. If I had told your father my
real name he would never have let me come
into his house. I could not have met you
again."

She smiled and said, gently, "So it is partly my fault. I must take my share in the blame. You should not have noticed me at

first."

"I did not know who you were," rejoined the young man, "and when I found out I resolved never to see you again. You see how consistent I am. Before two weeks had gone by I had taken apartments near your place and spent hours watching your walks in the garden. That was my only happiness."

She raised her beautiful eyes to his and

said, softly:

"I thought so. That's why I sometimes lengthened my walks."

The young man started forward with a cry of joy and seized the young girl's hand

"Oh, Gilberte," he cried, "I see you pardon me. I am not obnoxious to you. Will you let me love you?"

She eluded his grasp, and said, with a

mocking smile:

"First of all, tell me what you told

your mother."

Henri then told her of the scene he had just had with the Baroness, also of the stormy one he had had with his

father previously.

Gilberte grew serious. She felt all the difficulties that lay in the way of such an attachment and she did not believe at heart that they could be surmounted. Yet Henri's attitude pleased her. She thought him good and loyal, her ideal of what a man should be. Uheasy at her long silence the young man drew closer and murmured:

"Will you become my wife, Gil-

berte?"

She held out her hand with a determined air and, smiling with profound tenderness, said:

"Such a dream seems impossible of realization. I do not think my father would ever give his consent, nor do I think that yours ever will, yet perhaps, if you truly love me, you will be able to triumph over every obstacle, and

then I promise you with all my heart that my love and affection shall make up for all the trouble you have had in winning me." They looked at each other for a moment without a word, both very much moved. Tears stood in Gilberte's eyes, then Henri gently took the young girl in his arms and kissed her. It was the solemn pact of their betrothal. As he released her, he said: "Now you are mine, and mine only."

She lowered her head in sign of acquiescence, and replied, simply:

"Yes."

Before the young man left the house it was arranged between the young people that Gilberte should go to the Rue de Presbourg to see the Baroness.

VII.

THE storm which Gilberte and Henri were to try to avert until the following day, after the visit to the Baroness, burst that very evening. Courcier came back from the Chamber at six o'clock. The young girl guessed from his manner, and the noisy way which he banged the doors, that something was wrong. Directly he entered the room

the deputy struck a tragic attitude in front of the chimney-place and broke out angrily:

"Well, we learn something new every day. One imagines one knows the world, and yet one falls a snare to the first trap that is laid. Have you any idea who our neighbor, this young Gervais, is?"

Gilberte grew pale, and, her voice quivering with emotion, replied as calmly as she could:

"Why, papa——

"No," interrupted the deputy; "you can't have the slightest idea. It passes all belief; it seems like a dream. His name is not Gervais at all. He has simply pretended to be a socialist, so as to ruin me and spy upon me. He is a spy, a scoundrel, and the son of my worst enemy, Baron Trésorier."

He grew purple, and his long beard seemed to curl up with rage. Finally he burst forth

in a ferocious laugh, saying:

"Ah, but they won't get the best of me yet. I have discovered their plot. Now let them come. They will find me ready."

He felt somewhat relieved after this outbreak, and strode silently up and down the room. Then Gilberte ventured to inquire:

" How did you find out?"

"Oh, in the simplest way in the world. You know the police were very much excited about an article I wrote exposing the whole police system. To-day I met young Maronculs, who is on the staff of the Prefect. He stopped me in the street and asked me if it was to be a war to the death. Then he said that I had better take care or that he could soon expose me. I asked him what he meant. He said that the police were aware of the source from which I got my money to run the paper. He said that the public might be interested to know that the rabid socialist did not hesitate to borrow from the despised capitalists. I asked him what he meant.

Then he said that it was an open secret that my backer was not named Gervais at all, but was the son of the rich broker, Trésorier.

I was dumfounded. Did you ever hear of such a scheme? Wait till Mr. Gervais comes here. He will soon find out whether he can deceive me with impunity."

"But, papa," interrupted Gilberte, gently, "you are not sure that M. Trésorier had any such evil intentions. Perhaps the facts are much more simple than you think."

The deputy eyed his daughter intently and a hard look came into his face.

"What do these words mean? Explain at once. Do you know anything? Did Gervais speak to you?"

"Yes, father-this very afternoon."

"What did he say?"

Gilberte remained silent, but her silence was so significant that her father at once understood. He saw now a reason for the young man's action. It was all clear, logical, and rational, yet the knowledge of the truth did not make it any more satisfactory for the father nor any less compromising for the politician. Turning to his daughter he said sternly:

"So it was for you that he came here."

"Yes, father."

"Has he had the audacity to make any pro-

posal to you?"

"His behavior toward me has been that of a perfect gentleman," replied the young girl. "He has asked me to be his wife."

" You the wife of a young aristocrat like that," burst forth the deputy, angrily.

"Would it be against your wishes, father?"

" It would not rest only with me," said the deputy, bitterly. "You will see what the Trésorier family think about it. Can you imagine yourself a daughter-in-law of the Baroness, a woman who has armorial bearings on her carriage, who is an intimate friend of the pretender's mother and a president of the Society for the Propaganda of the Sacred Heart. My poor child, we are not for such as they. They want a princess for their son. Do you know that the Baron has an income of twelve hundred thousand francs a year, all made by robbing the poor? Could the daughter of a Courcier soil her hands by touching such money? Of course not; besides, I wouldn't have it. But I shall not have to refuse. The young man's offer is not serious.

Gilberte could have convinced her father that it was more serious than he thought by acquainting him with the appointment she had to go and see the Baroness the next day, but she thought it wiser to say nothing about it. In his present state of mind Courcier would probably interpret badly the intervention of the Baroness. He might

even be opposed to the visit to the Rue de Presbourg. So the young girl did as she usually did when her father raged unreasonably. She turned her back to the storm and submitted to his violence without complaint. She spent all her even-



ing and found consolation in thinking of Henri and the brief moments of happiness

they had had together.

The following day at two o'clock Mme. Trésorier was in her small drawing-room on the first floor, when her lady's maid came and told her discreetly that Mlle. Courcier had arrived. Gilberte was dressed simply, yet stylishly, with a pretty little black bonnet which set off her rosy complexion and fair hair. Her timidity on this occasion added to her natural grace.

The Baroness welcomed the young girl with open arms and led her to a sofa, where she sat down beside her. Then in a voice which reminded Gilberte of her

lover, she said:

"I am very glad to see you, mademoiselle, for although you, are a stranger to me, there is already a bond of sympathy between us."

"Yes, I know, madame," replied Gilberte. "I was sure of your receiving me kindly on account of the affection I feel for your son."

"How old are you, child?"

"Twenty, madame."
And so the two women began to talk, the Baroness questioning the young girl on her early life, her father, her love for Henri, to which questions the young girl answered with perfect frankness. Madame Trésorier also questioned her on the subject of religion, and

was shocked to find that Gilberte had been brought up entirely ignorant of it. She spoke with her long and earnestly, pointing out the beauties of the Christian faith and the dangers of indifference and scepticism until at last the young girl, entirely touched, laid her head upon the Baroness's shoulder and began to weep silently. Then the Baroness, taking her in her arms, said:

"When you first came in I loved you for my son's sake, now I love you for your own. I will take the place of the mother you have lost. You must try and win over your father to this marriage and I will do the same with the Baron. It will be a hard fight for us both."

Rising from the sofa, the Baroness opened the bookcase, took out a small volume, and gave it to Gilberte, saying: "See, child, take this with you. It has historic value, for it belonged to Madame Elizabeth, a sister of Louis XVI., and she read it in the Temple while awaiting her doom. But it has a higher value than that—a moral value. It is the 'Imitation' of Jesus Christ. Read it. You will find still on it the tears of the noble martyr that it helped to suffer with resignation. It is the most beautiful work ever written by the hand of man. It will help you to know Him of whom they have left you ignorant."

Gilberte received the precious volume with a trembling hand. She stammered out her

thanks, and Madame Trésorier pressed her to her bosom. Then Gilberte left the house and returned home.

VIII.

THE Baroness sat in silence a long time after Gilberte's departure, and she was only

aroused from her reflections by the entrance of her son. Anticipating his natural question she said:

"She has just left here. What a sweet girl she is, alas!"

"Why alas, mother?"

"Because I think it will be very hard to win your father's consent. He detests

her father and his opinions, and I don't think he could ever reconcile himself to having Gilberte as a daughter-in-law. Hush, I hear him coming."

The door opened and the Bar-

on entered.

"Secrets, eh?" he exclaimed. "You stopped talking when I came in. Is this some more of Henri's folly?"

The Baroness spoke up bravely:

"I have just had an interview with Mlle. Courcier. I was curious to see her, so I sent for her."

"Well, how did you like her?"

"Perfectly charming. The only fault I can find is that her religious education has been neglected."

The Baron smiled and said:

"You don't expect the daughter of an atheist to be as much interested in the saints as you are, do you?"

Then, glancing at his son, he continued: "This thing had better stop now. Henri's



marriage with her is out of the question. I will never consent to it."

Henri sank down on the sofa and covered his face with his hand.

"Don't you see how your words hurt him?" cried the Baroness.

"It is for his own good," said the father. "If he married her he would regret it later.'

Henri arose, his face pale, and, with a look of deter-

mination, said:

"The daughter is not responsible for the faults of her father. If you wish my happiness you will not raise any obstacle to this Until now I marriage. have obeyed you in everything, and you have no right to make me unhappy." He gave way at these

last words and was so moved that sobs choked his utterance. The two parents looked at each other with consternation, and the father made a gesture of displeasure.

" I see you are each in league against me. You both think I am a tyrant, yet God knows

that what I said was for the boy's good.' He walked up and down the room, perplexed and angry. After a few moments he stopped in front of the mother and said:

"Well, I'll do this much, I will go and see

the father of the girl you love.

Henri started to his feet, his face radiant. "Will you do that, father? Oh, thank

"Yes, I'll go," said the Baron. "I don't quite like the job, but I'll do it if it is to make

my son happy."

"But you won't quarrel with him, will you?" said the son. "Shall I go with you?"

" No, that would not be the right thing. Besides, I don't wish you to see my humilia-

The following day about six o'clock, while M. Courcier was reading the evening papers in his study, old Rosalie came and told her master that a gentleman wanted to see him.
"Do you know him?" asked the deputy,

who had grown suspicious since the advent-

ure with Gervais.

"Here's his card," said the servant. she held forth the little bit of pasteboard, which read "Baron Trésorier, Stock Broker. The deputy was so surprised that he could hardly lift his eyes from the card. Finally he said, in a different tone of voice:

"Where is the gentleman?"



" In the anteroom." "Show him into the drawing-room.

Courcier took off his house-jacket, put on his ministerial frock-coat, and more excited than he would have liked to confess, left his study and went into the drawing-room. He found Baron Trésorier standing, his face grave and solemn. The two enemies eyed each other for a moment without speaking. Then Courcier, pointing to a chair, sat down and asked, ceremoniously:

"To what do I owe the

honor of this visit?

The Baron inclined his head stiffly, yet forcing an amiable smile, said:

"You can perhaps guess You have a my errand. daughter-a charming girl

-whom my son has had the fortune to meet. He loves her. I have come to ask you to do us the honor to permit him to.. make her his wife.

Courcier smiled bitterly. He drew his fingers through his beard and looking at Tré-

sorier with a mocking smile, said:

"This is, of course, very flattering for us. There is simply one little point I should like to be enlightened upon. Your son, I believe, is also known as Gervais, a gentleman who obtains introductions into families under false names?"

The Baron grew very red and then very pale. He made a start as if to leave the room, but restrained himself, and replied, calmly:

"Yes, my son did that; he was wrong.

But his intentions were honorable.

Courcier then lost his temper, and, with his usual extravagant gestures, broke out angrily:

"Honorable intentions, indeed! We don't want any of his honor. We disdain his of-That's all there is to it.

Trésorier became as calm as the other grew violent. He replied, dryly:

"Monsieur, I am afraid you are a fool."
"Fool!" cried Courcier. "Then what are you, to come and make such advances to me? Is it possible that we can ever have anything in common?"

"I begin to fear not," said the Baron.

"You are an aristocrat, one of those who get fat on the blood of the poor. I should consider myself dishonored if I entered your family.'



ily—but your daughter. She can do as she likes. She won't allow you to play the part of the tyrant. There are laws, monsieur, for father blinded by projudice."

fathers blinded by prejudice."

"Would your pious son," grinned Courcier;" be content with a civil ceremony? My daughter has not been brought up in the church, you know."

"We'll convert her," retorted the Baron.

"It will be a fine offering to God.'

At this unexpected answer the deputy lost all mastery over himself. With eyes starting

out of his head, and foaming with rage, he cried:

"So that's your scheme, is it? To steal my daughter and give her up to the priests—to ruin myself in the eyes of my friends, who would think I was your accomplice! No, sir! My daughter shall never belong to your son or to your God."

He was beside himself with rage, and raised his arm as if he was about to strike the Baron. Suddenly the door opened and Gilberte appeared. She was very pale, but so beautiful that the Baron, filled with admiration, stood without speaking, his eyes fixed on the young girl whose face betrayed energy and grief. She came between the two men, and speaking slowly, said:

"Father, the noise of this discussion reached my room. In spite of my wish not to interfere, I could not help hearing your last words, and they grieved me very much. To satisfy your rancor you have played with my

feelings. It was wrong."

"My child!" cried Courcier, alarmed. She turned toward Trésorier and said,

"Take this reply to your son: Tell him that I have given him my heart, and that if I cannot be his—for my marriage must depend on my father's consent—I will enter a convent and be the bride of heaven."

"Gilberte!" stammered Courcier; "what's

this tomfoolery?'

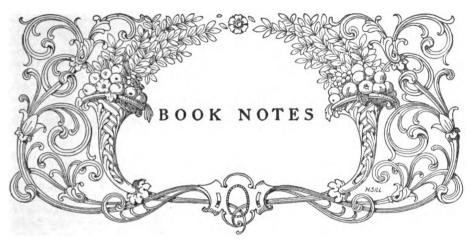
She did not reply. Standing erect and motionless in the centre of the room, her pretty blond head thrown back as if in defiance, she looked so majestic and so proud that the Baron was carried away. Scarcely noticing the deputy, he bowed before Gilberte as a courtier might bow before a queen, and left the house.

(To be concluded in the April PETERSON.)

THE LILY.

THERE grew a lily in the dark green wood,
It shone a vivid scarlet through the gloom;
Erect upon its slender stem it stood,
And heeded not that it was there alone.
A weary poet, friendless, poor, and sad
Passed through the wood and saw the flaming flower;
To him its radiance 'mid the sombre shade
Was like a God-sent message, needed sore.
The lily needed neither friends nor hope,
It bloomed far hidden from the haunts of men,
But was not the less bright because unsought
Or less erect because it stood alone.
The wanderer took the lesson to his heart
And wrote a poem, which seemed so inspired
That often it has done the lily's part
Since then, in cheering souls hard pressed and tired.

L. N. B.



A somewhat quaint work of fiction is "A Set of Rogues," by Frank Barrett (Macmillan & Co., New York). This is the story of three unprincipled fellows, who, with the assistance of a daughter of one of the trio, conspire to cheat a woman and her daughter, imprisoned among the Moors, of the money which should buy their freedom. In following the course of the tale, one is regaled with many a choice bit of humor, and the love story, without which no work of fiction appears to be complete in these days, is introduced in a very pleasant way. The vagabonds, in pursuance of their object, stroll through the picturesque sections of Spain, and one reads with keen relish the passages descriptive of the sights and scenes in this land of oranges and vineyards. The story ends happily.

"The Boy Officers of 1812" is a stirring youth's book by Everett T. Tomlinson. It deals with the war times of 1812, and continues the tale of adventure that has made so fascinating a previous work by the same author—"The Boy Officers." The boys continue their scouting expeditions and also participate in several engagements, in which they acquit themselves with great bravery and to the satisfaction of their superiors. Among the more exciting events brought into the narrative are the expedition against Toronto, the attack on Sackett's Harbor, the defence of Fort Meigs, Perry's Victory, etc., which are described in a manner which will stir the blood and arouse patriotic feeling. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

David B. Sickels has grouped a number of poems in one volume, which he has called "Leaves of the Lotos." The author was a

diplomat of the United States in the Orient, hence the title of the book. Some of the poems dwell upon subjects near to Nature, others are more ambitious, and refer to the legends of the land wherein the author was a dweller. (J. Selwyn Tait & Sons, New York.)

"Courtship by Command," a story of Napoleon at play, by M. M. Blake, is a short sketch of life in the Bavarian court, having for its main incidents the coronation of King Maximilian I., and the betrothal, courtship, and marriage of his daughter, Princess Augusta, to Eugène de Beauharnais. The emperor is a moving figure in the little comedy, and many of his familiar characteristics are depicted, while new ones are revealed. The light and good-natured side of his disposition only are shown, and we are furthermore treated to a description of his august majesty in a game of hide-and-seek, and his small quibblings with Josephine over her milliners' bills. He is a most charming personage in this little book, which affords a pleasant contrast to the more sombre and statistical works on the same subject.

For the rest, there are pen-pictures of the beautiful Josephine, extravagant and neglectful of her husband in his absence; the dashing Eugène, her son, who falls in love with the Princess Augusta at first sight; the dainty Augusta herself, transformed from an unwilling to an ardent bride; the noble Maximilian and the haughty Caroline, his queen.

The descriptive matter in which the book abounds is as brilliant and varied in color as an artist's palette. The style is simple, yet direct, and turns to a few pretty flights of fancy, as fresh in tint as the Alpine rose, but as realistic as the frozen, blood-bespattered battle-ground. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

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(Copyright 1895. From "Samantha in Europe," Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.)

"When I'm elected to Congress, I'm goin' to wear my hat the hull time."

In "Samantha in Europe," by Josiah Allen's Wife (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), we renew our acquaintance with this unique and amusing couple. The story of their travels abroad really forms a useful guidebook, full of information, and animated with humorous incidents. Their experiences on the steamer, in all the historical and famous places they visited, their return home, and all the attendant happenings, are treated with that easy style and garrulous humor which have made "Josiah Allen's Wife" a household word. We know just what to expect in this book, being familiar—and who is not?—with its predecessors. The shrewd wit, homely pathos, and sound philosophy of Samantha are always interesting, even though a great deal of each is crowded into the large volume. The other characters assist in mak-

ing a connected story, and the ludicrous episodes in which they are concerned may be recommended as an excellent cure for the blues.

The illustrations lend new value to the book. De Grimm's quaint art illumines many pages with its humorous realizations of the various characters.

In spite of the plenitude of the reading matter of this very long book, it has that quality of being so human and so hearty as to compel a sympathetic smile or tear from every reader who may even glance over its pages.

The Book Buyer for March contains the first of a series of three articles upon Reading Clubs, by Miss Louise Stockton, a pioneer in the work of reading circles and an organizer of clubs for that purpose. The article contains practical suggestions, born of wide experience, and conveys much useful

information of value to those interested in the formation and government of reading clubs.

Parents would do well to read Florence Hull Winterburn's "Nursery Ethics" (Merriam Co., New York), for the little book is full of good common sense and admirable advice. The author speaks from experience, observation, and study. The subject is obviously dear to her, and she makes it interesting even to the casual reader. She lays down an authoritative code of laws and principles, governing the management of children, and makes many wise suggestions concerning the attitude of parents, the mental needs of children, obedience, prenatal influences, etc.



TWO NOTEWORTHY ARTICLES.

In this issue of THE PETERSON MAGAZINE appear the first instalments of two new and noteworthy articles concerning two great Americans of late years—Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. The personal and reminiscent quality of the two papers will be observed. This makes the matter of double interest and value: instead of being mere chronicles, the articles take the form of friendly recollections. In history and biography the vital points of the careers of Lincoln and Lee have been amply treated, but in the case of the articles in this Magazine, the intimacy of subjects and authors, the many details and much personal information not hitherto made public, combine to make this series of unusual interest.

Mr. Frank B. Carpenter, who contributes the Lincoln matter, was for a long time a resident in the President's family in Washington, while he was engaged on his famous painting, "The Proclamation of Emancipation." The fact that Lincoln's birthday, the 12th of February, has recently been made a legal holiday, is but another indication of the growing tendency of this nation to regard Abraham Lincoln—the martyr-president, the friend, savior, and ruler of the people—as perhaps the representative American.

General Robert E. Lee, a loyal Southerner, a perfect gentleman, a gallant and fearless officer, is regarded by many as the finest soldier in the late war. The article on him and his ancestors is furnished by Judge T. J. Mackey, whose admirable "New Life of Washington" has just been concluded in this Magazine. Judge Mackey knew Lee intimately, and that friendship will be a source of much exclusive and new information regarding him.

The publication of these two articles, side by side, is characteristic of the American spirit of THE PETERSON MAGAZINE, whose aim is to present topics of worth and instruction, as well as entertainment, to the American people.

Another feature in the March PETERSON is the first appearance of a series of articles on "American Naval Heroes," which covers a field not developed in any other publica-

tion, and which will adequately chronicle the history of our navy and its officers. These articles will be illustrated, as is the one in the present issum copiously and correctly, from old and valuable prints and engravings, as well as by original drawings.

THE complete set of copies of THE PETER-SON MAGAZINE containing the "New Life of Washington" can be had at this office. The work runs through nine numbers, from June, 1895, to February, 1896, inclusive, and they will be mailed to any address for seventy-five cents.

NEW subscribers should state whether they wish to have the subscription commence with the January number or the current issue. Unless otherwise directed all subscriptions commence with the current number.

SUBSCRIBE now if you wish to obtain the complete "Recollections of Lincoln" or the "Life of Lee." Send the dollar directly to us, or hand it to your news-dealer, who will forward it to this office.

EARLY numbers of THE PETERSON MAGAZINE will contain the first instalments of the new department devoted to the world's advancement in every avenue of science, art, medicine, literature, discovery, and education. Illustrated and carefully edited, it will be a résumé of what happens each month that is noteworthy in the world's progress.

OUR ADVERTISERS.—We believe that all the advertisements in this magazine are from reliable business men, and do not intentionally or knowingly insert advertisements from any but reliable people. If subscribers find any of them otherwise we should be glad to be advised of it.

THE SECOND SUMMER,

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

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FIBRE CHAMOIS

IS AWARDED THE VERDICT OF SUPERIORITY.

INDORSED BY THE LEADING PUBLICATIONS OF AMERICA.

COME months since I sounded the praises of Fibre Chamois, and at that time stated that it possessed all the requirements demanded in an interlining, being light, elastic, damp proof, odorless, smooth, pliant, and unshrinkable, yet soft enough to be easily cut, folded and sewed in seams, plaits, and gathers. Since that time thousands of ladies in every State have tested its merits and unanimously sustained the verdict then rendered. I also stated that Fibre Chamois, owing to its great excellence, would have many imitators, and at that time advised all persons desiring to get the genuine article to insist upon seeing the trade-mark, Fibre Chamois, which is stamped upon every yard. Since the time that my article appeared many leading publications have come out squarely for Fibre Chamois, advocating it as the best interlining. As an index to public opinion the following reviews from a number of the best magazines and fashion papers are presented:

Martha MacCullough Williams, in Harper's Bazar, recently occupied a page and a half of space to illustrate the many uses of Fibre Chamois, and in glowing terms placed it above all other interlinings for dresses, cloaks, capes, and, in fact, every garment where stiffening is required. She easily demonstrates that garments lined with Fibre Chamois have an air about them that cannot be approached by other styles of interlining, and in her closing paragraph warns readers of the Bazar to beware of imitations.

An enthusiastic champion of Fibre Chamois is *Vogue*, which may properly be considered the organ of New York's 400, and which is looked upon as authority in many of the most wealthy families. In commenting upon Fibre

Chamois it has this to say: "Fibre Chamois has been on the market only a little over a year, and now it is impossible to meet anyone who does not know about its merit. Indeed, to ask for it in a shop and to find it not, would most certainly prove its utter behind-the-timesedness, and it is most doubtful if such a thing were possible -for only too glad are even the smallest country shops to have an article on sale that sells itself. It is not every day that an article is put on the market that appeals to not only men, women, and children, but to the rich and poor, high and low, those in the swim and those out of the swim, those with an artistic taste and those with a practical taste—the artistic creators of gowns and the home dressmaker; thus it is proven that this material has come to stay. All appreciate the delight of a reliable lining in the damp atmosphere at the seashore—something that will spare them the experience of returning with a trunkful of limp, mussy, bedraggled gowns, petticoats, ends and bows, to separate and to be taken apart from their useless 'interiors.'

"To use an article which demonstrates such wear-restricting qualities is itself sufficient to recommend it, for not only does it maintain its own qualities, but in a remarkable degree it preserves the outside material from the creases which so soon fall into holes and consequent uselessness. Few articles possess the adjustability of the one herein discussed; this was practically proven after examining two gowns which were recently finished at one of our smartest dressmakers, the lining in each being none other than the now indispensable Fibre Chamois. skirts, the sleeves, the revers, the collar-bands, all stood out with the crispiness and perfection which is otherwise

impossible to obtain."

While speaking of the most expensive dresses and those who design them, it might be well to mention the fact that Redfern, who is recognized as authority pre-eminent in both London and New York, not only uses Fibre Chamois in many of these garments, but upon receipt of a letter of indorsement from the famous prima donna, Lillian Russell, at once notified the manufacturers of this famous interlining of the favor in which it stands among its customers.

A fashionable writer in *Good House-keeping*, in discussing a wealthy friend's visit to New York, gives the following as a part of her experience:

Walking down Fifth Avenue, near the Brunswick, Mrs. Wynne said: "Oh, there is Redfern's. I have always longed to go in there."

"So have I," replied Mrs. Turner;

" suppose we go in.'

In they went, and were received with the utmost courtesy. Some special dresses made for Lillian Russell and others were shown, and the manager, in reply to a question as to the interlining, said: "There is only one that is worth using, and that is Fibre Chamois. We use nothing else, except by special directions, and then cannot get as good style as with Fibre Chamois. It is a marvellous creation and a blessing to womankind."

Here was an indorsement from one of the highest authorities, which fully settled the idea in both ladies' minds. After leaving they took occasion to visit some of the stores in and about

Twenty-third Street.

On the way Mrs. Wynne said:

"There are several other things of that nature advertised; I noticed one in the car just now. Probably much the same thing." "In looks, yes; but not in effect. I would not trust anything but the genuine. You might inquire for and about the others in the stores."

But inquiries in several of the best stores brought forth the same answer:

"Oh, those are only imitations; we don't keep them. We have so much call for Fibre Chamois, but the others do not give satisfaction at all."

"Are you satisfied?" Mrs. Turner asked, as her friend ordered several yards to be sent to Mrs. Walters's ad-

dress at once.

Lippincott's Magazine, of recent date, has four pages of illustrated fashion matter, and commends Fibre Chamois as the only lining for all garments therein pictured. In conclusion it says:

"Remember one thing:

"If Fibre Chamois were not so unmistakably good it would not be worth while to imitate it.

"To get the original, then, ask for Fibre Chamois; insist on Fibre Chamois; accept no substitute for Fibre Chamois. Any woman is justified in resenting any attempt to suggest a 'just as good' or 'something better.' These insinuations do not come with propriety from the dealer; it is the customer's privilege to express dissatisfaction. Make up your mind on another point:

"Complaint on the part of a dealer in the case of any well-established article is a matter of profit—margin—solely.

"The quality of the goods, as a rule, is not taken into consideration if an inferior article enhances the returns.

"What is known and tried and believed in is always better than any unknown and experimental quantity.

"Women who have used Fibre Chamois become its best advertisements.

"Let this be its recommendation."

Madge Preston.

CURIOSITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man falls all the uncorked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game or the sweets.

Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come to purchase the remains.

Long ago, in England, even the greatest men in the land were pleased to receive such perquisites. In the reign of Henry II., for instance, the lord chancellor was entitled to the ends of one great candle and forty small ones per day. And the aquarius, who must be a baron in rank, received one penny for drying towels on every ordinary occasion of the king's bathing.

A GOOD MEMORY.

A STORY is told of a bright young American and several German officers who, at a dinner one evening, set out to make him uncomfortable by chaffing him about his country. The young man is Albert H. Washburn, the United States Consular Agent at Magdeburg. Henry F. Merritt, Consul at Chemnitz, was the first one of the Americans attacked with a taunt from one of the Germans that he could not give the names of the Presidents of the United States. Merritt named them over with some deliberation and drew from his German friend the declaration that he did not believe there was another American present who could do it.

Young Washburn had said nothing until now, but he broke in and declared: "I can do it, and will give you the Vice-Presidents." He was about to begin, when a second thought struck him, and he said: "While I am about it I might as well give you the Secretaries of State, too." The Germans got down a book giving the names and kept tabs on the young man as he correctly went through the list. They were pretty well backed down already, but Washburn had no idea of letting them off so easily. "Now, I should like to know,"

he said, "whether any of you can give the names of the Prussian rulers from the time of Charlemagne and his sons down to the Emperor William?"

Not one of them could go half through the list, and they were on the point of apologizing to the young Massachusetts scholar when he took them down still more by modestly suggesting: "Perhaps I had better do it for you." He began with Charlemagne and went through the list without a break, much to the astonishment of his German hosts and the delight of Consul Edwards and the other Americans. "How did you do it?" asked Merritt. "Oh, my father had a taste for such things and taught them to me when I was a boy, and, you see, they are sometimes useful to know," he replied.

DRINK HABIT DYING OUT.

It is only a natural deduction from other facts that the drink habit is falling off. One of these is the common practice of railroads and other corporations to require not merely temperance, but total abstinence, on the part of their employees. This at once withdraws from the saloons the patronage of a large body of men, most of them young men, who are the best patrons of such places when they patronize them at all.

Still another adverse influence is that of society. There is plenty of drinking done in society, and society smiles on it; but, all the same, when a man's character is under discussion in society, the admission that "he drinks a little now and then" always counts against him. That is really the meaning of the screened doors and frosted windows of the saloons; it is not reputable for a man to be seen drinking, and this consideration has its influence in restraining.

It is intolerably plain, then, that the use of intoxicating liquor is on the wane. It will be a long time before it will cease entirely, if it ever does, but each succeeding generation is soberer than the one before it. In time, perhaps in a comparatively few years, drink will become the dissipation of the few, instead of, as now, the vice of the many.



Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury.



William H. Seward, Secretary of State.



Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War.



Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.

Lincoln's Cabinet. 1861-1865.

Reproduced from the steel engraving of the painting of "The Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation," by Frank B. Carpenter.



Edward Bates, Attorney-General.



Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior.



Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General.

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APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

Abraham Lincoln.

Personal Recollections and Incidents of a Six Months'
Sojourn in the White House During the
Lincoln Administration.

By FRANK B. CARPENTER.

II.

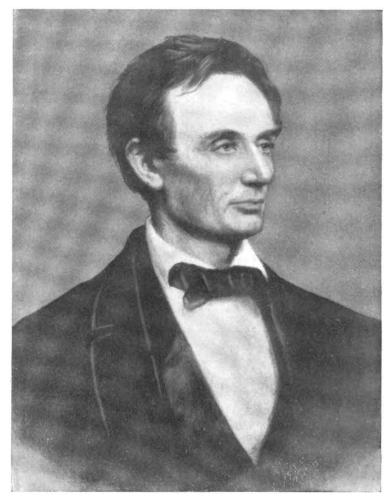
T is customary in painting historical pictures for the artist to make separate studies, or portraits, of each character embraced in his composition. My picture was to represent President Lincoln and Cabinet—eight full-length Under Mr. Lincoln's direcportraits. tion I soon had the grouping and accessories determined. These adjusted, I put the large canvas aside, and commenced separate portraits of each individual in the group-beginning with Mr. Lincoln—on a canvas twenty-nine by thirty-six inches—taking a threequarter view of his face. This was, and is, my original portrait of Lincoln, subsequently engraved on steel by Frederick Halpin, of New York, and widely known by engravings throughout the country. It was also engraved by the American Bank Note Company for one of the issues of the national currency.

This study-portrait I carefully copied on the large canvas, upon which I was obliged to work from an improvised platform. The painting of this portrait interested Mr. Lincoln greatly. At the

last sitting my friend Sinclair, from New York, was present. At the end of the sitting Mr. Lincoln rose from the chair and viewed the work for a moment in silence, then he uttered these words, written down afterward by Mr. Sinclair, "There is more of me in this portrait than in any representation ever made." This opinion was shared by Mrs. Lincoln, the family, the Cabinet, and personal friends of the President, expressed in letters to me after his death. I declined all offers for the purchase of the original portrait, and it has always remained in my possession, the most treasured of all my works. Photographs will perish, doubtless, with the lapse of time. They have yet to stand the test of centuries. I detract not from the productions of the camera, but a true work of art must pass through the alembic of a human brain. It must have the element of mind in it to endure.

"We will turn you in loose here," said Mr. Lincoln at our first interview. The figure in his mind was that of a colt in a new pasture, or a buffalo on the prairie. He meant just what he said. The key of the State Dining-room

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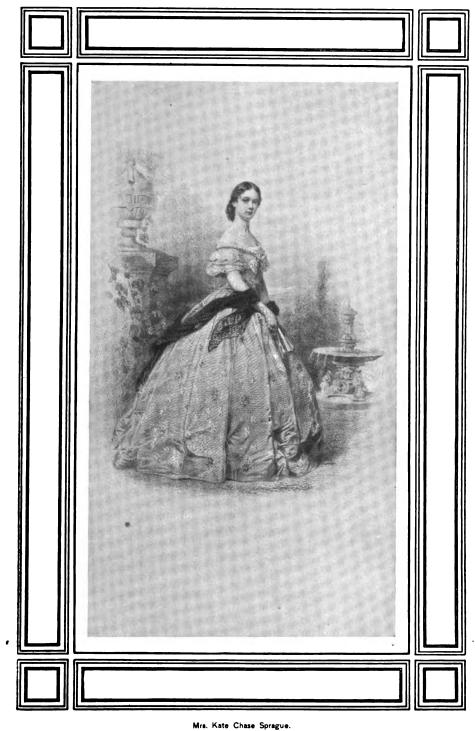
The Healey Portrait.

From a photograph of a painting by G. P. R. Healey. Date unknown.

was placed in my hand. Access to the President's official chamber was made almost as free to me as to the private secretaries. The servants were told to serve me as one of the household. The great chandelier of the apartment assigned to me was lighted at nightfall for my benefit, and here at all hours of the day and night the wearied President found rest and recreation from importunate callers, and the endless round of executive duties, in watching the progress of my work. He would often bring with him persons of note who had called during the day or evening, and

sitting down upon the large table used on state occasions, where he could swing his long legs, he would comment upon the different characters of the Cabinet, slyly alluding to the known antagonisms of two or three of them, and the presidential aspirations of others, winding up with, "Mrs. Lincoln says this is Mr. Carpenter's 'Happy Family.'"

As the portrait of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Welles, noted for his long white beard, came out upon the canvas, he said the head of the Secretary always reminded him of Father Neptune, the "god of the sea," and then, taking off



Daughter of Secretary Chase who presided at her father's mansion during the Lincoln administration. From a steel plate presented to Mr. Carpenter by Mrs. Sprague.

his spectacles he would quote Orpheus C. Kerr's humorous account of the "Mackerel Brigade," and the dying soldier who wanted to see his grandmother before he died, and the surgeons telling him, after a consultation, that it was impossible for her to reach the hospital in time, but in view of his request, they had decided as a substitute for his grandmother to send for the Secretary of the Navy. The messenger went in great haste, but returned with the answer that "the Secretary was absorbed in the contemplation of a model of Noah's Ark, and could not come." After the outburst of laughter this recital invariably produced, Mr. Lincoln would add, "I suppose the Secretary would never forgive me for telling this story,' and then, by one of those quick changes from the humorous to the grave and thoughtful, so characteristic of him, he would go over some of the incidents which led to the Proclamation which the canvas illustrated.

There was a curious blending of fact and allegory in my mind in the composition of my picture. There were two elements in the Cabinet-the radical and the conservative. Mr. Lincoln was placed at the head of the official table, between two groups—on his right the radicals—Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and Stanton, Secretary of War; on his left the conservatives—Seward, Secretary of State; Welles, Secretary of the Navy; Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General, and Bates, Attorney-Gen-The President, with the Proclamation in his hand just read, sits between the Army and Navy, with the Secretary of the Treasury standing resolutely by his side, actively supporting the new policy.* All are listening to the learned and diplomatic Seward. entitled to precedence in discussion by his position as Secretary of State. accessories of the picture, desks, chairs, war-maps, and books, with the portrait of President Jackson over the mantel, were copied from the objects themselves, before any change had been made in the room. Since Lincoln's administration the official chamber has been removed to the room that in his day was the waiting- or ante-room, which is nearer the domestic apartments; and the historic room occupied by all the presidents since the White House was erected, down to, and including, Mr. Lincoln, is now assigned to the private secretary. The furniture of the room was sold during the administration of President Grant, whose Attorney-General, Hon. Rockwood Hoar, secured the heavy long table which filled the centre of the chamber, which he afterward presented to the Historical Society of Massachusetts. I have thus given, step by step, the mental process by which my picture came into being. As the thread upon which are strung my personal memories of President Lincoln, and from the fact that the painting itself now hangs in the National Capitol, I have ventured to tell its story.

Senator Charles Sumner, the author of the joint resolution forbidding the placing of any picture representing a battle-scene of the Civil War upon the walls of the Capitol, himself introduced a resolution in the Senate in 1865 to secure this picture celebrating the abolition of slavery as a companion picture to "The Declaration of Independence."

My position with Mr. Lincoln was unique. I had nothing to ask, personally or politically. I spent much time with him in his room, absorbed with my sketches of the various objects required in my picture, while he received visitors, or silently reviewed the official documents submitted for his signature. He often seemed unconscious of my presence, while I intently studied every line and shade of expression in that furrowed - prematurely furrowed face. He was only fifty-five years old, but these lines were deep enough for They were not dependent seventy. upon moods or conditions, but were fixed and indelible by thought, care, and silent suffering. I have never known so sad a face. The prevailing expression of his eyes was inward rather than outward-not unconscious of the material and external-more conscious

^{*} See full-page reproduction of this painting in The Peterson Magazine for March.



Mrs. Lincoln.
From a photograph by Brady. Washington.

of the interior and spiritual. No man can tell the processes by which he reached emancipation. Secretary Seward once said he was more confidential with me than with any others, but he did not reveal to me the entire action of his mind. Some influence there was that determined this purpose independent of individuals, delegations, or Cabinet ministers. He told the latter that he had not called them together to ask their advice, but to hear what he had written. The purpose was fixed and unalterable. Had this dealer in rigid, stern facts, of a profession the farthest removed from the sentimental or sensational, simply arrived at a conclusion by a process of reasoning; or had he, like Moses and Samuel and Elijah, heard a voice which the spirit within him recognized, and could not disobev? His repeated dream, presaging extraordinary developments, he related at the last Cabinet meeting-the day of his assassination—saying he had had precisely the same dream before the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, and Gettysburg; and on the evening of the day of his renomination, at Baltimore,

for his second term, he told Colonel John Hay and myself of the double apparition of himself which he saw at Springfield the day he was first nominated. Some persons call this superstition. I prefer to believe, and I think there is evidence to believe, that the Hebrew prophets and leaders heard a voice calling them to a work they dared not disobey; that Joan of Arc and Abraham Lincoln heard the same voice, and through it became the redeemers of their people.

My first interview with Mr. Lincoln occurred on Saturday. The following Tuesday I spent with him in his office. The morning was devoted to Judge-Advocate-General Holt (who had been, it will be remembered, a member of President Buchanan's Cabinet), who had brought from his office a large number of court-martial cases to submit to the President. Here I realized for the first time the solemn responsibility of the presidential office. Case after case was presented to Mr. Lincoln, who, after a careful examination of the facts, by a stroke of his pen confirmed or commuted the sentence of death—the latter, if any excuse could be found for doing He would take the document from Judge Holt and write upon the back the lightest penalty consistent with any degree of justice. As he added the date to one of these papers, a curious illustration of his habit of mind oc-curred. He said, "Does your mind, Judge Holt, associate prominent events with dates? Every time this morning that I have written the day of the month I have thought, 'This is General Harrison's birthday.'" One of the cases brought up was of a man named Burroughs, a notorious spy, convicted and sentenced to death. A powerful effort had been made by his friends to save him from execution. The appeal had caused the President to delay action pending an investigation. Attempting to escape from prison, Burroughs had been shot dead. With a sigh of relief Mr. Lincoln said, "That shot has saved me a great deal of trouble."

At twelve o'clock the President drew back from the table and said, "We will



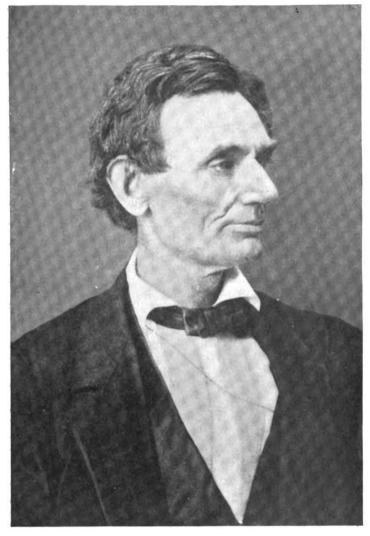
Unidentified Portrait of Lincoln,

Of special interest as showing the unusual length of his legs. Loaned by H. W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill.

go no farther with these cases to-day. I am tired and the Cabinet will be coming in soon. And this reminds me," he continued, "that I have not yet had my breakfast."

An hour later the different members of the Cabinet came in, the President having resumed his seat at his desk, examining official documents. I was already known to Secretaries Seward and Chase, whose portraits I had painted in 1855, while they were both in the United States Senate. As I responded to their greeting, Mr. Lincoln was absorbed in his papers. As the others came in he introduced me and added, "Mr. Carpenter is an artist, and he is going to paint a picture of us all together." Someone said something concerning a bust of the President by Thomas Jones, a sculptor of Cincinnati, which was on exhibition in the crimson parlor below. "Jones," said Mr. Lincoln, "tells a good story of General Scott—of whose vanity everybody knows—of whom he once made a bust. Scott was a good subject, and the sculptor had made a fine bust. At the last sitting he attempted to define the lines and markings of the face, adding age and character. Scott was a patient sitter, but when he came to see the result of the morning's work he was much displeased. 'Why, Jones, what are you about?' he asked. 'Only working out the details a little more,' was the sculptor's reply. 'Details!' shouted the General, '—— the details. Man, you are spoiling the bust.'"

At the close of the Cabinet meeting Mr. Lincoln made an appointment to go with me to Brady's photograph gallery on Pennsylvania Avenue. The carriage had been ordered and Mrs. Lincoln was to accompany us, when a vexatious incident occurred. Neither carriage nor coachman was to be seen, to the great displeasure of Mrs. Lincoln. The President and myself stood upon the threshold of the door under the portico awaiting the result of an inquiry for the coachman, when a letter was placed in his hand. While he was reading it people were passing, as was customary, up and down the promenade which led through the grounds to the War Department, crossing of course the portico. My attention was attracted, while Mr. Lincoln was reading, to a countryman, plainly dressed, who, with his wife and two little boys, had evidently been straying about looking at the places of public interest in the city. As they reached the portico the father caught sight of the tall form of the President. He stopped suddenly, put out his hand, with a "hush" to his family-then bending down, he whispered, "There is the President," Then he made a half circuit around Mr. Lincoln, who was absorbed in his letter, entirely unconscious of the little party watching him. At length, turning to me, he said, "We will not wait any longer for the carriage; it won't hurt you and me to walk down." The stranger here approached diffidently and asked if he



The Hesler Portrait of Lincoln.

From the photograph by Alex. Hesler, at Springfield, Ill., in June, 1860. Loaned by H. W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill.

might take the President by the hand, and then might his wife and little boys have the same privilege. Mr. Lincoln, with his habitual kindness, walked over to the little group, and, reaching down, said a pleasant word to the bashful little fellows shrinking closely to their mother's side, too much confused to reply. The father's cup overflowed. Taking off his hat he reverently said, "The Lord is with you, Mr. Lincoln." Hesi-

tating a moment, he added, with much emphasis, "And the people too, sir, and the people too!"

Simple incidents like this brought President Lincoln to the hearts and homes of the plain people. He never forgot that he was of them, and belonged to them. "Call me Lincoln," he once said to an old friend; "I am tired to death of 'Mr. President."

As we started for Brady's he quaintly

remarked of his long legs that they were well "split up" for walking. On the way down Pennsylvania Avenue he told me several stories. One was of Daniel Webster and Thomas Ewing. The latter was a member of the Cabinet of President William Henry Harrison, and later of the Cabinet of President Zachary Taylor. "Harrison and Taylor," said Mr. Lincoln, "were both old men—sages. Ewing had been nicknamed, for some reason, 'Old Solitude.' At an evening party, soon after Mr. Ewing entered President Taylor's Cabinet, Mr. Webster approached him and in his deepest tones said,

> 'Oh, Solitude, where are the charms That sages have seen in thy face?'

"When Webster visited Springfield some years before his death," Mr. Lincoln continued, "great preparations were made to receive him. A darky boy asked a man named Taylor what the fuss was about. 'Why, Jack,' said Taylor, 'the biggest man in the world is coming.' Jack darted down the street intent on seeing Mr. Webster. Up to this time he had believed a very corpulent man in Springfield, by the name of Grimsby, was 'the biggest man in the world.' He returned with an air of great disappointment. 'Well, Jack,' said Taylor, 'did you see him?' 'Yes,' said Jack, 'but, laws, he ain't half as big as old Grimsby.''

The visit to Brady's closed my first day's intercourse with Mr. Lincoln. At the usual White House levee, the same evening, as I took the tired hand of the President he said to me, "Well, Mr. Carpenter, you have seen one day's run—what do you think of it?"

My friendship with Secretary Chase, to which I have alluded, formed some years before while he was in the Senate, led to a cordial invitation to dine with him the evening of the day we met in the Cabinet chamber. On this occasion I saw for the first time his daughter, Mrs. Sprague, who presided over his home with the graceful dignity which had placed her at the head of social life in Washington. At the table were Governor Sprague, his sister, Miss

Albrecht, and Miss Ludlow, of Cincinnati, guests of Mrs. Sprague. As we left the table to return to the parlor Mr. Chase took my arm and said, "What did the President mean this morning by saying you were going to paint a picture of us all together?" replied that I was ambitious to paint Mr. Lincoln announcing emancipation to the Cabinet. It was a bad habit of Secretary Chase to underrate Mr. Lincoln. As one of the old free-soil, antislavery men, I expected a hearty response to my purpose. It did not come. "Pshaw!" was his expression, "why don't you paint John Brown's martyrdom, if you want a historical subject?" Defending myself, I said, "The Proclamation of Emancipation is the greatest event in American history since the Declaration of Independence." "Well," said Mr. Chase, with an element of sarcasm, "you will have to preface your picture with a chapter from Artemus Ward." I said, "What can that have to do with it?" The Secretary replied that I must get the President to tell me. I urged an explanation then and there. At length Mr. Chase said that when the Cabinet was summoned to hear what proved to be the Proclamation, no one knew what was coming. Mr. Lincoln opened the meeting by saying, "I have been reading a letter of Artemus Ward's. It is very amusing." Taking up the book, he opened to the account of "A Highhanded Outrage in Utica," and read it aloud with evident enjoyment, which was certainly not shared by Secretary Chase, who could not understand a temperament that found its only exhilaration in wit and humor. The chapter finished, Mr. Lincoln's whole manner changed. Mr. Chase did justice to this. Laying the book aside, he took the Proclamation from the drawer, where for months it had laid. said, with great solemnity, the more remarkable for its contrast with the other side of his nature, "Gentlemen, this is a Proclamation of Emancipation. I have not asked you here for advice as to its issue. The time for it has come.'

Mr. Chase's tone changed as his

mind reverted to the solemnity of Mr. Lincoln's manner after the Artemus Ward incident. He continued: "The book was put aside, and the President entered upon the business before us by saying that he had called the Cabinet together to hear the Proclamation which he had foreshadowed in July. The time for action had at last come; the question was decided; the act, and the consequences, were his. Public sentiment, he thought, would sustain

it; many of his warmest friends and supporters demanded it—and he had promised his God that he would do it." Mr. Chase said the last part of this sentence was uttered in a low tone, almost as if speaking to himself. Sitting near the President, he asked if he correctly understood him? Mr. Lincoln replied, "I made a solemn vow before God, that if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the Proclamation of Emancipation."

I have given this conversation as nearly as I can recall it from memory.

After the death of Mr. Chase there was found in his diary the following graphic account of this Cabinet council, which will be read with the deepest interest:

Monday, September 22, 1862. To Department about nine. State Department messenger came with notice to heads of Departments to meet at twelve. Received sundry callers. Went to the White House. All the members of the Cabinet were in attendance. There was some general talk, and the President mentioned that Artemus Ward had sent him his book. Proposed to read a chapter which he thought very funny. Read it and seemed to enjoy it very much; the heads also (except Stanton), of course. The chapter was "High-handed Outrage at Utica." The President then took a graver tone and said: "Gentlemen, I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that several weeks ago I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been



The Bank Note Portrait.

From the engraving by the National Bank Note Company, New York.

much occupied with this subject and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. 1 think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick I determined as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a Proclamation of Emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to anyone, but I made the promise to myself and" (hesitating a little) "to my Maker. The rebel army is now driv-

en out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. "I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use or in any minor matter which anyone of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more, and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

The President then proceeded to read his Emancipation Proclamation, making remarks on the several parts as he went on, and showing that he had fully considered the whole subject in all the lights under which it had been presented to him. After he had closed Governor Seward said: "The general question having been decided, nothing can be said farther about that. Would it not, however, make the proclamation more clear and decided to leave out all reference to the act being sustained during the incumbency of the present President; and not merely say that the Government 'recognizes,' but that it



Brady's Profile of Lincoln.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. Carpenter, taken in 1864.

will maintain, the freedom it proclaims?" I followed, saying, "What you have said, Mr. President, fully satisfies me that you have given to every proposition which has been made a kind and candid consideration. And you have now expressed the conclusion to which you have arrived clearly and distinctly. This it was your right, and under your oath of office, your duty to do. The proclamation does not, indeed, mark out exactly the course I would myself prefer. But I am ready to take it just as it is written, and to stand by it with all my heart. I think,

however, the suggestions of Gov-ernor Seward very judicious, and shall be glad to have them adopt-ed." The President then asked us severally our opinions as to the modification proposed, saying that he did not care much about the phrases he had used. Everyone favored the modification, and it was adopted. Governor Seward then proposed that in the passage relating to colonization, some language should be introduced to show that the colonization proposed was to be only with the consent of the colonists and the consent of the States in which colonies might be attempted. This, too, was agreed to. Mr. Blair then said that the question having been decided, he would make no objection to issuing the proclamation; but he would ask to have his paper, presented some days since, against the policy filed with the proclamation. The President consented to this readily; and then Mr. Blair went on to say that he was afraid of the influence of the proclamation on the border States and on the Army, and stated, at some length, the grounds of his apprehensions. He disclaimed most expressly, however, all objections to Emancipation per se, saying he had always been personally in favor of it, always ready for immediate Emancipation in the midst of slave States rather than submit to the perpetuation of the system.

At the close of the Cabinet discussion the Proclamation was signed, and duly attested by the great seal of

the United States. The next morning, September 23d, it was published to the world. Horace Greeley's comment upon it in the New York *Tribune* was in these words: "It is the beginning of the end of the rebellion—the beginning of the new life of the nation. God bless Abraham Lincoln!"

Frank B. Carpenter.

(To be continued.)

THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

RT in America is, and must be for many years to come, largely imitative of art in the larger European centres. This must always be the case in young countries, whose first developments naturally have to be on material lines. Most of our native artists have received their art education exclusively in foreign schools and amid foreign environments. Little wonder is it, therefore, that the work our artists produce lacks that originality, individuality, and vigor which springs from the soil and which in every country makes its art national. Art, strictly speaking, is universal. To talk of French art, German art, or English art is absurd, although we accept these distinctions in art matters to distinguish between the different schools, in

one of which at least each nation, perhaps, excels. There is, as yet, no American art. That is to say, there does not exist in our country a distinctive school as there does in the old countries abroad. But that will come as this country develops. We cannot exactly bе called an artloving people—we are too busy worshipping Mammon for that - but there are

enough art lovers among us to give encouragement to native talent, and each year the numbers of the art devotees increases.

The annual exhibitions of the National Academy and other art societies are doing a great work in the art education of the American people. Each year these exhibitions show a marked advance in the works exhibited, and each year this outlook seems more promising for the eventual formation of a school of art representing worthily the greatness of our country.

One of the most interesting of the art exhibitions held in this city is that of the American Water-Color Society, which closed its twenty-ninth exhibition, on February 29th, at the National Academy of Design. The average

merit of the works exhibited was distinctly high, and showed considerable improvement over previous years.

Although painting water - color owes most of its development to English artists, and may be regarded as a peculiar-English school of art, we have in America several artists who are masters of this branch, such as J. Symington, W. Granville Smith, Thomas Mo-345



A Girl in White. From the painting by Ruth Payne Burgess.



Bubbles.
From the painting by G. R. Barse, Jr.

ran, Henry B. Snell, F. S. Church, Charles Warren Eaton, Carlton T. Chapman, L. Fred Hurd, Arthur Parton, Bruce Crane, and others.

There were so many pictures of real merit among those accepted for exhibition that it is difficult to conceive how the jury of admission came to let pass some of the amateurish daubs that were conspicuous by their very crudity. Nowhere is firmness and strict impartiality more necessary than in a

jury of admission of an art exhibition; for one bad picture, besides discrediting the Society, does more harm to the cause of art than ten good pictures do good.

The Society is indebted to the generosity of Mr. William T. Evans for a prize of \$300, the conditions being that it shall be awarded by the jury of selection for the most meritorious water-color in the exhibition painted in this country by an American artist, without limit as to age, the recipient of the prize to be thereafter ineligible.

Henry B. Snell sent several pictures. and they all attracted much attention. "The Enchanted Sea." which was cheap at the catalogued price of \$500, is a magnificent piece of work. subject is somewhat weird and the picture might have illustrated Clark Russell's story of the mutineers who were frightened to death by their ship sailing into a circle of unnatural light. The picture shows a vessel bathed in this phenomenal light, and the color effects are marvellously well done. Mr. Snell delights in the sea and that, perhaps, is why he is a master of his subject. "Docking a Liner" is another striking picture from his brush. It lacks the fanciful coloring of the first-mentioned work, but as a picture it presents far more. The well-known scene of the North River on a summer morning, the huge red sides of the liner seen indistinctly through the haze, the puffing tugs darting here and thereall this is admirably reproduced. The atmosphere is perfect. It is the true realism—a common scene of every-day life—seen through an artistic temperament. A third picture, a figure called "An Impression," struck me less favorably, the figure being clumsy, although the general effect is good.

Leon Moran contributed a daintily draped female study entitled "A Belle of the Last Century," which was one of the most attractive pictures of the first room. It showed an exceedingly pretty girl, stylishly dressed in the fashions of a hundred years ago. Her large black velvet hat, pink roses, and green cape made a rather strange mixture of colors which harmonizes extremely well with

the picture, which is well drawn and full of movement and grace. Percy Moran sent a picture almost in the same style, entitled "Ernesta," except that the girl, who is seated, is up to date in her attire. Mr. Moran has used his colors to beautiful effect in for the eye—a luxuriance, most delicately blended, of every color in the rainbow, the picturesque Orient seen through the temperament of a poet, a dreamer.

A finely executed head of a girl, entitled "Marie," came from the success-



Temptation.
From the painting by Henry Ihlefield.

this portrait, but the drawing leaves much to be desired. The head is stiff, and the figure seems absolutely wooden.

A veritable magician of the brush is Thomas Moran, who sent several examples of his exquisite work. His picture "Venice, from Giorgio," is a feast ful brush of J. Symington. Besides being admirably drawn, this picture is remarkable for its coloring. The background is dark-green against which a white cap and the flesh-tints—wonderfully done—stand out boldly. "Ready for the Dance," another picture by the same artist representing a Spanish



John Alden and Priscilla, From the painting by Alfred Frederick.

dancer, is less satisfactory in workman-

"The Market Boats of the Viga, City of Mexico," from the brush of Samuel Coleman, is a masterly piece of work, beautiful in coloring, and the same praise may be accorded to Mr. Childe Hassam's "Hogarth's House,

Chiswick," in which is a pleasing dawn effect.

"Bubbles," a fanciful and nude impressionistic study in pink and blue by G. R. Barse, Jr., is not particularly striking, and two attempts at realism by G. W. Denning and A. T. Van Laner, entitled respectively "Toilers of

the Mexican Highlands," and "Gathering Potatoes," are altogether unsatisfactory. The latter picture is an imitation of Millet's "Angelus." "The

ginia," was one of the best pictures in the exhibition.

Ruth Payne Burgess displays considerable talent in her portrait study



Dutch Maiden Scraping Carrots.

From the painting by George Wharton Edwards.

Stone Bridge," by Frederick B. Williams is a curious study in novel green effects, and C. Allan Gilbert's "Breton Market" is an effective symphony in blue and pink. A landscape by Henry Farren entitled "Sunset, West Vir-

"A Girl in White." The picture is well drawn and full of movement, and the coloring is admirable. In the same room was a striking picture by Carlton T. Chapman, entitled "A Bit of Venice," and also a remarkably good snow land-

scape by Corwin Knapp Lincoln, entitled "In Winter Time." E. L. Henry has painted, with considerable spirit and harmony of color, a little picture

considerable merit, and Kruseman Van Ebten deserves mention for a fine land-scape entitled "Autumn."

"A Strange Trail," by Fernand Har-



Springtime.
From the painting by Wm. J. Wittemore.

entitled, "At the Toll Gate." A wellpainted study of a child praying was exhibited by J. H. Witt under the title "Devotion." Alfred Frederick sent an interesting historical composition, "Priscilla and John Alden," which has

vey Lingren, is spirited and admirable in color, representing a mounted Indian on the prairie puzzled to understand the trail. "Spring Time," by William J. Whittemore, is a beautifully painted female figure.

Arthur Hornblow.

General Robert E. Lee,*

The Soldier and the Man.

By T. J. MACKEY,

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.

THE circumstances under which Robert E. Lee obtained his appointment to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy, although highly interesting, appear to have escaped the notice of his biographers.

I give them as he related them to me, in 1853, at the residence of General Winfield Scott, No. 128 West Twelfth Street, New York, where I renewed an acquaintance with him which began in my boyhood on fields afar, during the

siege of Vera Cruz, Mexico.

I had stated that my father and Andrew Jackson were born in the same neighborhood, on the Waxhaws in Lancaster County, South Carolina; had fought side by side, when but fourteen years of age, in the company commanded by my uncle, Captain Charles Mackey, at the battle of Hanging Rock.

I added that my father and Jackson were subsequently captured by Tarleton's dragoons while riding together in search of stray horses, and were fellow-prisoners in the Sugar House at Charleston for seven months, they having refused to take the oath of allegiance, although at the verge of death

from yellow jaundice.

When I had finished my narrative, Colonel Lee (for that was then his brevet rank) laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, "That is a pedigree honorable enough for any American," and told me that he owed his appointment as a cadet at West Point to General Jackson, who addressed a letter to President John Quincy Adams, earnestly requesting it as a personal favor.

To those who are versed in the history of political parties in the United States that statement will seem very remarkable, as Jackson and John Quincy Adams are classed as party leaders between whom there existed the most bitter hostility.

A reference, however, to the newspapers of that day will explain how it was that, notwithstanding the fierceness of their presidential canvass in 1824, the haughty victor of the battle of New Orleans, who never turned his back on friend or foe, came to be in kindly touch with his successful rival.

As neither of the four candidates for the presidency in that year had a majority in the electoral college, Jackson receiving 99 votes, John Quincy Adams 84, Henry Clay 37, and Crawford of Georgia 41, the election devolved on the House of Representatives.

After a protracted struggle Adams, having secured the support of Mr. Clay, was elected, and General Jackson, with that chivalric spirit which always marked his conduct, was the first to advance and cordially grasp his hand and congratulate him upon the result.

Thus it came to pass that "Old Hickory," upon the solicitation of young Lee's aunt, Mrs. Carter, and being favorably impressed by his soldierly bearing, recommended his appointment as a cadet at West Point, and President Adams promptly honored the recommendation of his most formiclable political adversary. The author of the memorable utterance, "By the Eternal, the Union must, and shall be preserved!" would not have penned

^{*} Begun in The Peterson Magazine for March.

that recommendation had he foreseen that he thus inducted into a military career, and trained in the art of war, a great soldier, who a little more than a generation later led his indomitable legions against the steady lines that upheld the Union when its fate hung Washington City at that date had become distinguished for the brilliancy of its social gatherings. Dolly Madison, who had made the administration of her husband memorable by the peerless grace with which she dispensed the elegant hospitalities of the White



Lee as Superintendent at West Point.

in deadly balance on the trembling hills of Adams County, Pennsylvania.

Lee's first commission as an officer of the United States Army was signed by General Jackson, who was on March 4, 1829, inaugurated as President. He was assigned to duty in the Engineer Bureau at Washington, to him a most welcome post, as it enabled him to make frequent visits to his mother in Alexandria, Va.

House, was still the bright particular star in fashion's firmament at the national capital, and many a radiant American beauty revolved around her.

Officers of the army, and especially graduates of West Point, are in general peculiarly sensitive to the seductive blandishments of fashionable society. This is doubtless due to the principle expressed in the old English

proverb, "Liking begets liking," and not because, as Byron cynically wrote,

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare."

Not the glitter of the brass buttons, but the manly heart throbbing beneath

tenant Lee, although admirably fitted by his mental and physical endowments to shine in society, and ever found in its charming circle a bevy of fair women to bid him welcome, was usually noted as an absentee from the most brilliant social events at the capital.



Lee as a Captain.

From the engraving by Ritchie. By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

them, wins the admiration of the gentler sex, for woman is a dear lover of chivalry, and thus sees her ideal in the knightly soldier, and is attracted toward him by what Sir Philip Sidney terms in his "Arcadia" those

"High erected thoughts seated in the soul of courtesy,"

as the brightest ivy clings to the tallest and sturdiest oak. But Lieu-

He had adopted for his motto the word "Duty," that word which ennobles the English language. A code of honor in itself, which has no equivalent in a single term of any other tongue, either ancient or modern, and the path that it marked out for him did not lead up to the high altar of fashionable life. And yet he was at that date "a lady's man," but in the noblest sense of the term.

Thrice a week, at sundown, he crossed the long bridge that united the Virginia bank of the Potomac with that of the District of Columbia, and giving his fleet mare the bridle, galloped through the eight miles of woodland to Alexandria, drawing rein only when he reached the old Parsonage, at whose door stood his mother to welcome him home, for maternal love had so attuned her ear that she recognized afar off the hoof-beats of the steed that was bearing her devoted son to her arms.

But the axiom of physical science that no two bodies can occupy the same place at one and the same time is not true when applied to the human heart, and although Robert E. Lee cherished for his noble mother a love "passing the love of women," there was another to whom he gave the deepest affection of his soul.

There stood at that period, and still stands, opposite the City of Washington, on the lofty Virginia plateau overlooking the Potomac River, a stately mansion, built four square to all the winds that blow, which, with its seven massive Doric columns on its eastern portico, crowned a rural landscape of surpassing beauty.

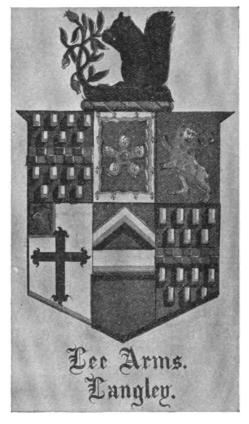
It was an imposing structure of brick and stone, containing twenty spacious rooms in addition to its great dininghall, and was erected early in the present century by George Washington Parke Custis, the grandson of Martha Washington, and Washington's beloved adopted son.

Mr. Custis had named it Arlington House after the original grantee of the domain covering more than twelve hundred acres, on which it stood.

He was a graduate of Princeton College and an amateur painter of no mean skill, either as to drawing or coloring, and he decorated the walls of his hospitable mansion with paintings that he had executed of all the battles in which Washington commanded, from White Plains to Yorktown.

It was not surpassed even by Moun'. Vernon in the relics of Washington that it contained. There was the fourpost bedstead, and the bed on which

he died, draped with the same covering that enwrapped his majestic form; the dining-table of West India mahogany at which he sat; the dinner-set of blue Delft ware that he had used; the sword that flashed along his breaking lines at Monmouth as he rallied them to meet the advancing British grenadiers; and the pistol with which he

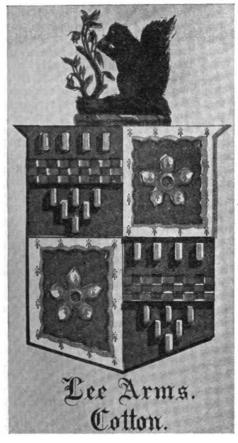


The Lee Coat of Arms, Langley Side.

had emptied the saddle of one of Knyphausen's Hessian horsemen when hard pressed by two of them on the retreat from the Brandywine battle-field. But to the patriotic American guest at Arlington the most interesting Washington relics beneath its root were the genial and refined host and hostess, whose hands that so bountifully dispensed the hospitality of their ideal Virginia home had often been clasped

affectionately in his. The young lieutenant of engineers was frequently observed to dismount at the columned porch and enter the noble homestead.

He was not attracted there, however, by the Washington relics. His visits might well have been deemed professional, for he had laid siege, and was



The Lee Coat of Arms, Cotton Side.

steadily pressing forward his approaches, to the virgin fortress of a heart that had repelled many a gallant assault. Mary Custis, the only child of the master of Arlington, was then in her nineteenth year, and

" Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky."

To matchless grace of manner and . rare loveliness of face and form she

joined the highest mental culture, being thoroughly versed in the Greek, Latin, and English classics. Above all, she was an exemplar of those exalted feminine virtues which make woman the special Providence of the home, and her inspiring voice the sweetest music of the march of life.

The cold calculators of the matrimonial market wondered that the hand of the heiress of Arlington's broad acres should be bestowed upon a landless subaltern in the army. They took no note of the immaculate jewel of the soul, which to the more discerning eyes of the affianced bride was a dower more precious than rubies, but saw only the soldier and his sword.

The loves of Robert E. I.ee and Mary Custis falsified the old adage, "The course of true love never did run smooth," for its bright and placid current flowed on unebbing through their honored lives, until it laved the silent shore of eternity.

There was a large and brilliant assemblage at the wedding, which was thus briefly announced in the Alexandria Gazette:

"Married, June 30, 1831, at Arlington House, by the Rev. Mr. Keith, Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, of the United States Corps of Engineers, to Miss Mary A. R. Custis, only daughter of G. W. P. Custis, Esq."

A clergyman, while engaged in celebrating a marriage, is very apt to cloud the joyousness of the festal scene by imparting to it too much of theological solemnity, but the Rev. Mr. Keith unwittingly proved himself a notable exception to the general rule, for he added to the gayety of the occasion.

One of the wedding guests relates that there was a heavy fall of rain as the day was closing, and it was feared that the clergyman, who resided ten miles away, would not be able to ride through the thunder-storm and arrive in time to tie the nuptial knot.

He came, however, soon after the appointed hour, but he was dripping wet, not only having ridden several miles through the pouring rain, but having swum his horse across a suddenly swollen spring branch,

He was soon rigged out comfortably by drawing upon the ample wardrobe of his genial host, and as the glittering bride was already crowned with the orange - blossoms, and the "goodlie companie" had become nervously impatient, it was decided to wait no longer for Mr. Keith's clerically cut garments to dry, and so he obligingly consented to proceed with the ceremony accoutred as he was.

As he was ushered into the parlor under the bright light of the lamps, he appeared to be dressed rather to engage in the jolly abandon of a masquerade ball than to administer a sacra-

ment of the church.

He was of commanding stature, fully six feet two inches in height, and had squeezed himself through a suit of clothes cut for Mr. Custis, who measured only five feet six inches.

His grotesque apparel, a perfect misfit at every point, contrasting with a dignity of manner worthy of his office, at once evoked much merriment in the assemblage, and he himself broke out in a fit of laughter, doubtless deeming that better than no fit at all.

After the customary thirty days' leave of absence granted to officers upon their marriage, Lieutenant Lee was assigned to duty on the defences in course of construction at Hampton Roads, and on the work planned for strengthening Fortress Monroe, then, as now, the only fortress in the United States

A few months after his arrival at Fortress Monroe, the political waters of the country became greatly troubled, but not like the pool of Bethesda, by the wings of an angel.

The baleful shadow of disunion was then flung darkly on the glass of the

future.

The State of South Carolina, by an ordinance of a convention called for that purpose, had assumed the authority to nullify the tariff act passed by the Congress of the United States, and to declare that the duties therein imposed upon sugar, woollens, and certain other imports should not be collected within her limits.

The State authorities prepared to

support that declaration with their shotted guns, and planted heavy ord-nance threateningly along the Battery or sea-wall of Charleston Harbor. South Carolina stood like Ajax, the Greek warrior, defying the lightnings of heaven from the deck of her frail ship.

Andrew Jackson was President, and with his accustomed decision of character, moved with unfaltering energy to execute the laws of the United States with its military and naval forces.

A true statesman, he wisely concluded that in dealing with an issue involving a fundamental principle of federative constitutional government the adequate policy is always the best.

Two cruisers were despatched from Hampton Roads, and soon appeared off the port of Charleston, and Fort Moultrie, that commanded the entrance to its harbor (Sumter was not then built), and Castle Pinckney, the latter a circular work constructed of heavy masonry, within cannon-shot of the city, were both put in a thorough condition for defence, and their garrisons reinforced by four companies of artillery and a regiment of infantry sent from Fortress Monroe.

The Secretary of War called upon the Engineer Bureau for maps showing all the approaches to Charleston, both along the mainland and its waterfronts.

Those were preparations for war, which, however, was unhappily averted by the passage of the famous compromise bill introduced in Congress by Henry Clay.

Far better would it have been for the whole country if the march of events had been allowed to culminate in such decisive action as would have clearly defined forever thereafter the true limitations of State and Federal powers under the Constitution.

I have noted in my journal that I had a conversation with Colonel Robert E. Lee, at San Antonio, Tex., in 1856, regarding that nullification crisis, and that upon my asking whether he would have taken the field against South Carolina had an armed conflict ensued between her military forces and those

of the United States, he answered: "I would have had no discretion in the matter as an officer of the army. As to that issue which involved either the renunciation by the President of his sworn duty to execute the laws of the United States or the submission to lawful authority by those citizens who were organized to resist the execution of the laws with arms, I never considered the question whether I would obey the orders of my superior officers.

"It is a very delicate thing for an officer of the army to refuse to obey orders; and that he will obey them, if given in the line of duty by his com-

mander, goes without saying.

"The country generally approved President Jackson's course in that emergency by re-electing him, and Virginia gave it her express sanction by casting her entire vote for him in the electoral college."

It will be seen in the course of this

biography that his view of his duty as a soldier, expressed to me at that time, was not inconsistent with the position taken by him five years later.

After being engaged upon the defences of Hampton Roads for four years, he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant and assigned to duty in Washington, as assistant to the chief engineer of the army.

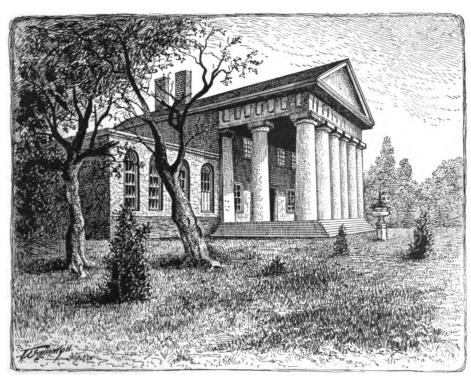
In 1836, seven years after graduating at West Point, he was made a captain of engineers, the most rapid advancement ever achieved in that arm

of the service, and due solely to his

signal merit as an officer.

He was, soon after his promotion to a captaincy, appointed, by the President, astronomer of a joint commission created by the Legislatures of Michigan and Ohio to determine the true boundary line between those States.

He was occupied several months on that duty, which he performed most



Arlington, the Home of the Custises and the Lees.

satisfactorily, and the monuments set by his hands to mark the northwestern boundary line of Ohio are still stand-

ing.

In 1838 he was assigned to the important duty of planning and constructing a proper system of levees on the upper Mississippi River above St. Louis, and to devise an effective method of confining that mighty stream within its bed, as it was rapidly trending away from the Missouri shore and threatened to leave that city "high and dry," while flooding the territory of Illinois for many miles inland, converting thousands of farms into a mere waste of waters.

While engaged with a large working party in executing his masterly plans of hydrographic engineering, which, though entirely novel, he was satisfied were based upon sound principles, he discovered that the swift and rapidly varying current of the river with its huge volume of water was not the most obstinate force that his engineering skill had to encounter.

The land-owners on both sides of the river became satisfied, as the work progressed, that in view of what they deemed the blundering location of his numerous coffer-dams, and the long lines of piles that he was driving at an acute angle with the river-banks, their lands would be constantly flooded, and they demanded that he should change his plans or stop the work. Many of the farmers believing that the engineer intended to dam the river below their land proceeded to do likewise by him, some advocating hanging him and others drowning, either fate worse to an engineer than being "Hoist with his own petard."

Finally more moderate counsels prevailed among the sapient rural scientists of the "Big Muddy," as they called the "Father of Waters," and they brought up a piece of artillery to

bombard him.

They consented to hear him before opening fire, and he addressed them, literally at the cannon's mouth.

After he had explained his working plans, they agreed to "chance him," and he was allowed to push the work to completion. The end aimed at was thoroughly effected, and the system that he then, for the first time, put in operation, is still maintained.

THE WEAVERS.

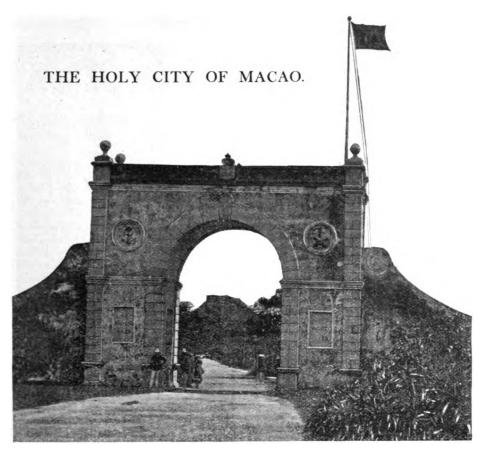
ONE at her looms toiled fast—early and late she wrought;
But the grief and plaint of her days in the silent web were caught.

And after her hands were stilled, all the cold world would see Was the woman that drudged and sighed, and the shade of her misery.

One sang, in her humble place, a song that the shuttles knew, And a golden thread of Hope the warp and the woof ran through

And after the task was done, and after the day had fled,
The work of her hands shone fair, though the woman, unknown, lay dead.

Frank Walcott Hutt.



Memorial Arch at Macao.

THERE is always something pitiful in the decadence of a city, and especially of one which has occupied a prominent place in the annals of mankind. Damascus and Baalbec, Thebes and Memphis, the ruined cities of Cambodia—all are full of pathos to the observer who is familiar with their history. So, out in the Far East, with its chronicles covering fifty centuries, where wars and revolutions, nations and races, have come and gone, there are many great cities which stand in the same position as those referred to.

The older capitals of China are almost forgotten. Kara Korum is to-day only a collection of tents and hovels where once the great Mongol kings sat in magnificent splendor. So, far down in the southeast of China, lies the "Holy City" of Macao, slowly decay-

ing, while by it sweep the great tides of commerce which carry the wealth of China to every portion of the globe.

It is very difficult to reach the city Three hundred years ago directly. great ships sailed into its harbor and anchored within a stone's throw of the land. It was the commercial metropolis of the rich province of Kwangtung. It received the spices and muslins, silver and gold of India, the manufactures of Europe, the products of the South Seas and the staples of Japan, and in return its argosies carried to all parts of the world the silks and brocades, the satins and embroideries, the tea and sweetmeats, the fire-crackers and porcelains, the bronzes and tableware, the metal work and mattings, for which Cathay has always been famous.

It was a Chinese city long before the time of Christ. Besides being a com-

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mercial seaport it was also a summer. resort for the wealthy merchants and mandarins of Canton, and the other crowded cities of the interior. It was noted for its healthfulness, its fertility and beauty. It possesses all these attributes to-day, but its past glory has departed, and probably forever.

The place came under European control about 1560, when the Portuguese, then the monarchs of the sea, made it their headquarters for the Far East. To Portugal it has belonged ever since. That little kingdom is hopelessly poverty-stricken and bankrupt, and were there no other factor in the problem,

would be crushed tomorrow by the Chinese Empire. But back of Portugal towers the juggernaut of nations, Great Britain. In her mysterious policy Macao is Portuguese, and must remain Portuguese. Whenever things look dark and threatening in the neighborhood of the ancient city, a British man - of - war appears upon the scene. Within twelve hours a British bugle and drum are heard across the bay, and the sinister throats of a dozen Armstrong guns intimate more strongly than words that no Chinese need ever apply. The action of Great Britain is unconsciously a good exhibition of national gratitude.

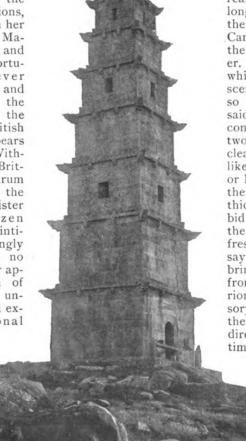
In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the English traders and navigators in the Far

East were often in trouble, and often the victims of Chinese officials and Chinese pirates, and in every case where application was made the old Portuguese admirals protected the Northern heretics, and gave them a home and an asylum in Macao, their city.

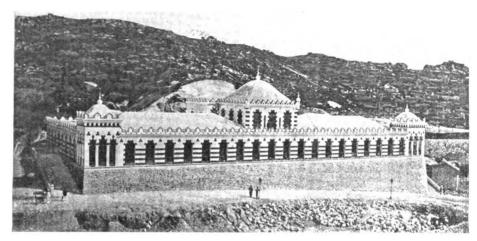
Then the commerce from Macao began slowly to diminish. Competition had a great deal to do with it. Spain, Netherlands, and Old England became rivals to Portugal, and soon had a portion of the commerce once monopolized by the latter. But another and more formidable foe, invisible and irresistible, was at work, and that was the al-

luvium brought down by the great rivers from the interior. Macao is really at the end of a long tongue of land, on the east of which is the Canton River, and on the other the West Riv-The water-shed which they drain is the scene of constant rains, so that they may be said to be in a state of continuous flood. two rivers are never clear and transparent like our own Delaware or Hudson, but even in their head-waters are thick, yellow, and turbid like the Missouri in the time of the spring freshets. No one can say how much silt they bring down with them from far up in the interior of China. A cursory glance shows that the territory in every direction was at one time a vast archipelago





A Pagoda Built of Stone



The New Barracks at Macao.

the course of centuries the two rivers have filled up the channels and made them into valleys of unsurpassed fertility. What they did in long gone ages with the land behind Macao, they are now doing with the water in front of it. Its inner bay, which once was twenty feet deep, is now but two or three feet deep, excepting a narrow channel made by continued dredging, where it may be ten or twelve. The magnificent outer bay, landlocked by beautiful islands, and large enough to float all the navies of the world, can almost be waded across. The nearest an ocean steamer can get to the port is more than four miles away, and each vear the limit is moved farther off by from fifty to one hundred yards.

Within the lives of those who read these words that noble harbor will become long lines of fields and meadows through which will wander curious Chinese canals and clumsy Chinese ditches.

The people of Macao appreciate the danger and magnitude of the coming ill. Every year or two they consult engineers and get estimates as to what it will cost to make and preserve a deep water channel from the sea to the port. They receive a reply, hold their

hands up in holy horror, and do nothing. But the estimates give a clear idea of the rapidity of the change. In 1860 a million dollars was regarded as a sufficient appropriation for the purpose. In 1894 the amount demanded was eleven millions, and eleven millions is more money than Macao has had in that entire period.

You reach the place by a light draft steamer from either Hong-Kong or Canton, similar to the floating palaces of the Hudson River or Long Island Sound. The delusion is still further carried out by having English-speaking officers and the same system and discipline which prevail at home. But here the similarity ends. The after-half of the main deck is a vast barn for the accommodation of Chinese passengers. In the hot climate of the tropics carpets and other articles of comfort are inadmissible. The walls and ceiling are painted pure white; the floor is holystoned every day, and twice a day it is scrubbed with some preparation of carbolic acid or other disinfectant.

When the steamer reaches within two miles of its destination, a steep hill recedes from view and there before you lies the Holy City. Its situa-



An Eurasian Woman. From a photograph by E. Fong, Amoy.

tion is exquisitely picturesque and beautiful. At either end of a wide bay are two peaks, each half covered with buildings and buttressed by an old-fashioned fort equipped with guns so old that it would be more dangerous to fire them than to be fired at by them. A sea-wall, trim and well-built, rises out of the water and serves as

the outer edge of a superb boulevard, that is completely embowered in shady trees of the greenest foliage. Back of these is a long line of houses, half-Moorish and half-Chinese in character. No two are alike; some are tinted pink and some pale green; some are light blue and others are mild yellow ochre. Some are a mass of arches inside of

which you can see cool verandas, swinging hammocks, and huge tubs filled with beautiful tropical plants; others are flat walls, with windows so covered by thick jalousies as to seem a portion of the wall itself. Some are flush with the street and others stand back upon gentle declivities. Here and there hills rise up covered with trees through whose branches can be seen the façades of villas and summer houses.

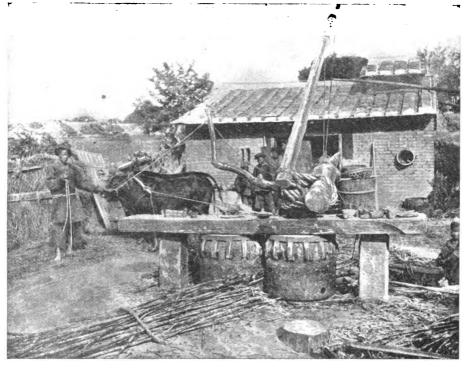
Again the ship turns and you are now in the harbor. It is long, narrow, and shallow, but still possessed of the beauty of a magnificent landscape. Here and there the weeds and watergrass make the surface look like a fertile meadow, and at points the yellow mud makes miniature islands in the middle of the waters. Slowly, but with great skill, the captain brings your boat up to the wharf. There is a guard of soldiers on duty to prevent people coming off or getting on before the proper time. They are wiry, brightlooking little men, gaily uniformed, and armed to the teeth; but as you gaze at them you realize how far the Portuguese have carried the doctrine of miscegenation into practice. One soldier is gray-eyed and yellow-brown-haired, and probably comes from the mountains between Spain and Portugal; another is an Eurasian, in whom the Chinese blood so predominates that for all the world he looks like a coolie dressed up in European clothes. third is as black as your boots and comes from Goa, where the Portuguese, Hindoo, and African have married and inter-married for generations. A fourth is the descendant of some ancient freebooter and a Malay slave. A fifth of a Malay and a negro. If the confusion of races is bad among the soldiers who, to a certain extent, are picked men, imagine how much worse it must be among the people in general. For two centuries the Portuguese were slave-traders and dealers in Malay and Chinese contract labor. In their former capacity they brought to Macao negroes from Zanzibar, Mozambique, and Somaliland; Malays from Timor and the Celebes; Hindoos, Tamils, and Malabars from Southern India; savages from Formosa and the Philippines, and Chinese whenever they could steal them.

They married or bred with their captives and produced the hybrid race which to-day makes Macao the most wonderful city in the world. A good idea of the extent to which these practices were carried may be gained from the fact, that of its population of one hundred thousand it may be questioned if more than one hundred outside of the officials are of pure Portuguese blood. No matter how mixed or mongrel the race, the old Lisbon character has stamped itself firmly upon all its descendants. The people are charmingly courteous, affable, and, to the extent of their limited means, very generous and hospitable. Little children bow to you as you pass by, and old men lift their hats and apologize if they are compelled to pass between you and the sun, so as to cast their shadow upon you.

After you have been examined by the health officials—and everybody from the highest to the lowest has to have his pulse felt and his physiognomy scrutinized by some young medical tyro—you step ashore upon the wharf. On either side are substantial warehouses and business buildings. None of them are very busy at present, but the polished granite sidewalks and the well-worn stone lintels of the doors show that at some past time the place must have been a bee-hive of industry; and there is no doubt but what it was. Beyond its immense exports and imports it was the shipping depot of a countless number of poor human beings sold into slavery, or into a contract labor system worse than slavery itself.

From Macao went unending shiploads of these unfortunates to the various possessions of Portugal, which at one time were almost Imperial in extent; to Peru and Chili, to the Isthmus of Panama and San Francisco, to the Spanish West Indies, Timor, Ceylon, and numberless places which to-day are half forgotten.

The streets are exquisitely clean and can serve as a model to mis-paved Boston and mal-paved New York, as well



A Village near Macao, with Warehouse.

as to non-paved Chicago. It was not always thus. In the old busy times the thoroughfares were filthy and poorly paved; garbage and dirt were everywhere, and everywhere were bad smells; but Dame Nature administered a series of wholesome lessons in the shape of cholera, typhoid fever, and other epidemics; and the community, grown wiser, cleaned and garnished their city from one end to the other. They have kept up their good habits ever since. During my visit there, a familiar uniform was that of the sanitary inspector going from house to house in the private streets, from store to store in the main thoroughfares, and from stall to stall in the markets. At one place he was directing the whitewashing of a building; at another he was disinfecting a sick house with chloride of lime and carbolic acid; at a third he was fumigating an ancient edifice with burning sulphur. This sort of system pays in the long run, because

ever since it has been adopted Macao has been one of the healthiest cities, not alone in the Far East but in the entire world. Its death-rate of nineteen to the thousand is something to be proud of.

Locomotion and transportation, as in all parts of China, is accomplished by human labor and not by that of the domestic quadrupeds. You travel in a chair carried upon the shoulders of stalwart coolies, or in a 'ricksha or man wagon pulled by one or two Celestial gentlemen. Your trunks, suspended from a heavy bamboo pole, are conveyed by two powerful men, who will transport three hundred pounds of impedimenta a long mile up hill and down dale, with the thermometer at ninety degrees, for the modest sum of five cents apiece. If you buy a quire of paper or a spool of cotton, etiquette commands you to give it to one of these fellows to carry home for you. For this the regular charge is two

cents. If you are a sybarite and want your fish at breakfast fresh from the water, you will send out your piscador the night previous. He departs in his boat with his fishing paraphernalia and a cup of water, and at seven in the morning you find him waiting for you in the courtyard with a dozen finny beauties swimming in the tub, out of which you take your choice. If you are generous, you will give him twenty cents and take all the fish; if not, you pick out the fish you want, give him ten cents, and let him dispose of the rest the best way he can.

Nominally, there are a great many hotels in Macao; actually, there are two. Most of those which call themselves hotels are nothing but canteens with poorly furnished bedrooms attached, or else are cheap restaurants with a dark loft, in which a man can enjoy sleep and a million insects simultaneously. Of the two hotels, one, the "Boa Vista," is a handsome stone

building, almost a castle, which stands high up on a grand eminence overlooking the bay. Below it are mysterious houses, on whose roofs and in whose courtyards you catch occasional glimpses of Chinese women, Malay girls, and half-breed slave maidens. Still further down are the heavy walls and machicolations of a dismantled fort which once frowned defiance to pirate fleets and hostile squadrons. On another side it overlooks the city. The tiled roofs far below lose their angularity in the distance and look like smooth surfaces in white and pink, green and black, brown and red, according to their age and the amount of mould that time has sprinkled upon them. Right beneath is a house whose roof has fallen in. The walls are still brilliant with handsome floral designs, and the arched windows and carved mantel-pieces show that long ago it was the abode of wealth and elegance. A hundred yards beyond are a row of



A Fantan Table in a Macao Gambling House.

houses crumbling into oblivion; the fronts are half gone and the windows and the back walls have broken each into the other. Trees and vines grow into their fissures, and grass covers half of what remains of the roof. Yet in the basements you can see poor Chinese families cooking, eating, laughing, and singing, enjoying life and absolutely indifferent to the awful crash that some day must bury them.

The other hotel, the "Hing Kee," is a bungalow kept in splendid style by a clever Cantonese. Between it and its surrounding wall is a great garden where the banyan and banana-palm, the lemon and orange trees, the guava and olive change the fierce sunlight into refreshing shade. Over by the wall of the hotel is a great box, from which emanate hideous hissings, snarlings, and As you stand back surgrowlings. prised, a well-dressed Chinese attendant opens it and lets loose two tiger cubs. They are round, active, and muscular little brutes about twice the size of a fox terrier. Their coloring is much richer and darker than that of the adult animal, but the nature is the same exactly. They bite and scratch, and steal upon imaginary prey with a ferocious joy that causes an onlooker to shudder. Here they will stay and be nourished and trained until they grow to be as large as Newfoundland dogs, and will then be sold to some of the great menageries or zoological gardens of Europe or America. I spoke to the proprietor about his queer taste and he smiled and said courteously: "You no sabe business. I catchee two young tiger and only payee one five dollar. I putee in yard and givee chow. All they eat costs ten cents one day. It makee people talkee, come here, look, see tiger, buy drinks and cigars. If tiger live end of one year my sellum European man three, four hundred dollar, so he makee very good business indeed." acknowledged the force of the argument and was surprised I hadn't thought of it before. The hotel inside is a queer combination of the East and the West. The handsome bar, with a fine display of cut crystal decanters and bottles, brought up similar establishments at

The billiard-room and cardhome. room seem taken outright from London; the breakfast-room and diningroom, the parlor and sleeping apartments were fac-similes of those that you encounter in the summer resorts of Long Island Sound and the New Jersey coast. But everywhere was the "punka." This is a huge fan suspended from the ceiling of a room, made of wood and fine linen or silk, as wide as the room itself, and from four to six feet deep, which is pulled to and fro unceasingly by a luckless servant known as the "punka-walla." Its oscillation produces a mild breeze in every corner that makes the hottest day quite And the bill of fare? comfortable. Well, it was much better than what you get at home in nine places out of ten. I give one as a sample of how they live in Macao.

> Sour. Chicken and okra.

> > FISH.

Boiled samli (which is very much like shad).

ENTREES.

Kid cutlets with purple beans. Young duck with green peas. Goose livers with mushrooms. Pig's brains with potato croquets.

ROAST.

Pork, Chicken, Goose, and Quail.

VEGETABLES.
Yam, Matai, and Marrow.

DESSERT.

Li-chee pudding, Loquot jelly, Stewed guavas. Pear paste, Small cakes, Cheese, Watercress, Coffee.

If you take this meal separately the cost is fifty cents. Everything is well selected, cooked, and served; the napkins and tablecloth were spotless and of fine damask; the tableware was clean and bright, and the china, porcelain, and glass without chips, dents, or lines of fracture.

There is much to see in the Holy City. First is the Leal Senado, which corresponds to our city-hall and court-house together. It is a large, hand-some building two stories in height, which would fill a small block in the



In the Temple of the Queen of Heaven.

Lake City. Massive walls, substantial stairways, and floors made of ancient teak logs, give a solidity to the edifice that is very reassuring in this age of jerry-building. In the main hall is a wonderful collection of portraits in oil of all the governors of Macao, generals, and admirals from to-day back to 1565. Some show the marks of time, and are so indistinct that it is difficult to determine even what the colors are. Others again are as bright and clear as if they were painted but yesterday. I know but little of the history of Lusitania, but a distinguished signor, an official who kindly acted as my guide, told me that these faces represented the intellectual and political aristocracy of Portugal for three hundred years. Nearly all were the faces of fine-looking men, large-eyed, large-featured, high-browed, and well built. I noticed also that nearly all had the white skins and gray or blue eyes which mark the modern Frenchmen rather than the olive complexion and the soft lustrous eye of the modern Portuguese. A few, indeed, were almost blond, and seemed tó stare down in mute surprise and dismay at the brown and black skinned people who stood silently by as our party passed. The hall is charmingly equipped in dark wood, carved and polished, with red hangings and a profusion of decorations in dead gold. Heavy tables, a high dais, a canopy, ancient religious inscriptions brought up the old hall of the doges in Venice and the state-rooms in the ancient courts of Europe.

The public institutions are worthy of a passing remark. They are numerous and extremely well managed. I visited the jail, the hospital, and asylums, and found everywhere spacious and well-ventilated chambers, lofty halls, polite attendance, and neat and clean inmates. At one place I was obliged to shake hands with a lunatic, who was allowed to wander about the premises at large, and in the jail I passed a prisoner in the yard who was just beginning a life sentence for murder. He was reading and smoking as I approached, but the moment he heard us coming he rose and with the politeness of a prince removed his hat and cigarette and stood uncovered, smiling and bowing until we had passed by. It was hardly possible to realize that he was a murderer whose entire life was to be spent within prison walls.

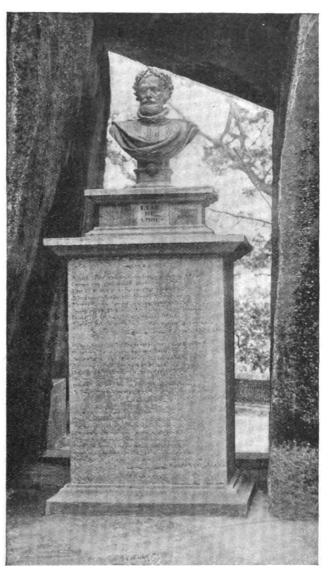
As I came out of one of the asylums the chimes in an ancient church on the other side of the street began to ring out their melody, and a handful of worshippers, women and children, went, crossing themselves, into its shadowy doorway. It was a saint's day or some special service, I know not which. But at the same time from an adjacent street came the clash of the Mongolian drum, gong, cymbals, and tom-toms, and around the corner came swinging, in almost military style, a great Chinese "joss pidgin," or religious procession. There were hundreds and hundreds in the parade. They were tricked out in cheap finery, but were full of that funny enthusiasm which belongs to the almond-eyed race. There were little boys in scarlet coats, and men in yellow robes. There were would-be soldiers with blue jackets, and imitation militia in scarlet mantles. One group of fifty were carrying a great dragon made of bamboo framework, pasteboard, tissue-paper, and tinsel. men who carried it were experts in the business and made the head dart up and down, hither and thither, snap and yawn, and the great tail sweep in every direction, until it almost seemed as if the counterfeit monster were real and alive. Another group of fifty escorted and carried a great throne and canopy on which was seated a wizened and bewhiskered idol. The throne and canopy were of wood, carved to represent a cage of gold and silver set with precious stones, and painted in gaudy and barbaric fashion to still further carry out the conceit. Then came men with imitation weapons modelled after the patterns of the arms borne by the Chinese armies in the dead centuries when they conquered Asia and half of Europe. It was a strange contrast—the Christian Cathedral, poor and decayed, with its handful of worshippers, and this great pagan procession, full of force, intensity, and enthusiasm. I spoke to

a Portuguese friend and he laughed and said: "Oh, yes, we Macao people are very tolerant and not very religious; perhaps their faith will get them into heaven just the same as ours. Anyhow the matter is hardly worth notice."

Then there is Camoen's Grotto, where the famous Portuguese poet toiled upon his epic, the "Lusiad;" a monument to the memory of St. Francis Xavier, the great head of the Jesuit Order, who ended his tireless and zealous career in these far-off lands; the memorialarch, which marks where the Chinese ambushed and murdered some high Macao officials long ago; the leperisland, where fifty poor wrecks of humanity are dying by inches; the gambling - hells, which are licensed by the Portuguese government and which are undermining the entire community; and the opiumdens, which are an agreeable disappointment after reading so many lurid tales at home respecting the oriental vice.

All are interesting, but all seem to be overwhelmed and swallowed up in the beauty of the

landscape, the dreamy delight of the sea-breeze, the bland, warm air of the islands, and the poppy-like influence of the place, the people, and all pertaining to it. A city for the artist and the dreamer; a relic of antiquity and barbarism in these days of progress and enlightenment. The drowsy indolence seems native to the soil, and the pres-



Bust of Camoens, the Greek Poet in Exile at Macao.

ent condition of the country contrasts strongly with its ancient history, when the Orient was the seat of the greatest power and magnificence, the source of all glory, reflecting the first rays of the Eastern sun, but on whose ruined walls and towers the light of a new day falls in vain.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

CUBA'S STRUGGLE

T was on February 24, 1895, that the Lone Star of the Cuban republic was first unfurled at the little town of Baire, in the Oriente or eastern province of Cuba. But it was not until a year ago that the news of the uprising began to attract attention in this country. About that time it was learned that General Maximo Gomez, commander-in-chief, and the giant mulatto, Antonio Maceo, his lieutenant, both of them heroes of the last Revolution. had landed on Cuban soil. Still it was thought to be an insignificant affair which General Martinez Campos, the Spanish commander who had put down the former uprising, would have no

The unexampled brilliancy of the campaign of the revolutionary leaders during the past year has been the most surprising feature of this surprising war, which by the recent action of Congress has suddenly become an international affair and the largest thing on the political horizon.

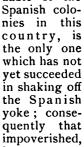
Many people are asking what the fight is all about. It is answered in a few words.

The Cuban patriots are fighting for the principle of "no taxation without representation." This principle was established on this continent by the blood of our own revolutionary sires,

FOR FREEDOM.

but the ragged Continentals who wintered with Washington at Valley Forge were resisting a tax which was a feather's weight compared with that which annually strips the Cuban people. Until the last war, which was waged with great courage from 1868 to 1878, Cuba had no semblance of representative government, being ruled by a governor-general sent from Spain and answerable only to the Spanish ministry from whom he had received his appointment. Cuba, the first and most val-

> uable of the but extrava-



revenues formerly drawn from several such sources. There are \$12,000,000 called Cuban loan, which is a part of the Spanish national debt contracted without the consent of Cuba, and from which that island has never received There are \$7,000,000 a year to be paid by the people. There are \$8,000,000 of salaries to be paid to Spanish gov-

gant, mother country has for the last three-quarters of a century been wringing from this solitary dependency all the a year to be paid for interest on the soany advantage directly or indirectly. for the maintenance of an army and navy in Cuba to prevent any resistance

The photographs for the illustrations in this article were loaned by Captain Richard Navarro, of the Cuban Revolutionary Army, and by Fred. R. Swift, of Bridgeport, Conn., whose new book on Cuba will shortly appear.

An Insurgent Soldier.

difficulty in

suppressing.

ernors, judges, police officials, and spies, whose misrule and dishonesty have in most instances been notorious. Spaniards have regarded a place in Cuba as a political plum given in exchange for political services from which just as much juice was to be squeezed as possible.

The sources of Spanish income are from direct taxation of real and personal property, customs receipts, including export as well as import duties; fines and confiscations of the property of alleged revolutionists, the sale of tickets for the Government lottery, the sale of licenses for cafés, saloons, theatres, and resorts which may not be so much as named, and the rents derived from government lands. Nobody escapes the tax - gatherer. Every inhabitant has to take out an annual identification card costing from 25 cents to \$100 according to rank. Even the beggars pay this tax. Every time a Cuban holds a reception at his home he is required to take out a license for it. So insignificant a thing as a sign on a house announcing rooms to let, costs a fee. Fidel G. Pierra, Chairman of the Cuban Revolutionary Committee in New York, estimates the total exploitation in Cuba in some years as high as eighty million dollars.

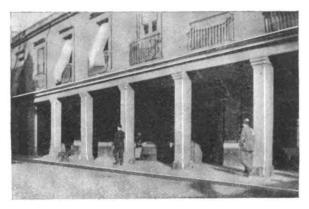
It cannot be wondered at that the Cuban mind under centuries of such

schooling has developed a somewhat sinuous character. The Cuban's power of concealment is extraordinary, and his subtilty in inventing expedients sur-The most courteous people prising. in the world, they are at the same time suspicious and sensitive, and to intrigue The Cuis a second nature to them. bans have been described by popular writers as a light and reckless people, given to games of chance, cock-fighting, and bull-fighting. The representatives of that people who are to be found in the Cuban colony in New York are very different. They have the sobriety and earnestness of character which we love to associate with the names of the fathers of our own Republic, and Dr. Joaquin Castillo, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the Provisional Government, who is at present in the city on an important secret mission, denies that the Cubans love either bull-fighting or the lottery. He says that these essentially Spanish institutions will be abolished when Cuba is free.

The Ten Years' War, as the last Cuban Revolution is called, was brought to a close by General Campos only upon the representation that Spain would give Cuba the reforms demanded, but the concessions made by Spain have been so slight as to amount to nothing. The new electoral law



A Cuban Bahio. The walls of this house are built of the skin or bark of a tree. The roof is thatched with leaves and grass,



A Street Scene in Havana

providing for Cuban representatives in the Cortes was so drawn as to make the vote of one Spanish sojourner in Cuba equal to seven Cuban votes, and the native population have been able to elect at most only six, and sometimes only three, of their own countrymen to this office out of a total of thirty nominally Cuban members. When it was seen that a revolution was imminent a Council of Administration was formed to give Cuba the semblance of home rule, but the membership of the council as actually organized consists of only fifteen persons elected by the people; the other fifteen are appointed by the government, and the Governor-General, as the presiding officer, casts the deciding vote. He also has the power of arbitrarily suspending ten members.

Possessing nearly the area of New York State, but so attenuated as to extend a distance almost as great as from Philadelphia to Chicago, the Island of Cuba has a population less than that of this city. In the eastern province, where every Cuban revolution has started, there are mountains higher than Mount Washington, and unexplored forests of mahogany and palm. In the mountains are found iron and manganese of superior quality, and in the forests valuable hard woods in unlimited quantity. The principal agricultural products of the Oriente Province are coffee and cocoa. Passing westward into Camaguey, in the path followed by every revolutionary leader from the time of Narcisso Lopez in 1850, the landscape becomes less rugged, and broad savannas are disclosed upon which graze hundreds of cattle and horses. Farther west. in the Las Villas, Matanzas, and Havana provinces agriculture becomes a prominent feature. Here are the great sugar estates of from five hundred to ten thousand acres. A beautiful sight is a tract of sugarcane with its lilac plumes bending wave on wave be-

fore the breeze as far as the eye can reach. The extreme western province of Pinar del Rio is the principal source of the Havana tobacco crop, for which that city is famous all the world over.

The island is so narrow as to be swept by sea-breezes all the year round, and so protected on the north by the Gulf Stream as to enjoy a perpetual summer. The average variation in temperature between winter and summer in the interior is only about a dozen degrees. The leaves do not dis-

appear from the trees in winter, and fruit is gathered then as at other times.

Impressionable American youths who are thinking seriously of seeking fame as Cuban Lafayettes, would do well before enlisting to call at some wholesale hardware store in New York and examine a line of Cuban machetes. The machete (pro-



One of the "Regulars" in Dress Uniform.

nounced in three syllables with the accent on the "chet") is as essential to the native Cuban as the sting is to a bee, and is far more serviceable. With it he peels his oranges or cleans his stick of sugar-cane before eating, cuts his way through tangled woods and fences when on the march, fells trees and chops wood when in camp, and hews down his enemies when in battle. We have nothing in common use in the United States to correspond with the

The machete is a broad heavy weapon of solid steel with a handle of good bone. The blade, which is from two to three feet in length, grows broader as it leaves the handle, till near the end it is as wide and thick as a butcher's cleaver. The very sight of this murderous implement causes the cold chills to creep down a peaceable man's back. Swords are bodkins, and bayonets are children's toys, by comparison. A downward blow delivered



A Cuban Scene, showing the Yarcy, a species of Palm, peculiar to Cuba.

machete, although, strangely enough, almost the entire Cuban supply comes from this country. Before the Declaration of Independence the Indians of Kentucky had learned to dread the "long knives" as the Virginians were called, and seventy years ago Colonel Bowie, of Louisiana, earned the lasting gratitude of the Southwest by the invention of the formidable blade which bears his name. The long knife of Virginia and the Bowie knife of Texas alike fade into insignificance compared with the Cuban machete.

with the strength and skill of an expert Cuban yeoman, will well-nigh cleave a foe in two. Bones are but pasteboard before it. There are several instances where gun-barrels have been cut like pipe-stems by the machete.

During the first battle of the Ten Years' War each Cuban patriot was armed only with his machete and a hooked stick. Thus equipped the dauntless band charged the Spanish lines. The Spanish soldiers kept up a galling fire as the Cubans approached, and many a poor fellow dropped ex-



A Cuban Farm Building.

piring without seeing a single enemy of liberty punished. But those who were unhit by the bullets never flinched till they reached the Spanish lines. Then with their hooks they caught and pulled down the bayonets of the Spaniards, and with their machetes, they took an awful vengeance for their fallen comrades. Every Cuban who survived had a good rifle and a belt or two of ammunition as the result of that day's work. The style of machete now most popular with the Cuban is for cavalry service. It is a butcher knife between three and four feet in length, lighter and more rapid than the old machete.

To José Marti belongs the honor of planning this final struggle of an oppressed people. A poet, orator, and martyr, his ashes ought some day to be deposited beside those of the great Columbus in the Cathedral of Havana. After the failure of the last war Marti refused to abandon hope. He edited a paper in the interest of free Cuba. He travelled throughout

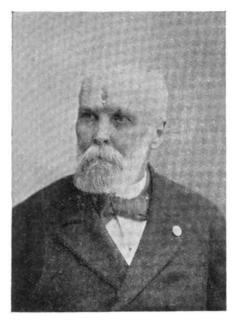
the United States, Central and South America, wherever Cuban cigar-makers were to be found, the exiles of the Ten Years' War, and preached hope. Finally he organized about eleven hundred expatriated Cubans into a compact society, each member of which was pledged to contribute one day's wages a week to a common fund for the redemption of the beautiful island. Many cigar-makers earn as much as three dollars a day. It was not long before he had a fund of over a hundred thousand dollars on hand.

This fund, as fast as it accumulated, was invested in guns and ammunition, which were smuggled into Cuba and hidden by the patriots in the woods

at the east end of the island. Many thousands of rifles, a portion of them improved repeating firearms, were thus A favorite way was to introduced. ship a load of guns in a crate underneath a row of steel rails for railroad construction, but one day a crate broke open and the guns were discovered. Still the Spanish Governor-General did not anticipate trouble. Acting upon Marti's advice, the patriotic inhabitants of Cuba had avoided as much as possible paying their taxes. The penalty for this would have been the sale of the property. The public sentiment was so strong in favor of the delinquents that nobody could be found to bid against them; the result was that every man retained possession of his property, and there was a great falling off in the income of the government. The Governor-General was not disposed to curtail his own salary, and the interest on the Cuban bonds had to be met whatever happened. The only other item of expense was the



A Cuban Carriage and Team.



General Garcia

The bullet wound in the forehead is the result of an attempt on the part of General Garcias to shoot himself, rather than be taken friedwint. He did General Gonez were conversing at the door of the former's house, in 1875, when they perceived that they were surrounded by Spanish soldiers. General Gonez leaped for his horse, and succeeded in escaping. General Garcia, seeing that his capter was inevitable, placed the imuzele of his pistol underneath his chin, and pulled the trigger. The ball, instead of piercing his mouth and killing him instantly, was defected, and followed the line o his Jaw around, leaving his forehead at the point indicated. As a protection to the skin, which has grown over the wound, a piece of cotion is kept in the depression.

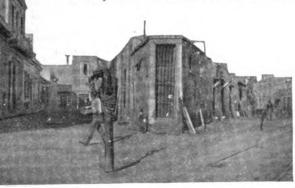
army and navy and, in order to economize, the number of soldiers and marines in Cuba was repeatedly reduced. When the war finally broke out, the

military equipment smaller than it had been before for over a score of

It is too soon yet to give a complete history of the first year of the present revolution, but one battle at the very beginning must be mentioned, for it cost the life of the noble Marti. Soon after the organization of the Cuban army under General Gomez, an unexpected attack was made upon the little band by a Spanish force under Colonel Sandoval, and the revolutionists, taken by surprise, fled. This was the battle of Dos Rios, fought May 19, 1895. Just how Marti was slain will probably never be known. One account has it that his horse became unmanageable and ran away with him in the direction of the foe. Another and a more acceptable version is that he refused to fly, and was trying to encourage and reorganize the scattered Cuban lines when a bullet of the Spaniards laid him low. In this same engagement General Gomez was also

slightly wounded.

Quite different was the issue of the battle of Peralejo, during the month of August, which first showed the world that the Cuban Revolution was really a formidable uprising. Between Yara and Bayamo there lies a savanna protected on one side by a dense wood and on the other by an extensive morass. Bayamo was the headquarters of General Campos, who had brought a large force of Spaniards thither expecting to put down the insurrection at once. He had not yet succeeded in engaging the Cuban army, which, nevertheless, kept so close to him that supplies became very scarce in Bayamo, and he found it necessary to send a thousand men to the neighboring seaport of Manzanillo to procure them. As this force was returning they were joined by General Campos himself at Yara with two thousand men as an es-The road from Yara to Bayamo passes through the savanna of Peralejo, and in the woods there lay concealed a cavalry force of Cubans to the number



The Chinese Quarter, Havana.



Mayor Gral José Maceo nombrado Jefe del Gumer Cuerpo Gército Libertador de Cuba en Celulu de 1898.

General Maceo.

From a drawing made on the battle-field by Señor Menocal, of Cuba-

of fifteen hundred men. Unfortunately for the full realization of their plans the mulatto guide who was conducting the Spaniards suspected a trap and led the army around the wood. The trick was not discovered by the Cubans till the Spanish army reached the road which crosses the morass, when the Revolutionists were obliged to charge from their hiding-place in order to join The Spanish troops fell into a panic, and many of them took to the swamps, where they remained held fast by the mire. General Campos's horse was shot under him, and it was thought at first that he was killed. He presently revived, and rising, ordered every horse to be brought to a certain line and shot. Behind the breastworks so extemporized, his rear-guard managed to hold their assailants at bay for a time while the General and a part of his force fled toward Bayamo.

Presently the bugle sounded and the Cubans, shouting "Al machete! Al machete!" dropped their guns, seized their terrible knives and charged the foe. The number of Spaniards killed

was about four hundred, among whom was General Santocildes. Only a small number of Spaniards were wounded. The large proportion of those killed was due to the use of the machetes, "which are rather conclusive at short range,' as one of the participants in the slaughter dryly expressed it to the writer. This gentleman, an intelligent native of Porto Rico, has since retired from the Cuban army. He says the battle would have been more sanguinary had not the Cubans stopped to strip the dead of every ounce of ammunition. The Cubans lost about three hundred killed and one hundred wounded. In making a report of this engagement General Campos said that his "rear - guard fought bravely all the way to Bay-

amo," which was a virtual confession of

defeat. The Spanish commander soon after took ship from Manzanillo and proceeded in haste to Havana, in the neighborhood of which he remained until his recall to Spain a couple of months ago. His successor, the cruel General Weyler, very wisely pursued the same policy upon his arrival in Cuba. These battles illustrate how they fight in Cuba. It is a war of surprises, ambushes, and intrigues.

Many people cannot understand how it is possible for the twenty-five thousand armed men who form the regular Cuban army, to continually harass the Spanish army, burn sugar plantations which pay the taxes for the support of the gov-



A Machete.

ernment, and dynamite railroad trains, bridges, and stations, by which the Spanish soldiers are transported, without being captured by their enemies who are fully five times as numerous. The reason is that nearly every native Cuban outside the army is a Revolutionist at heart, and though he may not have a gun he knows how to use the machete upon occasion. The Spanish army can go nowhere without guards or pilots, but every path is familiar to the Cubans. Mounted on fleet horses the patriots can make a forced march of a hundred miles at a stretch. The Spaniard moves slowly. He cannot afford to go anywhere without his supplies. The Cuban has no camp baggage. All Cuba is his commissariat. If the patriot soldiers are in the neighborhood of a ranch, a half dozen cattle are shot and appropriated. At the beginning of the war all the fences were cut down and the ownership of the cattle was declared common. If they are near a town the store-keepers are The wilderness has no terlevied on. rors for the Cuban. Indians lived in Cuba without labor before the white man appeared. If meal-time comes around with no habitation in sight, a bugle-call is the signal for the men to dismount. Again the bugle blows and they tether their horses. At the third call every man plunges into the woods. Soon one returns with a yam a yard long, which he has dug up. Another brings in a jutid, which is a kind of opossum; others return laden with wild oranges, plantains, and succulent roots similar to sweet potatoes, and still others bring quantities of another root resembling tapioca when cooked. From these and other equally novel contributions the meal is prepared and eaten by all with the zest which only an active out-of-door life can impart. This explains how the Cubans were able, without money and almost without arms, to continue an unequal struggle for ten years. If their clothes wear out they wear rags. General Gomez, when he surrendered at the end of the Ten Years' war, had on only one presentable garment, and that was a dress coat. Houses can be built without money and without nails. The lower classes of Cubans live in huts made of palm and thatched with palm-leaves. It is true that the Revolutionists in the field enjoy few of the consolations of religion, but as the Catholic Church, the only lawful religious organization in Cuba, supports the monarchy, they are not over-zealous in their adherence to that church.

There is another branch of service in the Cuban army which is more dangerous and no less interesting than that of the soldier in the field. This is the service of the recruiting officer. Captain Richard Navarro, a native Cuban, has recently arrived in this city after a thrilling experience in this kind of service. He was stationed in the city of Havana, and was especially interested in obtaining the services of surgeons for the Cuban army. Among other duties he was also charged with purchasing dynamite, arms, and ammunition from Spanish soldiers in Havana and shipping them to the Revolutionists. With every third man in Havana a Spaniard, with a swarm of spies always about him, Captain Navarro kept steadfastly on with his work which he believed would sooner or later cost his life. He used to amuse himself playing tricks on the government spies, such as hiding sticks of dynamite in certain places when he believed he was shadowed, and then having a confederate remove them as soon as the spy went to report the occurrence, thus discrediting the zealous agent with his superiors. One spy, having made such discoveries as would inevitably have brought about the execution of the whole group of Revolutionists to which Navarro belonged, providentially met his death at the hands of robbers, as was supposed. Thus the day of arrest was deferred, but not averted. To be taken as a revolutionary agent in Havana means one of three thingstransportation to Ceuta, the gloomy prison in Africa opposite Gibraltar, where the convict, confined in an underground cell, is almost sure to die of disease within a year or two; an almost equally cruel confinement in a dungeon in the Morro Castle at Havana; or a

trial by court martial and a sentence to be shot. Cubans regard the last fate as the easiest.

Early in September, Navarro was arrested with seven of his friends. He managed to eat one of the incriminating papers found on his person, before the eyes of his captors. He was put into a noisome cell in the city prison, without even a stool or cot on which he could lie down. The next morning he was told that he had been sentenced with the others to be transported to Ceuta.

"I made up my mind," said the young officer, in relating this experience, "to do anything rather than go to Ceuta. All my papers had been taken from me, but I used the covers of two cigarettes, and on one of them I wrote, in a disguised hand to a false address, asking an imaginary friend to remove some dynamite from an imaginary place and to destroy some letters from General Gomez, which he would find there. On the other paper I wrote a note to a trusty friend, asking him to drop the misleading missive where a certain Spanish spy I knew would be sure to pick it up. I had a small envelope for cards and in this I put the notes and addressed it to the sister of my friend so as not to excite There was a man in the suspicion. corridor of the jail who had been hired from outside to do some needed cleaning. Him I at length persuaded, in consideration of two silver dollars, to mail the note. I told him it was to notify my family that I had been arrested.

"The plan worked well. The same afternoon the bogus note was in the hands of the Lieutenant Governor-General. It is rare that the Spaniards have a clear case against a Cuban arrested under such circumstances, and they were pleased with an opportunity of going through the forms of justice. My seven brave comrades were shipped next day without trial to Ceuta. I was brought up for court martial. course the Spaniards had not found the dynamite, and the communications from General Gomez mentioned in my letter. I contended that I had a secret enemy who had caused my arrest and had written this note to ruin me. I showed them that it did not exactly resemble my handwriting. The testimony of the spies who had been watching me was contradictory. When they asked who my friends were I surprised them by naming a number of Spanish officers. The fact was that these officers had been selling arms and ammunition to me, and when they were summoned to tell what they knew about me, being fearful that I would betray them, they protested my loyalty and general good character. The result was that after a number of delays I was at last released on parole until further evidence could be produced against me. Two days later I was on a steamship bound for New York."

At the Cuban Revolutionary headquarters in this city the intimation is given out that General Gomez may retire from the neighborhood of Havana shortly, and it is said that this is not because he has been driven off, but is part of a general plan of campaign

which will be apparent later.

There is no more careful student on international events than Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews. In discussing the affair recently he said:

"I believe that there was a time when an arrangement might have been made between the Cubans and Spain through the friendly offices of the President of the United States, by which Spain would have agreed to give up her rights in Cuba for two or three hundred million dollars, pledged by Cuba and guaranteed by the United States. That would have taken care of the Cuban bonds for Spain, would have given Cuba her freedom, and would have made the influence of our own country paramount in the island, a result preferable to either annexation or an acknowledged protectorate. That time has, however, gone by. Spanish pride and sensitiveness now stand in the way of any such arrangement. though it would have been to the advantage of that impoverished nation. I fear they will go on trying in vain to crush the Cuban uprising. If they do, they will bring a revolutionary outbreak in Spain itself within a year. They are doomed either way. If they relinquish Cuba, public sentiment in Spain will overthrow them, and if they keep up the fight and increase the Spanish debt a revolution at home will depose them. The average Spaniard cannot understand the need of money in conducting war; he is filled with an exuberant valor which he thinks more irresistible than equipments, but when it comes to fighting, the calm little German in spectacles can beat him every time."

George M. Simonson.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

NLY a bunch of chrysanthemums,
Pink with a heart of rose like the dawn,
Lavender flushed with a Syrian tinge,
Brown and crimson, with amber fringe,
And the glory of gold when the sun is gone.

White, like a quivering bloom of snow,
Rose, with stamens of yellow and red,
Tints, like leaves where the maples nod,
Purple, like asters, where golden-rod
Tosses the plumes from its burnished head.

Only a bunch of chrysanthemums,
A rainbow of bloom o'er the autumn's haze.
Beautiful, palpitant, fragrant things,
That carried me back on their shining wings
To the glory of other October days.

How the maples blazed in the splendid wood,
And the paths were royal beneath our tread.
A carpet of crimson and golden sheen,
Woven with mosses and ferns between,
And a gorgeous canopy overhead.

And love, and all of the world were ours
As the late bird trilled in the gabled eaves.
How beautiful were the dreams we dreamed,
How radiant to us the future seemed,
And now you slumber beneath the leaves,

And our shrines are crumbled to ashes and dust,
And life seems colorless to the end.
I see the gleam of your far-off tomb,
As I bury my face in the mass of bloom,
That comes from the love of a newer friend.

I hear your voice in the rustling leaves,
I feel your hands as their touch caressed;
I linger again in the flickering shade,
In the aisles of the gorgeous colonnade,
While the colors pulsed in the glowing west.

Only a bunch of chrysanthemums,
But they stopped the world in its dizzy flight,
Ringing along on the change of years;
And they filled my eyes with regretful tears,
The beautiful gift that you sent last night.

And this splendid bunch of chrysanthemums
Is as sweet as a memory well could be,
For the thought of love is the same alway,
And the bygone friend, and the friend to-day,
Have each their place in my heart, to me.

Emma Playter Seabury.

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"It might have been." From the painting by Wm. Morgan, A.N.A.



ELEONORA DUSE, the Italian actress, and Loie Fuller, the American serpentine dancer, have been the principal attractions in the New York theatrical world during the past month. Duse has con-

firmed the impression which she made on her first visit here, which was that she is one of the most natural actresses living. and there are no terms of praise too extravagant to apply to her performances. It is doubtful, however, whether an Italian actress supported by Italians speaking only their native language can ever be pecuniarily successful in this country. A great many of our theatre-goers understand French sufficiently well to comprehend something of Bernhardt or Coquelin, but very few indeed are as conversant with Italian. So, no matter how admirable the acting. how marvellously portrayed the emotions, the actress's genius cannot be appreciated fully if the auditors are unaware of what particular emotion she is expressing. When the great Italian tragedian, Salvini, toured this country

the experiment was tried of giving him an English-speaking company in order to get around this difficulty, and now it is announced that Mme. Duse. who has signed a contract to return here next season and play in a Shakesperian repertoire, will follow the same plan. It is not improbable, however, that before then Mme. Duse, artist that she is, will recognize how inartistic and incongruous such productions would be.



Miss Ada Rehan as "The Countess Gucki." From photograph (copyright, 1896), by Sec & Epler, New York.

It must be admitted that Loie Fuller is a clever woman. It is only of recent years, however, that this cleverness has been materially recog-



Chas. J. Richman. Photograph by Falk.

nized and that she has been able to find the peculiar line of work for which she is evidently best suited. It is not so very long ago that she was an obscure little star, hardly earning in a month what she makes now in a night, and her reputation rested chiefly on her ability for taking sensational poses in very scant Then, by pure accident, Loie Fuller turned her attention to dancing with novel arrangements of mirrors and gossamer dresses. She went to Paris, called herself "La Loie," and the impulsive Parisians went wild over her "new" dances, which she claims are imitations of the Biblical dances and which consist in a most liberal use of colored lights and transparent draperies. In one of her dances she stands upon a large square of glass that is sunk in the stage; underneath are electric lights of great power which stream through this glass, and high above her are placed other lights of the same power, the ascending and descending rays meeting and intermingling with beautiful and strange effect. In another dance she forms the figure of a colossal lily. the upper edge of her skirt being at least fifteen feet from the stage. Each of her dresses contains nearly five hundred yards of material, and when she begins to whirl and twist the silk reaches ten feet from the body in each direction, and the material is so thin that you can take a dozen yards of it and draw it through a finger ring. She is reported to be receiving \$7,000 a week during her engagement at Koster & Bials, but this managerial announcement should, of course, be taken with the necessary grano salis.

I am glad to see that the question of the high feminine hat in the theatres is being taken up again, for

surely this is the source of one of the greatest discomforts of theatre-going. The evil would have been removed long ago if managers were more solicitous for the comfort of their patrons. In a few isolated instances managers have tried to induce women to remove their hats during the performance, but the innovation has never been followed up systematically. Yet it is a curious thing that abroad they can insist upon these little things with benefit to everybody concerned. In the best seats in the Paris theatres the women are no more allowed to wear their hats than are the men, and in the best London theatres the removal of the hat by the women folk is not only insisted upon by the management of the theatres, but it has become a polite and general custom to do so. A woman sitting in the stalls at the London Savoy Theatre and keeping her hat on would be regarded as an ill-bred and illmannered person, as, of course, everyone is who does so, whether in New



Miss Alice Thiil.
From photograph (copyright, 1894) by Falk, New York.

York or Timbuctoo. At Daly's Theatre the attendant in the ladies' room is instructed to ask each woman to remove her hat, but whether she will comply with the request or not is left entirely to her own wish in the matter. A few evenings ago at Hoyt's Theatre a man who was situated behind a woman wearing a very high hat decided to take the law into his own hands. He was unable to get even a partial view of the stage, so he put on his own silk hat and waited for developments.

Presently an usher sailed down the aisle and with the impudent manner customary to theatre ushers sharply told the man to remove his hat. This the stranger refused to do, and the usher sailed back again to find the manager. The manager arrived full of importance and insisted on the young man either removing his hat or leaving the theatre. The stranger pointed to the monumental hat in front of him and said that he would not remove his hat until the lady had removed hers,



Miss Lorraine Dreux.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Falk, New York.

and as to being forced to leave the theatre, that, he said, was ridiculous, for, being a lawyer, he knew that there was no law under which a woman may wear a high hat and a man cannot. The manager finally compromised by offering to allow this smart young man to sit alone in one of the big boxes, to which he at once went amid the applause of those among the audience who had watched the amusing incident.

The revival of the "Prisoner of Zenda" at the Lyceum Theatre has proved that the local popularity of this dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel was by no means exhausted by Mr. Sothern. James K. Hackett now plays the part of the king, originated by Mr. Sothern, and plays it satisfactorily, although he hardly brings out all the humor in the part which Mr. Sothern did so naturally. As far as the production itself goes the revival is even more magnificently staged than the original production.

Mr. Hackett is the son of James H. Hackett, who had the reputation of be-

ing one of the best Falstaffs of this generation, and who died in 1871, and is a half-brother of the late Recorder Hackett, of New York City. The young Hackett began to reap stage honors at the early age of seven, when he recited Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," and acted in amateur theatricals. After taking his degree as Bachelor of Arts, Mr. Hackett studied law, but soon turned all his attention to the stage, on which he has been remarkably successful. Among his best impersonations have been the Rev. Jack Harland, in "Lady Gladys," at the Madison Square



James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Theatre; De Neipperg, in "Madame Sans-Gêne," at the Broadway Theatre; Count de Charny, in "Le Collier de la Reine," at Daly's Theatre; Carroway Bones, in "Turned Up;" Othello, Touch-

Augustin Daly's stock company has left New York and is now on tour, presenting that entertaining little play, "The Countess Gucki," in which Miss Rehan is seen at her best. Mr. Daly,



Deyo.

Photographed by Schloss.

stone, Orlando, and Orsino in "Twelfth Night." Besides being one of the handsomest men on the stage, Mr. Hackett is an intelligent actor, and each of his impersonations is marked with an individuality, originality, and attention to detail which make each of his characters a living being.

by the bye, has engaged Charles Richman for his leading man. Mr. Richman, an excellent portrait of whom appears in this department, is practically a new-comer. He made his first success in the part of *The Stranger*—an allegorical figure representing Christ—in Hauptmann's dream play, "Han-



Dallas Tyler.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by B. J. Falk, New York.

nele," his superb physique, magnificent voice, and natural tact and intelligence standing him in good stead. Later he was seen under A. M. Palmer's management in parts that did not suit him, and it was not until Mr. Daly engaged him for the Schoenthau play that he again got an opportunity.

Julia Marlowe and Robert Taber recently began a four weeks' engagement at Palmer's Theatre, presenting a classic repertoire. Miss Marlowe is in many respects a clever young actress, but for some reason has never been popular with the New York public. She deserves, at all events, the credit

for always having followed the best in the dramatic art, and it is hardly her fault if her ability is not on a par with her ambition. Mr. Taber, her husband, is one of our best young actors, his work being noted for its intelligence and artistic polish. Their repertoire includes "Romeo and Juliet,"
"As You Like It," "Twelfth Night,"
"The Hunchback," "The Lady of Lyons," and "She Stoops to Conquer."
Next season they will produce a dramatization of George Eliot's well-known novel, "Romola."

Arthur Hornblow.



Miss Hilda Clark.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by B. J. Falk, New York.



THE reappearance of Rafael Joseffy has been one of the most interesting musical events of the season. For more than five years the eminent pianist had been in absolute retirement from the concert stage, and it was with mingled feelings of interest that his first appearance was looked for. There was great curiosity as to whether he would be better or otherwise since last heard here, but judging by the almost frantic applause which burst from the audience after his first number, Joseffy has not fallen off in his powers.

Joseffy is a Hungarian by birth, but has made his home in this country for

many years. He is without doubt one of the greatest living pianists. When he so suddenly ceased appearing in public, there were more or less strange statements circulated concerning the reasons for his withdrawal, what the reason really was is known only to the pianist himself. One thing is certain. He did not stop because of his failing powers, for, as his recent reappearance proved. he is now a greater pianist than he ever was. His long seclusion at his beautiful home at Tar-388

rytown-on-the-Hudson enabled him to devote himself to study and practice, and this has borne good fruit. It is difficult to resist comparing Joseffy with Paderewski, who so completely turned the heads of a large portion of the concert-going public; but there have already been so many comparisons made that I, for one, will content myself in speaking of Joseffy alone, as he well merits being considered individually. It would be difficult to imagine a more masterly and superb rendering of the Brahms concerto in B flat major than Joseffy gave. The finish of style and the perfect ease as well as his beautiful intonation, was breath-

lessly listened to by all those present, and at the end of the number the applause was deafening. It was inconsiderate, however, of a part of the audience to insist on an encore, and Mr. Damrosch did well to rebuke them, which he did with tact. When it is understood what an enormous amount of physical strength and exertion it requires to play through a concerto like the Brahms, it will be admitted that Mr. Joseffy acted wisely in refusing to give an encore.



Rafael Joseffy. Photograph by Falk.

Not only that, but, as he himself said, to play another short piece would have spoilt the effect of the masterpiece rendered.

The keen appreciation shown by the

fact that it was the first appearance of Walter Damrosch as a conductor, since his return from the road with his opera company. The lovers of grand opera should be grateful to Mr. Damrosch for



Miss Florence Terrell.

auditors at the eminent pianist's first reappearance should be sufficient to discourage Mr. Joseffy from attempting a repetition of his late unceremonious retirement.

The event of Joseffy's reappearance was made doubly interesting by the

having introduced here such famous singers as Klafsky, Ternina, Gruening, and Popovic. Although the operas are presented under great disadvantages at the Academy of Music—which is now considered "down town," the season, at this writing, promises to be successful from both a financial and



artistic point of view. Madame Klafsky, who by her remarkable interpretation of *Isolde* was at once recognized to be as great as Lehman as regards both voice and acting, was one of the best

It is now definitely settled that Moritz Rosenthal, acknowledged to be the greatest living pianist from the standpoint of pure technique, is to come to this country next season, Henry Wolf-



Miss Marie Engle.
From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Dupont, N. Y.

drawing cards. In fact, the entire corps of singers is far stronger than is usually seen in operatic organizations, and Mr. Damrosch's company in artistic excellency is in no way inferior to the opera company of Messrs. Abbey & Grau.

son, the enterprising impresario having been fortunate enough to secure him for a concert tour of fifty concerts. Rosenthal made a great sensation here seven years ago, and has since devoted much of his time to study. It is reported that his style is broader than ever.





-Arthur Nikisch.
Photograph by Falk.

Henri Marteau, the young French violinist, who charmed us with his brilliant execution two seasons ago, has been compelled to join the French army, and this artistic calamity will prevent his being heard in public for at least two years. As is customary in the case of artists, Marteau will have to serve in the army only eighteen months, and will be allowed certain hours for violin study. Yet, practically, he will be a prisoner, being unable to appear in public during the whole time of his patriotic servitude. It must necessarily be a great hardship for a young artist of Marteau's talent and temperament to be torn away from his work to perform duties that are little better than menial.

Whether it is necessary to go abroad to complete one's musical education is a subject that has been extensively discussed of late years. The appearance in public of pupils who have never studied outside of this country, and

their remarkable work, is in itself a proof that true talent can, under competent guidance, be fully as well developed on this as on the other side of the Atlantic. One example of this is to be found in Miss Jessie Shay, who studied exclusively in this country. Miss Shay is an American girl, born at Newburg-on-the-Hudson. When very young, she displayed remarkable musical talent, and when eight years old began to study the piano. After a few years work at home she was advised to come to New York to continue her musical studies, and after studying with Alexander Lambert for four years she made her first professional appearance last season with Wolff and Hollman, playing fifteen concerts with great suc-The critics ranked her at once among the best woman pianists of America, and praised unstintingly her wonderful technique and her artistic and sympathetic temperament. Miss Shay has also appeared with the Symphony Orchestra and at private musicales. She has an attractive personality, being a petite blonde of graceful figure.



Henri Marteau

Miss Florence Terrell, another promising young pianist, though somewhat younger than Miss Shay, is also attracting public attention. Born in this country, she is now sixteen years old, and a very pretty girl. At a recent recital given in this city, the critics pronounced her "finished," technically. She plays with a great deal of expression and artistic finish, and no doubt in a few years

will rank high in the pianistic world.

Miss Gertrude Sylva, also a young American girl, has a fine dramatic soprano voice, and was educated entirely in this country. Miss Sylva has been heard at public concerts and private musicales, and although offered a number of tempting engagements, she is advised by all those interested in her to devote her time exclusively to study. Her voice is flexible and of remarkably pure timbre. She has a charming stage presence, being slender and of graceful carriage, and she has a wealth of auburn hair. She sings with a great deal of expression, her face gradually lighting up as she proceeds with her song, and her intonation is faultless. Miss Sylva is at present studying with Madame Nicolesco, once a famous opera singer.

Next season promises to be most interesting, musically. Rosenthal is to visit this country, and now comes the news from abroad that Josef Hofmann has signed a contract for an extended concert tour through the States. It is hardly necessary to recall the phenomenal success that this young pianist made when in this country eight years



Miss Jessie Shay.

ago. I remember crossing Madison Square with him one morning, when two little messenger boys passed us and, pointing at Josef, one said to the other, "That's Josef Hofmann." Everyone knew him; everyone was speaking of him. He was the idol of the hour.

It is now left to be seen whether after eight years of absence he will return to renew the triumph that he met with on his first visit. Judg-

ing from all accounts, he is one of the few prodigies whose precocious genius has not evaporated with advancing years. He is now about nineteen years old and we shall naturally expect much more of him, considering that he is no longer a child.

Josef Hofmann is coming under the management of Messrs. Johnson and Arthur, who were successful in securing a number of the eminent artists who appeared in this country this season. He will make his first reappearance in the same place as he made his first début, the Metropolitan Opera House, early in November.

* *

Mascagni's new one-act opera, "Zanetto," the story of which was taken from François Coppée's "Le Passant," is said by the composer to be his most original work. The opera begins with a chorus without orchestra behind the curtain as a prelude. The scene is the terrace of a Florence villa at night, and there are but two parts, a soprano and a mezzo-soprano, one dressed as a man. It had its first production at Pesaro, on March 1st. He is now working on a new opera, "Vestilia," one of the scenes in which will be a Roman amphitheatre, with the



E. jakobowsky.Photograph by Schloss.

toric episode of turning down the thumbs as the signal for death.

It was said at the time of Mascagni's taking up the direction of the Milan Conservatoire, that he would give up entirely all composition for at least two years, but the report was not credited by those who knew Mascagni's great talent for composing. Indeed, it is gratifying to know that he is at work on new operas, that will perhaps afford music lovers as much pleasure as did his previous efforts. Mascagni's new mass was performed at Rossini's birthplace, Pesaro, on his birthday.

* *

A number of friends and admirers of Theodore Thomas presented him on March 17th, when he made his reappearance at the head of his own orchestra at the Metropolitan Opera House, with a handsome testimonial of

their esteem in the shape of a massive silver centre-piece for the table. Mr. Rudolph Aronson was the leading spirit in securing subscriptions for the testimonial, and it was he who presented it to the conductor on behalf of the subscribers.

* *

Sousa, the popular bandmaster, has been meeting with pronounced success on his concert tour through the States. Mr. Sousa's band is becoming gradually more popular, and a large number of engagements are booked for some time to come. In some of the towns that the band appears in, the auditors feel that they have a right to request the bandmaster to play whatever selections they choose to hear. It is therefore nothing strange to Mr. Sousa to be requested to play "The Maiden's Prayer" or "Love's Old Sweet Song."

N. L. H.



Theo. Thomas.

Photograph by Falk.





Wm. C. Whitney.

Photo. by Bell, Washington.

W. C. WHIT-NEY is conspicuously before the public at the present time by reason of his possible nomination on the Democratic ticket for the Presidency. Mr. Whitney is one of our richest and most representative citizens, and his name alone would rally under

the banner of Democracy a large number of new voters. As Secretary of the Navy under the first Cleveland administration, Mr. Whitney showed himself to be a man of keen intelligence, untiring energy, and remarkable executive ability. He is immensely wealthy, his fortune being estimated at \$30,000,000, and his residence on Fifth Avenue, facing the Vanderbilt home, is one of the sights of New York. In an open letter which has been extensively published, Mr. Whitney declines the honor of a Democratic nomination, but it is by no means certain that he would persist in this attitude if the nomination were actually tendered. On the money question Whitney is a bimetallist. He advocates an International Conference to determine the true value of silver, and suggests that meantime the financial operations of the country should be conducted on a gold basis.

Mrs. Jennie B. Marion, of Brooklyn, enjoys the rare distinction of being one of the few women stenographers employed by the Government in the United States Courts. In her own profession she has the higher distinction of being one of the best linguists, man or woman, which it possesses. She has a splendid working knowledge of English, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Norwegian, and Latin, and can read, write, and think in all of those languages. These accomplishments come in at

times and render her services indispensable in the administration of justice. She is young, graceful, brilliant, and very pretty. She has a great taste for literature and devotes her leisure time to translation and original composition.

On a number of occasions she has acted as interpreter, and so has saved both the judge and the court officials much time and trouble. In speaking of her work she said: "The pleasantest experience I have had has been the statement, made to me upon many occasions, that the presence of a woman stenographer in a court-room tended to improve both the conduct and the language of the people there doing business, and that a woman stenographer who knew her calling thoroughly was the equal in every respect of a man."

By the death of Edgar W. Nye, America loses one of her foremost and characteristic humorists. There are few men who can laugh at themselves. "Bill" Nye could. He caricatured himself and his bald head in his writings and their illustrations, and enjoyed the humor thus evoked as much as anyone. It was in Shirley, Me., in 1850, that Edgar Wilson Nye was born. Two years later his parents emigrated to Wisconsin, and the boy was brought up on a farm. He studied law after completing his academic education, and was admitted to the Bar in 1876. At this time he was living in Wy-

oming Territory, and in addition to acting as justice of the peace in Laramie, he was also the postmaster, school superintendent, United States Commissioner, and editor of *The Boomerang*, a paper which he himself established. His experiences in this



Mrs. J. B. Marion.



Edgar W. Nye.

Photo. (copyright), Rockwood, N. Y.

embodied in his play, "The Cadi," which was pro-duced in New York, at the Union Square Theatre, about four years ago. Mr. Nye was at his best as a humorist. His short sketches and letters are full of quaint conceits and unique remarks. His lectures were of the same nature. For

little town were

several years he toured the country with James Whitcomb Riley, but of late he has gone alone. To his friends he was always generous, jovial,

and light-hearted, and in his family he was charming. The income from his letters, articles, books, and lecture-tours made him a prosperous man. His wife and several children survive him. The paralytic stroke which caused his death came on the 12th of February, and on the 22d his genial spirit was stilled forever. Concerning the photograph here reproduced, which was taken about a year and a half ago, Mr. Nye wrote to Mr. Rockwood: "Now I feel that life is indeed worth living; you have made me a truly noble brute."



Mrs. Ballington Booth. Photo. (copyright), by Rockwood.

An independent Salvation Army in the United States may result from the resignation of Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth, who, until recently, were the head and chief of that organization in this country. They have issued a manifesto setting forth their reasons for relinquishing the leadership of the army, which step they declare was forced upon them with the alternative of dismissal. Mr. and Mrs. Booth have labored so zealously and loyally for the cause, and are so beloved by their comrades that there is naturally much feeling among the soldiers that their leaders should be subjected to such per-emptory treatment. When General Booth emptory treatment. commanded the transfer of Ballington and Mrs. Booth to England great regret was expressed by their friends and co-workers in this country, but the discipline of the Salvation Army is as strict as that of any military organization. The absolute retirement from command puts another phase on the matter. Herbert Booth is now nominally in command of the army in this country, but the new armory in Fourteenth Street, which was mainly built by subscriptions from wealthy men whom Ballington Booth interested in the cause, is deeded in his name, and some objections may be raised by these men if he turns over the property to the new commander. And as he himself is supposed to have no further connection with the army in an official capacity, the affair seems rather complicated. There is no doubt that personal regard for him and his wife prompted the generosity which enabled the army to build their fine head-quarters.

The new President of the English Royal Academy, Sir John Everett Millais, was unanimously elected on February 20th to succeed the late Sir Frederic Leighton. Millais was born about sixty-five years ago, in Southampton. His family is one of ancient lineage,

tracing their genealogy back to the days of William the Conqueror. In his youth the artist was an enthusiastic member of the Pre-Raphaelite school, but his later and best work consists in the painting of portraits. Many are the distinguished features he has limned; his portrait of Gladstone is thought to be one of his most notable pictures, and a fine representation of the "Grand Old Man." It was on the recommendation of Gladstone that Millais was knighted in 1885. The new President has been congratulated by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, on his election. He has stood in much

favor in her eyes since he became famous as a portrait-painter, and bears among other decorations the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

Among the many young and beautiful women America

women America has yielded to England none is fairer than Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York. Besides the popularity that her beauty and social prominence gave her at the British court, Lady Churchill achieved not a little political distinction by



Sir John Millais.



Lady Randolph Churchill.

her tact and ready success in canvassing for votes in her husband's behalf. It was about a year ago that Lord Randolph Churchill, who was many years her senior, died. Since that time rumor has been busy with the future plans of the young widow.

Current report, believed in many quarters to have a basis of real truth, is that she will wed William Waldorf Astor, son of the late William Astor, and an exile from his native country these many years. Family feuds and persecution by the public press are said to

have caused Mr. Astor's establishment of a home and business in England. At any rate, much bitter feeling is known to exist between him and his close relations. When his lovely wife died abroad, not yet two years ago, and he brought her to this country for burial, not a single member of the Astor family followed her to the grave. Immediately after the funeral Mr. Astor left for his English home, and has not since returned to a land where there are so many unpleasant associations for him. Of late he is said to

have been paying marked attention to Lady Randolph Churchill.

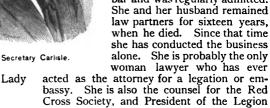
John G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, has been a prominent figure in politics for over thirty years. He is an out-and-out Democrat, and his name is often put forward as a possible candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. As Secretary of the Treasury under the present Administration, he has been made the scapegoat by the Republican party for all the existing difficulties in the present money situation. He is one of the representatives of Kentucky in Congress, representing more particularly the district of Covington.

A famous Ohio woman, practising law in Washington, is Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey. Her father will be known to every boy and girl as the author of the Spencerian system of penmanship. She was educated at the Geneva High-School, Lake Erie Seminary, the Holyoke Seminary, and the Rockford

Seminary. In 1871 she was married to General R. D. Mussey, a distinguished war veteran of the late Civil War. Mrs. Mussey, in order to make her home life the more agreeable, and also to increase her mental culture, devoted her leisure time to the study of law. She had no idea of making it a profession at the time. She was fascinated with the work, and in the next five years had given herself a much broader course than is afforded by the law schools of the country. She made a study of the early history of the institutions of Roman, Canon, and Ecclesiastical Law, of the codes of Rome, France, Germany, and Louisiana, the writings of Malthus, Bentham, Vattel, Grotius, Livingston, Field, Maine, and Stephen.

The training gained in this manner proved of the greatest benefit. In 1876 her husband broke down from overwork, and was for a long period a helpless invalid. Mrs. Mussey

took his place in his office and managed the business until he had regained his health. She then endeavored to retire, but her husband was so surprised and proud of her success that he insisted upon her becoming his partner. This was done, and immediately thereafter she applied for examination for the bar and was regularly admitted. She and her husband remained law partners for sixteen years, when he died. Since that time she has conducted the business alone. She is probably the only woman lawyer who has ever



The latest advices from Clara Barton, President of the American branch of the Red

Cross Society, now in Turkey on a mission of mercy to the distressed Armenians, are to the effect that the foreign authorities have treated her with every consideration, the Sultan having issued and signed her passport into the interior. It was in January that Miss Barton and her band left New York for Turkey.

of Loyal Women.



Mrs. Ellen S. Mussey.

THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL MAYBRICK ASSOCIATION.

THE most sombre tragedies are never played upon the stage, but are enacted by living characters in real life. The saddest stories are those which take place every day about us. They are so common that when brought into the fierce light of public events, they seldom attract more than a sigh of sympathy and a tear of compassion and then are forgotten. The maelstrom of life is too swift for the great public to look at any object longer than a single instant.

No more pertinent illustration can be afforded of the truth of these ideas than the case of a young American woman, Mrs. Florence E. Maybrick. If her story and that of her friends be true she is the heroine of a gloomier drama than was ever penned by Eliz-

abethan or Greek playwright.

Florence E. Chandler, for such was her maiden name, was born in Mobile, Ala., in 1862, and is now in her thirty-fourth year. Her father, the late William G. Chandler, was a successful and respected banker. Both her father and her mother belonged to good old American stock. Among her ancestors one was a brave soldier under Wolfe at Quebec; a second was the first Bishop of Illinois; a third was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; a fourth was Samuel Phillips, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts and founder of Andover Seminary. Darius Blake Holbrook, her maternal grandfather, was the associate of Cyrus Field in laying the first Atlantic cable. Miss Chandler had all the advantages which good birth, gentle breeding, and wealth can give a person. She received a superior education, and at seventeen years of age made her début in society. Here she was admired; loved, and courted. In 1881, when nearly nineteen, she became engaged and was married to James Maybrick, Esq., of Liverpool, England. Mr. Maybrick was what may be termed a well-bred man of the world. He was

forty-four years of age, and in his time had been one of the fastest members of the fastest sets in Liverpool and London. He had dissipated much of his means, and nearly all his health and vitality in reckless living.

No more terrible wrong could have been committed than in forming a union between this man, blase, sickly, irritable, and reckless, and a young, utterly innocent and inexperienced girl.

By marrying she became a British subject, amenable to British law. Her property—and she inherited no insignificant amount-became her husband's, and never since that time has she been able to touch one penny of her dower and inheritance. She was a kind and affectionate wife and an exceedingly domestic and loving mother. What with her husband and her two little children, she never went anywhere, and formed no acquaintances excepting those her husband introduced to her. In the meantime he had been wasting away, and still further accelerated his physical ruin by intermittent sprees and debauches.

On April 27, 1889, against the protest of his wife and physician, he went to the races, which were held in a pouring rain, was drenched thoroughly, and, instead of going home, made a night of it with his friends. The next day when he reached home he was very sick, and his wife immediately sent for first one doctor and then for a second, and, at their suggestion, for trained nurses. On May 11th Mr. Maybrick died, and the physicians decided that his death was caused by his grave indiscretions when away from home. By Mr. Maybrick's death the estate which he left would have gone partly to his widow, but chiefly to the two children. Even Mrs. Maybrick's own estate would have shared the same fate.

No such distribution, however, was

made of the property.

Shortly after his death, and while Mrs. Maybrick was sick, confined to



Mrs. Maybrick's Son.

her bed from the shock and the exhaustion from attendance upon a sickbed day and night, two brothers of the husband, Edwin and Michael Maybrick, charged her with having caused the death by the administration of arsenic. She was promptly arrested, brought before a magistrate, or rather the magistrate began his proceedings in a coldblooded and cruel manner by holding his first inquiry in her sick bedroom. From her bed she was carried to Walton jail, while unable even to crawl, and before either a post-mortem had been had or any testimony taken. These legal proceedings may be correct from a judicial point of view, but they certainly were infamous in their heartlessness and inhumanity. moment she was able to leave her bed without danger of collapse and death she was brought before the court and put on trial, the trial beginning on July 31st of the same year. Six physicians, Doctors Tidy, Paul, Macnamara, Barron, Carter, and Humphreys, one specialist, Dr. Stevenson, one chemist, Professor Davies, one toxicologist, Dr. Forbes Winslow, all testified strongly in Mrs. Maybrick's favor. The only testimony against her was indirect, and was given by the expert making the

post-mortem examination, who declared that he had found one-sixth of a grain of arsenic in the dead man's stomach. Had the testimony gone to the jury there is but little doubt that Mrs. Maybrick would have been acquitted, but somehow or other the presiding Judge, Justice Stephens, a very eccentric man, who shortly afterward went stark mad and died a lunatic, had taken a bitter prejudice against the defendant, and made a charge which was almost a speech against her, and which lasted two days. The jury, after a deliberation of a half hour, found a verdict of "guilty." A storm of indignation immediately arose, and a number of distinguished men came forward to help the unfortunate woman. She had no money of her own which she could touch, and under the British law the estate which should have gone to her was now in the possession of the two brothers who made the charge and who continued their persecution even after the conviction. Thanks to the generosity of these volunteers, and to the magnificent ability of Sir Charles Russell, then the leader of the British Bar, but now Lord Chief Justice of England, so profound an impression was made upon the Home Secretary that he commuted the sentence from capital punishment to life imprisonment.

Mrs. Maybrick was taken to the prison, and in close confinement she has remained ever since. She has been transferred from one prison to another,

and in such transfer has been placed in irons like the most desperate murderer.

Heraged mother, who had become the Baroness Caroline de Roques, then began the enormous labor of demonstrating her daughter's innocence. It is very difficult in



Baroness Caroline de Roques, Mrs. Maybrick's Mother.

law to prove a positive fact at times, but it is tenfold more difficult to prove a negative one. The Baroness, undaunted, set to work upon every clew and trail. By degrees she enlisted the sympathy and co-operation of many influential Englishwomen. Step by step they toiled, and step by step made discoveries showing almost every hour of the married history of both

other powerful medicines; that he had stated to friends, physicians, and apothecaries that he was an arsenic eater; that he always carried arsenic with him, and that he was registered as a purchaser of arsenic at more than a score of druggists'; that during the four weeks preceding his last sickness he had used heavy amounts of whiskey and brandy, quinine and calisaya, cock-



Dr. Helen Densmore, President of the Women's International Maybrick Association.

the dead husband and the condemned wife. Among these they found that Mr. Maybrick had so weakened his system and his constitution by dissipation that for years, both before and after his marriage, he had lived largely upon stimulants and narcotics; that he had consumed immense quantities of alcoholic drinks, Fowler's solution of arsenic, arsenic wafers, arsenic pills, and other preparations of that deadly drug, and of morphine, cocaine, bismuth, quinine, nux vomica, and

tails and "pick-me-ups," and arsenic in two or three different forms, and also upon some seven or eight occasions had eaten undue quantities of indigestible food, which would produce all the symptoms noticed during his last sickness; that the jury had been influenced by the judge's charge, and had rendered their verdict under the impression that they could not do otherwise.

Work of this sort is slow and expensive. The Baroness, who is a woman





Mrs. M. Louise Thomas.

of limited means, soon spent her modest fortune in her labors, and was compelled to turn to others for aid. resulted in the formation of the Women's International Maybrick Associa-This organization was the result of the wise advice of a large number distinguished and philanthropic women in both England and America. Those in England were Mrs. Massingberd, the littérateur; Mrs. M. M. Cook, better known under her pen name of "Mabel Collins," and Mrs. Prindiville, one of the leading philanthropists of the British metropolis.

In America the advisers were Dr. Helen Densmore, the late Mrs. Harrison, wife of the ex-President; Gail Hamilton, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of New York. The organization was finally effected in 1895. It was divided into two branches, one in England and one in America, each with its own board of managers. The English committee consists of the British women mentioned above; the American committee of Mrs. Ellen Henrotin, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies; Mrs.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton; Rev. Phœbe A. Hannaford, of Sorosis: Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, president of the Association for the Advancement of Women; Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, ex-president of Sorosis; Dr. Harriette C. Keatinge, M. A. Hamm, and Ida Trafford Bell, treasurer. The organization has grown in both countries, and has been of great aid to the Baroness and to Mrs. Maybrick.

Through their endeavors considerable money has been raised and much valuable evidence secured and put in the proper form. Prominent counsel have been employed, and the matter submitted to the Home Secretary of Great Britain.

Much, however, remains to be done; witnesses must be sought out and brought before the proper officials to receive their testimony; clews must be traced back; lawyers must be employed; detectives engaged; and the time of physicians, chemists, toxicologists, and other witnesses paid for as the law directs. Every paper must be drawn according to the rules of procedure, and everything conducted according to the system in vogue in England's highest tribunal. This kind of work is extremely expensive, and it is to meet this expense that the organization has left no stone unturned. Association has done well on both sides of the sea, and has active committees in nearly every large city in both

Most of its leaders are eminent in some walk or field. Dr. Helen Densmore is one of the greatest physicians of her native land. She has accumulated wealth, and spends much of her time in travel. She is a splendid public speaker. Her arguments are eloquent, womanly, and convincing. She is in the prime of life, and devotes most of her time to philanthropy and her profession.

Of Mrs. Ellen Henrotin a volume might be written. She is the recognized leader and authority of the women's clubs and societies of America. She is very appropriately a citizen of Chicago, and possesses the wonderful energy and comprehensive far-sightedness for which that city is famous. Her chief public work has been the development of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies. great organization, now in its most active stage, includes associations in every part of the Union, and in twenty States has splendid and well-organized State branches. New York, for example, showed one hundred and ten enrolled clubs in its November meeting; and ten other States are almost as notable in this respect as New York.

It is estimated that in 1900 the Federation will contain five thousand clubs, with a membership of at least a half million.

Mrs. Henrotin has been a great power in behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, having brought her case up, on some forty different occasions, before the successful women's clubs of the land, and having aided in the formation of committees and other hard work.

A minister, journalist, clubwoman, orator, author, and business woman is the Rev. Phœbe A. Hannaford, of New York. She is a unique combination of talents and virtues. She is a Quaker by birth, and belongs to Nantucket, Mass., where she was born, May 6, 1829. She has preached and lectured in every eastern, middle, and western State, and was at one time Chaplain of the Connecticut Legislature—being the first woman to hold that office—and was for many years Grand Chaplain of the National Order of Good Templars. She found time to write some fifteen or twenty volumes, including poems, essays, addresses, orations, reviews, and histories. Her "Life of Abraham Lincoln," published in 1865, is still a popular book, and it sold over one hundred and fifty thousand copies, one of the largest sales that any historical work ever had in this country. Dr. Hannaford has studied the Maybrick case in all its details, and is convinced of the woman's innocence and of her restoration to freedom when the affair is thoroughly investigated by the new Home

Our greatest woman-poet, Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, is another bright light in this movement. Her mere name is a tower of strength, but to her name she has added her own exertions with tongue and pen. Mrs. Howe is one of the pioneers of woman's progress in the nineteenth century. She is a New Yorker by birth, having been born in that city, May 27, 1819. She received the best education of her time, and supplemented it by private studies in German, French, Latin, and Greek. She passed much of her young married life abroad, but since 1850 has been more or less identified with the literary society of Boston, Mass. She had a strong taste for literature from childhood. She appeared in type when only seventeen, by publishing a series of reviews and translations. In 1852 she



Rev. Phœbe Hannaford.



Mrs. Ida Trafford Bell.

took high rank among the poets of the country by her first volume of verse entitled "Passion Flowers." Since that time she has been a steady producer of verse and prose of the highest quality. Her most popular, if not her greatest, poem was the celebrated "Battle Hymn of the Republic," although in the days of the great conflict her song of "John Brown's Body" was the one which seemed to have won the public heart. Her poems, books, lectures, and orations have been read or heard by millions. Mrs. Howe has been at the head of nearly all the great movements of the country for the past forty years.

No more representative American woman could have been chosen for the Committee than Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, who has long been eminent as a poet, philanthropist, and advanced thinker.

On both her father and mother's side she comes of old Puritan stock, numbering among her ancestors Governor Bradford, the Rev. John Robinson and Captain Miles Standish. She was highly educated, and shortly after complet-

ing her studies she met and married the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, a talented Universalist minister. She worked with her husband in church matters, and here developed a talent for organizing, and an executive ability, which have been of vast use to her. She also continued her studies and literary work when she went to Europe, where she made a stay of over two years. utilized her culture in a series of brilliant letters to the American press, which were highly praised at the time, and gave her an enviable position among the leading foreign correspond-When the war broke out she was in Philadelphia. She volunteered to become a nurse in the military hospitals in that city, and as nurse or member of the sanitary commission she devoted her leisure time to caring for the sick and wounded soldiers that were brought on from the field of ac-This varied life gave her all sorts of experiences, and brought her into contact with organizations, religious, literary, scientific, charitable, artistic, practical, philanthropic, and horticultural, so much so that it may be doubted if any prominent American has ever had so wide an experience. She was active in Sorosis, and was elected three times to its presidential chair. She was the first treasurer of the National Council of Women, was vicepresident of the Medico-Legal Society of New York, judge of the Silk Culture Association of Philadelphia, director of the Bee-keepers' Association, president of the Woman's Centenary Association of the Universalist Church, which has a membership of thirteen thousand; vice-president of the Disston Library, and vice-president of the Beneficial Society of the New England Conservatory of Music. In 1882 she was the United States Envoy who carried food to the starving Russians, and, as such, travelled through the different famine districts, doing good everywhere. Her work at that time endeared her to the noble families of Russia and the Imperial Court. After this trip she made a long journey to Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, France, and Great Britain. In 1892 she was a

delegate to the International Congress of Criminal Anthropology, held in Brussels. At the present time she is not quite so busy, belonging only to about thirty-five prominent societies.

Mrs. Ida Trafford Bell, the treasurer of the Committee, is a fine type of the New York woman of to-day. young, highly educated, travelled, pretty, and extremely attractive in speech and action. She is a society favorite in New York, London, Paris, and the other great cities on either side of the Atlantic. She comes of an old Colonial family, and belongs to many organizations looking toward the amelioration of woman's condition, but devotes most of her time to the advancement of the cause of athletics. She is a strong advocate of the kindergarten for little folks; of playgrounds for school-children and the dwellers in crowded tenement-house districts; of calisthenics in the school curriculum; of the gymnasium in the high school, college, and in daily life; of remedial gymnastics for the weak and malformed; and of sunlight, fresh air and exercise for all women old and young. She believes in rowing, swimming, archery, and golf; in pedestrianism and equestrianism; in skating and sailing, and, most of all, the bicycle. She is a pioneer wheelwoman in this country, and is a recognized authority upon everything which pertains to the silent steel steed.

Through her exertions, more than any other person's, the science of remedial gymnastics has been introduced into our country and is now being developed upon a notable scale. It is partly of Swedish and partly of German origin. It combines the principles of the Swedish movement cure with the latest ideas of the great German pro-The system is used in nearly fessors. all the women's colleges and by many of the Young Women's Christian Asso-Mrs. Bell's position in the matter is a very thoughtful and philanthropic one. She holds that the gymnasium, the bicycle, or any other form of sensible exercise, taken with great regularity and with proper care, does more than merely strengthen the muscles involved. It improves the nervous system, diminishes morbid action and growth, increases the strength and health of every tissue, and by degrees cures the many ailments that come from weakness and neglect of the body rather than any specific cause. Above all, she says, is the increase in beauty which it brings about. It clears the complexion, brightens the eyes, gives an expression of joyousness to the face, and increases the beauty of the body vastly.

Of the many workers for the unfortunate Mrs. Maybrick, Mrs. T. A. Raisbeck and Miss Eva A. Raisbeck, of New York, deserve a special notice. From the first they were convinced of the innocence of the ill-starred victim of criminal law, and have done everything in their power to aid her in her attempts toward securing either a new trial or her release from the unjust judgment passed upon her. They are enthusiastic in their support of the Association, attending meetings, helping to raise funds, securing new members, making suggestions as to plans and policies, and altogether making themselves invaluable to the Committee.



Mrs. T. A. Raisbeck.





Miss Eva A. Raisbeck.

Another worker of signal ability and effectiveness is Mrs. Cora M. Holahan, who is known to the reading public as a clever and popular editor and author. She has given the Association the benefit of her voice and pen, and in this way has secured for them the attention, interest, and sympathy of tens of thousands in various parts of the country, whom they might not otherwise have been able to reach.

A splendid coadjutor to the Maybrick Association has been Mrs. Sarah E. Fairman, of the Professional Wom-Mrs. Fairman belongs an's League. to the intellectual and literary circles of the metropolis, and naturally takes a deep interest in current events. She is a firm advocate of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence and has done everything in her power to aid in her deliverance. Mrs. Fairman takes the ground that American women, and, above all, women who are opposed to the legal slavery of their sex, should aid in this movement. Mrs. Maybrick is an American, who by her marriage becomes a Briton. She has no friends in the latter country, scarcely even acquaintances. Had she been a man American diplomatic officials would have looked after her interests and have aided her in her defence, but being a woman, and a married woman, she was as much a stranger to them as if she had been born and brought up in the very place where she was tried.

The scientific expert of the Maybrick Association is Dr. Harriette Keatinge. Dr. Keatinge is a physician of rare ability and great accomplishments. She is a fine pathologist, chemist, and toxicologist. She has made a study of poisons and their effect upon the human system; of morbid conditions of the stomach and other parts of the gastric system, and is certain that Mrs. Maybrick was not guilty of the crime with which she was charged.

Dr. Keatinge says that if the case should be tried again to-morrow it would be easy to secure any number of eminent specialists and scientific experts, who would testify the same.

It is barely possible that the Association, in its long and brave struggle on behalf of the woman whose name they bear, will call attention to the criminal procedure of both England and America, and so prepare the way for legislative improvements in both systems. Viewed merely from the philosophic point of view it is clear that the English system can be improved by the creation of a court of appeals similar to the General Term which is found in



Mrs. Cora M. Holahan.

most of the American commonwealths. On the other hand it is equally clear that the American appellate system offers too many opportunities and liberties to the professional criminal and to the guilty prisoner. On the one hand there is always danger of the innocent person being convicted, and on the other of the guilty person escaping the penalty of the law.

It is also clear that some change is necessary in both countries to re-

duce the court expenses in criminal cases. What with court and clerks' fees, stenographers' and typewriters' charges, seals, authenticated copies, affidavits and acknowledgments, certificates and recording charges, only a rich person can afford to be tried in a criminal In Mrs. Maybrick's case her mother's fortune has been dissipated. and thousands of dollars contributed by generous women in the cause of humanity have been likewise expended in carrying on the defence. It is almost as bad in this country, where legal expenses increase steadily from year to year, and where to-day the very poor either go without any legal defence or else are compelled to depend upon such



Mrs. James Fairman.

lawyers as the court may assign to them.

A third place for improvement is to be found in the Judge's charge. He has to-day, as he had in the far past, almost unlimited authority. In most instances it may be admitted the magistrate takes no advantage of his authority, but delivers a charge such as meets the approval of the lawyers of both sides; but now and then a man gets upon the bench who is corrupt or eccentric, malicious or cyni-

cal, and he is too apt to take advantage of the opportunity he possesses. A law compelling him to make his charge conformably to a series of statutory directions would prevent this abuse of power, and would avoid any such spectacle as was presented in the Maybrick trial.

We only reform our judicial systems when we find the need for it from every-day experience. If, therefore, the Maybrick trial and the Maybrick Association will arouse the attention of statesmen, patriots, and legislators to the evils which exist and to the improvements which can be created, they will have been of incalculable benefit to both old England and the new Republic.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

MEMORY.

THE sad remembrance of a hope long lost,
Will haunt the soul, when grief itself is dead;
And memory still counts the bitter cost
Of wrecked ideals, though sorrow long has fled.

Wm. Sidney Hillyer.



George F. Root, D.D.

THE STORY OF A MUSICAL LIFE.

HE late George F. Root (1820-1895) died August 7th, while composing music. His ruling passion was strong in death, although his death was unexpected. He was occupying his summer cottage at Bailey's Island, Me. The scene at the end was typical of his whole antecedent career. He was an original, a prolific and versatile musician and composer. He was the last of the elder school of American composers, the pupil and associate of Lowell Mason (1792-1872), the colaborer of Henry K. Oliver (1800-1885), George J. Webb (1803-1887), and William B. Bradbury (1816–1868). They were a group of self-taught musicians. As a balladist he excelled them all. He was a splendid illustration of the historic saying: "Let me write the songs of the people, and I care not who may make their laws." He wrote the songs and expressed the

sentiments of the multitude, especially during the war, when he put into rhyme the sentiments of the soldiers and of those who stayed at home. He was unrivalled in these particulars. His songs and tunes did not expire with the Many have been played and sung, on war anniversaries, by the veterans at their reunions and on general patriotic occasions. He was also a leader of church music, more particularly by his tunes. He wrote several tunes which have become familiar and permanent. Residence in Paris from 1850 to 1854 added to his musical culture and widened his acquaintance with musicians of European fame. One of his experiences while in Paris deserves to be related, because it was due to his patriotism. It occurred on the Fourth of July, 1851, just before the coup d'état of Napoleon III. He and six other Americans spent the day in Enghien, a

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suburb of Paris. After dinner in the evening in Paris, they adjourned to the parlor of their pensione "for a grand wind-up." "We made speeches," said Dr. Root, "and sang songs—the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'America,' and whatever else we could think of that would be appropriate. At last I started 'The Marseillaise'-'Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory,' etc. I had not proceeded far when good Madame Maffit, our landlady, came rushing in. 'Oh, gentlemen, stop, I beg of you, she said; 'a crowd is collecting in the street—the gendarmes will come—my house will be ruined; and she flew to the windows, which had been open, and shut them violently. 'Oh, we are only celebrating our American Independence,' one of us said. 'Well, we are not independent enough yet to sing "The Marseillaise," she answered. The song had been forbidden by the government, although France was then nominally a republic. The continuance of it would have led to the arrest of the American republicans who were innocent of all hostility to France.

Dr. Root's first successful song was "Hazel Dell." It was published in New York in 1852. All over the land the boys whistled and the hand-organs played it, and such facts are supreme and final tests of popularity.

He wrote the first song of the war. It was entitled, "The First Gun is Fired; may God Protect the Right!" Afterward he wrote as circumstances and inspirations demanded, and succeeded in his endeavor to express the emotions of the Northern people and soldiers.

He was the discoverer of Henry C. Work, the author of "Marching through Georgia." His account of the discovery is so graphic that we give it in his own language:

"One day early in the war a quiet and rather solemn-looking young man, poorly clad, was sent up to my room from the store with a song for me to examine. I looked at it and then at him in astonishment. It was 'Kingdom Coming'—elegant in manuscript, full of bright, good sense and comical situations in its 'darky' dialect—the

words fitting the melody almost as aptly and neatly as Gilbert fits Sullivan -the melody decidedly good and taking, and the whole exactly suited to the times. 'Did you write this-words and music?' I asked. A gentle 'Yes' was the answer. 'What is your business, if I may inquire?' 'I am a printer.' 'Would you rather write music than set type?' 'Yes.' 'Well, if this is a specimen of what you can do, I think you may give up the printing business." A bargain was quickly made and a mutually profitable engagement continued for some years, Root aiding Work as a musician, and Work writing such songs as "Babylon is Fallen, "Wake, Nicodemus," and "Come Home, Father." Work did not hold the pen of a ready writer, as Dr. Root did. Simple in language, style, and sentiment as the songs were, he spent from a week to three weeks upon each one. But the end justified the means; the results the painstaking. When the song was finished "it was like a piece of fine mosaic, especially in the fitting of words to music." "Marching through Georgia" is the most popular war and marching song to-day as tested by the survival of the fittest. It is retrospective of victory. It stands in marked contrast with Root's "Battle-Cry of Freedom," which was an incitement to war and to battle.

"We'll Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," was written on hearing of President Lincoln's second call to arms. Root was lying on a couch in his brother's residence in Chicago when the news reached him, and the words and music of the song commenced to flit through his brain immediately. That afternoon he thought it out and the next morning it was written at the store. The ink was scarcely dry on the paper when the celebrated war-singers, Jule and Frank Lombard, came into the store in quest of a war-song. "Here is " remarked Dr. Root, producing his latest, and the singers were delight-After a few minutes of ed with it. rehearsal they went to the steps of the court-house, where a great crowd was congregated, and burst forth with the song. The public approval was instantaneous. Two thousand voices caught up the patriotic words of the stirring refrain, and swelled the battle hymn

into a mighty chorus.

It became immediately popular, not only at home, where it helped to arouse the war spirit, but also in the field, where it took first rank among army songs. Many a time it was sung in battle and strengthened the charge or rallied the wavering ranks. In the Battle of the Wilderness when a line was shattered a major rode to the front and grasping the flag held it aloft and began to sing:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys, We'll rally once again, Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

The refrain was taken up by regiment after regiment. The bleeding, shattered ranks began to gather again, and amid the roar and shock of battle they held their ground, while above all the din rose the inspiring chorus:

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah; Down with the traitor, up with the star, And we'll rally round the flag, boys, Rally once again, Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

When it was published the author sent the first copy to his wife at North Reading, Mass., where the family owned and often occupied a farm. The wife gave a copy to James R. Murray, a pupil of Mr. Root in music, who had volunteered and was in camp near by at Lynnfield. Murray introduced it into the Army of the Potomac. He himself wrote a popular ballad entitled "Daisy Dene." In some of the divisions of the army the "Battle-Cry" was sung when going into action, by order of the commanding officers.

"Just Before the Battle, Mother," was precisely what its title expresses. It enunciated the thoughts and condition of the soldier on the eve of an engagement. No one has ever expressed the apprehension and dangers of a coming engagement and of a loyal soldier so well. By 1886 the song had been entered twelve times in the British Museum by six different publishers, and there were six instrumental arrange-

ments of it. Mr. McEwen, an old resident of Nashville, Tenn., at whose house General Kimball made his head-quarters, tells the following story:

"About four o'clock, after the General had left for the field, there lingered a colonel, from Indianapolis, in my parlor, who asked my daughters to sing and play a piece of music. My daughters asked him what they should play. He replied that he did not know one piece from another, except field music. I spoke and asked the young ladies to sing and play a piece which had recently come out, 'Just Before the Battle, Mother.' At my request they sat down and sang, and when about half through, as I stepped to the door, a shell exploded within fifty yards. I immediately returned and said, 'Colonel, if I am any judge it is just about that time now!' He immediately sprang to his feet and ran in the direction of his regiment, but before he reached it, or about that time, he was shot, the bullet passing through him. He was taken to Nashville, and, eighteen days after, I received a message from him through an officer, stating that he had been shot, and that the piece of music the young ladies were executing was still ringing in his ears, and had been ever since he left my parlor on the evening of the battle. In April, four months later, after the war was over, he had sufficiently recovered to travel, when he came to Franklin, expressly to get the young ladies to finish the song, and relieve his ears. His wife and more than a dozen officers accompanied him. He found the ladies, and they sang and played the piece through for him in the presence of all the officers, and they wept like chil-

The story of the origin of "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" is interesting if not unique. It was due, in part, to the demand for copy, of printer and publisher, although it had been dormant in the mind of its author for some time. It had been promised but not produced. The firm of Root & Cady, Chicago, issued a New Year's extra in 1862, called "The Song Messenger of the Northwest." William Root reminded his brother George that a promised

song was not ready and was liable to delay the extra. "We must have that song," he said, "or we cannot get the paper into the hands of the people by New-Year's Day; go write it now while it is on your mind." The author said: "In two hours I brought him the song. We tried it over and he said, 'I must confess I don't think much of it, but it may do.' I was inclined to agree with him about the music, but, after all, was a little disappointed, because I had grown quite warm and interested in writing the words. They were on a subject that was then very near the hearts of the loyal people of the North. The song was 'Tramp! Tramp! Tramp: the Boys are Marching.' In my case, successes were usually sur-Surprising successes are numerous enough in all departments of life to constitute an historic rule.

The song was a prison song; a review after victory of battle and victory, by those who were taken prisoners; it was an expectation of release and renewal of the sight and fellowship of home and friends. Its popularity was confined to one year, but in that time it yielded a profit to the publishers of \$10,000.

The origin of the tune "Shining Shore" was as follows:

One day in 1856, when Dr. Root was composing and compiling a music-book at his old home, his mother came to him and laid before him a newspaper, in the poetical column of which were the words of a hymn written by Rev. David "There are some words, Nelson. George, that I would like you to set to music," she said. The first line was: " My days are gliding swiftly by." Dr. Root wrote the music, put it aside and nearly forgot the circumstances. Some time afterward, needing or being asked for something for a new book, he recalled the circumstances and the music. He published it, and it was speedily sung in the Sabbath and week-day services of the Evangelical churches at home and abroad.

Singularly enough, Henry Ward Beecher, a friend of Dr. Root, and a visitor at his rural home in North Reading, Mass., was entirely misled as to the origin of this tune. Beecher's biography, by his son, son-in-law, and widow, is phenomenally incorrect. It states that the tune was written by a Mr. Love of Chicago, in Chicago; but Dr. Root himself states that it was written by himself in North Reading. The biography states that its origin was due primarily to a conversation between Mr. Beecher and Mr. Love relative to the theory of hymn-tunes while on a railway train between Brook-But Dr. Root aclyn and Boston. counted for it by a request from his mother, made at home in North Read-Very probably the biography is correct in affirming that the hymn and tune were popular with the Brooklyn Fourteenth Regiment and its band. The hymn was written in the year 1835. Rev. David Nelson (1793-1844) was a Presbyterian minister, a convert from pro-slavery to anti-slavery, a refugee from Missouri, secreted in the bushes on the banks of the Mississippi River, opposite Quincy, Ill., while waiting for friends to cross the river to him. He, a pilgrim stranger, wrote on the backs of envelopes "The Christian's Psalm of Life," which has had more power and vitality than Longfellow's subsequent Psalm. The hymn as thus improvised was to be sung to the tune of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," of which Dr. Root's tune, which sang itself in his mind, is a variation.

Hezekiah Butterworth, historian of hymns and tunes, tells how he rode one pleasant June day from Wakefield to a bowery old farm in Reading, because he had been told that there Dr. George F. Root used to live, and that there, amid a saintly family, he had been inspired to write many of those tunes which have become voices in the churches. He knew something of the influence of those tunes in gospel work and progress; he thought of the single tune called the "Shining Shore"-how it had found a place in the memory of every American Protestant Christian, was well known in England, was a favorite in Scotland, was familiar in Germany, and had gone with the missionary into all lands. It was his pleasure to walk around the old home and amid

the orchards and pine-groves where such spiritual inspiration was born, and he retains pleasant memories of the old North Reading "Willow Farm."

It is natural to think of such a musical life on earth as that of Dr. Root, prolonged and perpetuated in heaven. It is not natural to think of him so transformed by death and immortality

as to be engaged in an entirely new and different occupation. He was a choir and congregational leader on earth, doubtless he is so in heaven, and the only differences consist in the increased number of the singing hosts and the greater volume and sweetness of the music.

James H. Ross.

PASQUALE.

THE day was a festa. Pasquale felt sure of that, for Francesca had put cherry-colored ribbons behind his ears and had given him a lump of sugar. All this does not take place on common days. Besides, Francesca herself was in holiday attire, with a new crimson head kerchief twisted above her dark curls, and from the folds of her white neck kerchief peeped the string of pink coral beads, her finest ornament and most cherished possession.

She came into his shed singing "Funiculi, funicula," in her gayest voice, and putting an arm round his neck, whispered something in one of his long ears. While this was going on he waved the free one joyfully about. Whatever pleased Francesca made Pasquale glad too, for he had an affectionate heart, and Francesca's secret was a very joyful one.

Then she began to prepare him for the work of the day. He was a little fellow, but he was strong and had always been used to carry heavy loads on his back. Therefore he stood patiently watching Francesca's motions with his soft brown eyes. First she put on his bridle and laid a woollen cloth over his back; then she took down from a peg the two straw panniers which hung down upon each side of him by a broad belt across his shoulders. Next she put upon his back a light, wooden tray nearly as long and broader than he was himself, with shallow sides and partitions dividing it

into many compartments. This was securely fastened by straps about his body and round his neck, and it slanted a little downward from his head toward his tail. Pasquale felt that the burdens of the day had begun. But the most important part was to come; all the rest had only been a preparation. Francesca now brought in the vegeta-She first filled the straw panniers with beans and cabbages. Heads of lettuce, bunches of beets and carrots and celery arranged in bouquets with the feathery tops encircled by a piece of fringed paper like a nosegay, went on top of the tray. In one of the compartments she put oranges, in another lemons, figs in a third, ripe and purple, resting on their own broad green leaves; in a fourth nespali, yellow and red, with a good acid juicy taste, re-freshing in warm weather. The tray was now full, and sticking a bright bunch of flowers in the very centre, Francesca stood off to see the effect. Pasquale kept as still as a statue. Nothing of him could be seen except his long ears and his nose with the white streak down the middle, and his large eyes, his four slender legs, and tiny hoofs and his tail; all the rest was a confusion of vegetables and fruit and green leaves. Francesca laughed as she always did at this stage of her work, and then taking down from the wall a long string of shining pink onions, she hung them round his neck and looped them up on each side in a gay festoon. Pasquale was now ready

to begin the serious business of the day. A loud voice calling "Francesca" warned him that it was time to be off. The girl stroked his nose gently and led him out of the shed. Her father was already standing before the house door, his faded blue cap on his head and his whip in his hand. "Come, hurry now; am I to be kept waiting all day, until the vegetables wither and everybody in the town has bought his dinner of someone else?"

"Pasquale is ready, father," said Francesca, giving the bridle into his hand. Tomasso cracked his whip noisily in the air, then looking sharply at the girl, said: "It's easy to see which one of the king's ships has come into port. The whole town will know that as soon as they see you, my girl. Here, give me a kiss and don't get quite so red in the face," and Tomasso laughed noisily and went off down the narrow street.

Pasquale passed a number of his friends, some drawing carts loaded with heavy wares of different kinds, others being driven before vehicles in which lounged several men, smoking and laughing, each one bigger than the little donkey who drew them all. Pasquale nodded his head to his friends in passing, and thought gratefully how much better off he was than many that he knew. True, his master was not always in a good humor, especially when people would not buy as much as he wished to sell, and he grew angry when Pasquale was tired and did not go as fast as he desired. Then he would use his whip, and the padrone's hand was heavy, heavier perhaps than he himself realized, Pasquale thought; for the padrone was not a cruel man like so many that he met every day, ill-using their poor beasts that were so weak from starvation they could hardly walk under their heavy loads. But Tomasso had no need to be angry on this day, for Francesca's clever fingers had arranged the tray so temptingly, and with so much skill, that many persons turned back to admire and ended by buying some of the good things.

What a tangle the narrow streets

were, horses and wagons and men and women and children, all bent on their own business. It was hard work to make one's way successfully through this throng, and then the noises were confusing enough in themselves, with everybody shouting out his wares at the top of his lungs. Tomasso was not behindhand in this either, and Pasquale felt rather proud of the padrone's loud voice, since it was not turned against himself. They went along past the shops where the tortoise-shell ornaments were displayed in the windows, combs and brushes and pins for the hair, and past the shops full of bright red and pink coral such as Francesca's sailor sweetheart had given her before he went to sea last autumn. Pasquale remembered very well how Carlo had leaned across his back to clasp it about her neck, and how he had then kissed her for the first time, and she had promised that they should be betrothed and married when Carlo came back from sea in the spring. Pasquale remembered feeling quite jealous of Carlo on this occasion, for Francesca had gone out with his arm about her waist, and had forgotten to stroke his nose and wish him goodnight as she always did. But after Carlo went away to sea Francesca had been kinder to Pasquale than ever, for she often used to steal into his shed and put her arm about his neck, and ask him whether he remembered the last day that they had all spent there together, and then she would lay her cheek against his neck. Pasquale felt sure that all this affection could not be solely on Carlo's account. He was thinking of these things when they turned a corner and saw before them a forest of masts and spars. They were now on the broad esplanade along the bay, and the harbor was full of vessels of all sizes, from small fishing-boats to a great ship-of-war which stood off some distance from shore riding at anchor with the Italian flag flying from her topmost peak. Tomasso pulled the bridle as a sign to Pasquale to stop while he watched something intently which was going on aboard this vessel. They were lowering a boat over her

side; several officers in uniform got into it; it was manned by a number of sailors who rowed toward the shore with quick, regular strokes. As the boat drew near the landing Tomasso waved his cap in the air, and then was presently embracing heartily a young man with a brown skin and merry black eyes. Suddenly this young man exclaimed joyfully: "Why, it's Pasquale. He's so covered up I didn't see him," and he came around and began to stroke the donkey's nose. Then Pasquale recognized Carlo and he rubbed his head against his arm in token of welcome. Carlo had always spoken kindly to him—and what was this that he was holding out to him now, this fragrant, delicious morsel; not sugar? Yes, actually sugar. Pasquale ate it, overcome by his good fortune. Two pieces of sugar in one day! Was there in Naples so fortunate a donkey? He thought not. With a parting "Addio, the women are waiting for you," Tomasso shook the bridle and they continued their way, while Carlo, laughing happily, turned in the contrary direction. Pasquale felt a tinge of disappointment at the thought that he would not be present at the meeting, but he remembered the two lumps of sugar and felt that he had had his measure of bliss.

They were now passing through the quarter known as Santa Lucia, and as it is near the sea, men and women were selling fish and mussels and oysters, opened out into large earthenware bowls, from little wooden booths placed along the street. Tomasso bargained with one of the women for a fish in exchange for a couple of cabbages and a handful of figs. "So, my friend, you're to have a feast at your house to-night, and a wedding is not so far off either, or my eyes are not so sharp as they used to be," and she looked slyly in the direction of the sea.

"Right, Donna Anna, right as usual. We shall have a wedding and expect all our friends to come and help us make merry."

"Your Francesca is a good girl and a pretty one, and deserves the fine husband she will get, Signor Tomasso." "Thank you, Donna Anna. I remember when you were even hand-somer yourself, and how you caught as many hearts as you have fish hang-ing on that hands there"

ing on that bunch there."

"Enough, enough, you had always a smooth tongue in your head, Tomasso," said the woman, laughing. "Here, take these oysters home with you to celebrate Carlo's return, and don't stop to thank me." Pasquale listened to this talk, and though he could not believe that Donna Anna, the fishwife, with her broad hips and wrinkled, weather-beaten face had ever looked in the least like his pretty slender Francesca, still he was pleased to hear about the oysters, for he knew that Francesca liked them, though for his part he could not understand why.

The padrone walked on, singing a gay Neapolitan song, for he was in high spirits, and this was certainly a satis-

faction.

But the crowning event of the day was yet to come. As they passed by the gate of a large garden, in the centre of which stood a fine house, a lady came out. Pasquale looked at her and she looked at him. He saw her smile, and at the same instant heard her speaking in a sweet voice to the padrone.

Then to Pasquale's wonder, for such a thing had never happened before to himself or any friend of his, they followed the lady through the gate and up onto the porch. A little girl stood in the doorway, who clapped her hands and cried: "Oh! what a dear, funny little donkey." Then while Pasquale stood very still, with Tomasso holding his bridle, the lady sat down and made a picture of him, just as he was, vegetables and all. This was such an honor that Pasquale wanted to hang his head for shame, but thinking that this was not what the lady wanted, he held it up instead, quite proudly. When the picture was finished the little girl brought it to show to Pasquale, saying: "There, sir, that is just exactly how you look! Are you not pleased with yourself?" And he really could not help feeling proud to see what a very fine pair of long ears he had.

Then while the lady put a sum of money into Tomasso's hand which made him say "Mille gratia" many times over, the little girl stood stroking Pasquale's nose.

Just as the padrone was about to lead him away, she called out: "Stop Mamma, we have given a moment. nothing to the little donkey. He deserves a present too," and in a moment she had run into the house and out again with something in her hand. Pasquale felt what was coming; he knew what it would be long before it reached his nose. If he could he would have shouted "sugar" out loud, but as he could not, he ate it in silence. After all, there are some joys too deep to put into words, and for Pasquale three lumps of sugar in a day was such a joy. By this the twilight was coming on, and it was time to return home. As they trudged along, the stars began to shine out and the lamps were lighted in the streets, and the music of guitars and mandolins sounded from the open doorways and balconies. At last Pasquale caught sight of a well-known group sitting about the doorstep-the fat, good-looking Donna Lucia seated in the middle with her daughter upon one side of her and Carlo upon the other. There was a bustle as Tomasso came up, and Francesca rose quickly and led Pasquale away into the shed. As she was bending over him, somebody else came into the shed and took her suddenly into his arms and held her there so long that Pasquale began to think he never meant to let her go again, and growing impatient, he went up and pushed his nose against her arm. this they both laughed and went to work together to unload him and make him comfortable for the night. Pasquale found out from their talk that they were to be married very soon, and would go away to live in a little house near the sea; for Carlo had saved up all his money to buy the few pieces of furniture they would need, and Francesca had the linen of her own spinning all ready. While they were lingering and talking, Donna Lucia's voice was heard calling them in to

supper, and with a parting word to Pasquale they went out of the shed hand in hand. The little donkey went to sleep as fast as he could, in order that no sad thoughts of parting might mar the evening of this glorious day, and his dreams were sweet, sugary ones.

He would not have slept so soundly if he had known what wonderful changes fortune had in store for him.

The day before the wedding Francesca, Carlo, and Tomasso came together into his shed. Instead of putting on his load as usual, Francesca brushed his coat nicely and made him as neat and spruce as possible, while the others looked at him and talked. Presently Francesca said: "I shall miss him dreadfully."

"But, after all, you will not live here after to-morrow yourself," urged Carlo.

"If I get a large price for him I shall agree to sell him at once, you may be sure of that." This was in Tomasso's loud voice.

"The Admiral's lady has promised that he shall have a good home and be always well cared for," added Carlo, wishing to comfort Francesca.

"Yes, I am sure he will be better off than he has been with us. It is the kindest thing to let him go," and she patted his neck. Then, without giving him time to think over what he had heard, they led him out, and Carlo and Francesca together took him through the town and stopped at the very gate through which he had gone to have his picture made only a few days before.

The same lady and the same little girl came out to meet them, and this time they not only went up onto the porch, but into the house itself. The lady was handsomely dressed, and through an open door Pasquale saw a table covered with silver and glass and china, and heard the servants saying that a party of English officers were coming to lunch with the Admiral and his wife. Pasquale remembered this afterward. for at the time he was so bewildered by the strangeness of his surroundings that he realized nothing of all that was happening to him, until after a while Francesca's voice told him to hold up his head. He obeyed, and saw in front

of him a handsome little donkey, not much bigger than a very large dog, all decorated with ribbons and flags—wearing a bridle hung with tinkling bells—and with beautifully varnished hoofs. Beside him were standing Carlo and Francesca, and the Admiral's lady and the little girl.

Pasquale turned about in surprise, and the gay-looking donkey turned about too. They all laughed and the child said: "He doesn't know himself in the glass." Then Pasquale understood, but at the same time it came into his mind that it was all a mistake about Francesca's wedding, and that it was he who was the bride, whom everybody was dressing. Now, the lady left the room and they could hear the guests arriving and sitting down to the table.

Then Francesca took Pasquale's nose between her hands and told him quite seriously what it all meant. That there was in the next room an English officer who had told the Admiral's wife that, of all the sights of Naples, he admired most the little donkeys, with their large heads, and tiny hoofs and willing backs.

"I would like of all things to have one to take home to England to my children."

As Francesca came to this part of the story the door opened and a servant beckoned them. Francesca gave Pasquale a last hug and led him out into the hall. Inside the dining-room they heard the Admiral's wife say: "Captain Thomas, here comes my surprise," and at the same moment Francesca opened the door and led Pasquale in.

Then such a shouting and clapping of hands and laughing as there was. The little donkey felt quite overcome, but a tall, kind-looking man got up instantly, and taking his bridle, led him to his place at the table, and gave him a lump of sugar. Pasquale felt his heart grow light. Captain Thomas understood the feelings of a donkey. Then there was a great clinking of wineglasses, and everybody drank his health. It was the proudest moment of his life, for there in the doorway stood his dear Francesca, courtesying and drinking a glass of wine too, and not far behind her was Carlo doing the same.

Mary Thornhill Porter.

SPRING'S MESSENGERS.

ROM out the gloom
Of the winter's loom
Floats the breath of wakening flowers;
The wind, with a bound,
Leaps over the ground
And kisses the sunlit hours.

The twittering note
From a swallow's throat
Falls softly from under the eaves;
A violet cup
Looks shyly up
And flirts with the whispering leaves.

May Phillips Tatro.

American Naval Heroes.

Wickes, Dale, Conyngham, and Johnston.

John Paul Jones.

II.

IN our first paper we had to deal with the operations of the new navy as instituted by Washington in the summer of 1775 and taken up and enlarged by the Continental Congress, stimulated by the earnest advocacy of John Adams.

These operations were confined to American waters and directed toward the protection of commerce, the defence of seaport towns, and the capture of needed munitions of war on board in-coming British vessels and intended for the soldiers of King George.

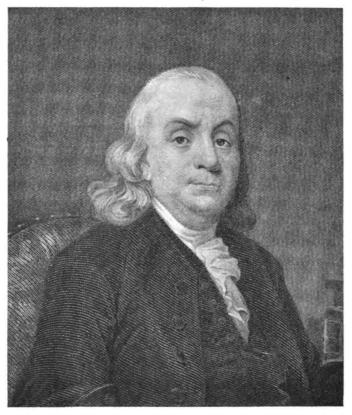
The success of the little cruisers, and the building by Congress of formidable ships of war able to inflict serious loss, not only on British commerce but as well on the proud British navy, had so emboldened the infant government that they entrusted Benjamin Franklin, their commissioner to the court of Versailles, to an American brig-of-war the Reprisal, Captain Lambert Wickes, bearing a letter from Congress to the King of France. Should the vessel have been captured, this act might have lost to the colonies their independence, as Franklin had already secured the friendship and aid of France, and this visit completed the desirable alliance.

Captain Wickes did more than deliver his passenger in safety: he furnished to the commissioner an object-lesson of the possibilities of carrying on an aggressive naval warfare in British waters, for on the voyage Wickes captured two British brigs laden with cargoes of wine and brought them safely into port at Nantes, December 7, 1776. In the face of a defiant protest made by the British ambassador to the King of France, Captain Wickes sold his prizes, disguised his brig as a merchantman and cruised on the coast of England, during which time he captured three British merchantmen and brought them as prizes into the French port, trophies of his To make a show of respect for the protest of the British ambassador, the French king ordered Captain Wickes to leave the harbor, and sailing out upon the high seas, he there made a mock auction of his prizes and under new owners the ships all returned to port.

In the spring of 1777 the brig Lexington and the ten-gun cutter Dolphin joined the Reprisal, and Franklin ordered this little squadron to make a dash around the coast of Ireland and to capture or destroy any English ships they might meet. The Lexington was commanded by Captain Johnston, with Richard Dale as second officer. Dale was at this time twenty years of age. He had served in the American navy from its earliest beginning and had already been twice taken prisoner by the British.

During an absence from Nantes of two months this squadron captured fourteen prizes, and in August, 1777, as they were approaching port with their fleet, augmented to seventeen vessels, they were attacked by a British line-of-battleship of seventy-four guns. Captain Wickes so manœuvred his fleet as to avoid capture, and with the Reprisal bringing up the rear, he narrowly escaped a broadside from the enemy as he gained the harbor. This exploit

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Benjamin Franklin, Commissioner to France in 1775.

created so great a commotion throughout Europe that France was obliged to order the American ships to leave her territory.

On her return homeward the Reprisal foundered off the Banks of Newfoundland in a gale, and those on board, including the gallant captain, perished, one sailor only escaping to tell the tale of disaster.

The Lexington, cruising in the Bay of Biscay, fell in with the British cutter Alert, and after a valiant fight lasting two hours, during which time the Lexington used up all of her ammunition, she set all sail to escape, but in her disabled condition was overtaken, and to save needless slaughter, Captain Johnston surrendered, and with Lieutenant Dale and the crew was confined in Mill Prison, Plymouth, where after suffering untold hardship, they finally suc-

ceeded in making their escape after weeks of surreptitious labor, actually digging their way out under the walls of the prison, using only their fingers and carrying the dirt in their pockets until they could, while the sentry's back was turned, quietly distribute it while out for daily exercise. Dale was recaptured, thrown into the "black hole" of the prison and treated with still greater indignity. He again escaped, this time in the disguise of a British soldier, thus walking boldly through the gate of the prison in the presence of the sentry and into liberty. To his dying day Dale would not disclose the means by which he obtained the uni-Upon reaching Paris he joined John Paul Jones in his memorable cruise on the Bon Homme Richard, as his first lieutenant.

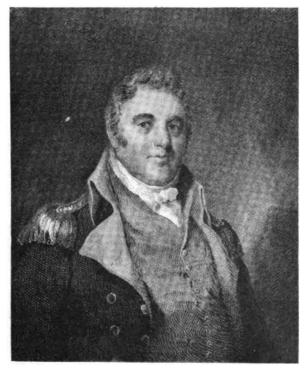
We cannot take up the story of the

chief hero of this paper without first making brief record of another of the pioneers in adventure on the British coast. Gustavus Conyngham.

Franklin had purchased secretly the swift sailing English cutter Surprise, and given her to the command of Conyngham. In May, 1777, off the coast of Holland, he captured two British brigs and carried them into the French

frequent and continuous that a large fleet was sent out by the British admiralty to capture him, and he escaped with his vessel to Ferrol, in Spain, and thence returned to the United States, but on his next course was captured and imprisoned.

These successful exploits coming to the knowledge of Congress determined the future field of operation for the



Richard Dale, U. S. N., First-Lieutenant with Jones on the "Bon Homme Richard."

port. The protest of Lord Stormont caused the French king to return the prizes and imprison Conyngham and his crew, whom, however he soon after released. Franklin then purchased the cutter Revenge, and with her Conyngham captured prizes right and left, most of which, to avoid a recurrence of his former experience, he burned. His exploits were most venturesome. He had his vessel repaired in English shipyards by English workmen, and he bought provisions in English and Irish towns. His depredations became so

American navy and secured to John Paul Jones the opportunity to win immortal fame, and, fighting under the Stars and Stripes, to be the first to bring down the ensign of the royal navy and humiliate

"Ye mariners of England,
That guard her native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze."

This daring naval hero was born at Arbingland, in the parish of Kirkbean, Scotland, July 6, 1747, the fifth child of

John Paul, an humble gardener, who for a portion of his life served in the household of the Earl of Selkirk. His birthplace was one of the most picturesque localities of Scotland, being near the shores of the Firth of Solway. Here the boy was the constant companion of seafaring men. He entertained and

the elements of navigation and a considerable knowledge of the French language.

When he was twelve years of age he was bound, at Whitehaven, apprentice to the merchant marine service, on board a vessel engaged in the tobacco trade with the American Colonies. In



john Paul Jones.

From the engraving by Longacre from the Peale portrait.

amused his playmates by constructing miniature navies, using chips for ships, and manœuvring rival fleets in well-conducted sea-fights, giving imperious commands to imaginary sailors as they engaged in an apparently bloody battle.

The parish school at Kirkbean had afforded him a good primary education, and to it he had added by home study

this service he found but limited time, and that generally late at night, to give to the study of navigation. On his first voyage to Virginia he visited his oldest brother, William Paul, who had married a Virginia girl and settled on a plantation near Fredericksburg. It was during this visit that the boy first imbibed the spirit of liberty, as it was, even at that early day (1760), the

fireside talk and fond hope of the colonists of Virginia.

He returned with his ship to Whitehaven, and soon after his indenture of apprenticeship was cancelled through the failure of his employer, and he obtained an appointment as third mate on a vessel engaged in the African slave trade. He made two or more voyages between the coast of Africa and the West Indies, where the slaves were sold, but seems to have become dissatisfied with the business, either through a revolt in his mind, so early charged with the spirit of liberty, or by reason of disappointment in the pay and rewards.the business afforded him. His own correspondence points to the former reason. At any rate we find that while the brig was in the West Indies, he took passage on board a Scotch brigantine bound for his boyhood home. On this voyage the captain and mate both died from yellow fever and young Paul took her in hand and safely brought her into port. For this service the owner rewarded him by making him master and supercargo of the vessel, and he continued to trade with the West Indies and the colonies until about 1768, when

he was made master of a large London ship in the West Indies trade. In 1770 complaint was lodged against him at Tobago for cruelty in the punishment of a sailor who was the leader of a revolt. Captain Paul was forced to go through a long trial before a British jury, who, after six months' delay, failed to render a verdict, and to justify himself he made an affidavit, which he sent to his home at Kirkbean, proclaiming his innocence and accused his enemies of a conspiracy to take his life. He thereupon left the service and took passage for Virginia, having determined to leave the sea and devote his time to agriculture and study. His brother William died in 1773, and as he had no children and left no will, John undertook the management of the estate.

In 1775 his income from property at Tobago, which he had left in charge of agents, ceased, and this forced him to find some more profitable employment than planting, and attracted by the early exploits of the New England seamen, he saw his opportunity to serve his adopted country by giving to her the benefit of his experience as a navigator. He went to Philadelphia, where he offered his services to the Naval Committee of the Continental Congress, and accepted a commission as senior first lieutenant in the new navy. It was about this time that he assumed as his patronymic the name of Jones. His reason for doing this does not appear either in his own account of his life or in that of any of his biographers.

He was made second officer of the Alfred, 30 guns, and as Lieutenant Jones he was the first naval officer to hoist the American naval flag under a salute of 13 guns. This flag then consisted of 13 stripes and a pine-tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots as if about to spring. Underneath was the motto, "Don't Tread on Me."



The Pine Tree Flag.

The flag was of white bunting, on which was a green pine-tree, and upon the reverse the motto, "Appeal to Heaven."

Under Esek Hopkins, the first commander-in-chief of the new navy, he sailed on the expedition that captured New Providence, and on the return of the fleet to New London took part in his first naval fight in the engagement of the Cabot, Alfred, and Columbus with the British frigate Glasgow, 24 guns, off Block Island. During the fight Lieutenant Jones was between decks serving the first battery of the Alfred, and had no voice in the direction of the battle, and therefore no blame could attach to him for the failure to capture the Glasgow. was then promoted to the captaincy of the Providence, 12 guns and 70 sailors, and reported to New York where he recruited marines to strengthen the new He convoyed vessels loaded navy. with cannon and army supplies between Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. This was a dangerous service, as the sea was swarming with British war-ships ready to swoop down on any Yankee vessels.

On August 8, 1776, he received from John Hancock, President of Congress, his commission as captain of the Providence, with directions to operate against the navy of Great Britain, and with her he cruised six weeks, during which time he captured sixteen prizes. and by his skilful seamanship succeeded in evading the British frigate Solway off Bermuda, and afterward kept up a tantalizing running fight with the British frigate Milford. He cruised as far north as Canso, where he captured three schooners and nine fishingvessels. After removing the valuable cargo to his own vessel and such crafts as he wished to carry into port, he transferred the captured crews to the remaining vessels, and provided them with provisions necessary to carry them home to England. In November he attacked a coal fleet at Cape Breton, rescued the American sailors, prisoners in the coal mines there, and captured three ships, which, however, his old enemy the Milford succeeded in cutting out from his fleet. He also captured a large British transport laden with provisions and clothing, and a privateer from Liverpool, which

he armed and manned and gave to the command of Lieutenant Saunders. Upon his return from this cruise, after disposing of his prizes in Boston and being relieved of the care of his prisoners, he was without a command, but did not cease to advise the government as to the needs of the new navy, and suggested many ways in which it could be improved and strengthened.

The jealousy existing in Congress between the North and South operated to divide the counsels of the marine committee, and he was superseded in command by men far his inferior in naval experience and skill. It was not until May, 1777, that his claims to a high command were recognized, when he was made commander of the new sloop-of-war Ranger, his commission bearing date June 14, 1777, and on that same date Congress had resolved as follows: "That the flag of the United States should be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field representing a new constellation." This new flag was sent to the new sloop-of-war Ranger, and it thus fell to John Paul Jones to be the first American naval officer to run up the stars and stripes to the mast-head of a United States naval vessel, as it had been in 1775 to hoist to the mast-head of the Alfred the pine-tree and rattlesnake flag.

On November 1, 1777, the Ranger sailed from Portsmouth, N. H., flying the stars and stripes, and with her John Paul Jones was to follow up, on the British coast, the successes achieved by Wickes, Dale, Conyngham, and Johnston.

Jones carried a letter signed by John Hancock, President of Congress, to the American commissioner at the Court of Versailles, Franklin, Deane and Lee, designating him as the commander of the American navy in Europe. His policy was to strike sharp and sudden blows on the unprotected commerce of Great Britain, and to make daring incursions on the towns and villages on the sea-coast, plundering and burning, and thus teaching by object-lessons the methods pursued by her soldiers and

sailors on unprotected cities and towns in America. Upon his arrival he expected to find ready for him a large man-of-war with such other swift sailing frigates as would make up a respectable fleet. Franklin promised to give him the ship-of-war Indian, then building at Amsterdam. The British ambassador however would not allow the ship to leave the stocks, and Franklin was obliged to present her to the King of France before her release could be This and other disappointments delayed his aggressive movements until April, 1778, he in the meantime occupying his sloop in convoying American vessels in and out of port and in cruising between Nantes and Brest.

Tiring of this inactive life, and finding no immediate prospect of obtaining additional vessels to make up a fleet, he set sail on his little craft, April 10, 1778, on what proved to be a most memorable cruise.

The exploits of Wickes, Dale, Conyngham, and Johnston had already alarmed the inhabitants along the coast. Jones was a Scotchman by birth, although a thorough American by choice and adoption, and to him capture meant death as a traitor and pirate. But he had adopted the motto wise and old, "Be bold! be bold!" and success for the cause he had espoused, rather than the honors it would bring, blinded him to fear. His chief reliance was on his knowledge of the waters and his thorough seamanship, and his refusal to discount danger or anticipate defeat were the heaviest guns in his armament.

He decided to direct his operations against Whitehaven and its vicinity, where his boyhood days had been spent and where he was personally known.

On the fourth day out from Brest, when in St. George's Channel, the Ranger captured an English brigantine, and after securing her crew set her on fire. Three days later, when off Dublin, Jones captured the ship Lord Chatham, bound for London. This prize he manned and sent into Brest. The next day he encountered the British sloop-of-war Drake, but avoided a set-to by outsailing her, when he put into the harbor

at Whitehaven where he had planned to land and capture the town. The wind shifting, however, he was obliged to head seaward to avoid being blown ashore. The next day he captured a schooner and sloop, both of which he scuttled He then determined to surand sank. prise the Drake at her moorings at night. To this end he cleared the decks of the Ranger, concealed her guns, and placing the grapnels ready at hand, stationed a boarding party with pikes and cutlasses ready to dash over her side. He put out his lights and with a captured fisherman at the wheel, who had informed him of her location, he made for the harbor. As they approached the Drake her bow was pointed seaward and Jones, whose hand had never left the wheel, with a sudden turn sent the Ranger athwart her cable, bringing up on her bow. His order, "Let go the anchor," was immediately obeyed, but it failed to drop and the Ranger shot past the Drake in the darkness. At this Jones with his own hand cut the cable which held the anchor, and as it dropped to the bottom of the bay the Ranger kept her course, scarcely checked by the accident. Jones headed her for Whitehaven where he effected a landing. At the head of a party of thirty men in small boats he gained the fort, locked the sleeping garrison in the guard-houses,



Plan of Jones's Operations in the Irish Sea.



Henry Laurens, American Ambassador to France in 1781.

spiked the guns, and fired a number of the vessels in the harbor, of which there were at the time two hundred and twenty seeking shelter from the late storm. Daylight and the illumination from the burning vessels so lighted up the place as to disclose their bold operations and the awakened inhabitants gathered, upon the wharves before Jones had been re-enforced by the other boats from the Ranger, and he was obliged to take to his boats and return to the sloop.

He then ran over to the peninsula at the mouth of the Dee, where the Earl of Selkirk had his country residence on St. Mary's Isle. His plan was to seize the Earl and hold him as a hostage to insure the release of the American seamen incarcerated on board the prison ships in America and in Mill Prison, Plymouth. Upon landing they found Lady Selkirk and the family at breakfast, but the Earl was absent and the plan failed. The men demanded some return for their venture, and Jones allowed them to take the silver plate from the table, and with difficulty prevented their ransacking the house. This proceeding greatly incensed the people of the coast and, as reported, was a serious charge against Jones, losing him friends both in France and America. In a letter to Lady Selkirk, which was extensively published, he explained his action and the generous motive that led to the raid. This letter was a frank and manly statement of his motive in taking up arms against his countrymen, recited the outrages perpetrated against the persons and property of Americans, described the scenes enacted in the sea-fight between the Drake and Ranger with much grace of composition and power of description, declared his object in taking up the cause of American Independence to be the highest ambition of man, and avowing that he was not influenced by prospect of gain. He appealed to her to influence her husband to direct his good offices to the promotion of peace with the colonies, and to a generous and humane exchange of prisoners, and avowed his purpose to purchase and restore to her the plate at the earliest moment possible. Franklin characterized this epistle as "A gallant letter, which must give her ladyship a high opinion of the writer's generosity and nobleness of mind."

When the prize property was sold after long delay Jones purchased the plate at an exorbitant price, in consequence of the notoriety his letter had given it, and restored it to the Earl of Selkirk, who in return formally acknowledged its receipt.

These two exploits of the Ranger so alarmed the whole line of sea-coast towns that beacon fires were burned on every headland. The Drake put out of Carrickfergus Bay determined to capture the daring "pirates." Jones was in just the humor to meet her in an open sea-fight and test the mettle of the two battle-ships.

As they approached each other Jones disguised his vessel as a merchantman and keeping stern to, so deceived the Englishman that a boat was sent out to determine her character. Jones quietly took them on board as his prisonerguests. The Ranger then put out from the shore so as to gain sea-room, and this movement discovered the character of the vessel, and the Drake closed the engagement with the Yankee craft.

An exchange of broadside was followed by a running fight broadside to broadside, their armament being about equal. A crowd of witnesses to the fight lined the shores. The well directed fire from the Ranger played havoc with the spars, rigging, and sides of the Drake as well as with the men who thronged her deck. Her jib dropped over her bow and hung there useless. Her ensign drooped from her stern. Her crew was being rapidly decimated.

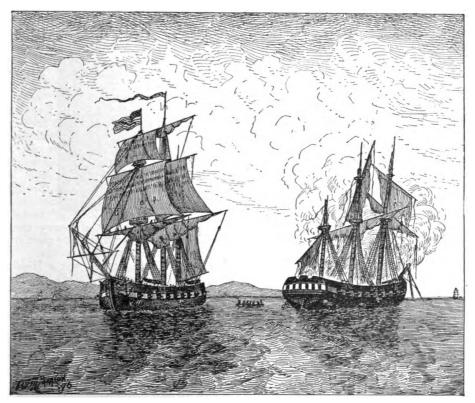
"The nimble gunner With lynstock now the devilish cannon touches, And down go all before him."

One shot laid low the captain of the Drake, wounded in the head, and upon the next round the second officer was also killed, and the Drake struck her colors, the prize of the Ranger.

During a conflict that lasted one hour and four minutes the gallant and intrepid commander of the Ranger had not received a scar, although always in the thickest of the fight. Of his crew one was killed and six wounded. He carried his prize to Brest one month from the day he set out on his memorable cruise.

The French Government had now openly concluded an alliance with the new American republic, and Jones received the first salute from a foreign power for the Stars and Stripes as he entered the harbor. The American Commissioners tendered to him their hearty thanks and promised him a suitable vessel in which to continue his operations. He thereupon sent home the Ranger and awaited his "fine new ship."

War had been openly declared between England and France, and the French navy was well supplied with ships, officers, and men. The success of Jones gave rise to jealousy on the



The Ranger.

Surrender of the Drake.

The Drake.

part of the French officers, and led to much trouble for the American Commissioners.

Jones at last despairing of ever obtaining a ship of his own, wrote to the Prince of Nassau, imploring him to give him a commission under the French flag. At this time a first-class ship was offered to him if he would give up his commission in the American navy and take charge of a privateering expedition organized by a party of wealthy French citizens for gain. His reply is worthy of record: "Were I in pursuit of profit I would accept the offer without hesitation. But I am under such obligations to Congress that I cannot think myself my own master. As a servant of the imperial republic of America, honored with the public approbation of my past services, I cannot from my own authority or inclination serve either myself or my best friends in any private line whatsoever, unless where the honor and interests of America is the premier object."

John Howard Brown.

NOTE.—Our purpose, to complete the narrative of the exploits of John Paul Jones in one paper, has proved beyond our power of condensation, and rather than cut it at the expense of historical continuity and to the detriment of the narrative we leave his exploit at Keith, the fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, and his subsequent interesting career in Russia, with his struggles in Paris, honors conferred by Americans, and final unhappy death for our next paper.

J. H. B.

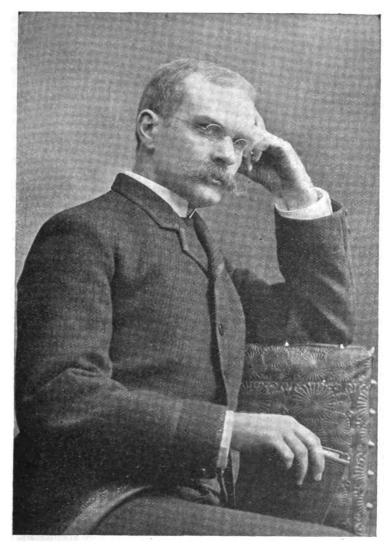
A BLUE GRASS NOVELIST.

IF, as a contemporary reviewer has asserted, one must first read a chapter of Ouida in order to appreciate to the fullest extent the talent of James Lane Allen, certainly the comparison is desirable rather for the resultant accentuation of admiration for the author than because of any necessity to a thorough enjoyment of one of his studies of nature, all alike redolent with sweetness, health, and purity.

Mr. Allen, whose new story, "Aftermath," may well be termed one of the most successful books of the season, is comparatively a new-comer in the field of literature. Recognition came first through a series of magazine articles, descriptive of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and in 1892 a number of these early efforts were reproduced in book form under the title "Flute and Violin." From that time on the success of the author was seemingly a natural development. True, he was fortunate in the selection of a field of labor, for until the appearance of Mr. Allen, Kentucky had occupied no place in our fiction; but, added to the honor due the discoverer of this new portion of the realm of American letters, was the quick appreciation manifested for a literary style quite as distinctive and withal fully as interesting as the subject-matter itself.

In appearance Mr. Allen is a typical Kentuckian, and in tastes and inclinations he is equally loyal to the characteristics of the people of his native State. Tall and straight, his whole manner is one of quiet, easy dignity; the deep blue eyes look out through gold-rimmed eye-glasses which possibly enhance their look of serious thoughtfulness, and the heavy mustache, gray like the hair, only partially hides the firm lines of the mouth.

The novelist's mother was a Mississippian, his father a Kentuckian, and in the formation of his character he seems to have become imbued with many of the personal traits of each. His boyhood was very similar to that of the average youthful resident of a small interior city, although, according to his own statement, his nature was slow to unfold, the process of development being prolonged. There was manifest, however, a youthful predilec-



James Lane Allen.
From a photograph by Lundy, Cincinnati.

tion for literary productions of varied character, and perhaps it was natural that the pleasure derived from this source should engender an ambition to some day become an author.

This longing for literary labors continued even after the young man of twenty-two had left home to take up educational work in another State, and the desire finally became so dominant that he tempted fate with a result suffi-

ciently flattering to induce him to devote all his time to the new pursuit. Short stories and novels followed one another in rapid succession until the writer's position was assured, and even since his reputation has become national Mr. Allen has not been remiss in his duty to his admirers. Since his return from Europe the author of "A Kentucky Cardinal" has resided in New York, although making frequent

excursions to the Kentucky districts which still form the locale of his tales.

When the writer, in the course of a recent conversation, asked the novelist concerning his work, he replied: "I have no regular method of procedure, nor do I possess the happy faculty of being able to write whenever I choose. The mood which I find conducive, I may almost say necessary, to satisfactory literary labor comes by fits and starts and my best suggestions come to me apparently without the slightest congruity of time or place. For instance, the idea of my new story, 'Aftermath,' came to me while in bed one morning. I had just completed some work upon which I had been engaged for some time and lay there watching the sunlight stream in at the window, meanwhile turning over in my mind the question of what I should do next, when all of a sudden the entire plan of. the sequel to 'A Kentucky Cardinal' flashed through my mind.'

"Then you outline your entire volume before beginning work upon the

manuscript?"

"Oh, yes; I always see my entire plot—the main thread of my tale just as clearly before I touch pen to paper as after the work is completed. Some incidents and character studies are of course added afterward."

"How did you come to select Kentucky and its people for your stories?"

"Well it was my home, and I suppose it came natural to write about the things I knew about. I had done more or less historical work before I attempted fiction, and many of my stories have been suggested by curious and interesting facts gleaned as the result of historical research. In this way I have gathered considerable new material, which I expect to incorporate into a volume of Kentucky tradition."

"And about your other plans for the

future?'

"I have three or four different stories already planned, and these I expect will occupy my leisure for some time to come. In my opinion, the epoch of short stories is ebbing rapidly, and in accordance with this theory I shall in future devote myself almost exclusively

to novels; nor do I expect to forsake the field where I have gained whatever degree of success has come to me."

When asked for his opinion of the trend of American literature, Mr. Allen said: "Our literature, it seems to me, is on the verge of a new movement. Realism and the commonplace, I believe, have seen their day, and in the tendency of the movement toward the themes of American history I see cause for confidence in a revival of interest in George Washington and the period of the American Revolution. Furthermore, I look for a very general incorporation of the people and incidents of the latter part of the last century into the fiction of the future. Then, too, it is not unlikely that the financial problem will be brought into this field of literature by those who seek to thus promulgate their theories for its solution and I also look for a fresh valuation of the extraordinary in all classes of books."

The author of "John Gray" is very simple in his habits. He is usually hard at work by nine o'clock in the morning, and, as a rule, literary labors occupy his undivided attention until one o'clock in the afternoon when, if the weather permits it, he seeks the fresh air. For some time past Mr. Allen has made it a rule to spend at least half of each pleasant day in the open air, and in summer a more enthusiastic wheelman would be difficult to find. But his admiration for athletics has not been allowed to supplant old-time fondness for his library and its varied contents. Thackeray and Eliot are his favorites, and, according to his recent statement, the books which gave him the greatest pleasure were "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "Adam Bede," and "The Mill on the Floss."

Mr. Allen believes that a book is as thoroughly indicative of the character and intelligence of the man who wrote it as is a pictured presentment suggestive of the appearance of the subject of the portrait. He argues that no author can put into a book anything that is not within him; in other words, that it requires a great man to write a great book, and that, inasmuch as a fertile rich nat-

ure is required to so depict conditions as to touch the heart, the majority of failures may be attributed to the fact that the unfortunate aspirants for literary honors had nothing in themselves to give out. But the Kentuckian goes farther. He claims that while an author, to faithfully paint human nature, must be conversant with all its forms and the conditions surrounding them, the knowledge should be secured by some other means than actual contact with these people and influences, an experience which would tend to destroy all the delicacy and fineness of the bloom of nature.

The novelist is himself a living exemplification of these theories. No person can meet him or talk with him without realizing instinctively his pure, healthy sentiment, high ideals of women and honor, and keen sense of humor. It is the possession of these qualities which has enabled the novelist to in-

fuse into his work that heart interest which causes his books to be read and admired by the people of foreign countries who know nothing of Kentucky character and have little conception of the nature of its environments.

But for all Mr. Allen's story-telling qualities he often points a moral so dexterously that the average reader accepts the sermon without a complaint. His new book, for instance, contains a strong protest against the pistols-andcoffee method of settling disputes so much in vogue in the State whose motto is "United we stand, divided we fall," but so skilfully is it introduced in connection with the mighty forms of Lincoln and Clay that the average Kentuckian will, in all probability, accept gracefully, and possibly profit by the lesson which, administered by a writer of less understanding, would assuredly have provoked the bitterest comments

Waldon Fawcett.

LIFE AND REST.

THE sun has set, the dreamy twilight dieth;
Full soon shall darkness over all have sway.
Sadly the night-winds sigh, my heart, too, sigheth,
For night is drear, and thou art far away.
Nay, foolish is my heart. For now around thee
The risen sun sheds hope in every ray.
Thou wakest; eager, glad, the morn has found thee:
For always somewhere it is shining day.

'Tis noontide, and the stern world's busy clamor Fills all the air. Fierce beats the glowing light. Still toil we, urged by need or pleasure's glamour, With wearied limbs, and over-clouded sight. Yet life is not all thus. For now, beloved, Thou gently sleepest, free from care or fright. Nature about thee rests, serene, unmoved:

For always somewhere it is peaceful night.

Ursula S. Arnola

THE SOCIALIST'S DAUGHTER.*

BY GEORGE OHNET.

AUTHOR OF "THE IRONMASTER," ETC.



archbishop's residence, reading the proofs of an address to be made to the priests of the diocese, when an ecclesiastic entered without knocking, advanced noiselessly toward his superior and murmured:

"Will Monsieur l'Abbé receive a young girl who asks to see his Eminence?"

"Is the girl alone?" asked the grand vicar, without looking up.

"No, monsieur l'Abbé. She has with her

a respectable-looking old servant."

"If she wants to speak to his Eminence, she does not need me. Tell her to write to him."

"I judge from her manner that she has something important to communicate."

"Well, show her in."

The grand vicar put his manuscripts and proofs on one side and rose. He was very dark and thin, ascetic in appearance, his brow high and eyes sparkling with intelligence. On his black soutane he wore the usual redlined vestment, and his thinness made him appear taller than he really was. In his long and delicate hands he twisted nervously a small brass crucifix suspended from his neck.

The door suddenly opened and Gilberte was ushered in by the abbé. With a gesture, the vicar sent his subordinate away, and pointing to a seat he took his place near the fireplace, and, looking at her with some curiosity, waited for her to begin. She raised her beautiful eyes and murmured:

"I want you to be my judge." The priest bowed his head in acquiescence, and with some surprise asked:

"Do you want to make a confession?"

"Confession? Oh, no, sir——" He interrupted her kindly and said:

"Call me father."

"Well, father, I have come here to plead the cause of my happiness. I want to be thoroughly understood, and to be judged with perfect impartiality. My position is such a painful one, that I cannot make up my mind what to do. Will you help me?"

In a musical and sympathetic voice the priest replied, gravely, "I will answer your questions to the best of my ability. If they are hard to answer, I shall pray God to enlighten me. Before you speak, child, let us pray together; join your hands with mine and say your *Pater*."

Gilberte blushed, and tears sprang to her

eyes. She replied, confusedly:

"I do not know how to pray." She then told the priest how her father had brought her up, how he hated the Church, how Henri had met her and paid court to her, and how their marriage seemed out of the question. The priest remained pensive for a few minutes after the young girl ceased talking, as if de-

liberating. Finally he said:

"If I have understood you well, daughter, you have come to ask me what your moral duty is in regard to your father, for the Church has nothing to do with your material duty. Well, God's commandments answer this question, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' You owe obedience to your father even at the cost of your happiness. If he disapproves of this marriage, don't dispute his authority, but try and find a way to make him alter his decision."

Gilberte bent her head in humility, and replied, "Who will give me the strength to make this sacrifice?"

The priest drew himself erect. His eyes lighted up, and he exclaimed with fervor:

"Your Saviour, whom you do not know. Pray to Him, and He will give you resignation and peace."

There was a silence. Gilberte rose, dried

her eyes, and smiling, said:

"Father, I thank you for having spoken as you have done. I do not know what the future has in store for me, but in the hours of doubt or suffering my weakness may need some support. May I come to see you?"

* This story began in the January Peterson Magazine.

"You will always find me ready, child, to pity and console you."

A few minutes later Gilberte left the arch-

bishop's residence with Rosalie.

That evening, after having dined in silence, Gilberte and her father were alone in the drawing-room. In spite of his aggressive attitude among his political friends, the Deputy was ill at ease in the presence of his daughter. They had not seen each other since the previous day, for he had left the house after the scene which terminated Tresorier's visit. He was waiting now for Gilberte to say something, and in fact she soon began.

"I suppose you won't mind, father, if I refer to our conversation of yesterday. matter had better be settled now. She

looked at him frankly and fearlessly.

"I suppose it had," he replied. " You made certain threats

"I was wrong," rejoined the young girl, submissively. "I beg your pardon."
"Well, that's something," said M. Courcier, in gratified tones. "You could understand how humiliating the visit of that man was to

"I don't see why," objected Gilberte,

gently.

The Deputy began to lose his temper again. "What!" he cried, "not humiliating, for that old fool to come and propose his clown of a son for my son-in-law?"

"If he had not come," argued Gilberte, "what would you have thought of them both? You said yourself that he would never consent to the marriage, and that his son had bad intentions, and now that they want him to marry me, you refuse."

His daughter's logic exasperated Cour-

cier.

"No, I won't hear of it!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I have no desire to pose as my son-in-law's servant. I know what those people think of me. An alliance with them is impossible. My own sincerity would be at once under suspicion."

The young girl shook her head sadly. "Father, I am afraid we shall never understand each other. I love Henri Tresorier: I beg of you to allow me to marry him.'

"You are crazy," cried her father, angrily. "I must protect you against yourself.

"If my mother were here, she would entreat you for me."

"Your poor mother had many false ideas."

"She believed in God."

" That's why."

Of all that had been said up to now, these last words of her father's hurt Gilberte most.

Suddenly the Deputy asked his daughter: "Where did you go to-day? out."

As she remained silent, he raised his hand

in anger, and his face grew purple. "You went to see a priest," he cried; "come, confess it, you went to see a priest." Incapable of telling a falsehood, Gilberte replied:

"Yes, father.

"Ah, you did!" exclaimed Courcier. ought to have guessed it. And what infamous advice did he give you?"

"Only this: he told me to obey you re-

spectfully.'

"You are following his instructions admirably. And who is the vile wretch who helps to rob me of my daughter? Tell me his name, that I may denounce him.

"Didn't you tell me that I was free, and that when I became of age you would let me follow the dictates of my conscience? Well, my conscience has agreed to this: If you refuse to give me to the man I love, you

will compel me to give myself to God."

"Didn't your adviser," grinned Courcier,

"tell you that when you were of age you could do without my consent?"

"He ordered me to submit to your will, however hard it might seem, and to count only on your indulgence.'

"Yes, and to lead me a dreadful life at

home, until I give way.

Gilberte gave her father a look of reproach.



Then, with the dignity of a queen, she said: "If in eight days you have not given your consent, I shall ask your permission to retire to a convent."

Courcier grew pale and his words came with difficulty:

"You can go at once if you like! I see that we cannot live together any longer."

The young girl made a gesture of anguish and a terrified look came into her

eyes.
"Oh, father, can it be possible that you refuse to love me? Could you let me go away without feeling any regret? Cannot you see that my

heart is broken? Oh, for heaven's sake, don't make me unhappy! Take pity on me!"

She knelt down on the floor, prostrating herself at her father's feet. He made a movement as if to thrust her from him, and trembling with rage, exclaimed:

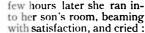
"No! you are an ungrateful girl! Leave the room; I don't want to see you any

And without pity for the poor child who was sobbing heartbroken before him, he reentered his study.

X.

AFTER the interview that his father had had with Courcier, Henri nearly lost his reason through despair. Three consecutive days he went to the Rue Spontini in the hope of seeing Gilberte, but did not succeed in meeting her. He did not dare call at their apartment, so stayed for hours in his room on the second floor, hoping that she would come into the garden, but she did not show herself. Yet she must have heard him walking feverishly up and down overhead. Was she ill from chagrin? Had her father shut her up? The unfortunate young fellow did not know what to believe. So in despair he went home to the Rue de Presbourg and spent all day lying on the sofa, so upset that his father and mother grew anxious.

M. Trésorier particularly was much affected. He had been impressed by Gilberte's attitude, and had come to the conclusion that her marriage with his son would be an honor to the family. Finally his mother promised to send and find out what had become of Gilberte, and she sent her maid with a note. A



"I have news for you, Henri. Gilberte is not ill." " Ah!"

"But she is very unhap-

py."
"Who has seen her?" said the young man.

"Clémence, my maid, not an hour ago.'

"So her horrible father has been illtreating her?

"They no longer speak to each other,' replied his mother, "and the dear child declares she will enter a convent.'

Henri made a despairing gesture.

"Then I am to lose her after all," he cried.

" You can see her

to-morrow. She expects you at the Wolf's Leap at the entrance to the Bois at two o'clock. She can leave the house for twenty minutes with Rosalie.

The following day at two o'clock Henri was walking up and down near the Muette gate, and presently he saw Mlle. Courcier coming escorted by old Rosalie. He rushed toward her with outstretched hands. They took each other's arms and walked up and down, talking over everything that had occurred, while the old servant sat peacefully in the sun on a bench.

"So you want to give me up, Gilberte?"

"Yes, my duty compels me to."

"Yet you pretend that you love me." "I prove that in consenting only to give you a woman worthy of you.

"But that is folly! Are you going to allow your father to play the tyrant?"

"What you propose is that I should elope

with you," said the young girl, reproachfully.
"Yes," replied the young man, exaltedly. "Confide yourself to me. Believe me, no one can respect you more than I do. I would treat you just like a sister. You would be free to see me when you liked. You would live with your servant, Rosalie, and I would never come unless you sent for me. Doesn't that remove your objections, or would you prefer to go and live with my mother? Go South with her, and I will stay here. The important thing is that you should no longer stay under the domination of your father. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Gilberte, "but I

ought not to do what you ask. Not that I have no confidence. I am too sure of myself to have any fear, but it would not be fair to your mother. It would compromise her in an adventure which might terminate by a legal scandal. You can never tell what my father will do. However unjust and ungenerous he may be toward me, I must still be dutiful toward him, and you would not esteem me later if I did what you ask."

"I see it is the end," murmured Henri, in despair, "but I cannot blame you. All you say is true and right. I see I must lose you,

Gilberte, but it is very hard."

He stopped short, not daring to look at Gilberte, his eyes full of tears. Finally she took his hand in hers and said:

"Henri, you are breaking my heart. Must I encourage you—I who need so much strength myself?"

He grew calm almost in-

stantly.

"You are right, dear-excuse me. I am unworthy of you. Of us two I am the least to be pitied, and yet I show myself the weakest."

They walked along a few seconds without speaking,

each weighed down by his thoughts. Finally Henri asked: "What convent do you expect to go to?"

to go to?"
"I don't know yet.
I hope it won't be in
Paris, and yet not too
far, but that it will be
at easy distance from
my father——"

She did not add " or from you," but her look expressed it.

They had reached the bench on which Rosalie was seated. The old servant looked up and said:

"It's time we went in, Gilberte."

"Good-by, Henri," said the

young girl.

He took her in his arms for the first time and she made no resistance. He pressed her gently to his breast and kissed her brow.

"Forever and ever, Gilberte."

"Forever and ever, Hen-

Then they separated and the young man went home. Two days later Henri received a letter which ran as follows:

"MONSIEUR HENRI:—I am requested to inform you that Mlle. Gilberte is at the convent of the Ladies of the Compassion, at Neuilly. Monsieur Courcier did not prevent her departure, but he is not very pleased.

"Respectfully, "ROSALIE."

XI.

As the old servant had said, Monsieur was not very well pleased. Up to the last moment he had not taken Gilberte seriously. He thought that it was only a young girl's caprice, and that when she saw he stood firm she would resign herself to the inevitable. But when Gilberte walked into his study and

told him that she had decided to enter that very evening, the convent of the Compassion, it was a great shock to him. As usual, he made a number of sarcastic remarks on religion in general, and priests in particular, but nothing that he could say could alter young girl's opin-ion. At last, when he saw that arguing did no good, he said:

"Well, I prefer to see you in a convent rather than a member of the Trésorier family."

"Farewell, father," said Gilberte, her eyes filled with tears.

He did not want to look at her, so he turned his back. A few moments later Gilberte left the house.

That night, when Courcier found himself alone for the first time in his life, a pro-

found sadness came upon him. He ate his dinner





sorrowful countenance of the false Gervais. and the profile of a poor little nun in a plain gray dress and white bonnet, who reminded him of his daughter, and he grew more melancholy still. He thought to himself: " I should have already given back to the Trésoriers the money of the Parti Révolutionnaire. They shall receive it to-morrow." He had an offer of purchase from a group of politicians, and the only delay in the sale had arisen from the fact that he wanted to remain director of the journal for three years and they had not been willing to sign the contract. But he decided to delay the matter no longer. He sold the paper the next day and had the satisfaction of sending Henri Trésorier a check for twenty thousand francs.

Meantime Gilberte had entered the convent at Neuilly, and was being initiated into the mysteries of religion. The house she had entered was not one of those establishments in which pious women live in idleness and prayer. The inmates were all kept busy in every sort of occupation. Gilberte tried to imitate them, although her training hardly fitted her for work. Twice a week the Abbé de Brossard came to give his penitent religious instruction, and that was a veritable recreation to the young girl. At night she learned her catechism, while her companions were sleeping, but she always got up at sun-Her health was excellent among all these occupations. She had not the time to think of her situation, and was really happy. Yet she did not forget her father. Each week she wrote him to ask how he was, and to assure him that although far away she still loved him. She never received any reply. It seemed as if Courcier had torn his daughter's memory out of his heart. That was Gilberte's greatest sorrow.

Two months passed thus. One morning she was in the workroom laying out some linen when Sister Theresa appeared, accompanied by a lady whom she was escorting over the convent. Gilberte was violently agitated upon recognizing in the visitor Henri's mother. The Baroness, unconcerned, went from room to room listening to the explanations made by the Superior, then she came toward Gilberte, speaking as if she had seen her but the day before.

"Good morning, dear, I am delighted to see you. You are very pretty in your little bonnet. Sister, may I say two words to Mlle. Courcier?"

"Certainly, Madame; four if you wish. Do you know our little girl? She is a model of gentleness and goodness. Pay attention to what the Baroness says, daughter, she is one of our benefactors."

Shaking her bunch of keys the Superior passed into the adjoining room. Hardly was she alone with the young girl than Madame Trésorier drew her to her and kissed

her tenderly.

• "It is for you that I am here, Gilberte—you can guess that. Someone whom I love is losing his reason at the idea that he cannot know what you are doing, so I got a permit to come and visit the convent—how are you, dear?

"I am very well, Madame, and if I had news from my father I should wish for nothing.'

"I have got some fresh news for you," said the Baroness. "My maid saw your old Rosalie last night. She says that your father is in good health, but that his temper is as bad as ever it was.'

Madame Trésorier pressed her lips on the young girl's brow and after a few moments' more talk on matters connected with the convent and the life Gilberte was living, she rejoined the Superior in the adjoining room. Henri's name had not been pronounced between the two women, but Gilberte's heart was lighter that night, and it was with considerable surprise that Sister Theresa heard her humming while working.

Meantime the return of the Baroness to the Rue de Presbourg had been awaited with impatience. Henri was all excitement, knowing that his mother had seen Gilberte, and even the Baron had stayed away from his office. Immediately the mother came home she was deluged with questions.

"Come, Henri, let me breathe!" exclaimed the Baroness, smiling. "Your Gilberte is prettier than ever in her clerical garb. When I saw her she was busy arranging masses of linen, and the evening before they tell me she

swept out the courtyard."

"Swept out the yard!" exclaimed Henri, in consternation.

"Yes," replied the Baroness, enjoying her son's confusion, "and the undue exercise has been very beneficial for her health." But to the mother's surprise this did not appear to be recommendation to Henri. He immediately began to abuse Courcier most violently, exclaiming that he felt inclined to go to the Chamber of Deputies and have a personal explanation with him, and nothing that his parents could say could alter this determina-

"But suppose you lose your temper with him?" asked the Baroness.

"I shall think of Gilberte and control my temper.'

"And what are you going to say to him?"

"All that my despair inspires me to say."

XII.

IT was just three o'clock when Henri Trésorier arrived in a cab at the Chamber of He attempted to pass in at the Deputies. principal entrance, when an usher stopped him and asked him if he had a card. He had not, but he did not lose his presence of mind, and told the usher to tell the Marquis de Cerneuil, a friend of his, that M. Trésorier wished to speak to him, and a few moments later the Marquis appeared.

"Is it you, my dear young friend?" exclaimed the Deputy, "I thought it was your

father. What can I do for you?

"I want to see someone in the Chamber

and they won't let me in."
"Yes," replied the Deputy, smiling, "that is because of the anarchists, but you can come in with me."

They went up the staircase talking and

arrived in the gallery.

"Here you are," said the Marquis; "can I

do anything more for you?

Then the young man told the Deputy who he wanted to see. Although considerably surprised, the Marquis promised to do what was asked of him, and a few moments later Courcier appeared. At seeing Henri he stopped short, thunderstruck, and made a movement as if he would retire, but Henri did not give him time. He went up to him and said with determination:

" Monsieur Courcier, I want to talk to you." The Deputy's face darkened as he replied:

"This is neither the time nor the place for an explanation."

"I had not the choice of the place nor of the time," retorted the young man dryly; "so perhaps you will be kind enough to listen to me—unless you are afraid!

"Me afraid!" exclaimed Courcier; "I am never afraid-of you less than of anyone.'

"I am glad to hear that," replied Henri, smiling at the success of his argument; " then please listen."

They went off into one corner and Cour-

cier began sarcastically:

"Things have changed since I saw you for the first time, Monsieur Gervais."

"I have not come here to quarrel, sir," said the young man, with firmness. " If you had not been blinded by your fanaticism I should be your son-in-law now.

The Deputy clenched his fists and cried: "Don't talk of my daughter, sir; she does

not concern you.'

"What do you mean?" cried Henri, with furious energy; "are you crazy? My whole future depends on you and you deny me the right to open your eyes. I will not go away from here before having convinced you that I have acted honorably and that you have acted unjustly.

"I would like to know by what right you take this liberty with me," stammered the

"I expect to take many other liberties," said Henri, coldly, "if you force me tonot only in my own interest, but in yoursfor if I don't put some order into your affairs, you are a ruined man. If you had any discernment at all you would see that your party is about to throw you over, although you are worth more than they are. I can save you."

Courcier shook his head bitterly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if you had been really Gervais—but you deceived me—you

are trying to deceive me again."
"How do you know?" asked the young man. "Are you sure you judge me right? I want to help you honestly and you can guess why. I went to you as Jacob went to Laban, to assist you so I might be worthy of your daughter. If I had had three months' time I could have accomplished the work and assured the triumph of your career. What was my first step? I gave you a newspaper, and this gave you both influence and authority in your party. But now, learning that you have quarrelled with me, they are all ready to throw you over. If you make peace with me they will make peace with you-you can become the Washington of France.'

He stopped talking for a moment to take

breath, then he went on:

"How have you rewarded my confidence? You forbade me your house, you upset all the work I had begun, you sell the journal, the whole scaffolding was upset. And why? For petty sentiments about individuals, for differences in religion, and while you think you are faithful to your principles you alienate from yourself a faithful ally and you treat your daughter with undue severity.

Courcier raised his head angrily and exclaimed:

"It was because of you that she left me!"

"You sent her away," retorted the young

" Do you think I wanted to turn my house into a church?"

Henri retorted, "You are and always will be a narrow sectarian; you play with words instead of discussing ideas. I begin to think that your friends are right, that you are all bravado and have no depth.'

Henri rose as if to go. Courcier rose, too.

Then the latter said:

"What do you suggest?"

At these words Henri felt a sudden thrill. He knew that the battle was won, but he concealed his feelings from the Deputy and spoke very coldly.

"I have nothing to suggest! When my father made overtures to you, you treated him with great brutality, and that's the end

of it.

"But you said just now," persisted the Deputy, "that you wanted to convince me."
"I was wrong," said the young man. "I had hoped to enlighten you, but I see there is nothing to be done.'

"Well, what did you come here for?"

cried Courcier, exasperated.

"Merely to tell you," replied Henri, "that your daughter is living in the greatest wretchedness and unhappiness in the Asylum of the Ladies of Compassion, and that the Sisters make her perform the most menial services.

" My daughter does that to please herself." replied the Deputy. "It does not concern

"Well, go and see for yourself," retorted Henri; "it will be a nice spectacle for such an apostle as you! Go and see your daughter reduced to servitude! Go and see her working her fingers to the bone! Go and see it, it is more interesting than a strike and just as murderous.'

"How dare you talk this way to me?"

cried Courcier.

"My language expresses very feebly what

I think of your conduct."

"If only half of what you tell me is true," cried the Deputy, excitedly, " I will have that clerical cavern closed up.

"You will simply get yourself laughed at,"

replied the young man, calmly.

The Deputy grew pale. Instinctively he felt that Henri was right.

"Monsieur Courcier," continued the young man, "you thought you were very clever, but you have been caught in your own trap. In order to keep your daughter from me you have given her to the Church. Go and see what they make her do.'

"Of course I shall go," cried the Deputy,

angrily.

Henri was only waiting for this to break

off the interview.

"Good-by, Monsieur Courcier," he said. "One day you will be sorry that you treated me so badly." And without adding a single word more he went off. Courcier looked

after him until he disappeared, and then thoughtfully went back to the Chamber. That night the Deputy dined with a poor appetite. He locked himself up in his study and thought over all that Henri had said. He reviewed his whole life, and wondered if it was true that he had made a failure of it. He wondered if the principles he had followed were the true ones, if his philosophy was true. Then he asked himself: "Have I the right to sacrifice my daughter to my principles?" and suddenly his heart softened toward her. After all, the poor girl's only crime had been to love a man whom her father didn't like. Was that such a great crime? Had he not exceeded his paternal authority in trying to thwart her wishes? All these considerations caused him to pass a sleepless night, and the next morning when he woke up he was completely prostrated.

XIII.

TEN o'clock was striking. Sister Theresa was in her office leaning over a formidable register containing the accounts of the institution, when one of the nuns entered and said:

"Mother, M. Courcier is in the parlor and

wants to see his daughter.'

"Ask M. Courcier to come here," said the Mother Superior. "I shall be very glad to speak to him.'

A few instants later the door opened and the Deputy appeared. His physiognomy was sterner than ever, and his whole manner breathed defiance. The Mother Superior closed her ledger, rose, and said smilingly:

"Ah, Deputy, I am very pleased to see you; please sit down." He inclined his head slightly as if to express that her polite-

ness had no effect upon him.

"I wish to see my daughter, madame!" he

exclaimed, abruptly.

The nun smiled as she replied, "That is very easy. Take the trouble to follow me.' The Sister made him walk in front of her, and they went through a series of rooms in which the inmates of the institution were working actively.

"These are our workshops, sir," she said. "All the women you see here are homeless orphans, and we keep them busy without distinction of creed or nationality. All we ask of them is: 'Are you unhappy, and do you need work?'"

Courcier gave vent to a grunt. The Sister thought it was a mark of approbation, and

"When we discover superior intelligence among any of them we place her in the dressmaking department. See! There is a

little girl over there who will shortly become an apprentice to a milliner. She will earn A week ago she was four francs a day. taken to the police station because she was starving and homeless."

Courcier made a gesture of impatience.

"I asked to see my daughter," he said, rather testily.

The Sister smiled, and, pointing to the extreme end of the hall, said:

" She is over there, sir."

More moved than he cared to appear, Courcier passed through the rest of the rooms, all of which were crowded with girls of all ages, and finally he perceived his daughter dressed in the plain and sombre uniform of the institution. She was working, bending over a table, and her back was turned to the visitors. Courcier felt a choking sensation in his throat, and for some moments he stood still, silently watching his daughter. At that moment something attracted her attention and she raised her head. Then, recognizing her father, she uttered a cry of joy and sprung The Superior had discreetly into his arms. retired to another room, and the father and daughter were alone. They looked at each other as though they could hardly believe they were once more united. Then Gilberte clasped her hands joyfully, and exclaimed:

"Oh, father, how happy I am to see you!" This cry, which came so sincerely and so passionately from her heart, made Courcier

think to himself:

"How could I have stayed away so long? Was I mad?'

Then he looked again at her clothes, and a new bitterness came upon him. He said:

"And is this the costume I am to find you in?"

She threw her arms around his neck and

whispered softly

" Does this uniform make me any less your daughter? Believe me, I have only learned here to love you better. My only consolation was to talk of you to good Sister Theresa. She encouraged me, and when I felt sad at our separation, she assured me that you would come for me one day.

The Deputy looked at her fixedly, and said

"Suppose I told you that my life had been broken up by your departure and I wanted you back?"

She lowered her head and replied: "It would be my duty to return."

Courcier's lips trembled as he exclaimed:

"Well, Gilberte, I want you to come back You shall be free to do what you think best, but you must never leave me again. Now," he continued, "I have something to give you that will please you.'

He took hold of a sheet of paper lying on the table, and wrote on it these words: "I authorize my daughter Gilberte to marry M. Henri Trésorier," and he signed it. he held out the paper to her, saying:

"Here, child, this will be your reward for

all I have done to you.

After reading what he had written, Gilberte uttered a cry, grew deathly pale, and almost fainted in her father's arms, and for some minutes she remained thus, locked in his arms, and he caressing her hair as he had often done when she was a child.

Henri Trésorier and Gilberte were married at the Church of Saint-Honoré d'Eylau. The Abbé de Brossard officiated, and Courcier was present at the ceremony. All the prominent members of the Chamber were present—the Radicals to do honor to Gilberte's father, the Conservatives in respect for the Trésorier family. On leaving the church Courcier offered his arm to the Baroness Trésorier, and behind his daughter and son-inlaw followed the magnificently attired suisse who opened the wedding march.

As the newly married couple climbed into their carriage to go to the hotel in the Rue de Presbourg, where the luncheon was spread, Madame Trésorier said to the Dep-

uty:
"You will come in my carriage, won't you,

Monsieur Courcier?'

And the successor of Blanqui replied, with his most amiable smile:

"Willingly, madame."





Walter Besant has a propensity for the unexpected, the abstract, and the unreal. His characters are always making useless sacrifices for unworthy objects; he separates and brings them together again in a most extraordinary way, and they are often too dull and unhuman to inspire any interest whatever. Prolific, Besant certainly is, and his reputation as a novelist is wide and well-deserved, but the collection of short stories—eleven in number—which has been issued by the Harpers, does not show the newly knighted author at his best.

The most of these tales are more or less familiar, as they have appeared singly in public print from time to time. The opening and longest story, which gives the book its name, "In Deacon's Orders," is a study of about the most profound hypocrite in this class of literature. The man is utterly despicable, yet a woman's whole life is spoiled by her foolish love for him. "Peer and Heiress" is a conventional sketch; "The Equal Woman" an absurdity; "To the Third and Fourth Generation" a tale of distorted imagination.

"Quarantine Island" is the best of the collection, for its romance is pleasing and its story agreeable. The rest are scarcely worthy of mention. (Harper & Brother, New York.)

"The Journal of a Spy in Paris" (Harper & Bros., New York) intimates in its title that it is a chronicle of life in that city during the Revolution. The events recorded all took place during the fearful months of January to July, 1794. Raoul Hesdin, the name given as author, was probably used as a blind by the writer, who was obviously an Englishman. The book was apparently compiled in haste, and its construction is a peculiar mingling of

the English and French idiom. Hesdin, as he calls himself, was in a position, though how is not clearly defined, to know and ob-serve the inside workings of the affairs of State, which he jotted down in his journal, together with his impressions of the Reign of Terror. His description of the famine, the struggling of the starving masses at the provision markets, the frightful outrages of justice and humanity to which innocent citizens were subjected is graphic in the extreme; and his picture of the blood-stained streets of fair Paris, the tumbrils groaning under their living weight, and the ever-active guillotine is vivid with horror. Though this Journal dwells especially upon these terrible deeds and suffering, and is full of sympathy for the wretched victims, it really sheds no new light on the period; and while all students will read the fragmentary notes with interest, the casual reader will find in them nothing but horror, deep, dire, and bloody.

An excellent story for girls is "Cousin Mona," by Rose Nouchette Cary. Though the tale is rather conventional-indeed, it may claim kinship with many others to be found in Sunday-school libraries-it is well told, and full of pure influence and high morals without being prosy. Two orphan sisters have to separate: one-beautiful, careless, and selfish-making her home with wealthy relatives; the other-plain, serious, and thoughtful—going to a cheerless, doleful place, which she soon transforms by her sunshiny and sacrificing spirit. In the end it is found that the second sister made the better choice. Like all books of this kind, it concludes happily with the jingle of wedding bells, the good girl is duly rewarded, and the other properly repentant. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

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As fresh and fragrant as the wood-flower; as clear and pure as the mountain spring; as musical as the singing stream, dimpling in the sun, is Henry van Dyke's "Little Rivers" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). So exquisitely written a book is rare indeed. The delicacy of the style, the radiancy of the rhetoric, and the loveliness and truth of the nature in "Little Rivers" are a delight to the mind and a solace to the spirit. One feels the drowsiness of the noon-day and the restfulness of the meadow, as the warm light filters through the shifting leaves; one hears the soft, rippling plash of the gentle stream, making its way through verdant fields, and the swift whirr of the bird on the wing. The

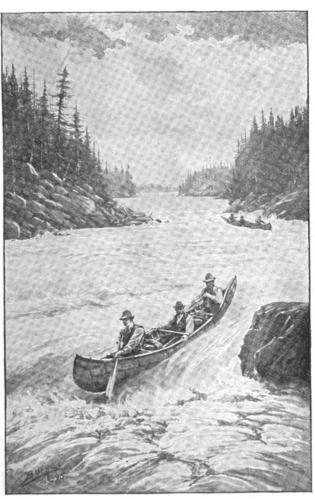
friendship of nature is keenly felt and understood by Henry van Dyke; he knows his rivers and his glens, and, what is better, he has the divine quality of transporting his readers to the breezy heights and mossy dells he treads. Smooth and dainty is his narrative; light and frolicsome are his deviations; convincing is his philosophy, and so high his ideals that they seem to touch the arch of Heaven; yet so human is the man through all this imagery that his warm heartbeats pulsate through every No more need any one lament the lost art of the essayist. Here is as rare and fine an essavist as time could give; each separate chapter, complete in itself, is a polished gem, and strung together on a golden thread they make a chain worth telling over and over again. A distinct and separate interest in "Little Rivers" is the dissertation on fishes and fishing, for Mr. van Dyke is an enthusiastic angler. He has sought the elusive trout and darting salmon in many waters, and relates these escapades with great zest. He is a sportsman as well as a naturalist, a traveller and a scholar, a poet and philosopher, but above all, the friend of his reader.

It is announced that Anthony Hope will drop the short story fad and devote

himself to the writing of larger books. This is gratifying information, for with his vigorous imagination and constructive ability, it seems a pity for Mr. Hope to waste his time on the frothy dialogues and short stories he has ground out lately.

"The Vikings of To-day," by W. T. Grenfeld, deals with the people, customs, and resources of Labrador, a part of our country but little known. The book is to be issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Marion Crawford has lost none of his dramatic power, and his imagination is ever fer-



Down the Periborica.

From "Little Rivers," copyright, 1835, by Chas, Scribner's Sons.



From "Casa Braccio." Copyright, 1895, by Macmillan & Co.

tile. In "Casa Braccio," however, one misses the fervid interest, the absorbing magnetism of some of his former works of the same genre—" Saracinesca," for instance. Then, too, this latest and, by the way, twenty-fifth novel, is not written with the care and detail that characterize his previous books, and one is almost vexed at the lack of continuity in the two-volume "Casa Braccio," The Sister Maria Addolorata, the nun against her will, who compels our sympathy in her human waywardness and flight; the grim, adventuresome Dalrymple, who virtually forces her to leave the convent, thrill us with admiring awe at their strange escape; we are full of interest, when, presto! another chapter years have elapsed and we are calmly, almost carelessly, told that Maria is dead. daughter, who is the second heroine, is a selfish, vain, and incomprehensibly deceitful woman, lying to husband and lover alike. Donna Francesca, although constantly referred to as everyone's good angel, causes pain unwittingly to the three characters with whom she is principally concerned. There

is no real end to the story. All in all, "Casa Braccio" cannot be called a satisfactory novel; it holds attention during perusal, but the reflections it awakens are those of a promise unfulfilled. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The ubiquitous Kipling is said to be writing a play, and the information is made more harrowing by the further allegation that the heroine will be a Nautch girl.

Henry van Dyke, whose delightful "Little Rivers" is elsewhere referred to, is widely known in two distinct and separate fields.

A profound, erudite, and sympathetic theologian, he has been pastor of the historic old brick church, Fifth Avenue and Thirty - seventh Street, New York, for thirteen years, gathering around him a strong and highly intellectual congregation, and disseminating the wholesome truth and beauty of his religious convictions. The most familiar of his contributions to American literature are "The Poetry of Tennyson," widely recognized as the stand-

ard authority and bearing the stamp of the poet's own approval; "The Christ-child in Art," "The Reality of Religion," "The Story of the Psalms," "Straight Sermons," "The Sin of Literary Piracy," and a number of short stories, fanciful and allegorical.

A number of the editorial writings of Edwin Lawrence Godkin, editor of the New York Evening Post, have been collected and published by the Scribners under the title of "Reflections and Comments." Sketches of the life and work of Mr. Godkin, accompanied by portraits, appear in the February issues of the Bookman and the Book Buyer.

"An Excellent Knave" is the significant title of J. Fitzgerald Molloy's latest novel, published by Lovell, Coryell & Company, New York.

The activity in the publishing world promises to be unusually great next fall.

"Stonepastures," by Eleanor Stuart (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is set down as a transcript of life in the mining district—probably in Pennsylvania, though no definite territory is stated. The author has a peculiar, jagged, blunt style, and a way of saying tragic things in a decidedly humorous manner. One is not quite sure whether she means to be funny but one smiles all the same

means to be funny, but one smiles all the same. The heroine of "Stonepastures" is a ladybarber, who "talked and laughed while she lathered, but when she shaved she was silent." Surely a unique, but not attractive character. This lady-barber, Emma Butte, was to marry Jarlsen, a Swede and a miner, but on the wedding-day he was "blasted"—blown up, seared, singed, crippled, made deaf and blind. This often happened in a careless blast at Stonepastures. He was not killed, however, and Emma cared for him until he finally recovered sufficiently for their marriage.

Then there was Quarry, who took rum in his tea as early as 6 A.M. Quarry stole Emma's money while Jarlsen was helpless, and subsequently lost his life in attempting to fire the mine.

Another character is Jerry, the gentle undertaker, whose family were four striped cats. Jerry is described as being a rarely lovely man, extremely fond of prayers and hymns, and, consequently, women. This last deduction is not exactly clear, but Jerry was a kindly man, and his most bitter remark on record is thus set down: "My work's among the peaceful, and sometimes I thank God I hev it mostly among dead men, seein' what the live ones is like."

The book contains much quaint dialogue, and describes customs and manners that sound strangely to the uninitiated—more a part of some barbarous nation than our own civilized, Christianized country. For instance, the mock death-service for Jarlsen after the blast. The whole town assembled, the rural orators declaimed, and the children crunched the pretzels which the etiquette of the blastrite provided.

William O. Stoddard has put forth another story—one of his home tales for boys and girls. "The Partners" is the name given to it, and it is just such a story as boys and girls love to read. Sam and Nelly are healthful, happy, practical little souls, whose independent efforts accomplish their desired object.

The style of the book is bright and colloquial, for Mr. Stoddard knows his readers from long experience, and this new volume is a worthy companion for its entertaining predecessors. The illustrations are by Albert Scott Cox. (Lathrop Publishing Co., Boston.)

"'Cension," a sketch from Paso Del Norte, by Maude Mason Austin, is issued by Harper & Brother in their Little Novels series.

The story is the oft-told one of a trusting Spanish girl in love with a villain. In this particular instance, however, she is happily rescued by her watchful brother before vital harm is done. The author is well aware of the age and generality of her theme, for in closing her brief, but well-written, tale, she exclaims, "Alas, it is only the same old story!" and quotes

"The tale repeated o'er and o'er,

With change of place and change of name, Disguised, transformed, and yet the same We've heard a hundred times before."

The Scribners announce a new book by Frances Hodgson Burnett, which is a distinct departure from her usual style, and which, they say, will make a sensation in finde-siècle literature. "A Lady of Quality" the title; the period and language of the story are of the time of Queen Anne, and the central figure is a young woman of imperious nature who has been brought up as a boy by her father. The result of her early surroundings and unrestraining influences, together with her awakening to the consequences, and her atonement for past recklessness, afford fine opportunity for dramatic writing and analytic delineation. We have had problem novels innumerable of late. One from Mrs. Burnett, heretofore a writer of pleasant themes, will be awaited with interest.

An entertaining account of Robert Louis Stevenson's first landing in New York, and his lodging at a primitive hotel in West Street, appeared in the February Book Buyer. It was in the spring of 1879, but the house still stands down in West Street, and a visit to it would doubtless be interesting to every lover of Stevenson, as it would give a closer understanding of the man's simplicity and his uncomplaining deportment in the midst of discomfort and in a strange land. His own humorous comments on the experience but emphasize his kindly spirit and the gentle geniality of one of the most remarkable figures in contemporary fiction.

W. D. Howells leaves Altruria and his one hundredth and ninety-ninth novel long enough to indulge in a little spasm of indignation at tobacco-chewers and expectorators, whom he would like to see arrested. Another barbarism that riles the gentle novelist is the theatre hat. He thinks that managers should charge half a dollar extra for certain seats with a guarantee that no obstruction would hide the stage from that particular location.



"WITH LINCOLN AT THE WHITE HOUSE."

THE second instalment of Mr. Carpenter's "Recollections of Lincoln," which appears in this number, is noteworthy for the very rare engravings therein reproduced. These illustrations, many of which are exclusive, lend much interest and historic value to an article of great historic value in itself. One distinguishing quality of these Lincoln articles is the personal and colloquial style in which Mr. Carpenter has described the events that passed during his intimate acquaintance with the President and his association with the This knowledge enables him to write authoritatively, and to chronicle many incidents hitherto unpublished. By this the historic value of these papers is emphasized, and they will prove most interesting to students, historians, and collectors of biography, while they cannot fail to interest the general reader.

"Cuba's Struggle for Freedom" will be specially noted as the first magazine article on a subject which occupies a large share of public attention at the present time, and which bears great contemporary political import. As American sympathy is swayed toward the revolutionists who are making so brave a fight for liberty, all American people are watching eagerly the outcome of the struggle, and some information concerning the history of the outbreak, the lives and customs of the Cubans, is particularly appropriate just now.

The April number of "American Naval Herocs" devotes considerable space to a favorite character in history and romance—John Paul Jones—describing his first engagements and his many victories, as well as his famous action of running up the American flag to the mast-head for the first time.

In the second instalment of Judge Mackey's "Short Life of Robert E. Lee," he passes from the ancestral members of the family and describes the commander's early life, with which the general public is not so conversant as with his later record as a soldier. For this reason the second article will be particularly interesting.

All of the literary matter in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE is of a high grade of merit and of a distinctly American tone, thus preserving the publishers' intention to make this Magazine a thoroughly high-class journal—of timely topics and fine illustrations—which will interest, instruct, and entertain all classes of readers, and be a credit to the magazine literature of America.

The first instalment of the new department of progress will appear in the May Peterson. It is our intention in this department to chronicle all advancement in the way of science and invention; to describe all discoveries and improvements in mechanics and medicine; all new ideas in literature, art, and education, making a complete record of progress the world over. This department, when started, will become a regular feature of The Peterson Magazine, and will be appropriately illustrated by competent artists.

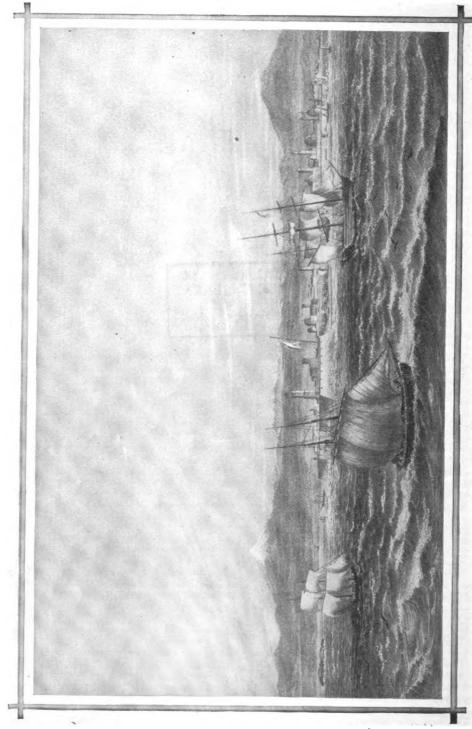
GLASS MANDOLINS.—Lovers of sweet music will be interested in the new glass mandolin offered in our advertising columns by a progressive Ohio firm. The instrument is not a toy, but serviceable and practical. It is highly recommended by expert mandolin players for its purity and sweetness of tone. The advertisers offer the instrument at a reduced rate for a limited time.

ILL-TEMPERED BABIES are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill-temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

"THE General Conference of the Methodist Church," with photographs of leading divines, will be a noteworthy article in the May PETERSON. As the conference will be held next month to debate the advisability of admitting women to vote as delegates, the appearance of this article will be most appropriate, and as it ably discusses both sides of the question, it will be read with interest by all concerned.

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THE

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NEW SERIES-VOL. VI.

MAY, 1896.

No. 5.

General Robert E. Lee,*

The Soldier and the Man.

BY T. J. MACKEY,

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.

APTAIN ROBERT E. LEE, of the Corps of Engineers, while engaged for nearly four years in constructing a system of levees along the banks of the Upper Mississippi, became a familiar figure to the planters and steamboatmen of that section.

He was regarded by them and by the people of St. Louis as a public benefactor.

When he entered upon that important work in 1837 there were not less than one thousand square miles of farm lands buried under the waste of waters, and the river had changed its course so as to trend over to the Illinois shore, threatening to leave the city of St. Louis "high and dry."

But before his departure for another field of duty, in December, 1840, the submerged plantations were reclaimed to cultivation, and the mighty river, whose uncurbed waves had converted a wide belt of populated territory into an inland sea, was guided back by his engineering skill into its ancient and natural channel, and moved in its appointed course

" as a steed That knows his rider."

I cite the following letter, written by him to his wife shortly before his transfer to the Department of the East, as it illustrates that gracious simplicity of his nature which in after years, amid the stern exigencies and in the deadly conflict of internecine war, ever shed its benign radiance upon his character, and was as inseparable from his life as the glow of the iris from the lustre of the pearl:

"St. Louis, September 4, 1840. " . . . A few evenings since, feeling lonesome, as the saying is, and out of sorts, I got on a horse and took a ride. On returning through the lower part of the town I saw a number of little girls all dressed up in their white frocks and pantalets, their hair plaited and tied up with ribbons, running and chas-ing each other in all directions. I counted twenty-three, nearly the same size. As I drew up my horse to admire the spectacle a man appeared at the door with the twentyfourth in his arms.
"'My friend,' said I, 'are all these your

children?'
''Yes,' he said, 'and there are nine more in the house, and this is the youngest.'

* Begun in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for March.



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL SCOTT.

"Upon further inquiry, however, I found that they were only temporarily his, and that they were invited to a party at his house. He said that he had been admiring them before I came up, and just wished that he had a million of dollars, and that they were all his in reality. I do not think the eldest exceeded seven or eight years. It was the prettiest sight I have seen in the West, and perhaps in my life."

After filing his report in the War Department, he was engaged for several months on topographical work in the Engineer Bureau—a most welcome assignment to him, as it was near his home.

While so engaged, an incident occurred which shows that the Captain of Engineers, notwithstanding his natural dignity of manner and commanding soldierly presence, could indulge himself occasionally with some rather "high jinks."

While riding down Pennsylvania

Avenue, in Washington, on a hot afternoon in midsummer, he espied his friend, Captain Macomb, of the Artillery, sauntering in the wake of a gay throng of promenaders on that most magnificent boulevard, and called out to him, "Come, Macomb, get up behind me and dine with me at Arlington."

With the word Macomb vaulted to a seat behind the saddle, and the dual mount trotted on; but the gayety of the occasion was soon eclipsed by their meeting several members of the Cabinet returning from the White House, whom they saluted in passing, and who were vastly astonished at the spectacle—one of them, the Hon. Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, declaring that he could hardly believe his own eves, and thought for the moment he "saw double," which in fact he did.

In the autumn of 1841 Captain Lee was assigned to the duty of fortifying the harbor of New York City by extending the works already established and locat-

ing others to command all the ap-

proaches on the water front.

He was engaged on that important work, with his headquarters at Fort Hamilton, when in January, 1846, he was ordered to report to Major-General Zachary Taylor, then in command of the "United States Army of Occupation" on the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, Mexico.

War between the United States and the Republic of Mexico had been imminent for nearly two years, being averted only by the generous forbearance of the former government. Some of our latter-day historians refer to our war with Mexico as an "unholy war," and yet the undeniable historic facts attest that on the part of the United States the justifi-

cation was perfect, and that it was entered into in defence of the national honor and to maintain the territorial integrity and preserve the existence of a State in the Union whose soil was being invaded by the armed forces of Mexico.

A brief recital of the events that led up to that war will serve to show that the laurels that crowned American soldiers who bore the nation's starry ensign in triumph on those fields afar cannot be justly smirched by the imputation that they were won in an unjust cause.

The Kepublic of Texas, having maintained its independence through a war of nine years with Mexico, applied for admission into the United States in March, 1844. Her application was pending before Congress when the presidential election was held in November of that year, and the Democratic candidate for the presidency, James K. Polk, was elected by a large majority on a platform that made annexation the main issue of the campaign. He received the electoral votes of every Southern State except North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky, while the following Northern States also declared by their unanimous vote in the Electoral College that they were in favor of admitting Texas into the Union, notwithstanding the threat of Mexico that she would consider such admission a just cause for war with the United States—namely, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire, New York, and Pennsylvania.

Congress, obeying the mandate of the people, passed an act on January 10, 1845, providing for the annexation of Texas, which being ratified by the Lone Star Republic on July 4 of that year, it became the twentyeighth State of the American Union.

I should observe that prior to its admission into the Union the independence of the Republic of Texas had been formally acknowledged by England, France, Prussia, and Spain.

Mexico resolved to annul that act by force of arms, and with her trenchant sword-blade cut out from the blue field of the national ensign the last star placed there to symbolize an American State. Evidently, in the blindness of her fury, she did not perceive that

- "Above the swelling, tossing flag, On Freedom's gale outblown, With talons stretched and eyes ablaze The eagle guards its own.
- "From side to side its fearsome head In restless watch is swung, And woe betide the foe on whom That burning glance is flung.
- "Beneath its wing America Sits regnant and adored, The olive in her strong white hand, Within her reach the sword."

Mexico did not stand upon the order of her attack, but attacked at once. On April 24, 1846, Captain Thornton, commanding a company of the Second Dragoons numbering 78 men, was ambuscaded by a body of six or seven hundred Mexican cavalry while on the soil of Texas, and after a gallant resistance was forced to surrender, 22 of his command having been killed and 40 wounded.

On May 8 General Taylor's army, but 3000 strong, was attacked at Palo Alto by a Mexican army numbering 7000 men of all arms, under the command of General Arista. The attack was repulsed after a battle of three hours, our forces capturing two batteries and 500 prisoners, among whom was Major-General La Vega.

Arista, being heavily reënforced, renewed the attack on the following day at Resaca de la Palma (Ravine of Palms), and was signally defeated, losing 1000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners, while Taylor's loss did not exceed 110. On May 18 the American army crossed the Rio Grande, and for the first time entered upon the soil of Mexico, taking possession of Matamoras, after a brief engagement.

Ten days later Congress passed a resolution declaring that war existed between the United States and Mexico, and further resolved that the war should be prosecuted "until we shall have obtained just indemnity for the past and ample security for the fu-



STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

ture." In response to the call of President Polk for 30,000 volunteers, 198,000 were offered, and 67,000 were accepted by authority of Congress. Captain Lee bore an honorable part in the operations that I have noted, and was then attached to the staff of General Wool, who commanded the column that was to operate against the Northern States of Mexico.

In January, 1847, the Government of the United States determined to transfer the war from the border of Mexico to the interior of that republic, and strike at its very heart by marching an army against its capital.

It was a large contract, for the city of Mexico, renowned in song and story, stood 8000 feet above sea level, 285 miles inland, and was approach-

able only along artificial causeways that were commanded by the guns of many strong forts, and could be swept by the fire of musketry from its high and massive walls.

The Republic of Mexico was no mean military power, for it was composed of eighteen federated States with an aggregate population of 8,000,000, and had a standing army 120,000 strong, well armed and equipped, the muskets of its infantry all bearing the Tower of London proof stamp, and the sabres and lances of its cavalry the trade-marks of Sheffield manufacturers. Hertroops carried on their colors the prestige of victories won over the veterans of Spain and France in the wars of 1823 and 1839 with those powers.

The army charged with the duty of exacting from the truculent and haughty Mexicans "indemnity for the past and security for the future" assembled at Tampico and at Labos Island, in the Gulf of Mex-

ico, in the early days of February, 1847. It was in numerical strength a most inadequate representation of the military power of a nation with a warlike population numbering 25,-000,000, its total rank and file being but 13,000.

The statesmen who then administered the government of the United States did not perceive that in war the adequate policy is always the best.

Small as it was, however, the American people, in a spirit of patriotic exaltation, believed it to be invincible, and the event justified their confidence. On the points of its everadvancing swords and bayonets it bore the flag of the Great Republic in triumph over a hostile people who

had never looked upon its benign folds, and into tropic regions where brighter stars than ours shine upon the forehead of the night and a more resplendent sun lights up the blush of morning.

It was commanded by Major-General Winfield Scott, the hero of the battles of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Queenstown Heights, where he wrested victory from that renowned British infantry which had defeated Napoleon's veteran legions in the

Spanish peninsula.

General Scott, on his visit to London in 1838, was pronounced by a British military critic, "the most magnificent-looking soldier in the world." Sidney Smith, who in his bitter hostility to all that was American, had scornfully asked the question, "Who reads an American book?" wrote of him at that time, "I saw Scott, the American general, in front of Westminster Abbey to-day. He looks like a walking cathedral."

The grand Virginian was indeed of heroic mould, standing six feet seven inches in height and perfectly proportioned. Although he had attained his sixty-first year, time had not dimmed the lustre of his eye nor marred his soldierly bearing. In organizing his brilliant personal staff he displayed the most happy prescience by the appointment of Captain Robert E. Lee as his Chief Engineer, a name to be forever worthily associated with his own in the martial annals of his country.

On March 9, 1847, under cover of the shotted guns of 24 war ships, composing the United States fleet, commanded by Commodore Connor, the army was landed at Sacrificios, ten miles below Vera Cruz, in 75 surf boats, each conveying 100 men.

The army on the following day took up positions within a mile of the city on its north and east fronts, and three days later Captain Lee made a close and daring reconnaissance of



GENERAL SCOTT ENTERING THE CITY OF MEXICO.



THE BATTLE OF CONTRERAS.

the Mexican lines, supported by the First New York Volunteers and the Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina.

I was che junior soldier of this latter regiment, and the youngest ever mustered into the line of the United States Army, not having reached my fifteenth year, and nearly all my comrades of that famous command were but in the tender gristle of youth and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood when more than one half their number fell in battle.

Ground was broken on our siege lines March 13, Captain Lee in person designating the positions of the batteries, which were built with bags of sand, and from 800 to 1000 yards away from the city walls that rose grimly before us of rock masonry sixteen feet in height and five feet in thickness, having a line of forts commanding all approaches that mounted 200 guns.

Three fourths of a mile south of Vera Cruz, which had a population of 40,000, stood on an island the great fortress known as the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, built of white coral rock, and mounting 400 heavy guns. The garrisons of the Castle and city numbered 2000, and 8000 officers and soldiers respectively, all under the command of Major-General Morales.

On the morning of March 22 General Scott summoned the Mexican commander to surrender, the demand being borne by Captain Lee under a flag of truce. The demand being refused, two days were allowed for noncombatants to retire from the city, and on March 25 we opened fire with 60 guns and 40 mortars.

At the naval battery, manned by 300 sailors from the fleet, Lee's brother, Lieutenant Sydney Smith Lee, of the Navy, was stationed. It was at the most advanced point on our line of investment, and the two brothers, side by side, received their baptism of fire. In a letter written by Captain Lee to a friend from Vera Cruz at the close of the bombardment he referred to the execution done by the naval battery, and thus described his feelings upon that occasion.

"The first day this battery opened, Smith

[his brother—two years his senior] served one of the guns. I had constructed the batterv, and was there to direct its fire. No matter where I turned, my eyes reverted to him, and I stood by his gun whenever I was not wanted elsewhere. Oh, I felt awfully, and am at a loss to know what I should have done had he been cut down before me. thank God that he was saved! He preserved his usual cheerfulness, and I could see his white teeth through all the din and smoke of the fire. I had placed three 32 and three 68-pounder guns in position. Their fire was terrific, and the shells thrown from the battery were constant and regular discharges, so beautiful in their flight and so destructive in their fall. It was awful! My heart bled for the inhabitants of the city. The soldiers I did not care so much for, but it was terrible to think of the women and children.

The Mexican forces capitulated on March 29, and we took possession of Vera Cruz and the Castle. General

Scott then found himself in a very perplexing situation, and his flood-tide of victory seemed about to recede and leave him and his army

"... bound in shallows and in miseries."

It was a grave conjuncture in his affairs; but Lee's timely counsel enabled him to meet it decisively and successfully.

The army was without transportation either for wagon train or artillery, and vet it was essential that it should march into the interior within ten days, as the sickly season was near at hand, when the deadly vomito (yellow fever) would sweep along the coast, and the troops smitten by pestilence would suffer the fate of the host of Sennacherib, that perished in its tents when

"The angel of death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed on the face of each foe as he passed."

Yet not a hide or hair of horse or mule was to be found, as the Mexicans had driven them far into the interior, where they were concealed on remote ranches or in the dense forests and mountain fastnesses.

In that serious crisis a person called upon General Scott at his marquee, and announcing himself as Colonel Tom Kinney, of Texas, offered to furnish the 6000 mules and horses required at \$150 per head, provided that he was paid \$50,000 in advance in gold coin.

The man who

"Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night And would have told him half his Troy was burned."

did not surprise the great Trojan more



MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP KEARNY.

than the strange Texan's audacious demand surprised General Scott.

To the question, "What security will you give me for this Government money?" he answered, "My word of honor;" and he added, "Captain Lee, of the Engineers, knows that I am a man of my word, and will do what I

agree to do."

Lee was sent for, and stated that he knew Kinney well, as a Virginian of good thoroughbred stock, who had borne an honorable part in the war for the independence of Texas; that he was a thorough man of affairs, fertile in resources, always true to his word; that he had recently supplied mules to General Wool's division at Saltillo, and had no doubt that Colonel Kinney would furnish the needed number of horses and mules, if the advance that he required was paid to him.

"Well," said the general, "Captain Lee's endorsement of you goes. When do you want this money paid to you, and when will you deliver the mules?"

His answer was, "I must have the money now. I will deliver the mules within three days."

The order was drawn upon the chief paymaster, and although it was nine o'clock at night the gold coin was delivered. It was in tied and sealed bags, each containing \$5000, the ten weighing over 200 pounds.

He had a volante or Mexican cab to transport it and four Texas rangers as a guard. He was also furnished at his request with a pass to go through our lines by day or night with his attendants.

Early the next morning Lee was summoned to the presence of General Scott, who in high dudgeon said to him, "Captain Lee, write me down an ass. I have learned that your man Kinney, on receiving the \$50,000 in gold last night, went to the saloon of the Fonda Nacional (National Hotel), where many paroled Mexican officers had gathered, and ordered champagne and the finest brandy and wines for the crowd that soon assembled to the number of several hun-

dred; that he even had baskets of champagne costing \$5 a bottle set out on the pavement for the rabble of Mexican soldiers to help themselves, and he also threw gold coin by the handful into the street for them to scramble for. I have also learned from an eye-witness that the carousal was kept up for an hour or more, and when the barkeeper handed him his bill he pushed an open bag of the gold toward the man and told him to help himself, which he did do, and then Kinney handed the bag with its contents to Colonel Sobrino, a Mexican officer, and told him he could keep it for himself and friends.

"I ordered out a sergeant and file of men to arrest him and bring him before me, but learn that he has disappeared from our lines. So you can

write me down an ass.''

Captain Lee reiterated his assurance that the daring Kinney would prove his good faith, and show himself equal to the emergency. Still the general was greatly perplexed, for until he secured the requisite transportation to mobilize his army it would lie

" As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean,"

and ere many days had passed the grim pestilence might be stalking through its encampments.

Three days later Kinney rode into our lines at the head of what seemed to be an endless drove of mules. There were nearly 7000 of them, and in their multitudinous braying the great commander heard the trump of fame, for it told him that his army could advance to where victory waited to crown it with brighter laurels.

I learned later that the lavish way in which the diplomatic Kinney scattered gold coin around so impressed certain paroled Mexican officers with the idea that he had boundless wealth, that they revealed to him the places where thousands of mules were concealed, he paying them \$25 for each animal thus procured, which was as cheap as the syndicate could afford to steal them.

All the wheels were in motion before the close of another week, and on April 14 we were aligned upon a lofty plateau of the tierra alto (highlands) 30 miles inland, on the national road to the capital of Mexico. That road ran through the pass of Cerro Gordo, but our advance through it was barred by a Mexican army 25,000 strong posted on the rocky heights above it, under the command of the redoubtable General Santa Anna, the President of the Republic of Mexico.

On the crest of the overhanging fortress built by the hand of nature, 100 cannon, having a cross-fire on every approach to the pass, were posted ready to hurl their red ruin down upon us.

But the genius of Lee, that never failed to find a path to victory or make one, overcame the apparently insurmountable barriers that baffled the skill of the commanding general.

In the following letter to his wife, written seven days after the battle of Cerro Gordo, Captain Lee graphically describes the events that preceded and followed the disastrous defeat of the Mexicans in that battle on April 18, 1847:

"The advance of the American troops under Generals Patterson and Twiggs were encamped at the Plano del Rio, and three miles to their front Santa Anna and his army were intrenched in the pass of Cerro Gordo, which was remarkably strong. The right of the Mexican line rested on the river at a perpendicular rock unscalable by man or beast, and their left on impassable ravines. The main road was defended by field works containing 35 cannon; in their rear was the mountain of Cerro Gordo surrounded by intrenchments in which were cannon, and crowned by a tower overlooking all. It was around this army that it was intended to lead our troops. I reconneitred the ground in the direction of the ravines on their left, and passed around the enemy's rear. On the 16th a party was set to work cutting out the road; on the 17th I led General Twiggs's division in the rear of a hill in front of Cerro Gordo, and in the afternoon, when it became necessary to drive them from the hill where we intended to construct a battery at night, the first intimation of our presence or intention was known. During all that night we were at work in constructing the battery. getting up the guns, ammunition, etc., and they in strengthening their defences on Cerro Gordo. Soon after sunrise our batteries opened, and I started with a column to turn their left and get out on the Jalapa Road. Notwithstanding their efforts to prevent this we were perfectly successful, and the working party following our footsteps cut out the road for the artillery. mean time our storming party had reached the crest of Cerro Gordo, and seeing their whole left turned and our position on the Jalapa Road, the enemy broke and fled. All their cannon, arms, and ammunition and the most of their men fell into our hands. Those in the pass laid down their arms. The papers cannot tell you what a horrible sight a field of battle is, nor will I, owing to my accompanying General Twiggs's division in the pursuit, and being since constantly in the advance. This morning I attended the Episcopal service within the castle (Perote), and endeavored to give thanks to our heavenly Father for all His mercies to me, for His preservation of me through all the dangers I have passed, and all the blessings which He has bestowed upon me. In ad-We must trust to an vance all is uncertain. We must trust to an overruling Providence, by whom we will be governed for the best, and to our own re-

The limited space necessarily allotted to this article will not permit me to give more than a mere glance at the part borne by Robert E. Lee in the splendid victories achieved by the American army in the Valley of Mexico, where in every battle it attacked an enemy that outnumbered it not less than three to one, posted in positions of great natural strength, that were fortified by skilful engineers.

On the afternoon of August 17, 1847, General Scott's army, but 10,000 strong, looked down for the first time on the famed Valley of Mexico, and beheld its magnificent capital with the golden crosses of its 160 churches glittering in the light of the setting sun.

The scene was made more impressive to us by the long lines of soldiery, clad in blue and gold, whose heavily massed infantry and artillery stood ready to bar our further advance, while of their cavalry, whose squadrons, with their green and yellow guidons, stretched away into the dim distance, it could truly be said,

"The sheen of the spears was like stars on the sea.

When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee."

Our first blow fell upon the enemy

at Contreras, where we attacked him in reverse, Lee by a skilful and daring reconnaissance having discovered a line of approach to the rear of the Mexican position, which their general had deemed impracticable. General Scott wrote in a dispatch sent off just before the battle: "I have sent seven officers since sundown to communicate instructions; they all returned without getting through, except the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee, of the Engineers; he having passed over the difficult ground by daylight, found it just possible to return on foot and alone in the dark, the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual to my knowledge in the campaign."

On the same day (August 20) we fought and won four battles successively at and near Cherubusco, Lee guiding around the enemy's left flank Worth's division of regulars, the first to attack

He was equally conspicuous at Molino del Rey (King's Mills) on September 8, where, upon our first assault being repulsed, the Mexicans sallied out from their works and cut the throats of our wounded officers and soldiers left upon the field, in full view of our whole army. The deed of savage atrocity was quickly avenged by our troops, who rallied and carried the position with their bayonets.

Lee led the assault on the east bastion of the Castle of Chapultepec, on September 13, where he was severely wounded in the left arm, but entered the capital at the head of the storming columns, when at half-past one o'clock on the afternoon of September 13, 1847, the Palmetto flag of South Carolina was planted on the walls of the City of Mexico, the first foreign ensign to wave over that spot since Hernando Cortez with his steelclad knights had there, three hundred and twenty years before, unfurled the royal standard of Spain.

On Scott's triumphal entry at the head of the army into the grand plaza or principal square of the city at noon the next day, Lee rode at his right, while the folds of "Old Glory" were unfurled to the winds over the "Halls

of the Montezumas." There, too, with their battle-scarred commands, proudly wearing their well-won laurels, stood many youthful officers who in future years and in a mightier war won honorable renown as commanders of great armies.

Among them were Ulysses S. Grant, Second Lieutenant Fourth Infantry; George G. Meade and George B. McClellan, Lieutenants Topographical Engineers; Winfield Scott Hancock, Second Lieutenant Sixth Infantry; John Sedgwick and Joseph Hooker, Lieutenants of Artillery; Ambrose E. Burnside, Lieutenant Seventh Infantry; George H. Thomas, Lieutenant Third Artillery; Irvin McDowell, Captain and Aide-de-Camp; Albert Sidney Johnston, Lieutenant-Colonel First Texas Rifles; Joseph E. Johnston, Lieutenant-Colonel of Voltigeurs; Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall), Second Lieutenant of Artillery; James Longstreet, Lieutenant Fourth Infantry, and many others whose names justly hold high places on the roll of military fame.

General Scott, referring, in 1858, to this glorious campaign, said of Lee, who came out of it as a Brevet-Colonel of Engineers:

"My success in the Mexican War was largely due to the skill and valor of Robert E. Lee. He is the greatest military genius in America; the best soldier I ever saw in the field, and if opportunity offer she will show himself the foremost captain of his time."

It is a well-authenticated fact that in the winter of 1861, when that grand old veteran of three of the nation's wars was asked by President Lincoln how it was that, after a campaign of less than three months, he took the capital of Mexico with an army not 10,000 strong, marching 300 miles, and yet, though at the head of an army of over 100,000 men, he had failed to take Richmond, that was only 115 miles away, General Scott answered: "Mr. President, that is readily explained: the military genius of Robert E. Lee, that was chiefly instrumental in enabling me to enter victoriously the capital of Mexico, is now keeping me out of the capital of Virginia.'

THE TRUE STORY OF EUGENE ARAM.

THE history of Eugene Aram is one of the most curious and extraordinary in the annals of famous crimes. The deed for which Aram suffered the death penalty was a most vulgar and atrocious one, having for its incentive the basest of motives—that of covetousness—but the circumstances under which the crime was committed and brought to light and the remarkable character of the criminal cast a halo of romance and sentiment around the offender, and inspired poet, novelist, and dramatist. with a fruitful subject for their pens. Bulwer Lytton, in his romance "Eugene Aram," and Thomas Hood, in his powerful ballad "The Dream of Eugene Aram," have both immortalized the wretched schoolmaster.

But Bulwer's story was necessarily untrue to the facts in many particulars. The novelist idealized Aram's character and depicted him as being far less sordid and free from earthly passions than he really was. For the purposes of his romance, too, he described him as a single man, and made him fall in love with and inspire love in a very beautiful girl. matter of fact, Aram was married very early in life to a woman who was his social and intellectual inferior, and, indeed, a very unlovely person. It was largely through his wife's offices that Aram's crime was discovered.

The true story of Eugene Aram is to be found in the pages of the old Newgate Calendar, an official register of crime issued in England over a hundred years ago and now out of print. This official record has furnished much of the material used in preparing this article.

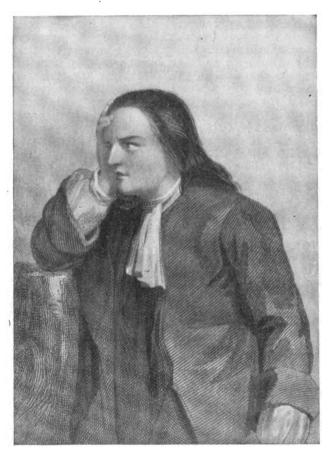
Eugene Aram was born of humble parents at Ramsgill, in Yorkshire, in 1704. One of his ancestors was high sheriff of Yorkshire in the reign of Edward III., but the family having met with misfortunes, Aram's father had sunk to a very low station

of life. He managed, however, to send his son Eugene to school near Rippon, where the boy showed an intense love for learning. school at an early age and went to London to officiate as clerk to a merchant. After a stay in London of two years he was taken with the small-pox, which left him in such a weak condition that he went back to Yorkshire for the recovery of his health. When convalescent, he found it necessary to do something for immediate subsistence, and accordingly took a position as usher in a boardinging-school; but not having been taught the dead languages, he was obliged to devote all his leisure hours to the closest study until he became an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. was gifted with a most extraordinary memory, and this helped him greatly in acquiring these languages.

In the year 1734 he was engaged as steward of an estate belonging to Mr. Norton, of Knaresborough, and while in this position he acquired a competent knowledge of Hebrew. At this period he married, but was far from being happy in the matrimonial relation.

Living in the same village as Aram was a shoemaker named Daniel Clark, with whom Aram was very friendly. This shoemaker, who had been recently married, boasted to Aram and others that his wife was related to very wealthy people, and that sooner or later he and she would come into a large fortune. It was on hearing this that Aram's cupidity was first aroused. He was comparatively a poor man himself, and he and his wife had difficulty in making both ends meet. Among Aram's other acquaintances was a man named Richard Houseman. He suggested to Aram that they might be able to make some money for themselves if they persuaded the shoemaker to induce his wife's relations to give him at once the fortune of which he had boasted. Aram then told Clark to make an ostentatious show of his own prosperity, his argument being that he would thus be able to persuade his relations to advance money, for the world in general is more ready to give money to persons who do not actually need assistance than to those who

such plate and jewels for shipment abroad, and no suspicion was entertained of his credit until his sudden disappearance in February, 1745, when it was imagined that he had gone abroad, or at least to London to dispose of his ill-acquired property.



PORTRAIT OF ARAM.

SHOWING HIM ABOUT THE TIME HE MURDERED CLARK.

are in distress. Clark was easily induced to act upon a suggestion so agreeable to his own desires. He borrowed and bought on credit a large quantity of silver plate, also jewels, watches, rings, etc. He told the persons from whom he obtained these goods that a merchant in London had sent him an order to buy

The affair was evidently a swindle, and an investigation was made. Clark had disappeared, and suspicion of being concerned in the transaction fell upon Aram. His garden was searched, and some of the goods found there. As, however, there was not evidence enough to convict him of any crime, he was discharged, and

soon after set out for London, leav-

ing his wife behind.

For several years he travelled through parts of England, acting as usher at a number of schools, and finally he settled at Lynn, in Norfolk. During his travels he had amassed considerable material for a work he had projected on etymology, to be entitled "A Comparative Lexicon of the English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Celtic Languages."

Fourteen years went by while he was engaged in these literary labors, when in February, 1759, exactly fourteen years after the disappearance of Clark, a skeleton was dug up at Knaresborough, and some suspicion arose that it might be Clark's. Aram's wife, whom he had deserted, had more than once hinted that her husband and a man named Houseman knew the secret of Clark's dis-Houseman was appreappearance. hended on suspicion and confronted with the bones that had been found. He asserted his innocence, and, taking up one of the bones, said: "This is no more Dan Clark's bone than it is mine." His manner in saying this aroused the suspicion that he knew more of Clark's disappearance than he was willing to admit. He was again examined, and confessed everything. He related that when Clark received the plate and jewels from London he and Aram determined to murder him in order to share the booty, and on the night of February 8, 1745, they persuaded Clark to walk with them in the fields in order to consult with them on the proper method of disposing of the goods. They walked to a place among the fields at a small distance from the town well known by the name of St. Robert's Cave. When they came into this field Aram and Clark went over a hedge toward the cave, and when they got within six or seven yards of it Houseman saw Aram strike Clark several times, and saw the latter fall, but never saw him afterward. The murderers went home and shared the plunder. Houseman concealed his share in his garden for

twelve months and then took it to Scotland, where he sold it. Aram took his share to London, and disposed of it without any trouble.

It had been believed for some time at Knaresborough that Eugene Aram was dead, so long a time having gone by without news from him; but on Houseman's statement an immediate judicial investigation was made, and the schoolmaster was finally discovered residing peacefully and studiously at Lynn, respected and loved by all his neighbors.

Aram was at once arrested and sent to York for trial. When the officers took him into custody he was teaching a class of young boys. He stoutly protested his innocence, and undertook to defend himself. This defence which he read in court, and which has been preserved, is one of the most ingenious and skilful ever heard in a court of law. Houseman was admitted as King's evidence, and his statements the schoolmaster did not attempt to disprove. He devoted all his efforts to showing the fallibility of circumstantial evidence in general, and particularly of evidence drawn from the discovery of bones. The defence was as follows:

My Lord: I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak. Since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labor not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity. For having never seen a court but this; being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it exceeds my hope if I shall be able to speak at all.

I have heard, my lord, the indictment read; wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime, with an enormity I am altogether incapable of, a fact to the commission of which there goes far more insensibility of heart, more profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot. In my defence I shall consume but little of your lordship's time. What I have to say will be short, and this brevity probably will be the best part of it.

First, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of

this indictment. Yet had I never said this did not my present circumstances extort it from me and seem to make it necessary? Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud, projected no violence, injured no man's person or property; my days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studi-And I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unseasonable, but, at least, deserving some attention; because, my lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once; villainy is always progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity is lost and every sense of all moral obligations totally perishes.

Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time with respect to health; for but a little space before I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. Could, then, a person in this condition take anything into his head so unlikely, so extravagant? I, past the vigor of my age, feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact; without interest, without power, without motive, without

Besides, it must needs occur to every one that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of but when its springs are laid open it appears that it was to support some indolence or supply some luxury, to satisfy some avarice or oblige some malice, to prevent some real or some imaginary want; yet I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistent with both truth and modesty, affirm thus much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.

In the second place, the disappearance of Clark is suggested as an argument of his being dead; but the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, are too obvious and too notorious to require instances; yet, superseding many, permit me to procure a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle.

permit me to procure a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle.

In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open daylight, and double-ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set



EUGENE ARAM.
AS HE APPEARED AT HIS TRIAL.

on foot, the strictest search, and all advertisement, was never seen or heard of since. If, then, Thompson got off unseen through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clark, when none of them opposed him! But what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson?

Permit me, next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said—which, perhaps, is saying very far—that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, it may; but is there any certain known criterion which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

not to precede any attempt to identify them. The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for of all places in the world, none could have mentioned any one wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones than a hermitage, except he should point out a church-yard; hermitages in time past being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has scarce or never been heard of but that every cell now known contains or contained these relicts of humanity—some mutilated and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit or the anchoress hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed when living.

Further, my lord, it is not yet out of living memory that a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriot baronet who does that borough the honor to represent it in Parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? Whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotments for rest for the departed is but of some centuries.

Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury, which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell; and in the cell in question was found but one—agreeable in this to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

Here, too, is a human skull produced which is fractured; but was this the cause or was it the consequence of death? Was it owing to violence or was it the effect of natural decay? If it was violence, was that violence before or after death? My lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William, lord archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive that could occasion that fracture there.

Let it be considered, my lord, that upon the dissolution of religious houses, and the commencement of the Reformation, the ravages of those times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; and it ceased about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I entreat your lordship suffer not the violence, the depredations, and the iniquities of those times to be imputed to this.

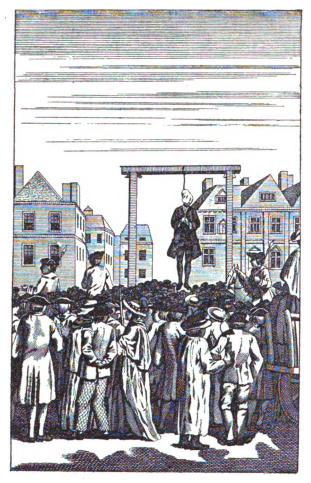
As to the circumstances that have been raked together, I have nothing to observe but that all circumstances whatever are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible; even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons recorded by Dr. Howel, who both suffered upon circumstances because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned a great many years after their execution? Why name the in-

tricate affair of Jacques du Moulin, under King Charles II., related by a gentleman who was counsel for the Crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence, and whose children perished for want because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted king's evidence, who, to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dun; the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester; and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of Gosport hospital?

Now, my lord, having endeavored to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn that a person is dead who suddenly disappears; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse; that the revolutions in religion or the fortune of war have mangled or buried the dead; the conclusion remains perhaps no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candor, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury.

After remarking that his defence was one of the most ingenious pieces of reasoning that had ever fallen under his notice, the judge summed up the evidence to the jury, who returned a verdict that Aram was guilty. In consequence, the sentence of death was passed upon him.

After conviction, a clergyman was appointed to attend him and to induce him to confess. The schoolmaster listened attentively, but made no reply. Directly the clergyman left the cell, Aram resolved to destroy himself. Before making the attempt, he wrote a letter of confession to a In Bulwer's romance it is addressed to the father of the girl he was about to marry, but this is probably only the poet's license, for there is no direct evidence to show that, at the time, Aram was contemplating remarrying. He could not, in any case, as his wife, whom he had abandoned, was still living. The letter of confession addressed, therefore, to some unknown friend, ran as follows:



THE EXECUTION OF ARAM AT KNARESBOROUGH.

Before this reaches you I shall be no more a living man in this world, though at present in perfect bodily health; but who can describe the horrors of mind which I suffer at this instant! Guilt—the guilt of blood shed without any provocation, without any cause but that of filthy lucre, pierces my conscience with wounds that give the most poignant pains. 'Tis true the consciousness of my horrid guilt has given me frequent interruptions in the midst of my business or pleasures; but still I have found means to stifle its clamors, and contrived a momentary remedy for the disturbance it gave me by applying to the bottle or the bowl, or diversions, or company, or business; sometimes one, sometimes the other, as opportunity offered; but now all these and all other amusements are at an end, and I am left forlorn, helpless, and destitute of every comfort; for I have nothing now in view but the

certain destruction both of my soul and body. My conscience will no longer suffer itself to be hoodwinked or browbeat; it has now got the mastery; it is my accuser, judge, and executioner; and the sentence it pronounceth against me is more dreadful than that I heard from the bench, which only condemned my body to the pains of death, which are soon over; but conscience tells me plainly that she will summon me before another tribunal, where I shall have neither power nor means to stifle the evidence she will there bring against me; and that the sentence which will then be pronounced will not only be irreversible, but will condemn my soul to torments that will know

Oh, had I but hearkened to the advice which dear-bought experience has enabled me to give, I should not now have been plunged into that dreadful gulf of despair which I find it impossible to extricate myself from, and therefore my soul is filled with horror incon-ceivable. I see both God and man my enemies; and in a few hours shall be exposed a public spectacle for the world to gaze at. Can you conceive any con dition more horrible than mine? Oh, no; it cannot be! I am determined, therefore, to put a short end to trouble I am no longer able to bear, and prevent the executioner by doing his business with my own hand, and shall by this means at least prevent the shame and disgrace

of a public exposure, and leave the care of my soul in the hands of eternal mercy. Wishing you all health, happiness, and prosperity, I am, to the last moment of my life, yours, with the sincerest regard,

EUGENE ARAM.

When the morning appointed for his execution arrived, the keeper, on going to his cell to lead him to the gallows, found the schoolmaster almost expiring from loss of blood. He had cut his left arm above the elbow and near the wrist with a razor, but he had missed the artery. A surgeon was sent for, and the bleeding was soon stopped, and when he was taken to the place of execution he was perfectly sensible, although so weak that

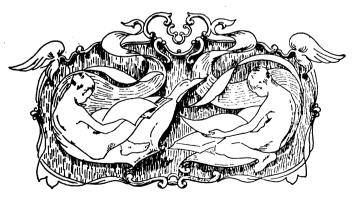
he could not make the responses to the clergyman who read the service. He paid the penalty for his crime on August 6, 1759, and was afterward hung in chains at Knaresborough, where his crime had been committed.

Such was the dreadful end of Eugene Aram, a man of great natural ability and remarkable erudition. In everything except that one terrible deed which cost him his life the schoolmaster showed himself to be a man of the highest moral principles, of studious and regular habits, and the last person in the world that would ever be suspected of murdering a fellow-creature. The only explanation of this curious contradiction in his nature is that, being pressed for money at that time, he suddenly yielded to the promptings of covetousness and killed Clark at the time that he was mentally unbalanced. Probably no murderer before or since has ever suffered such awful punishment for his crime. Like all high-strung natures, Aram was undoubtedly a very sensitive man, and the enormity of his offence must have been apparent to him the moment he committed it. In fact, his letter of confession shows that during those fourteen long years that he went undetected he was living in constant agony of mind, tortured less by fear of punishment at the hands of the law than by the knowledge that so long as he lived his conscience would give him no peace. each hour of the day, when life seemed happiest and most hopeful,

the skeleton of murder would rise before him. Nowhere has this agony of the wretched schoolmaster been more pathetically described than in Thomas Hood's ballad "The Dream of Eugene Aram." The scene of the poem is laid at Lynn, where, as we know, he was an usher in a school and had a class of twenty-four boys. Admiral Burney was one of the pupils at this school, and he said that Aram was generally liked by the boys, and used to discourse to them about murder in somewhat the spirit that is attributed to him in this poem, some verses of which follow:

- "Down went the corse with a hollow plunge, And vanished in the pool; Anon I cleansed my bloody hands, And washed my forehead cool, And sat among the urchins young, That evening in the school.
- "O Heaven! to think of their white souls, And mine so black and grim! I could not share in childish prayer, Nor join in Evening Hymn: Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed, 'Mid holy Cherubim!
- "And peace went with them, one and all, And each calm pillow spread; But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain That lighted me to bed; And drew my midnight curtains round, With fingers bloody red!
- "All night I lay in agony,
 In anguish dark and deep,
 My fevered eyes I dared not close,
 But stared aghast at Sleep:
 For Sin had rendered unto her
 The keys of Hell to keep!"

Charles Haumont.



THE NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE.

MONG the great institutions of our country there is none more remarkable nor more full of interest than the New York Clearing House.

Every one who has now or ever had an account with a bank has heard of the Clearing House and has a vague idea of what it is, but very few, probably, are familiar with the exact

nature of its functions.

To properly explain these functions we must go back to the year 1853, when the associated banks first organized the present Clearing House as an improvement on the then existing system, and show how the banks used then to exchange their checks. In 1853 the banks of New York had increased in number from 24 to 55. Each of these banks received daily from its depositors drafts and checks upon every other city bank, and also upon out-of-town banks. When the business of the day ended these checks were sorted, and various sums were found to be owing to each bank, and, in turn, the bank itself was a debtor to the other banks. Each bank, therefore, was compelled to maintain an elaborate system of book-keeping of accounts with the other banks.

Each morning the accounts of the day previous were made up, and 55 porters or messengers started out to make the exchanges—that is, each bank sent a representative to present to the other banks for payment the bills, checks, drafts, and other items held by it. Each messenger carried a pass-book, similar to that used now by every bank depositor. The paying-teller of the receiving bank took from the messenger the checks and entered the sum total on the credit side of the book; he then entered on the debit side the return exchange that is, the checks he had received against the bank represented by the messenger. The messenger would then take his pass-book and hasten to the next bank. It often happened that seven or eight messengers would arrive at the same bank simultaneously, thus causing much delay. method of exchanging the checks generally took a messenger all day. It was also a very dangerous system, because many of the messengers were charged with the paying of debtor balances, and would draw gold and bank-notes at some banks and pay it at others. It is easy to see how complicated and confused this system was; in fact, as the banks increased in number the system was found to be intolerable, and various schemes

were suggested to remedy it.

As early as the year 1841 Albert Gallatin, then President of the National Bank (now the Gallatin National), had suggested in a pamphlet the establishment of a clearing house in the city of New York similar to that which has been established in London since the latter part of the last century. Other banking men approved this idea, and several years later meetings of bankers were held, and finally at a more important meeting of bank officers in August, 1853, thirty-eight banks were represented, and the Clearing House was decided The Committee on Organization comprised F. W. Edmunds. Cashier of the Mechanics' Bank; James Punnett, Cashier of the Bank of America; A. E. Silliman, Cashier of the Merchants' Bank; J. L. Everett, Cashier of the Broadway Bank; Richard Berry, Cashier of the Tradesmen's Bank; R. S. Oakley, Secretary. They reported a plan for simplifying the system of making exchanges and settling daily balances between the banks, and recommended the securing of a suitable room near Wall Street for the purposes of the Association. On October 3, 1853, a clearing room was secured at 14 Wall Street, and on October 11, 1853, the first exchanges were made. The first manager was George D. Lyman, then teller in the Bank of



THE NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE BUILDING.

From a photograph (copyrighted, 1894) belonging to Moses King, New York.

North America; he was succeeded by William A. Camp, who resigned in 1892, and was succeeded by the present manager, William Sherer. Some years ago the associated banks secured the property in Cedar Street. on which the present Clearing House is situated.

The operation of "clearing" takes place in a large and well-lighted hall, and is exceedingly simple.

ing, at which hour the operation of "clearing" begins. Each Delivery Clerk, upon arrival, presents to the Manager a credit ticket, showing the amount of exchanges brought by his bank. This ticket is handed to one of the Manager's staff, who enters the amount on a proof sheet.

The Manager now takes his position on a raised platform and strikes a gong. This is a signal for every



WILLIAM SHEKER.

MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE.

Each bank member of the Association sends daily to the Clearing House two clerks, one called a "delivery" clerk, corresponding to the old-style messenger, and the other the "settling" clerk. It is the duty of the Delivery Clerk to distribute the exchanges or checks, and that of the Settling Clerk to receive the exchanges or checks from the Delivery Clerk. These clerks assemble a few minutes before ten o'clock each morn-

one to get ready. The Settling Clerks sit down at their desks and prepare their settling sheets. The Delivery Clerks get ready to make their round of visits to the settling desks. The Manager strikes the gong again, and the operation begins.

Each Delivery Clerk now advances to the first desk, at which he delivers his exchanges. The Settling Clerk, upon receipt of the exchange, receipts for it and enters it on his settling

sheet opposite the name of the bank from which he has received it. The Delivery Clerk then advances to the next desk, and the same transaction takes place until every bank has been visited and the Delivery Clerk has returned to the desk occupied by his own bank. While he was making his round his bank has been visited by every other Delivery Clerk.

The entire operation takes about ten minutes, and during that time what has taken place? All the exchanges have been made, and each Settling Clerk has

entered on his sheet, opposite the name of the bank, the various exchanges he has received, thus having a record on his sheet of the amount brought and the amount received from each bank. It would be impossible to conceive a more perfect, more accurate, or more rapid system. During these ten minutes over four thousand packages of checks have been distributed and re-



w. J. GILPIN.

ASSISTANT MANAGER NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE.

ceipted for by a method that almost excludes the possibility of loss or error. The same work on the old plan occupied each messenger or Delivery Clerk many hours each day, and was attended by great risks in going from one bank to another. The Delivery Clerk now receives the exchanges left at his desk from the other banks, counts the number of packages, and compares them with the Settling Clerk's sheet, and, if correct, takes them to his bank.

The Settling Clerk remains to make proofs. He

adds up the aggregate he has received from the various banks, and then makes a ticket called Debit Ticket, which is sent to the Proof Clerk on the platform, who has already entered upon his sheet (the Clearing House Proof) the first amount from the credit ticket opposite the name of the bank, thus making the aggregate amount of all the exchanges brought to the Clearing House.

	No. 74.	Bew Bork Clearing Sonse.
angeneersternersceneers Jew Hork Clearing House, 1808-1208-1008-1008-1008-1008-1	Debit Chase National Bank, Credit """"	Amt. rec'd, \$brought, \$
Jew Mark	Or. dail due Chase National Bank, \$	Dobit Balance Due Clearing House. Settling Clerk.

DEBIT AND CREDIT TICKET IN USE IN THE CLEARING HOUSE.

The Debit Tickets are entered as they are sent up to the Proof Clerk with the amounts brought and received, also the Debit and Credit, as the case may be; thus when all the Debit Tickets are received by the Proof Clerk on the platform the amount brought and the amount received should correspond, as well as the balances.

While the proof is in progress each bank has received a small ticket from every other bank, with the amount of exchanges delivered to it, to check back by-as the exchanges have gone to the bank. This ticket ought to correct all errors in entry; thus, if any Settling Clerk copies a wrong amount from his exchanges, the clerk by this ticket discovers the mistake by comparison with the original entry made on the settling sheet at the time of delivery, and vice versa. So perfect is this system of alternate revision that an absolute proof is always made.

To further guard against error or carelessness on the part of the clerks, there is an elaborate system of fines, the imposing of which comes within

the province of the Manager. These fines are as follows:

Forty-five minutes from the hour of commencing-viz., ten o'clock A.M., will be allowed for a proof.

For all errors remaining undiscovered at 11.15 A.M. the fines will be doubled, and at

twelve M. will be quadrupled.

1. All errors on the Credit side of the Settling Clerk's statement (i.e., in the amount brought), whether of footing or entry, and all errors causing disagreement between the credit entries, the check tickets, and the exchange slips, each, \$3.

2. Errors in making the Debit (i.e., the

amount received) entries, each, \$2.

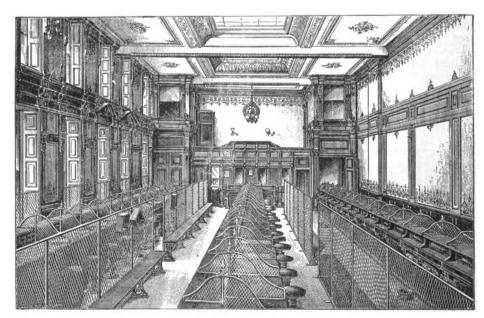
- 3. Errors in the tickets reported to the Clearing House, causing disagreement between the balances and aggregate, each, \$2. 4. Errors in footing the amount received,
- 5. Disorderly conduct of Clerk or Delivery Clerk at the Clearing House, or disregard of the Manager's instructions, each offence,
- 6. Clerk or Delivery Clerk failing to attend punctually, with statements and tickets complete, at the morning exchanges, each, \$2.

7. Debtor banks, failing to appear to pay

their balances before 1.30 P.M., \$3.

8. Errors in delivery or receipt of exchanges, each, \$1.

The Manager is the Executive of the Clearing House. He superin-



CLEARING ROOM OF THE NEW YORK CLEARING HOUSE.

tends all the business transacted, and has under his orders the clerks of the establishment, as well as the Settling Clerks and Delivery Clerks of the associated banks while they are at the Clearing House. He also prepares and publishes the weekly Bank statement, the keeping of the records, and he acts as Recording Secretary to all the committees that meet at the Clearing House. William Sherer, the present Manager, was born at Brandenburgh, Ky., in 1837. At the age of eighteen he joined the staff of the Metropolitan Bank, New York, and after serving there eight years went to the United States Sub-Treasury, in this city, where he stayed twentyfive years. He was appointed Assistant Manager of the Clearing House in 1888, and succeeded Mr. Camp in 1892. Mr. William J. Gilpin, the present Assistant Manager, was appointed clerk in 1887 and Assistant Manager in 1892.

The power of expelling any bank from the Association is decided by vote. At the present time it takes a vote of thirty-four to expel. When a bank becomes a member of the Clearing House Association it receives a number, by which it is identified. This number serves in place of a name, and it is so extensively used that many banks endorse their exchanges merely by the stamp of their Clearing House number.

In times of great money stringency and commercial panic the New York Clearing House plays an important part. At such times as these securities fall in value, capital is timid, the collection of debts becomes difficult, and commercial houses fail. depositors hasten to withdraw their deposits, and individual banks, when their funds are exhausted, are either forced to realize on their securities, which they may be unable to do without incurring great loss, or temporarily suspend payment, which, of course, is disastrous. It is at such critical moments as these that the Clearing House has made money out of the paper assets of the banks, and thus enabled many of its members to meet

their daily cash obligations without loss of credit. This money is called Clearing House Certificates. When a bank to whom these certificates have been issued comes into possession of sufficient cash to meet its daily obligations, it notifies the Clearing House that it desires to redeem them. Thereupon a general notice is issued to all the banks to present certificates numbered so-and-so at the Clearing House, and that interest thereon will The first time the Clearing House issued certificates was in 1860, and the amount of the issue was The following year it **\$**7,375,000. issued \$22,585,000; in 1863, \$11,-471,000; in 1864, \$17,728,000; in 1873, \$26,565,000; in 1884, \$24,915,-000; in 1890, \$16,645,000; in 1893, \$41,490,000. Since 1860, therefore, there has been an aggregate issue of over \$168,000,000, which has all been redeemed without the loss of a single The benefit to the community of this arrangement is obvious. Instead of each individual bank being left alone in times of panic to weather the storm, all the banks stand together, one propping up the other, and thus forming a bulwark that no panic can tear down. The system has also aided the Government in time of war. It was the gold of the New York Clearing House that aided the United States Government to carry on its operations in 1860 and 1861, when the outlook for the Federal forces looked darkest. One bank alone could not have done this, but the associated banks could do it, and will do it again should the emergency arise.

The new building of the New York Clearing House is a handsome structure of white marble in Italian Renaissance. The clearing room is 60 feet square, with two extensions or wings, making the greatest length 80 feet. The ceiling is a dome rising 25 feet above the 80 foot wall. It is panelled in fireproof staff in Roman Renaissance style, and the walls have pilasters of a Corinthian order supporting the cornice and dome. The large floor is occupied by the sixty-six desks.

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Probably the most interesting part of the building is the basement, where the money vaults are being construct-They are not yet ready, and all the money of the Clearing House is deposited with one of the outside deposit companies. When it is taken into consideration that since the Clearing House was first organized, the money which has passed through it exceeds one trillion, seventy-three and one half billion dollars, it is not surprising that extraordinary measures have been taken in order to make the money vaults of the new building absolutely safe. The three large vaults now being made are of the most perfect modern construction, of welded-steel and iron-laminated compound plates, which combine drillproof-tempered steel with the toughest fibrous iron to resist explosive forces. These steel cells will be surrounded by an open space for patrol by armed watchmen, who will have a clear view not only of the sides, but also of the top and bottom of the vaults. There is also an elaborate and secret system of defence against attack by force, such as an armed mob, and both electricity and steam will be utilized as new ways of defence and of giving alarm.

The sixty-six Clearing House banks have an aggregate capital of \$61,122,700 and a surplus of \$72,889,000. It is, therefore, not surprising that membership in the New York Clearing House is in itself the highest certificate of solvency and stability.

E. Burton Stewart.

MEADOW MINSTRELSY.

HEN sonsy daisies bloom 'mid clover blows,
And flower-de-luce broods by the meadow brook,
Fair buttercups bow worshipful before
The last pale violets in some late nook:
With pensive air a saucy bobolink
Swings on an alder, 'gainst the azure sky
A shining silhouette; he softly sings
Of waters bright that purl and ripple by:
I half suspect, so sad his roundelay,
It is a dirge, a sweet farewell to May.

He soars above the gently waving reeds
With gleaming wings that swiftly rise and fall;
Then o'er the fragrant fields, in circling flight
He woos the silv'ry milkweeds by the wall;
A yellow primrose bends beneath his weight,
And there he sways and trills so wondrously,
So long and clear, as if the golden gates
Of melody were loosed and warbling he,
Led on with notes like crystal bells atune;
Gay mendicant, he's pleading praise of June.

Nellie H. Chapman.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

THE soft, sweet strains of the last Ave Maria had been chanted, and slowly one by one the sisters, in their long, sombre robes, with gentle, patient faces, filed through the doors of the church into the convent yard.

One of the sisters, a young girl with a face of exquisite beauty, instead of following her companions to the convent yard, had remained kneeling by the altar with head bowed before the image of the Holy Virgin.

" Sister Faith!"

It was the low voice of the priest that spoke.

"Yes, Father," said Sister Faith

softly.

"My child," replied the Father gravely, placing a tender hand on her curly head, "it is just a year ago today since you gave your fair young life to the Church. The Holy Mother will bless you for this sacrifice."

"I hope so, Father."

"Aye, aye, little one, it will be so. When one casts from him the world, with its falseness and cruelty and its rose-leaved temptations, and lives in the true faith, there is a crown given him. But, oh, my child, it is not easy to yield up the love of one's heart and place it quivering and bleeding at the feet of the Crucified. Many falter and cry for strength to overcome. But there, child, go now, and may the blessing of Christ our Lord and the Virgin Mother rest upon and abide with you forever."

Silently the slender, black-robed figure moved away, and as she disappeared the large, gloomy church seemed to lose its light, leaving nothing but dampness and ghostly

shadows.

When left alone the priest sank down before the altar with a groan of agony.

In the twilight his face became of a deathly pallor and a cry of anguish

burst from his lips.

"Oh, God, forgive me! I love! Oh, Faith, have I fallen so low—so low?"

One robed as a Sister of Mercy,

with a rosary in her hand, came swiftly down the aisle. There was death-like silence as she paused and listened breathlessly.

Again there came a low moan. "Oh, Holy Mother, Blessed Saviour, forgive! I cannot give her up. She has crept into my soul, she has buried herself in my heart. Oh, Faith, my

love, mine-mine!"

There was a rustle of skirts as the nun threw herself beside the kneeling priest and clasped two tender arms around his neck, pressing his face against her own.

"My dearest !"

"Faith! you here? you overheard?"

"Yes; at last you love me; you

cannot give me up."

"Hush, child, hush! unloose your arms; it is a sin, a terrible sin."

"No, no, my dear!" and the blue eyes filled with love gazed into his. "For two years I have prayed, watched, longed for this. Think of it—for two long years. God, the weary waiting!"

"Oh, hush!" he moaned brokenly, crushing her in his arms and for once

kissing her brow and lips.

"I know I'm wicked, but I love you. I have watched you day by day from my childhood. You visited my parents, bringing joy and peace to their life, and I worshipped you. Two years ago, when I discovered this, I would have lain down and died if for one hour I could have brightened your gloomy life. I fought desperately against my love. I was overwhelmed with shame. But gradually there came a dim light, a God-given light, to cheer me. Something told me that it was not right to pluck the rose from my life and let it die when its freshness and purity could brighten your heart as well as mine. Was I to be condemned for the great affection that had sprung up spontaneously and blossomed in my soul? A pure love is a God-given gift, and as such I have received it. My existence will be nobler, holier if it be allowed to live."

"Oh, Christ, with the five wounds!" groaned the priest, looking away from

her. "O Father!"

"A year ago," she continued softly, "a year ago I gave up the world and buried myself in this convent to be near you, to see your face, to hear you speak. Each night I have knelt on the hard floor and scourged myself and prayed for your love, and my prayers have been answered. If love be a sin, then I sin; for I love you."

"Hush! hush! you forget," he

moaned.

"I forget nothing," she returned passionately. "I shall not let you go. Listen, dear, listen to me. We will leave here and go to some lonely spot, where no one will know; there we can be happy."

He looked at her with a hopeful light shining in his eyes; but it quickly faded, leaving his face stern and despairing with the victory he had

gained over self.

"No, Faith."

"I implore you to have pity. Do not take this sweetness from my life and leave me desperate. Remember, dear, love is but a natural law of which you and I are but instruments. See, I kneel to you; do not turn from me."

For a moment he trembled and hesitated. His lips were set and large drops of perspiration stood out on his brow. But when he spoke he was again a man and a priest.

Sadly with head bent low she turned

and left him alone.

As the heavy door closed behind her he fell in a swoon before the altar. Softly the silent rays of the moon shone through the windows upon the pictured face of the Virgin Mother as she bent a tender, pitying look upon the senseless form before her.

Two years have elapsed since Faith entered the convent and became a Sister of Charity.

Again the yellow twilight gradually deepens into night as it did one year ago, when two solitary, dark-clad figures knelt before the shrine of the Holy Mother. Again the sweet odor

of the violets and lilies fill the church, seeming to blend and become a part of the fair-haired girl kneeling, with upturned face, before the altar.

"Sister Faith?"

"Yes, Father," was the quick reply, and her head was bowed meekly.
"Another year has passed, my child. Two years ago to-day you gave your life and heart to the Holy Mary."

"No, Father; two years ago today I gave my life and heart to you."

There was a moment's pause as the sound of her gentle but firm voice

died away.

"Hush, Faith, you are torturing me. Do you forget, when taking the veil, the vow you made? Can you forget the oath I have taken? These solemn pledges cannot be broken with impunity. Oh, my child, do not tempt me!" and the priest's head was bowed in shame.

A smile of love illumined for a mo-

ment the face of the nun.

"I remember nothing, Father, except that I gave up all for you; and you, who have so dreary and loveless a life, shall, for my sake, give up your priesthood vows. I had seen you struggle day by day to throw aside the love you bear me. But you could not cast away the love I had prayed two long years to win. My heart has bled for you; for I realized what you suffered through me. But no longer will you resist, for I place love's crown on your brow."

She crept nearer to him until her head rested on his breast and her tremulous lips were pressed to his—

and he did not resist.

"Faith, my love, at last," were the words that came from his lips in a whisper as the first faint moonbeams struggled down the aisle and kissed into a silver sheen the waving gold of her hair.

Then together, hand clasped in hand, like restless spirits seeking another world, two dark forms moved silently down the road from the convent, leaving behind them the black, gloomy walls, the old, sad life, the broken vows.

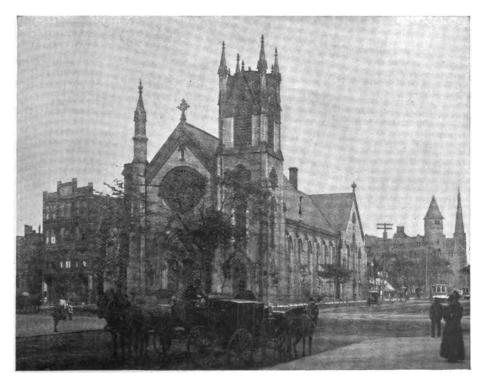
Maude Cole Keator.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

NHE Twenty-second delegated General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church convenes this month in the beautiful city of Cleveland, Ohio. As the supreme legislative and judicial body of the great Methodist Episcopal Church its proceedings will be viewed with interest by the entire American The report of its deliberapeople. tions will doubtless fill many columns in our newspapers, and a brief account of the body and the great questions to be decided may prove of interest and value to the general reader.

The Conference, which meets quadrennially, is composed of ministerial and lay delegates elected by the various Annual Conferences of the ministers and the Lay Electoral Conferences of the laity. They sit together,

but on the demand of one third of either of the ministry or laity divide into orders, and then any proposition to succeed must command the concurrent vote of both orders. It is a cosmopolitan body. Among the ranks of the delegates will be found representatives not only from the United States, but from South America, Mexico, Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, China, Japan, India, and Africa, where the Methodist Episcopal Church has organized Conferences, and a rapidly increasing membership, which now aggregates outside of the United States over one hundred and fifty thousand. The deliberations of this great ecclesiastical body are presided over in turn by the sixteen Bishops of the Church, who have been pronounced the most able



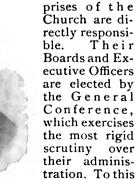
FIRST M. E. CHURCH, CLEVELAND, O. Y. M. C. A. BUILDING IN DISTANCE.



BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

body of parliamentarians in the world. They do not have the right to debate or directly influence the legislation of the General Conference, and any attempt in this direction is most jealously resisted by the delegates, though it is true that their indirect power and influence is very great.

To this Conference the numerous great business and benevolent enter-



Their

over

body, the Book



A. J. NAST, D.D.

mous circulations; the Board of Missions. with its thousands of missionaries, and yearly income of a million and a half; the Board of Church Extension, with its record of ten thousand churches aided; the Board of Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education. with its vast accumulation of property; the Board of Education; the Epworth League, with its million and a half of members, and, in brief, all the great enterprises of the Church, make quadrennial reports of the trusts committed to their care. It will be seen at a glance what vast financial interests

Concern, with its vast publishing interests; the editors of the various church periodicals, with their enor-

of the Church are committed to the oversight of this great body.

With comparatively few restrictions



JAMES H. POTTS, D.D. Editor Michigan "Christian Advocate,"

the General Conference is also the supreme legislative body of the Church, and can materially change and modify the economy Methodism. of So great are its powers that the question whether there is a constitution of the Church apart and superior to the constitution the General Conference has become an importantissue. In 1888 a Constitutional Commission was appointed which reported the form of a constitution of the Church to



SAMUEL F. UPHAM, D.D.
Professor at Drew Theological Seminary.

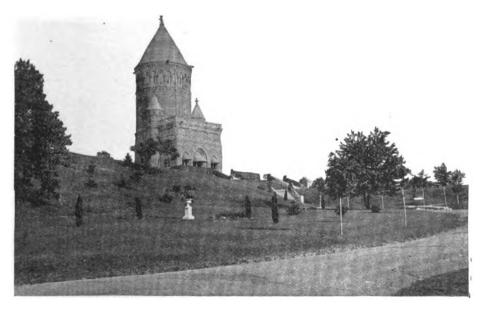
the General Conference of 1892. This was referred to the General Conference of 1896, and its treatment, as the most important subject presented,

will doubtless call forth the ablest men of the Church into the discussion of its various phases.

The Conference is also the supreme judicial body of the Church. To it the Bishops are responsible for their administration of law and polity. To it appeals on questions of law come as the supreme tribunal. and it is not an unknown thing for the General Conference to reverse the ruling of Bishops and to commend or disapprove their inter-

pretations of law.

The General Conference also directly elects the Bishops, Editors, Secretaries of the great benevolences,



THE GARFIELD MEMORIAL, LAKE VIEW CEMETERY, CLEVELAND.



EARL CRANSTON, D.D.
Of Western Methodist Book Concern, Chicago.

Book Agents, and general officers of the church, and has thus in its hands immense patronage and power. It is no wonder, then, that an election to the General Conference is regarded by the ministry and laity alike as a great honor. Among the delegates at Cleveland will be found many of the leading men of the Church.

There are several great questions now pressing upon the attention of the Church which will receive discussion and settlement at the present session of the Conference. first in immediate importance and interest is that of the admission of women as lay delegates to the Conference. Prior to 1872 the Conference was exclusively a ministerial body. The agitation for the introduction of lay delegates had been going on for a number of years, but it was not until the General Conference of 1868 submitted the question to a vote of the laity of the Church without distinction of sex, in order to expression of their opinion, that the needed threefourths vote of the ministry of the Church was secured to permit lay

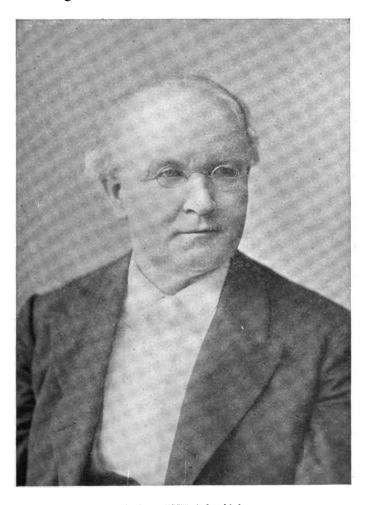
representation. Since 1872 many ladies have been found among the officials of the local churches, as class leaders, stewards, Sunday-school superintendents, and even trustees. There is nothing in the law of the Church to indicate their ineligibility to the General Conference, and they have been members of the Lay Electoral Conferences which elect delegates to the General Conference and on the roll of reserve delegates to the General Conference itself. In 1888 five ladies were elected to the General Conference. The Bishops of the Church, by a strong assumption of authority, withheld their credentials and halted them at the threshold. An exceedingly able debate followed, one side holding that by the terms of the law and the history of the case they were part of the laity of the Church, and therefore eligible, and the other that their admission had not been contemplated in the law, and that a definite change of the law, requiring



WILLIAM SWINDELLS, D.D.

Editor of "The Philadelphia Methodist."

a three-fourths vote of the ministry of the Church and a two-thirds vote of the General Conference, was necessary in order to admit them. By a concurrent vote of the ministerial and lay orders on a margin so narrow that proposing that the law should be made to read, "And such lay delegates may be men or women." A large majority of both ministry and laity voted in favor of the change. In the General Conference of 1892 the



A. J KYNETT, D.D., LL.D.

Founder and Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, Philadelphia.

a change of two votes of the laity would have altered the result, the opinion that they were ineligible prevailed, and an amendment, known as the Neely amendment, from its author, Rev. Dr. T. B. Neely, was submitted to the Annual Conferences

question again came up, and by a decided majority those who held that, under the law as it now is, properly interpreted, women were eligible without any changing of the wording, defeated a report from the Judiciary Committee reaffirming the opinion of

the General Conference of 1888, and sent down a proposition known as the Hamilton Amendment, from its author, Rev. Dr. John W. Hamilton, to be voted upon, so changing the law that "such delegates must be male." The purpose in both instances was to throw the burden of securing a three-fourths vote of the ministry and a two-thirds vote of the General Conference upon those holding a contrary interpretation of the law. This action gave

rise to great excitement on the part of the opponents of the admission of women, who hurled many epithets against the so-called Hamilton Amendment, and a strenuous effort has been made to have the Amendment ignored by the Annual Conferences with partial success. A re-vote on the basis of the Neely Amendment has



Secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

also been taken. and a marvellous change in the views of many in favor of the admission of women is the result. Pending the discussion of these measures, four lady delegates-Mrs. Jane Bash-ford, of Ohio; Miss Lydia Trimble, of Foo Chow, China, and two ladies from the North India Conference—have been elected to the General Conference, and will doubtless present themselves. Bv its express action the last General Conference re-

moved the possibility of the Bishops interfering, and placed the duty of the making of the roll upon the Secretary of the last General Conference. The roll is made up from the credentials submitted, and it is therefore evident that the problem has become one not of the admission, but of the ejection of women.



DAVID S. MONROE, D D.
Secretary of Conference of '92.



WILLIAM W. EVANS, D.D.



S. W. GEHRETT, D.D.

eloquent

Secretary

of the

Freed-

men's Aid

and South-

ern Educa-

tion Soci-

ety; Rev. A. J. Kyn-ett, D.D., LL.D., the

well-known Secretary

of the

Board of

Church Ex-

tension of

the Methodist Episco-

palChurch,

now elected to the

ninth suc-

cessive

The action of the General Conference will be awaited with an intense interest. Prominent among the opposers of the admission of women are Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley, the versatile editor of the New York Christian Advocate; Rev. Thomas B. Neely, D.D.LL.D. of Philadelphia, an astute and able parliamentarian; while the recognized leaders of those in favor are Rev.

John W. Hamilton, D.D., LL.D., the



BISHOP CHARLES H. FOWLER.

General Conference; Rev. David H. Moore, D.D., the dashing and able editor of the Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, O., and Rev. W. F. War-



A LAKE SCENE IN WADE PARK, CLEVELAND.

ren, D.D., President of the Boston University.

Another question of great importance which lies wholly within the power of the General Conference is that known as the removal of the time limit. Under the present law it is possible for a Methodist minister to remain for five vears in one pastorate. At the expiration of that time he must be return until the expiration of another

five years. One of the peculiarities of Methodism has been its itinerancy, by which, from the Bishop, each minister receives his appointment to a charge for one year at a time. Under



W. A. SPENCER, D.D.

moved and cannot Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Church Extension.

the itinerancy the average stay of the Methodist preacher has been perhaps equal to that of any other denomination; but, in great cities especially, a cry has arisen that more time should be given to pastorates in order to enable them to secure a grip upon the community. There is on the part of many a demand that the time limit be removed entirely, and that each minister shall be eligible to reappoint-

ment year after year, so long as it is the joint desire of pastor, people, and the appointing authority of the Church. It is claimed that many great enterprises are hindered by the



C. H. PAYNE, D D.



T. B. NEELY, D.D., LL.D.



DAVID H. MOORE, D.D.

Editor "Western Christian Advocate," Cincinnati, O.

er hand, it is maintained that the successful operation of the itinerancy demands a time limit; that its entire removal would result in a series of class generate into

" arbitrary

striking of

the clock."

On the oth-

churches, and might degenerate into practical congregationalism. At the

last General Conference the proposition remove the time limit received an exceedingly large vote in the Committee Itinerancy and the General Conference self. There are those who hope that the next General Conference will take such action, but it is a question whether the conservatism of the great mass of Methodists who live in towns and rural districts will not defeat the change. On the one hand, the demands of the age and the great cities are urged; on the other, the success of the past and the contentment of the majority.

Another question which will doubtless provoke great discussion is that of equal lay representation in the General Conference. Under the present law the laity, while represented and holding the great power of a separate vote, are not numerically equal. A demand has arisen that they be accorded equal representation, so that, for instance, from the Philadelphia Conference, which now sends six ministers and two laymen, there should come six of each order. That equal representation will come in the future there is but little doubt, but it is not probable that it will be granted until after the question of who the laity are is definitely decid-The proposition to grant equal representation on condition that the laity should give up the right to a



J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D.

Editor of the "New York Christian Advocate."

separate vote in the General Conference has been overwhelmingly defeated, but it is a question which will doubtless command much attention from the Cleveland Conference.

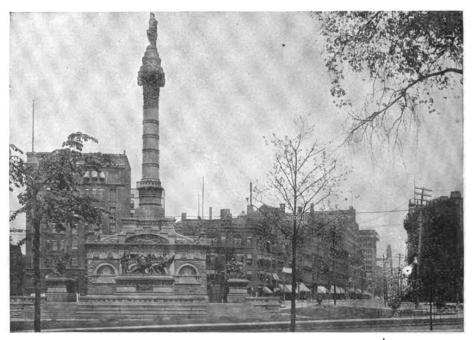
There is also a demand put forth for equal representation of the laity in the Annual Conference. This in Methodism is an administrative body of the ministry of the Church to receive their reports and fix their appointments. It is in the nature of a



W. F. WARREN, D.D.
President of Boston University.

ing previously received the endorsement of the laity of the local church and election by the body itself. When he joins he submits the question of his appointment and salary absolutely into the hands of others. At present it has no legislative power, and until the economy of the Church shall be so changed that it becomes the nature of a diocesan convention with legislative power it is not likely that the admission of the laity will be granted as

guild. No man can become a member of such a Conference without havof representation may be devised.



A VIEW ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE, CLEVELAND, LOOKING UP EUCLID AVENUE.



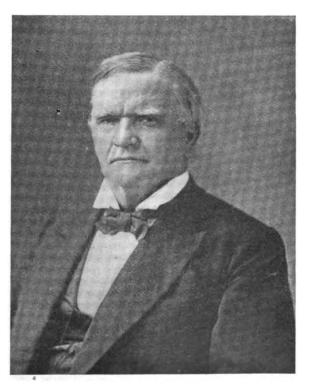
Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Church Extension.

Other questions which will doubtless figure in the discussion at Cleve-

land are those of the election by members of the annual conferences of their Presiding Elders, who are practically sub-bishops, instead of their appointment by the Bishops themselves; of the attitude of the Church toward the great reforms of the age; of the relaxation of its strict attitude toward amusements; of the relations of the Epworth League toward its sister Society of Christian Endeavor; and of the relation of the foreign conferences to those in the United States.

The real work of the General Conference is largely done in the committees which meet at stated times in the afternoons. Each of the Standing Committees comprises one representative from each Annual Conference, making each committee a deliberative body of over one hundred members, and the chairmanship of these various com-

mittees is a much-sought honor. They are the Committee on Episcopacy, which reviews the administration of each Bishop, and is a kind of judgment bar which they are com-pelled quadrennially to face; the Committee on Itinerancy, which deals with matters concerning the Methodist itinerancy; the Committee on Boundaries, presided over by a Bishop, and whose findings with reference to the fixing of the boundaries of the annual conferences are final and without appeal to the General Conference itself; the Committee on Revisals, which wrestles with a large number of amendments and improvements proposed each session; and Committees on Temporal Economy, the State of the Church, Book Concern, Missions, Education, Sunday-school and Tracts, Church Extension, Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education, and Temperance and Prohibition of



JOHN LANAHAN, D.D.
Of the Methodist Book Depository, Baltimore.

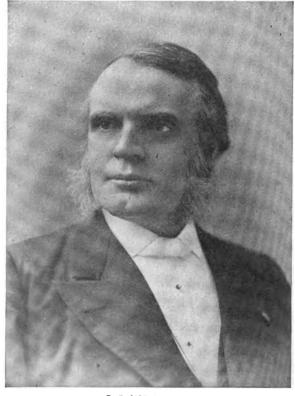


A. B. LEONARD, D.D. Secretary Missionary Society.

on Memoirs, on Entertainment of the next General Conference, on Report of Trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Invitation to Presbyterian Assembly, on Revision of the Discipline, on John Street Church, on Centenary of the General Conference, on Reception of the General Conference by Municipal Authorities at Omaha. The titles of these committees will give some idea of the varied interests coming before the General Conference.

The General Conference is an exceedingly notable body. In its ranks will be found leaders of Church and State, lawyers, bankers, business men, Governors of States, judges, physicians. Among those already elected as delegates who have achieved national prominence are the great Missionary Secretary, Rev. C. C. McCabe, better known as Chaplain McCabe, perhaps the most popular

the Liquor Traffic, whose duties are sufficiently indicated by their titles. In addition to these committees a large number of special committees are also appointed. At the last General Conference special committees were appointed on Deaconess Work, on Equal Ministerial and Lay Representation, on the Epworth League, on Judiciary, on General Conference District Boundaries, on "Seating the next General Conference," on Columbian Exposition, on the Exclusion of the Chinese, on Expenses of Reserve Delegates, on Rules of Order, on American Bible Society, on Consolidation of the Board of Education and the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, on Chinese Exclusion Bill (Memorial to the President), on Fraternal Delegates, on Ecumenical Conference,



C. C. MCCABE, D.D. Secretary of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church.

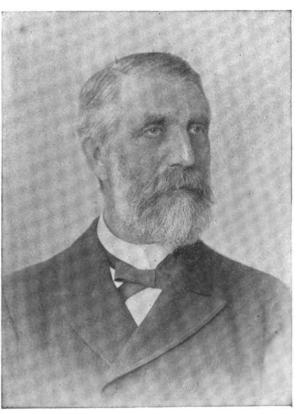


A. J. PALMER, D.D.

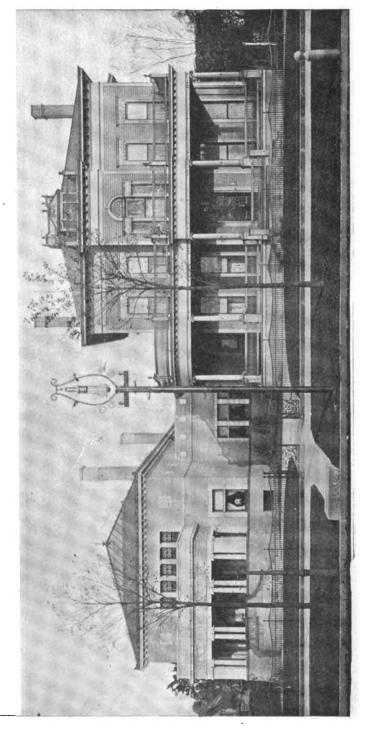
man in Methodism, and his vigorous colleague, Rev. Adna B. Leonard, D.D.; Revs. W. A. Spencer, D.D., and Manley S. Hard, D.D., the colleagues of Dr. Kynett, of Church Extension fame; Rev. William Μ. Swindells. D.D., editor of the Philadelphia *Methodist*: the popular Philadelphia Presiding Elder, Rev. S. W. Gehrett, D.D., Rev. Joseph C. Hartzell, D.D., the colleague of Hamilton in Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education work, and Rev. Charles H. Payne, D.D., of the Board of Education; Rev. William V. Kelley, D.D., the scholarly editor of the Methodist Review; Rev. Homer Eaton, D.D., now at the head of the Eastern Book Concern. From Chicago come Rev. Earl Cranston, D.D., head of the great Western Book Concern, and Rev. Joseph F. Berry, D.D., leader of the wonderful

Epworth League movement; from Baltimore, Rev. John F. Goucher, D.D., LL.D., President of the Woman's College, and Rev. John Lanahan, D.D., the veteran warhorse of many General Conferences; from New York that vigorous leader Rev. James M. King, D.D., and the progressive A. J. Palmer.

Among other noted delegates are Rev. Lewis Curts, D.D., and Rev. Frank M. Bristol, D.D., of Chicago; Rev. Albert J. Nast, D.D., of Cincinnati, and Rev. John W. Bashford, D.D., of the Ohio Wesleyan University, whose wife, Mrs. Jane Bashford, was the first lady delegate elected to the ensuing General Conference, Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D.D., Editor of the Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis, Mo.; and Rev. Edward W. S. Hammond, editor of the Southwestern Christian Advocate.



HOMER EATON, D.D. Head of the Methodist Book Concern, New York.





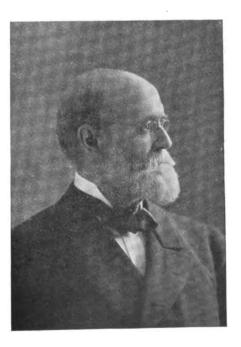
WILLIAM V. KELLEY, D.D. Editor of "The Methodist Review."

New Orleans, La.; Rev. W. F. King, D.D., of Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Ia.; Rev. A. E. P. Albert, D.D., of New Orleans, La.; Rev. W. W. Evans, D.D., Carlisle, Pa.; and Rev. D. S. Monroe, Secretary of the last three General Conferences and probable Secretary of the coming one; Rev. Henry A. Butts, D.D., President of Drew Theological Seminary, and Rev. S. M. Upham, D.D., professor in the same institution. And thus the list of able men might be almost indefinitely extended.

The sessions of the General Conference will occupy the month of May, and to the city of Cleveland literally thousands of interested spectators will wend their way in addition to the hundreds of delegates. A Daily Advocate will convey tidings of its action to thousands of interested readers, and its proceedings will be watched with eager interest. No great doctrinal discussions are expected. Methodism is firm in its faith while flexible in its standards.

Heresy trials are almost unknown. The discussions will revolve around methods of progress rather than articles of creed. With a glorious history of past success it looks forward to a new century of world-wide conquest. The great question of the equal rights of all the membership without distinction of sex will doubtless be settled, and in this, as in other matters, this great Church will hold its position in the van of Protestant Christianity. From a small and despised body Methodism has grown to be the most powerful Church in the United States. In the last eleven years its increase of 900,000 communicants has equalled the entire membership of the congregational bodies and more than surpassed the 600,000 membership of its great sister Church. the Protestant Episcopal. And today nearly three million members and fifteen million adherents turn with interest and hope to the deliberations of this notable body of earnest Christians.

By a Staff Writer.



JAMES M. KING, D D.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD HOUSE.

THE day is sweet in Edgartown,
With scent of fern and scent of sea;
The folk make gay the Spring-green down;
But they are stranger-folk to me.

I see them come and go all day;
Their children play upon the shore,
And loitering lovers walk my way;
Yet no one enters at my door.

But when the stars of heaven glow
From out their lofty darkened dome,
And stars of earth creep forth below—
The little, lowly lights of home;

Then look! there windeth past my door,
Flocking the dusky dunes adown,
A troop of villagers of yore,
The bygone hosts of Edgartown.

Their locks by evening breezes blown,
The women join the shuffling crew,
And many a little child I've known
Just gives its hand, and follows, too.

"O friends, I've served ye food and bed, O friends, the mist is rising wet, Then bide a moment, O my dead, Where, lonely, I must linger yet!"

But onward press the hurrying throng
Within the mist from out my view.
Some whisper, "Wait, 'twill not be long!"
Some, "Thou shalt be forgotten, too!"

In Edgartown the day is sweet,
Where all things gladden of night's end,
And down the little waking street
Bird calleth bird, man finds his friend.

But day heeds not my loneliness;
Man trades afar from this dull spot—
To whom 'tis given not to guess
The steps that pass, yet tarry not.

Agnes Lee.



CURIOUS experiment is now being tried in Paris. There has been started recently in that city a "White Theatre," or theatre intended for and devoted exclusively to young girls. As is well known, French parents are far more particular than are English or American parents as to what their daughters shall read, see, and hear. Some plays that might be thought perfectly proper for an American girl to see could not be seen by a French girl without the forfeiture of her good name. No young French girl, for instance, would be permitted to see such plays as "Sowing the Wind" or "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," for those pieces discuss sexual problems of the very existence of which the unmarried French woman is supposed to be ignorant. That is one reason why the French stage is so impure. The French playwright is not required to consider the Young Person when writing a play. His auditors are men and women, and so his li-The idea of startcense is unbridled. ing a theatre to which French mothers could take their unmarried daughters originated with Madame Samary, a sister of Jeanne Samary, the clever actress of the Théâtre Français, who died some years ago. She leased a hall, engaged a special company composed entirely of young girls, and called the new playhouse Le Théâtre Blanc, or "White Theatre"—out of compliment to the supposed condition of her protegies' souls—and gave recently a matinée performance at which three absolutely innocent one-act plays were produced. It is feared that the experiment will not turn out a success, as some of the young girls who attended the performance lisped blushingly, when interviewed, that the entertainment was insipid. Evidently the French Young Person is as interested in problem plays as her American and English sisters.

* *

Chevalier, the famous English music-hall singer and character impersonator, has been very successful in New York, and some enthusiasts have gone so far as to declare him the greatest player on the stage. Chevalier is certainly a very talented man and a thorough artist, but much of the praise given him seems to me a little exaggerated. He is not as clever as Yvette Guilbert, and he can well be compared to her, because each excels in the same branch of art—the characterization of street types. Chevalier's principal impersonation, and the one on which his reputation rests, is the cockney costermonger of London. This type is faithfully and amusingly drawn by the artist; but as a character study the impersonation cannot compare with Yvette Guilbert's impersonation of the drunken woman in her song "La Soularde," or with her Pierreuse in the dirge of that title. Chevalier has, too, the advan-



KATHERINE GREY.

From photograph (copyright, 1895) by W. M. Morrison, Chicago.

tage of costume and make-up, which helps to create the illusion, even if the impersonator's art fails. Yvette Guilbert gave her impersonations without any such assistance. She created her characters, and imparted the perfect illusion standing before her audience in ordinary attire. Chevalier does not possess, moreover, the personal magnetism of the French artist, nor her wonderfully human, pathetic voice. His songs, too, are not masterpieces, like those in the Guilbert repertoire. Still, Chevalier can be and is a fine artist, without being as great as the inimitable Yvette Guilbert.

The story of how Chevalier began his present career is curious. He was

formerly an actor, but, although he played in good companies, never succeeded in emerging from obscurity. One night, as he was walking home from the theatre, he stopped to watch a costermonger - picturesque in his corduroys and pearl buttons-who had deserted his donkey and cart to have words with a girl who was passing. She was his sweetheart, and had evidently aroused his jealousy. The artist saw the stage possibilities of the character, and a few months later he made his début at the London Pavilion in "The Coster's Serenade," with the result that we

know. Before that happy inspiration he was earning about \$50 a week. He now makes \$3000 a week.

* *

Katherine Grey, a new portrait of whom appears in these pages, has been selected to play the part of Mary Magdalene in Bovio's sacred drama, "Judas at the Feast of Purim," which is to be produced in New York this month. Such a part will require the most careful and intelligent interpretation, and perhaps none among the young actresses on the American stage is better equipped to fill these conditions than Miss Grey. The work she has done so far—notably in "Shore Acres" and in "Arms and the Man"—displayed a higher order of intelligence and artistic finesse than we are

accustomed to find in our native players. Miss Grey is now acting at the Garden Theatre, this city, in "His Absent Boy," a successful farce cleverly adapted from the German by Al. Neuman.

Bovio's sacred drama, to which I alluded above, has not yet been seen in this country. It was produced originally in Rome in 1893, and aroused the greatest curiosity and enthusiasm in Italy. The church authorities tried to stop the performances on the ground that the author was a free thinker, but were not suc-

cessful, and the attempt, of course, only served to advertise The drama itself is the play. remarkable not only for its literary merit, but for its dramatic strength. It presents a striking picture of the strange and contrasting scenes which accompanied the Feast of Purim in ancient Jerusalem, where Greeks, Phrygiars, Spartans, Romans of the Sybarite and Stoic schools, Capuans, and Athenian courtesans congregated. According to Bovio, Judas was not a mere sordid lew. He was a political leader of his people. The marvellous power of Jesus he recog-· nized, but believed it was wast-He would have adhered to Christ had Christ appealed to his national and isolated idea of a Messiah; but Judas, nourished on his race hatred of the Roman oppressor, had faith only in the materiality of things. He marvelled at and was moved out of himself by the universal power of Jesus, but that very universality was not only beyond the understanding of Judas, but foreign to his ideals. In the interview between Mary Magdalene and Judas, Bovio emphasizes the half consciousness of Judas - his bewildered state when he confronts his comparatively narrow theories with the universal justice of the new

prophet—side by side with the working of that justice in the abstract represented by the woman herself. She, transfigured by Christ's sympathetic humanity as applied to her own case, not only reflects His human philosophy, but, with the second sight born of her own redemption, foretells the ultimate and transcendent effects His teachings will have upon all people and times that will follow.

Miss Maxine Elliott, a new portrait of whom we publish this month, is probably the most frequently photographed actress on the stage. This



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

From photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

is not surprising, for Miss Elliott certainly is a remarkable specimen of Nature's handiwork in her kindliest mood. Miss Elliot is, I believe, a Jewess, and she possesses the rare and legendary beauty of her race. nish her with opportunity to display what histrionic talent she may have, are contented to let her simply pose on the stage. Miss Elliott is an ambitious and painstaking actress, and she was recently seen to advantage



EFFIE SHANNON.

Her face is a picture that is flawless in features, lines, and coloring. But the actress declares that her beauty has by no means added to her happiness. She declares that, on the contrary, it has been an obstacle in her artistic career, for managers, instead of giving her parts which would furin the leading rôle of Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy, "A House of Cards."

* * *
One of the most promising among

One of the most promising among our younger actresses, while she was a member of the Lyceum stock company, was Miss Effie Shannon. She had no superior in ingénue rôles, and on one occasion—as the consumptive young wife in Pinero's play, "Lady Bountiful"—she displayed emotional power that surprised even those who were familiar with her work. Shortly afterward Miss Shannon married Mr. Henry Guy Carlton, the dramatist, and, later, left the Lyceum. She has appeared since with various dramatic companies, notably with Olga Nethersole, with whom she is

now touring. Miss Shannon has almost every essential requisite for stage success—good looks, a sympathetic personality, and great intelligence. But, for some inexplicable reason, she does not seem to be carrying out the promise she gave when playing in "Lady Bountiful." Undoubtedly the opportunity has been lacking.

The news that W. J. LeMoyne will leave the Lyceum Theatre will be heard with regret by every patron of that house; for Mr. LeMoyne for several years has been one of the most popular members of the stock company. is now understood that this is the last season of the regular Lyceum stock company, Mr. Daniel Frohman having decided to devote the house to special productions. stock system, for divers reasons, has ceased to be profitable in this country. It has been almost impossible to find good plays, and the system has necessitated the fitting of the plays to the actors instead of the actors to the plays. For a special production a manager can engage whatever actors he likes for the run of that particular piece. But if he has a stock company his actors are engaged by the year, and he has to find plays which will fit the actors. It can be readily seen, therefore, that



From chotograph (copyright, 1806) by A. Dupont, New York.



LAURA MCGILVRAY. .
From photograph by Falk.

during the present dearth of dramatic material the special-production policy is a more profitable one for managers to follow. It is even hinted that Charles Frohman will follow the same plan at the Empire Theatre. That will leave Augustin Daly alone in the field.

The members of the American Dramatists' Club have been making strenuous efforts for many months to have Congress pass a new law which shall recognize and give protection to dramatic property and make play piracy a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment. Last month a joint committee of the club and the leading theatrical managers of New York made a special trip to Washington to urge the favorable considera-

tion of the bill before the Committee of Patents of the House of Representatives, consisting of the following gentlemen: Edward Sauerhering, of Wisconsin; Cyrus A. Sulloway, of New Hampshire; Winfield S. Kerr, of Ohio; Robert J. Tracewell, of Indiana; Joseph C. Hutcheson, of Texas, and Gaston A. Robbins, of Ala-bama. The combama. mittee from New York included Bronson Howard, Franklin Fyles, J. I. C. Clark, Harrison Grey Fiske, Charles Klein, Nelson Wheatcroft, and Herbert Hall Winslow, dramatic authors, and A. M. Palmer, Henry C. Miner, T. Henry French, and Daniel Frohman, man-

agers. The committee of dramatists showed the number of piratical organizations-that is, theatrical companies which have stolen the plays they are presenting—to be about two hundred and twenty-five in numberthat is to say, equal to one half the total number of legitimate travelling organizations. These bands are organized by men without capital or reputation, chiefly in Western cities. Their depredations involve nearly the whole territory of the United States except the principal cities, and they do not employ regularly trained They arrange to pay their companies beggarly salaries; in some cases they merely agree to furnish subsistence. Oftener they pay nothing at all to their actors, stranding their employees and running away to organize new bands elsewhere. The

counsel for the dramatists, Judge Dittenhoefer, remarked that literary property is now recognized as property in every civilized country except America. According to our present laws, the man who steals the manuscript of the play can be punished

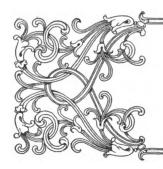
criminally; the man who steals the ideas, the words, contained in the manuscript and uses them for his own profit is deemed guilty of no offence. It is to change this ridiculous condition of our law that the present agitation was started.

Arthur Hornblow.

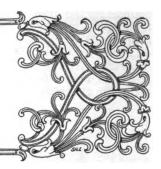


CLARA LIPMAN.

Prom photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, New York.



THE MUSICAL WORLD



SEASON of music which, taken altogether, has been most interesting, is drawing to a close. A number of artistes—pianists, violinists, opera singers-known to us previously by reputation only have come, been seen, and have conquered. The year that introduced us to Sauret, Klassky, and Ternina, and brought back to us Joseffy, will always be recalled with pleasure. Next season promises, if anything, to prove even more interesting. Moritz Rosenthal, the greatest living pianist from the purely technical standpoint, is to return to America for a second tour. Mr. Rosenthal has not been heard here for eight years, and since then we have heard Paderewski. But Rosenthal is conceded by all competent critics to be a greater

pianist than Paderewski. is still a very young man, having been born in 1860 in Vienna, and was a pupil of Liszt. Weare also to hear Josef Hofmann, now no longer the infant prodigy, as we knew him ten years ago, when he appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House, but, according to all accounts, a per-former of the greatest brilliancy.

One of the keenest disappointments of the German Opera season, to my mind, was the very apparent deterioration in Alvary's voice. The once famous tenor, at whose shrine all opera-goers formerly worshipped, is by no means the same singer as he was. He is as good an actor as ever, but his voice is a wreck. How a voice so fine but a short time ago should so entirely lose all its beauty and power is remarkable. The only explanation is that through lack of proper study Alvary did not use it properly.

This country is paying more attention to good music each year, and is developing constantly native musicians and composers. Among the

latest Americans to win laurels for compositionis Miss Marie Von Hammer, a young woman who made her appearance in the musical world as a pianist and composer both. She is the daughter of Albert H. Wood, well known at one time as pianist and composer. His daughter has largely inherited her father's gift for composition, and has already made several contributions



MARIE VON HAMMER.

to the best class of music compositions, displaying great talent. Many of her songs, among which are, "Good-night," "Wiegenlied," "A Fair Good Man," and "Gonndellied," have been sung by famous carriage. So liberally endowed by nature, Miss Von Hammer should have a brilliant future.

Another American composer whose



ANTON SEIDL.

Photograph by Falk.

singers, both here and in London. Miss Von Hammer has received high praise for her piano-playing, in which her artistic phrasing and magnetism of touch are remarkable. Personally, she has a charming appearance, being slightly above the average height, and is distinguished in

works have been much admired is Mr. Elliott Schenck, who has attracted much attention for his work as chorus-master of the German Opera company this season. The chorus is, as a rule, an objectionable feature of grand opera, but Mr. Schenck succeeded in making it one of the most



ELLIOTT SCHENCK.

attractive features. He is the son of the Rev. Dr. N. H. Schenck, the wellknown Brooklyn minister. twelve years old he was made assistant organist of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, and at sixteen was appointed organist and choir-master of the Church of the Reformation, this city. Later Mr. Schenck was given the same position at the Calvary Chapel on Twenty-third Street. After studying with Frank Damrosch for one year, he went to Dresden and studied at the Conservatoire there, making theory and composition his specialty. Two years later the young musician went to Berlin to pursue his studies under Heinrich Urban, the teacher of Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, Bruno Oscar Klein, and others, and while there he conducted a number of his own orchestral compositions at the Concert Hall. About eighteen months ago Mr. Schenck returned to this country and took up choir and chorus work with brilliant results.

Tom Karl, who is well known as

one of the original organizers of that admirable light opera company known as the "Bostonians," made his début in Italy. In 1872 he came to this country to join the renowned Parepa Rosa, and afterward made a tour through the country in company with Camilla Urso. Later he sang during five seasons under the management of Max Strakosch, associating with such world-famed artists as Pauline Lucca, Christine Nilsson, Anna Louisa Cary, Clara Louise Kellogg, and Marie Rose, always singing the first tenor rôles in Italian Opera. After appearing in grand opera with the above-named singers for a few years he joined the "Boston Ideals," and later helped to organize the "Bostonians." Mr. Karl resigned from that organization about a year ago to devote himself to teaching. He has, however, been heard since at numerous concerts and musicales. He said recently to the writer, "What the future will bring forth I do not know, but one thing I can say, I am most happy in my home life, where I



TOM KARL

have a peace and a quiet that public life on the stage cannot give."

* *

As fast as artists retire from public life others immediately appear to fill

retired from the stage. Whether for pecuniary reasons or love for her art is not known, but Tua has resumed her professional career, and is now appearing with great success in Italy. She will, no doubt, revisit this coun-



MISS GERTRUDE BARBER.

the gap. Teresina Tua, already well known in this country as "the fairy of the violin," has made her reappearance in Italy. It is some eight or nine years since she made such a profound impression here with her brilliant violin-playing and her great personal beauty. She returned to her native land, married a nobleman, and

try, and will be sure of a warm welcome when she comes.

* *

America boasts of a talented woman violinist in the person of Miss Maud Powell, who was born in this city in 1868. When quite young she displayed extraordinary fondness for the violin, and for some years studied under prominent teachers in this country. In 1881 she went to Europe, where she devoted her time exclusively to her musical education. She returned here in 1885, and when she made her début at a Philharmonic concert she was at once acclaimed as a violinist of the foremost rank.

Miss Powell has a masterly command of her instrument, and displays the results of her devotion to her art to fine advantage. She plays with brilliancy and fire, and has long been noted for the breadth and richness of her tone. Miss Powell has the distinction of being the only woman violinist that appeared with Thomas's orchestra at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. She is passionately fond of out-door life, and every summer spends entire days wandering through the fields and forests, studying the mysteries of botany. She is also very fond of poetry, and sometimes tempts the Muse herself.

"Daughter of Poland, and of that old Race Whose lips first

one high God,
Proud e'en to bow
be neath the
chastening rod.
If on their priestly
robes they might
but trace
His holy name!
Thou hast the
subtle grace

whispered of the

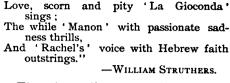
subtle grace
That will not
spring forth from
the West's cold
sod;

Thine artist spirit flies where others plod; Where others

Where others grope, thy glance doth all embrace.

"'Carmen' has snared hearts amid Spain's southern hills; 'Nedda' coquettes with gay, papilio wings; 'Flischeth' o

'Elizabeth' a saintly flame distils;



The above lines were inspired in the poet by the beautiful voice of Madame Selma Koert-Kronold, the prima donna soprano, whose dramatic talent is almost as remarkable as her fine singing. Koert-Kronold was born in Cracow, Poland, and brought up in the convent of St. Thomas, where her vocal and musical talents were first discovered. Following the advice of her teachers, she went to Leipsic to finish her education and to begin her musical studies at the Royal Conservatoire. carrying off there the first prize for singing, she was engaged by the famous impressario, Angelo Neumann, for his Opera House in Bremen, where she sang under the direction of Anton Seidl. In 1885 she made her first success as "Agatha" in "Der Freischütz." During her en-

gagement in Bremen she received an offer from the directors of the Paris Grand Op-She began era. to study French rôles with Madame Desiré Artot, and receiving an offer to come to this country, she signed a contract to sing in German Opera in this city. She also sang here at the concerts of Theodore Thomas, Walter Damrosch, and Anton Seidl. On the occasion of the opening of the Carnegie Music Hall, she made one of her greatest hits. Since that Madame



TERESINA TUA.

Koert-Kronold has appeared in opera inWashington, Boston, Montreal, and other metropolitan cities with great success. She has now accepted an offer to sing at the Opera House, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and will sail in June to remain abroad six months.

An amusing story is told concerning Courtlandt Palmer, the young American pianist. When Mr. Palmer was studying music in Paris he was much annoyed by the constant practising of the tenant in the apartment above his own. After complaining to the landlord a number of times, and finding that the nuisance continued, Mr. Palmer could stand it no longer, and finally decided to find another apartment. "I wouldn't mind if the idiot knew how to play, but the drumming is simply unendur-

able." "I am sorry," said the landlord, "that you have been annoyed, but Mr. Paderewski has the apartment above, and I don't like to complain to him about his playing."

* *

Anton Seidl and his Metropolitan Orchestra will begin a Western tour on May 2d. This will be Mr. Seidl's first visit to the West, and the trip will begin in Rochester, then go to Buffalo, Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Denver, and Salt Lake City. He will then go to San Francisco for two weeks, and after south to Los Angeles. He will return to San Francisco again, thence to Portland, and back to Chicago, where he will play during the Democratic Convention at the Auditorium.

N. L. H.

MAY.

THE earth is wreathed in smiles again,
The woodland beckons to the rain;
A fragrance wafts from new-born flowers,
And opening buds portend glad hours.
The robins pipe their merry lays,
In glad adieu to winter days,
And sunshine doth rich color glean
To weave in Nature's garb of green.
While laughing brooks dispel the gloom,
New hopes are crowning every bloom,
And Love his sweetest kiss doth lay
On balmy breezes of the May.

Edwa

Edward M. Crane.







DR. CYRUS EDSON.

Dr. Cyrus EDson, who recently announced that he had discovered a cure for consumption, is one of the most popular men in New York. He was born thirtyeight years ago in this city, the eldest son of ex-Mayor Franklin Edson. He entered Columbia College in 1876 and joined the boat club, being a member of

Captain J. T. Goodwin's crew which carried off the prize for four-oared shells at the Henley regatta in England in 1878. After receiving his diploma from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1881, he became connected with the Health Department of the city.

In 1884 he was put in charge of the Bureau for the Inspection of Food Products. In 1887 he became head of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases, and successfully combated an outbreak of typhus fever brought into the country by Jewish refugees from Russia. In 1892 he was promoted to the position of Sanitary Superintendent of the city, and the following year he was made a health commissioner. He resigned a few months ago to devote himself more entirely to a study of tuberculosis.

Dr. Edson's discovery, which he calls Aseptolin, is a form of phenol. He agrees with Pasteur, Koch, and Behring in attributing the origin and progress of the disease to bacteria, but he differs from them as to the nature of the germicide employed. They have used organic substances such as "cultures" of the bacteria themselves; he turns to the realm of organic chemistry, and makes use of one of the most powerful antiseptics familiar to science. Six thousand physicians are practising with the new remedy, but it is too early to say definitely whether the remarkable cures related shall prove permanent.

"Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" are two of the most famous books for boys ever published, and their author, Thomas Hughes, will always be dear to the heart of the schoolboy. Hughes was one of those men who retain their youth even in old age; and his vivid, ever-present recollections of his own schoolboy days made him the companion and delight of all the young men fortunate enough to know him. The reason of the wide success of his books is his great sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the schoolboy. This human quality, as well as the truth and realism in the book, has made "Tom Brown's School Days" a classic. Dr. Arnold, father of the late Matthew Arnold, was head master at Rugby when young Hughes attended. After leaving this school Hughes went to Oxford, and was graduated in 1845. Afterward he studied equity at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1848. Subsequently he went to Parliament, but did nothing notable as a chetter In 1848 he was read to indeed to the state of the debater. In 1882 he was made a judge. One of his ideas was to found a coöperative colony of Englishmen in this country. In 1880 the scheme was formally opened in Tennessee, and was known as the Rugby Colony, but it was not a success. Hughes will go down to posterity as the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." There is no doubt that this book had a great influence in America, as well as other countries, on boys and schools in general, and it has done much to encourage interest in the outdoor sports

which are such a prominent part of the English schoolboy's life, and about which Hughes was such an enthusiast. At the date of his death, March 22, Hughes was nearly seventy three years old.

A prominent figure in the literary world this season is Stephen Crane, whose stir-



THOMAS HUGHES.



STEPHEN CRANE.

ring story, "The Red Badge of Courage," received such unqualified praise. His pictures of war are especially re-markable for their truth and color, when it is known that Mr. Crane is but twenty-five years old, and has, of course, never been in a battle. A believer in the theory of rein-carnation, it is

stated, thinks that the soul of some great soldier and fighter passed into Stephen Crane, and thus enabled him to depict ac-

curately emotions and experiences he could not otherwise have felt. Mr. Crane himself settles the question in a far less romantic way. While at college he was an enthusiast over base-ball and foot-ball—indeed, he was on an active team in the latter sport just before beginning work on "The Red Badge of Courage"—and he is quoted as having said, "I believe I got my sense of the rage of conflict on the foot-ball field." Mr. Crane has done considerable journalistic work, and his other published books are "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets," and a volume of "Lines," called "The Black Riders," which, by the way, was written in three days. Neither of these works,

Black Riders," which, by the way, was written in three days. Neither of these works, however, achieved for Mr. Crane the reputation which "The Red Badge of Courage" brought him. Such brilliant success as he has won by this book is unusual for a man of his years, or rather youth, and future work from his pen will be awaited with interest.

There is a curious resemblance, both physical and spiritual, between Mrs. Ballington Booth and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, although no ties of blood relate them. In each woman is noticeable a firmness of purpose and a strength of character, combined with rare sweetness of disposition. Mrs. Booth-Tucker probably inherits her executive ability from her father, General Booth, and in her new position as joint commander of the Salvation Army in this country she will have wide scope for her jurisdiction and tact. There has always existed a strong love between Mrs. Booth-Tucker and her brother, Ballington Booth, in spite of the various apparent conflictions that necessarily arise from their official positions. Mrs. Booth-Tucker has

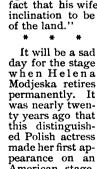
two children, whose lives have been consecrated to the cause for which she herself labors unceasingly. Her third child, a mere baby, died in England but a short time after the mother's arrival in this country. The picture of Mrs. Booth-Tucker here reproduced is from her most recent photograph. The power and tenderness of her womanly nature are clearly mirrored in her sensitive features, which are almost classic in the regularity of their beauty.

There is no man more interesting to the public than he who can and won't. For this reason ex-President Benjamin Harrison is an attractive figure just now. His declination to enter the coming race for presidential candidacy, and his oft-reiterated statements that he had retired from politics altogether, are an old story at this time; yet there are many who smile knowingly when these denials are brought up, and converse wisely of dark horses. The

wisely of dark horses. The more romantic reason of Harrison's popularity at present is on account of his marriage to Mrs. Dimmick, which took place on April 6 at St. Thomas's Church, in this city. The wedding was an exclusive one, and the newly married pair are now at Harrison's old home in Indianapolis

The nomination of Harrison in 1888 was a decided surprise. In spite of his professed aversion to activity in the forth-coming campaign, there are many rumors to the contrary in the air, and it is barely possible that he may repeat his

ble that he may repeat his well-known achievement of eight years ago. This is the more probable from the fact that his wife is said to have a strong inclination to be known as "the first lady of the land."



American stage. Since that time we have seen her in many parts, and have come to look upon her as our own, especially as America is the country of her



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Photo. (copyright, 1896) by
Pach, New York.



MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

Photo. (copyright, 1896)
by Rockwood.



MME. MODJESKA.

she makes her home in sunny California. dame Modjeska was born in Cracow, Poland, and from early youth showed evidence of an artistic nature and histrionic inclinations. But her first efforts on the stage were not successful, and finally, in accordance with the wishes of her family, she married a man

fond election, and

much older than herself. Thus her name became Modrzejewska, which we have abbreviated to Modjeska. From this union one son was born. Great success did not come to her, however, until after her second marriage to Count Bozenta Chlapowski. Then she played at the Imperial Theatre at Warsaw for seven years as leading lady. This long engagement was attended by a series of ovations, and Madame Modjeska was hailed as the foremost representative of Polish dramatic art. After an attack of ill-



THOS. C. PLATT.
Photo. (copyright, 1805) by
Pach Bros.

ness and general exhaustion came to America and opened in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" at San Francisco. Here her success was immediate. Other parts which Madame Modjeska has graced with her delightful personality are Juliet, which, by the way, she still played while a grandmother, Rosalind, Viola, Camille, Ophelia, Mary Stuart—in fact, all the standard parts, as well as the leading rôles

the leading rôles in plays by new authors whom she intro-

Mr. Thomas C. Platt as a private citizen is an unobtrusive personage. He might, so far as his public appearances go, also come under the same category as a public man; but if he is not often seen abroad, he is credited with having great power as a director of political movements which are frequently wide-reaching in results. Some even go so far as to say that whomsoever Mr. Platt

wills may be nominated for President, on the basis of the argument that he controls New York, and as New York goes, so goes the country. Mr. Platt is in his sixty-third year, but is a hard-working man—that is, from one point of view. His position as President of the United States Express Company is one which requires much of his time; but as he spends few idle hours, he can manage to put a great deal of thought on the political questions of the day.

Governor McKinley, of Ohio, seems to have a stronger support for the Republican

Presidential nomination than any other candidate yet named. doubt it is largely due to his record as a politician, which is certainly as good as any one's, and better than that of several others who have been suggested; but a certain amount of credit is probably due to the excellent management



GOVERNOR MCKINLEY.

of those in charge of the matter.

If Europe is proud of its old men in Gladstone, Bismarck, the Pope, and other eminent statesmen, America should be proud of its wonderful old women. There is Susan B. Anthony, who is seventy-six years of age; Julia Ward Howe, seventy-seven; Isabelle Beecher Hooker, seventy-five; Mrs. Susan Wallace, seventy; Mrs. Zerelda Wallace, eighty; and, above all, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is eighty-one.

Despite her great age, she is as active intellectually as if she were sixty years younger. She devotes so

She devotes so many hours a day to study, to compilation, and to literary work.

She is still the recognized leader of the Woman Suffrage movement, and an active worker in many other fields of education, philanthropy, and reform, and is also the chief editor and author of the "Woman's Bible," and frequently contributes to the press.



MRS. ELIZABETH STANTON.
Photo. (copyright, 1895) by
Rockwood.

THE LADIES OF THE MACCABEES.

F the modern woman has any chief characteristic or quality it is shown in her disproving by simple facts every proposition made against her in the past fifty years. Somebody now forgotten said that women would never be able to master mathematics. The modern woman replied by producing a score of extraordinary scholars, headed by Miss Phillipa Fawcett, of England. An Austrian Professor, almost forgot-.ten, Dr. Albert, said that it was im possible for women to ever succeed in the medical profession. The modern woman crushed that statement by promptly graduating some five thousand talented American girls as physicians and surgeons.

Another ancient pedant pronounced the sex incapable of organization and parliamentary law. The modern woman presented the World's Council of Women and the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the two largest voluntary associations

known to history.

The records do not give the name of the cynic who said that women could not keep a secret. The sentiment has been expressed in a score of ways by as many writers. It is never used by those in this country who are acquainted with the Ladies of the Maccabees, a powerful secret benevolent society of more than fifty thousand members. This fact alone would be sufficient to make the society worthy of more than passing comment, but when in addition we find that it carries on a complicated social, educational, and philanthropic organization of a very high type, and that its branches ramify throughout all parts of the country, and that, most remarkable of all, its varied duties are carried on exclusively by women, it arouses an interest bordering upon wonder.

The Supreme Hive of the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World, as its quaint but beautiful ritual names the

society, began its career as an auxiliary branch of the Supreme Tent of the Knights of the Maccabees of the World, one of the leading fraternal societies of the Central States. was a purely local society at the start, which in 1889 was in the State of Michigan. There were one hundred and seventy original members. may be questioned if any of this circle ever dreamed of the great future which lay immediately in front of it. They organized very much in the same way as women were organizing societies in every part of the land. They gave it a strong social phase by restricting membership to those who were congenial and agreeable to the This was a wise move, and was to work out results of which they probably thought but little at the time. Those who were in the organization were well bred, well read, patriotic, and benevolent women, who looked at the society as a means of doing good to both themselves as The next move well as to others. was one which has marked the development of nearly all of the women's clubs of the country. It was the formation of departments. By degrees so much time became allotted to social intercourse, so much time to parliamentary law and procedure, so much time to literary work and thought, and so much to orations, essays, debates, and discussions. Under the head of benevolence came arrangements for visiting and nursing the sick and for paying them money for illness or for accidents.

In this manner good was accomplished to so great an extent as to give the order a very strong hold upon each member. It grew and finally began to be a little bit cumbrous. The result was that a second society was formed, and a third, and a fourth. They took the title of a Hive, on account of its symbolizing industry, forethought, and coöperation. Some old bachelors since then

have intimated something about bees and stings, and in response some genial spinsters have alluded to honey and sweetness.

The Hives progressed. As their fame spread they were established in New York and Ohio. In the beginning there was no union nor coöpera-

ones; poor ones required assistance or relief from wealthy ones, and those carelessly managed or administered wished frequently for a greater knowledge from those which were successful. The result was a more intimate union and scientific organization. The Hives were united together into



MRS. LILLIAN M. HOLLISTER.

tion between the several Hives. Each was self centred and independent, and was subjected to no limitation except that of restriction to a certain territory. By degrees, however, there came a demand for a closer union between the several branches. Young and small ones frequently desired information and advice from older

Great Hives. These are composed of representatives from the subordinate Hives, and are what might be termed a general or central committee rather than an organization per se. They meet annually; keep a general supervision upon the subordinate Hives; suggest ways and means for increasing their efficiency or for es-



MISS BINA M. WEST.

tablishing new Hives; elect officers, and do the routine work incidental to general committees in political organizations. The State Hives are united in turn in the Supreme Hive, which is composed of representatives from each State. It meets biennially, adopts amendments to the existing constitution and by-laws, and does an enormous amount of business in regard to the details of the organization from its own officials down to the smallest and most distant subordinate branch.

It will thus be seen that the Ladies of the Maccabees are organized upon nearly the same plan as are the great political parties of the land, or such societies as the National Council of Women or the General Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies. wisdom of the arrangement is discernible in the success which the new League has enjoyed. Beginning in 1889 with one hundred and seventy members, it has grown steadily until the present time. On the first day of January this year it had no less than fifty-two thousand members, with organizations in the following States, Territories, and Canadian provinces: Michigan, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, California, Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Ontario, Washington, Connecticut, Oregon, Texas, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, West Virginia, Colorado, Kentucky, Indian Territory, Utah, Idaho, British Columbia, and Quebec.

These facts speak volumes for the energy and skill of the administration of the order as well as for the excellence of the principles upon which it is based. Besides those already mentioned the Maccabees make a particular point of cooperation among women; of the independence of women. and of the Christian doctrine of mutual helpfulness. This is carried so far that in matters of sickness women doctors are employed exclusively, and in all matters where legal opinions or actions are unavoidable women practitioners are retained and con-Women book-keepers take sulted. care of the books and records; women bankers attend to all financial matters; women writers produce all necessary society literature; women orators do the speaking, debating, and lecturing, and women officials conduct the many forms and ceremonies under the impressive



MRS. KITTIE C. WARNER.



DR. M. M. DANFORTH.

ritual, which itself has been made by women.

In its development it has endeavored to utilize the experience of older societies. Thus, it is ever educating its members, so as to improve them socially, physically, morally, and intellectually. In this branch of the work it advocates dress reform, hygiene, sanitary science, gymnastics, etiquette, the Chautauqua system, special studies, Sunday-school labors, missionary endeavors, and Church work. It tries to make each subordinate Hive a moral and intellectual centre to which no member can repair without being bettered. On the side of philanthropy and benevolence it maintains funds for the aid of its confrères, and an endowment fund for all contingencies. Thus it protects itself, its members against the ills of life, and outsiders who appeal to members for help, and redress when in need or when wronged.

The society has had many queer experiences since it was born. In the beginning it was obliged to encounter any amount of sneering and disagreeable cynicism. People laughed at the idea of women having a secret

society, and laughed far more at the idea of women keeping a secret. Many men denounced them for the curious reason that their society was a pretext for wasting time, gossiping, and tea-tattling, just as men's lodges were a standing excuse for staying out until an early hour in the morn-These denunciations overshot Many of the Hives meet in the afternoon, and none of them take more than an hour for a meet-On the other hand, the Masons rose up en masse, it is said, and pronounced the slurs to be wilful and malicious falsehoods. The agitation produced proved of great benefit, as by arousing general interest and public discussion it made the people familiar wih the objects and nature of the new order, and so brought in numerous members, who might not otherwise have joined for many years.

More remarkable still was the experience of the Maccabees with the old common law. In some of the States where liberal ideas prevail married women have the same rights as unmarried ones, and young girls between eighteen and twenty-one can



MRS EMMA R. NEIDIG,

take part in organizations without violating any law. In other States a married woman is practically a nonentity. She is merged in her husband, and does not legally exist. Her husband owns her property, owns her earnings, and owns the clothing upon her back. He has the sole custody of her children; he can take and enjoy any one of her contracts, and he can prohibit her attending or even joining a society or club. So in common law a young girl is almost equally under the control of her father or male guardian. This condition of affairs has prevented the full growth of the order in many of the common law States, and has aroused a storm of indignation among thousands who never knew before that these antiquated rules and ordinances were still in existence and controlled them the same as their foremothers. The result has been a movement in

twenty States looking toward the repeal of this mediæval jurisprudence and the passage of new laws in consonance with the spirit of the modern age.

Thus without any desire on their own part the members have obtained a better knowledge of many points in legal and political science than they could ever have obtained from books.

The heads of this growing order are all women of signal ability. mode of organization tends naturally to bring the brightest women to the From its clever and enthusiastic workers each Hive elects a board of officers, of which the principals are a presiding official called Lady Commander, a secretary called Record-Keeper, and a treasurer called Finance-Keeper. The Great Hive is similarly officered, while the Supreme Hive, as might be expected, has a larger and more important board of officers. From these the principals are the Supreme Commander, the Supreme Record-Keeper, the Supreme Finance-Keeper, the Supreme



MRS. FRANK M. STEWART.

Medical Examiner, and the Supreme Board of Trustees. The present Supreme Commander is Mrs. Lillian M. Hollister, of Detroit, Mich., which city is the headquarters. She is a tall, stately woman with a fine intellectual face, graceful figure and pleasing address. She had an admirable education, and enjoyed that priceless blessing a thorough physical training in her youth. A fluent writer, a clear and logical debater, an eloquent and forceful speaker, she has made her mark upon the platform, at the desk, and in the committee room. a great power for good in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in which she has been a high officer ten years. She joined the Maccabees, and in 1893 was elected Great Lady Commander. She was unanimously reëlected in 1894, and in 1895 was chosen to her present position.

Mrs. Hollister has long been a favorite at the conventions of the leading national societies of women. She has spoken at those held by the suffragists, the temperance people, the



MRS, EVA D. DOOLITTLE.

missionary laborers, the National Council, and other powerful bodies. Her views are very liberal. In speaking upon fraternal societies at the World's Fair at Atlanta, Ga., she said: "Women have not had the advantages of personal contact with all classes of women as men have with their sex; hence they have grown selfish and lack the sympathy with women that do not move with their social class. Clubs and philanthropies have done a great deal toward developing women; but what is needed to-day is that personal contact of woman with woman, to establish sympathy and confidence in each other. It is too true that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. Fraternities are establishing this sympathy and confidence of woman toward woman. They are also edu-They are developing the cational. business ability of women. They are educational as the result of personal contact by those who have had few advantages of associating with those who have been more favored. is a reflex influence felt by those who have given out from their storehouse of knowledge to help others that will make a lasting impression on their hearts for good."

As might be expected, the Maccabees have devoted much study to social problems and social science, and more especially to those portions which apply to women. One of their leaders in this respect is their Supreme Record-Keeper, Miss Bina M. West, of Port Huron, Mich. She has spent many years in studies upon this subject, and has embodied them in many brilliant and scholarly orations upon various important occasions. In one of these she said: "The death-rate among women is not so high as among men, and a larger percentage of women live to old age than do of men. This is in a great part due to the fact that they are not so exposed to the weather, to accidents, and in their daily occupations are not so generally victims to intemperance, and have better habits. Education does not detract, but rather should add to feminine attributes. Women are by nature more conservative than men. It is a result of the natural condition which surrounds the vast majority of them in their homes and domestic lives. Protected from infancy, cared for and shielded, they are not brought into contact with the



MRS. ELLEN E. DOWNER.



MRS. ALICE E. BOYD.

world nor with each other as workers and thinkers. The tendency of this mode of living is that lack of consideration for others of their own sex and those small jealousies which men are so apt to decry as failings of the feminine character alone. West was very prominent in educational circles in Michigan, and in 1800 received the high honor of an election as a member of the Board of School Examiners. She is one of but a limited number of these officials in the history of that important commonwealth.

The Supreme Finance-Keeper, Mrs. Kittie C. Warner, of Flint, Mich., has held that position ever since the organization of the Supreme Hive. Mrs. Warner is one of those rare women who are born with a well-developed commercial and financial talent. She attends to business of her own nature, and is never so happy as when in the administration of large enterprises. Her success has been remarkable, and has been highly praised not alone by the officers of her order, but also by the leading merchants and bankers of the West.

Dr. Mary M. Danforth, Supreme Medical Examiner of the Maccabees,

is a distinguished physician of Port Huron, who holds a very high professional rank in that community. Besides being an able practitioner she is a skilful chemist, an accurate and learned scientific writer, and a scholar both within and without her vocation.

On account of the growth of the organization it has been found necessary to appoint Supreme Lieutenant Commanders to aid the head of the society. One of these Lieutenants is Mrs. Emma Rice Neidig, who since 1892 has had charge of California and that part of the country, with head-quarters at Los Angeles. She is also distinguished in Western pedagogic circles and in the literary clubs of the Golden State.

Mrs. Frank M. Stewart, of Port Huron, Mich., is the Deputy Supreme Commander and also Supreme Auditor. She is a graduate of Oliver College, a woman of great strength of character, a capable administrator, and a very pleasing conversationalist.

Instead of Sergeant-at-Arms, the Maccabees have a Supreme Mistress-at-Arms. This position is filled by Mrs. Eva D. Doolittle, who is also Deputy Supreme Commander. She belongs to South Bend, Ind., where for many years she has been a leader



MRS. HELEN M. TRUESDELL.



DR. EMMA E. BOWER.

in church work and philanthropy. She has been active in establishing Hives in the Hoosier State, and is one of its most popular and beautiful daughters.

The Supreme Picket is Mrs. Ellen E. Downer, of Chicago, Ill., who is also State Commander for Illinois. She is a direct descendant of President Andrew Jackson. The Supreme Picket bears the same relation to the Supreme Hive that the Tiler does to the Lodge.

The Supreme Sergeant and at the same time the State Lady Commander of the Maccabees of Tennessee is Mrs. Alice E. Boyd. She has worked long and well in that beautiful River State to extend the League, and has met with well-merited success.

Another Supreme Auditor is Mrs. Helen M. Truesdell, of Port Huron. Mrs. Truesdell is gifted with much versatility, and is known as one of the most useful and industrious members of the organization. She is quick at figures, good at business, bright in conversation, convincing in her logic, and very impressive in her work.

One of the most attractive figures in this mystic circle is Dr. Emma E. Bower, of Ann Arbor, Great Record-Keeper for her State, and also Treasurer of the Ann Arbor School Board, President of the Michigan Woman's Press Association, and member of the Associate Alumnæ of Michigan University. She is tall, with a face that is almost Greek in its purity, with the bright eyes and the smooth complexion of a young girl, but in singular contrast with the mass of gray hair around the face, which is almost silver white. She looks for all the world like one of the Grand Dames of the Court of Louis XV. A scholar, a poet, and an enthusiast, she has been a powerful aid to the order of which she is an honored member.

In Indiana the institution is making rapid progress and has many stanch lieutenants. Its commander is Mrs. Grace H. Meredith, a young and charming woman, recently married. She is a high-school graduate, and clever with both the tongue and pen. She makes her headquarters at Wabash, Ind., and loses no opportunity of establishing new additions or bringing new members into old auxiliaries.

The Empire State has given a warm welcome to the Maccabees, more especially in the western counties. They have a large number of leagues and a corresponding army of members. The present roll shows about ten thousand names, being about one fifth of the entire membership of the organization. Its State Lady Commander is Mary J. Tyler, of Postville, N. Y. She was elected to her present position last April, and from that time on has left nothing undone to extend and improve the work.

It is only in the past seven months that this secret society of women has started branches in the rich and fertile State of Iowa. They held their first convention there last November after enough branches had been started to make this feasible, and appointed Miss Carrie May Davis Deputy Supreme Commander for that State. Miss Davis lives at Cedar Rapids, and is an Iowan by birth. Her father

was a distinguished soldier in the late war, and is now one of the leading Generals in the National Guard. She is a graduate of Cornell College at Mount Vernon, where she took high honors in both the literary and musical courses.

The Supreme Sentinel and the State Lady Commander of Ohio is Miss Lydia R. de Groate, of Cleveland, her native city. Miss de Groate is famous for her energy and executive She is a woman of wide ability. reading, of manifold effort, and of great personal influence. She joined the Maccabees in 1893, and by reason of her intelligent exertions so impressed her fellow-workers that shortly afterward she was elected to her present position and was reëlected last year.

The Keystone State ranks fourth in the archives of the society. Among the earliest to join it in that commonwealth was Mrs. Elizabeth E. Brown, a prominent woman in church, temperance, and educational work. has held her present high office of State Lady Commander for two years, and has been unflagging in her zeal

and devotion to the cause.

Far-off Oregon has a thriving State Hive and a splendid State Command-

er in the person of Mrs. Nellie H. Lambson, of Albany, in that State. Mrs. Lambson has been identified with educational and literary movements for many years. At one time she was a professor at Albion, Mich., and later on was the principal of the admirable Central School in the city where she now resides.

A very distinguished character in the organization is Mrs. Eudocia S. Moffatt, who is State Commander for Washington, and Deputy Supreme Commander for Washington, Idaho, Montana, and British Columbia. Her great grandfather, Jesse Starkweather, was a Major in the War of the Revolution, and her grandfather, Captain Weeks, served in the War of 1812. She is a native of Ohio and an honor woman of Olivet College. For many years Mrs. Moffatt has been a commanding figure in church, social, educational, philanthropic, and Wom-Christian Temperance work. an's She originated in the last-named organization the movement to place the United States flag on every schoolhouse in the land, and was tireless to make this an accomplished fact. Her headquarters are at Tacoma.

A very active and successful life has been that of Mrs. Rachel A.



MRS. GRACE H. MEREDITH.



MRS, RACHEL A. BAILEY.

Bailey, Past Great Commander of the society, now Michigan's State Lecturer and Organizer. For twelve years she was a high officer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, holding several of its best positions. She is also a busy member of the Woman's Club of Hastings and a leading figure of the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies.

Mrs. Liota Becker Maxwell, a prominent official, descends from French Huguenots, and is related to Lucretia Mott and Horace and William Mann. She was for two years Great Commander of the Michigan Maccabees, and is now Past Great Commander and Past Supreme Commander. As a public speaker she is entertaining and forcible. She is earnest and conscientious and possesses literary and business ability of high order.

The Great Medical Examiner of the Michigan Maccabees is Dr. Emma D. Cook, a clever physician of the Peninsula State. She is a graduate of the Michigan University and a member of many medical and learned societies. She is the gynecologist in Har-

per Hospital Polyclinic, and is engaged in general practice in Detroit.

Another prominent official of eminence is Mrs. Susie S. Graves, who is the great Finance Keeper for Michigan, and also a Supreme Auditor of the society. She has been twice reelected and enjoys the confidence and affection of all her associates. In private life she is a woman of high social standing and intellectual ability.

The women cited are admirable representatives of their order. represent the executive and oratoric talent, and would make their way wherever they might be. Of the eighty odd superior officers, nearly every one has attained distinction by similar work in the philanthropic and educational or religious associations of the nation. The experience thereby gained has made them invaluable in their present position. The chief difference between the Ladies of the Maccabees and other benevolent associations lies in its secret character. This has been found to attach the members more to their club and more to each other than is the case of open societies.

The attachment expresses itself in pleasanter social intercourse, in greater efficiency and smoothness of official action, in increased educational influence and effect, and in an en-



MISS LYDIA R. DE GROATE.



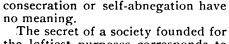
DR. EMMA D. COOK.

MRS. LIOTA B. MAXWELL.

larged religious and charitable spirit toward all classes.

On the other hand, the secret element keeps away outside influence and prevents the remarks, both good and evil, of third parties from being heard within the councils of the order. Secret societies among men, such as

Masonry, Odd Fellowship, For-estry, the Red Men, the Royal Arcanum, and the Greek Letter Societies, have usually proven of great benefit to all con-Where cerned. they have proved otherwise the fault lay in the men and not in the system. Whenever there is a consecration of an individual to a high purpose or a noble idea he or she becomes separate and apart from the rest. Around them is the wall of mystery for those to whom



The secret of a society founded for the loftiest purposes corresponds to the mystery about the individual. Furthermore the time has come when women should take upon themselves the same kind of beneficent work as

> has marked the Masonic order for centuries. From time immemorial women have performed nearly all the labors of the Church, and have enabled the latter institution to wear the laurel which they themselves have won. It is but just that they should unite in great societies and do the same work directly and without the intervention of any third party.

The age has advanced so far that they are qualified in every respect for



MRS. SUSIE S. GRAVES.



MRS. E. E. BROWN.

MRS. NELLIE H. LAMBSON.

this new mission. The growing competition in industrial life has forced millions of women into the arena of toil, and in this wise has given the sex the hardest possible commercial education. The opening of schools and colleges has developed their intellectual attributes, while their moral

and spiritual natures have never ceased growing through the ages. With these qualities combined, commercial wisdom, intellectuality, and Christian morality, the women's societies of the future are bound to surpass anything which history has yet recorded!

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

ETCHED IN GOLD.

The beautiful yellow jasmine of the Southern woods is a deadly poison.

OLD, gold, gold!" 'Twas a mocking cry that came
As I watched the shape of a form unfold

'Gainst the dying sky's gold flame;
A form all gold from head to feet;
With amber eyes and hair
And a fragrance sensuously sweet,
That freighted the gentle air;
A gleam of flesh engirt with flowers—
With jasmine flowers of gold,
And lips that lapped from the jasmine bowers
The poisoned sweets they hold.

The pines above outbreathed their love
To the tender, sylvan breeze,
But the wraith in gold
Would not unfold
Her passion to wind or trees.
She crooned a rune to the jasmine
vines,

In a languorous, amorous tune,
And a voice as sweet as the columbines,
That twine 'bout the brow of June.
And this was the song of the vampire
fair,

With the jasmine's gold in her amber hair:

"Gold, gold, gold; gold in a poisoned cup,
Oh, glorious gold from the slime and the mould,
Upon you I nightly sup.
For I am the wraith of that wanton band,
The women low and the ladies grand,
Whose beauty and virtue and truth were sold,
For the gaining of poisoned earthly gold."

Maude Andrews.

A LAGGARD IN LOVE.

Y dear," said Edith, judicially, "I think you're doing wrong."

Marian dabbed her eyes with a very wet handkerchief and said nothing. Edith adjusted the folds of her morning gown and assumed a more comfortable position on the couch. "They all have to be managed," she went on, "and you'll find that Mr. Thomas Drayton is no exception. I'll venture that when he makes his visits, which, like those of angels, are few and far between,' you tell him how lonesome you have been without him and how you've thought of him every minute since the last time, and even cry a little bit. Am I right?"

Marian nodded. "If it wasn't that hateful Perkins girl, I wouldn't care so much. She's neither bright nor pretty, and I'm sure I don't know what Tom sees in her. I think it's

more her fault than his."

"The Perkins girl is entirely blameless, Miss Reynolds, though she certainly is unpleasant. It is Tom's fault."

The afflicted Miss Reynolds wiped her eyes again. "Perhaps it's mine. If I were quite what I ought to be, Tom wouldn't seek other society, I'm sure."

Mrs. Bently sat up straight. "Marian Reynolds," she demanded, "have you ever said anything like that to Tom?"

"Something like that," Marian admitted. "What should I have

done?"

"Thrown a book at him," responded Mrs. Bently, energetically. Then she leaned back among the pillows and twisted the corners of her hand-kerchief.

"Don't be horrid, Edith, but tell me what to do," pleaded Marian.

Mrs. Bently looked straight out of the window. "I've been married nearly ten years," she said, meditatively, "and I point with pardonable pride to my husband. There hasn't been any of 'the other woman business' since the first days of our engagement. He never forgets the little words of endearment, he brings me flowers and books, and he's quite as polite to me as he is to other women."

"I know," replied Marian. "I've seen him break away from a crowd in the middle of a sentence to put your

rubbers on for you.''

"All that," resumed Edith, "is the result of careful training. And what Tom needs is heroic treatment. If you will promise to do exactly as I say, you will have his entire devotion inside of a month."

"I promise," responded Marian,

hopefully.

"First, then, take off your engage-

ment ring."

Marian's pretty brown head drooped lower and lower, and a brighter diamond fell into her lap. She felt again the passionate tenderness in his voice when he told her how much he loved her, and she remembered how he had kissed each finger-tip separately, then the diamond, just because it was hers.

She looked at her friend with eyes full of tears. "Edith, I can't."

"Take it off!"

Marian obeyed, very slowly, then threw herself at the side of the couch sobbing. "Edith, Edith," she cried, "don't be cross to me! I am so dreadfully unhappy!"

"Marian, dearest, I'm not cross. But I want you to be a sensible girl. The happiness of your whole life is at stake, and you must be brave."

"I'll try, Edith; but you don't

know how it hurts."

"Yes, I do, dear; I've been through it myself. Now listen. First, no more tears or reproaches. Secondly, don't allude to either his absence or the Perkins girl. Thirdly, you must find some one else at once."

"That's as bad as what he's doing,

isn't it?"

" Similia similibus curantur,' " laughed Edith. "Joe's friend Jackson is coming to the city for a month or so, and he'll do nicely. He's awfully handsome and a perfectly dreadful flirt. He always singles out one girl and devotes himself to her, so we won't have any trouble on that score. People who don't know Jackson think he is in deadly earnest, but I don't believe he ever had a serious thought in his life.'

"I think I have seen him," said Marian. "Wasn't he at the Charity Ball with you and Mr. Bently last

year?"

"Yes, he was there, but only for a few moments. Now, let's see-today is Thursday. Have you seen Tom this week?"

Marian hesitated. "N-no. I think he will come this after-

"Very well, my dear, you have an engagement with me for the rest of the day. Run home and put on your prettiest gown. We'll go to the Art Gallery, and call on Mrs. Kean later. We both owe her a call, and I'll look for you at two.'

Promptly at two o'clock Marian appeared with all traces of tears smoothed away. "You'll do," Edith. "I believe you are a thoroughbred, after all."

At the Art Gallery they met what Mrs. Bently termed "the insufferable Perkins," clad in four different colors and looking for all the world like a poster. She was extremely pleasant, and insisted upon showing them a picture which was "one of Mr. Drayton's favorites."

Miss Reynolds adjusted her lorg-nette critically. "Yes, I think this is the only picture in the exhibition that Tom and I both like. I am so glad you approve our taste, Miss Perkins," and Marian smiled sweetly.

Edith squeezed her arm rapturously as they moved away. "I'm proud of you. Those pictures were hung only day before yesterday. Why,

there's Joe!'

Mr. Bently greeted them cordially. "Jackson came this morning, Edith, and I have asked him to dine with us Monday evening."

"That will be charming. is going to visit us over Sunday, and I think they will like each other."

"I hope so," was Mr. Bently's rejoinder. "It's really good of you to come, Miss Reynolds; for I very seldom see you, and Jackson is a capital fellow.'

"Come, Marian," said Edith; "you know we are going to make

that call."

"Always going somewhere, aren't you, sweetheart?" and Mr. Bently smiled lovingly at his pretty wife.

"Never far away from you, dear," she answered, and waved her hand to him as the crowd swept them apart.

"You're going to stay all night with me, you know," Edith said. "We'll stop at your house on our way back. You can leave word with your mother, and incidentally see if

any one has called."

It was almost dark when they reached Marian's home, and Edith waited in the hall while she went in search of her mother. As she came downstairs Mrs. Bently held up a small white card triumphantly. Marian's face flushed as she saw the name, Mr. Thomas E. Drayton."

"It's all right," said her friend, as they went down the steps; "just

wait and see.'

Friday morning the servant who admitted Marian said that Mr. Drayton had called the previous evening and left some flowers, which Miss Reynolds would find in the library.

A great bunch of American Beauties stood on the table, and almost overpowered her with their fragrance. "Dear, dear Tom! He does love me," she thought. "I'll write him a note.'

She sat down at the desk without removing her hat. "Perhaps I've mistaken all along. The words shaped themselves under her pen, "My Dearest." Then she stopped and surveyed it critically. "Not in the present incarnation of Miss Reynolds." She tore the sheet straight across, and dropped it into

the waste-basket. Taking another she wrote:

My DEAR Tom: The roses are beautiful. I am passionately fond of flowers—of roses especially, and I must thank you for the really great pleasure the "Beauties" are giving me.

Sincerely yours,

MARIAN REYNOLDS.

Over his coffee the next morning Tom studied the little note. ' My wonder what's the matter. 'Marian Reynolds! dear Tom!' And not a bit of love in it. It isn't the least bit like her. I must go and see her this afternoon. No, I'll be hanged if I will. She had no business to be out," and he chewed a toothpick savagely. "I'll ask her to the theatre." After much cogitation he evolved a note which struck him as a marvel of diplomacy.

MY DEAR MARIAN: I am glad the roses give you pleasure. Will you go to the theatre with me Monday evening?

Yours in haste,

Том.

Marian's reply was equally concise:

My DEAR Tom: I am very sorry that I have an engagement for Monday evening and cannot possibly break it. You know I enjoy the theatre above all things, and I am sure I should have an especially pleasant evening with you.

Sincerely,

MARIAN REYNOLDS.

Tom grew decidedly uncomfortable. What the mischief was the matter with the girl! One thing was certain, next time he called it would be at her invitation. But the following afternoon found him again at the house. "Miss Reynolds is out, sir," said the servant who answered his ring. "I know," he responded, impatiently; "I want to return a book I borrowed the other day."

"Certainly, sir," and the servant ushered him into the library.

He put the book in its place, and his glance, travelling downward, met the waste basket. Marian's distinctive penmanship stared him in the face. "My dearest!"

Mr. Thomas Drayton was an honor-

able man, but he wanted to examine that waste-paper basket. He rushed out of the library lest he should yield to the temptation, and said to the servant in the hall: "Say nothing of my having been here to-day, Jones."

"Certainly not, sir."

"The book is a joke on Miss Reynolds," he explained, putting a silver quarter in Jones's ready palm.

"All right, sir, I see," and Tom

went out.

Before he reached the avenue he was mentally kicking himself for making an explanation to a servant. He had noticed the roses on the table, and he was very sure they had not been in Marian's room. Once she had told him how she had slept with one of his roses next her heart and a thorn had pricked the flesh, making a red spot on the white petal. She showed him the rose with its tiny blood-red stain. He had kissed the rose and put it in a little memorandum book with a gold clasp. he had told Marian over and over again what a horrid rose it was—to hurt his sweetheart. He smiled grimly at his own previous foolishness, and felt sure that none of the American Beauties would rest next Marian's heart that night.

Miss Reynolds and Mrs. Bently sat in the latter's boudoir. Edith nodded sagely over Tom's note, and Marian was curled up on the couch in a forlorn heap.

"How does he usually begin his notes to you?" inquired Edith.

"' My dearest girl or Dear Sweetheart," answered Marian.

"Hm! Well, my dear, you may depend upon it, he is beginning to take notice."

Sunday Tom spent morosely at his club, and was so disagreeable that he was universally "let alone," as indeed he said he wished to be whenever he was approached. Marian was neither cheerful nor happy, and wept copiously in private, fancying Tom worshipping at the shrine of Miss Perkins.

Monday evening she and Edith

dressed together. Marian had a new gown of that peculiar shade of blue which seems especially made for brown eyes and hair, and looked, as her friend told her, "simply stun-

"Joe has a box at the theatre tonight. Isn't he lovely?" Marian assented, but inwardly hoped that Tom would not hear of her being there.

Mr. Sterling Jackson was a very pleasant fellow, with an inexhaustible fund of humor. He devoted himself to Marian, and looked unutterable things whenever opportunity offered. Handsome he certainly was, and she was secretly flattered by his evident adoration. Tom didn't mat-

ter quite so much now. At the theatre Marian sat in the front of an upper box beside Mrs. Bently. The devoted Jackson leaned forward and talked to her in subdued tones. After the first act Edith whispered to her: "Don't look, nor turn pale, nor do anything rash, but Mr. Thomas Drayton is down in the parquet with Miss Matilda Perkins." Marian turned white and grasped the rail of the box. "Don't faint till I tell you. He hasn't taken his eyes off of you since he first saw you, and I don't believe he has seen the stage at all. Perkins is simply green with rage, and I wish you could see her hat. It's a dream in pink and yellow -an equine dream."

Marian's color returned, and conscious of looking her best, she flirted outrageously with the ever-willing Jackson, though she confided to Edith, at the end of the second act, that she was "perfectly wretched."

"Nobody suspects it," returned Mrs. Bently, "least of all Tom. He's chewing Perkins's fan, and she's try-

ing to draw him out."

For the remainder of the week Mr. Drayton studiously avoided the Reynolds mansion. Marian had been seen on the Boulevard with the odious Jackson, and Miss Perkins suddenly lost her charm. Marian was always at home Tuesdays. week he would drop in in the afternoon and see how the land lay. Mrs.

Bently heard through her husband that Drayton had gone out of the city, and the intelligence was promptly conveyed to Marian.

The solitaire lay in a corner of Marian's chatelaine bag. She meditated the propriety of sending it back, but Edith would not hear of it. Her heart ached constantly for Tom, and she flirted feverishly with Jackson. "I am at home Tuesdays," she said one evening, as he left her. "Come in for a little while and I'll give you

a cup of tea.'

He came early and found her alone. They chatted for a few moments, and then Mr. Drayton was announced. The two men were civil to each other, but Marian felt their mutual irritation, and was relieved when Jackson rose to take his departure. He crossed the room to Tom and shook hands. "I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Drayton. I am sure we shall meet often if you find Miss Reynolds as charming as I do." He bowed politely to Marian, and went out.

"The insufferable cad," thought Tom. He shivered, and Marian hastened to the tea-table. " It's awfully cold outside," she said, "and these rooms are not any too warm. I'll make you some tea. You take two lumps of sugar, don't you?"

Tom said nothing. Marian's pretty hands hovered over the teacups, and he noticed that the left one was ring-

"Don't you wear your solitaire any more, Marian?" His voice sounded strange, and she was half afraid.

'Oh, yes," she responded brightly, "sometimes. The points of the setting catch on my glove, though, and I am afraid of loosening the stone."

" Marian, don't you care for me?"

"Certainly."

"How much?"

"As much as you care for me, I think, don't you?"

He went over and put his arm around her. She shrank a little at his touch, but he pulled her down on the sofa beside him. "Marian, darling, tell me what the matter is. know I don't deserve you, and I'll go if you say I must. Has that fellow

Jackson come between us?"

Marian disregarded one of Edith's injunctions. "Perhaps it's Miss Perkins." Tom said a very emphatic swear word, which does not look well in print, then buried his head in one of the sofa cushions. She was frightened, and sank down on her knees beside him, her armor of self-defence vanishing in womanly pity. "Tom, dear Tom! What is it? Tell me!"

He straightened up and lifted her

to the sofa beside him.
"I see, sweetheart, I've been a brute. Can you ever forgive me?"

"One thing first, Tom: do you love me?"

"Marian, dear, I never knew until

this last wretched week just how much you meant to me. I am yours body and soul, to do with me what you will. I have no right to insult you, Marian, but will you take me back?" His voice trembled with the agony of love and pain, as she drew the solitaire out of the chatelaine bag at her belt. She held it out to him silently.

"Darling, is it good-by?" His lips were white as he waited for the answer. "Is it good-by?"

"No, dear; I want you to put it

back."

And that evening, in accordance with instructions, the servant said to Mr. Sterling Jackson, "Miss Reynolds is out. Myrtle Reed.

IN THE ORCHARD.

H, the blossoms in the orchard, that are mingled pink and white, They are prodigal of fragrance, they are lovely to the sight; The happy breeze that passes them is freighted with perfume; The honey-bees are busy in the heart of every bloom While down the lane comes Amy, who's the sweetest bloom of all: Her arms are full of blossoms from the old tree by the wall, And with the Springtime in her heart, she carols in delight Of the blossoms in the orchard, that are mingled pink and white.

Oh, the apples in the orchard, that are streaked red and gold, The treasured strength and sweetness of the summer-time they hold; They drew the deep-hid moisture through the faithful ugly root Till the sun distilled the juices of the luscious ripened fruit. And down the lane comes Amy, who has ripened since the spring, Invested now with all the grace that womanhood can bring; She is singing, singing blithely, with her cheery voice of old, Of the apples in the orchard, that are streaked red and gold.

Oh, the brown leaves in the orchard, that are dropping from the bough, They are falling so untimely! Are they wholly useless now? They drift in ever-changing heaps, the plaything of the wind, Now here, now there; they whirl away, and leave no trace behind. And Amy—is she passing, in the old house on the hill, Where the speech is hushed to whispers, and the hours are sad and still, To the gray and unguessed future, telling neither why nor how, Like the brown leaves in the orchard, that are dropping from the bough?

Oh, the snowdrifts in the orchard, that have covered o'er the sod Where fell the blossoms and the fruit—the grass that Amy trod. Against the pane I press to see the steady flakes still fly From out the pitiless profound of cold and leaden sky. And Amy comes not singing: though the blossoms burst in spring, Though the apples crown the summer, she will come no more to sing; And my heart is newly-buried, still unbending to the rod, 'Neath the snowdrifts in the orchard, that have covered o'er the sod.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

American Naval Heroes.

John Paul Jones.

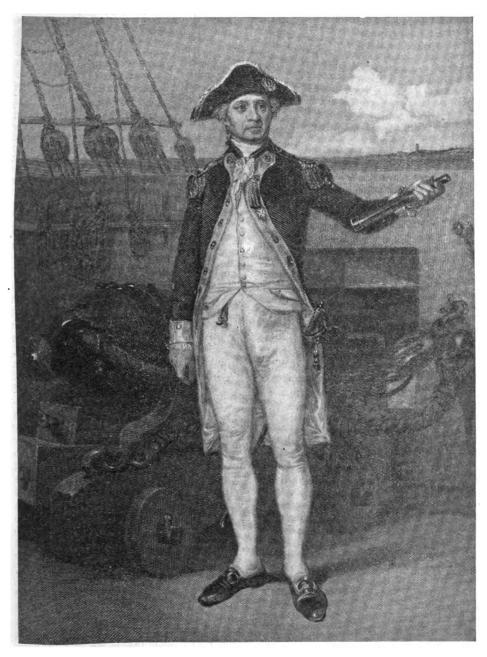
I MPATIENT of the continued delay in being put in command of a vessel, Jones wrote to Franklin, to M. de Sartine, and to Chaumont urgent letters deploring his forced

inactivity.

While Jones was thus idle, Lafayette returned to France in the Alliance, the finest ship in the American Navy. Congress had given the command to Pierre Landais, formerly a French naval officer, but then an avowed citizen of the United States. This action by Congress greatly annoyed Jones and engendered an ill feeling between the two officers. Lafayette lightened his disappointment by proposing an expedition against England, in which he would command the land forces while Jones should command the fleet, which was The scheme to include the Alliance. did not, however, find favor, and it was abandoned, much to the chagrin of Jones, who by this time had thoroughly lost his patience and displayed genuine anger.

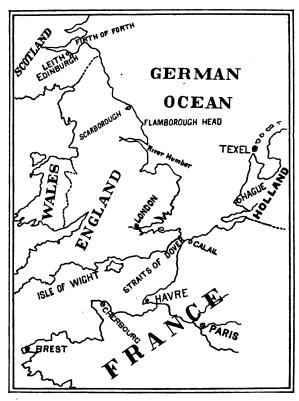
In his despair he was restlessly walking the streets when he chanced to pick up a leaf torn from "Poor Richard's Almanack," written and printed by Franklin in America years before. On the leaf he read these words, "If you wish to have any business done faithfully and expeditiously, go and do it yourself. Otherwise send some one." This advice determined him to go to Versailles and personally insist upon being furnished a ship. This he did, and the government fitted out the Duras, for-

merly an old India trading ship. They put upon her an armament of 40 guns-six 18-pounders and thirtytwo 12-pounders. Out of gratitude to Franklin, Jones rechristened the ship Bon Homme Richard. In making up her crew he was obliged to accept French peasants and British vagabond sailors deserters of the Navy and ready to serve any nation for pay. He managed to recruit about thirty Americans, mostly exchanged seamen from British prisons, including Richard Dale, whom he made his second officer, and he filled his official roll entirely from American The Richard was thus manned with 329 officers and men. The remainder of the fleet consisted of the Alliance, 36 guns; Pallas, 32 guns; Cerf, 18 guns; and Vengeance, 12 guns, all commanded by French officers and manned by French The Alliance and Cerf were the only really seaworthy crafts in the fleet. On leaving the harbor the Alliance fouled the Richard and so injured her that it led to all the ships putting into port for repairs. This incident also fanned the spark of antagonism existing between Jones and Landais, and led the latter to this public declaration: "I will soon meet Captain Jones on shore. Then I will either kill him or he shall kill me.' After a series of mishaps and the capture of a few prizes, the fleet returned to L'Orient to refit. It was August 14 before the squadron got to sea again, and they were then reënforced by two French privateers. Jones,



PAUL JONES ON THE "BON HOMME RICHARD."

From the painting by Chappell.



JONES'S FIELD OF OPERATIONS WITH THE "RICHARD."

after recapturing a French ship laden with brandy and wine, captured by a British privateer, determined to proceed to Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, and capture the town and levy a ransom upon the inhabitants to force an exchange of prisoners and proper treatment for the American seamen captured by the British privateers. The obstinate refusal of the French commanders to cooperate in this movement delayed its organization, and it was not until Jones agreed to levy a ransom of £ 200,000 that their cupidity overcame their cowardice and the movement was put upon foot. fleet reached Inchkeith Island, within ten miles of Keith, and here Jones made every preparation to land his troops. He wrote to the chief magistrate:

"I do not wish to distress the poor inhabitants. My intention is only to demand your

contribution toward the reimbursement which Britain owes to the most injured citizens of America. Savages would blush at the unmanly violations and rapacity that have marked the tracks of British tyranny in America, from which neither virgin innocence nor helpless age has been a plea of protec-tion or pity. Leith and its port now lay at our mercy. And did not the plea of humanity stay the hand of retaliation I should without advertisement lay it in ashes. Before I proceed to that stern duty as an officer, my duty as a man induces me to propose to prevent such a scene of horror and distress by means of a reasonable ransom, and I have authorized the bearer to agree with you on terms of ransom, allowing you exactly half an hour's reflection before you finally accept or reject the terms which he shall propose.'

They were off the little town of Kirkaldy, and it was the Sabbath-day. The inhabitants had left the church. Their pastor, standing upon the beach with uncovered head and uplifted hands, surrounded by his reverent flock, offered in broad Scotch this

extraordinary prayer: "Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy? Ye ken that they are puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what we may do? He's nae too good for onything. Mickle's the mischief he has dunn already. He'll burn their hooses, take their very claes and strip them to the sark. And, waes me, wha kens but that the bluidy villain might tak their lives! The puir weemen are most frightened out of their wits and the bairns screeching after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I have long been a faithful servant to ye, O Lord. But gin ye dinna turn the wind about and blaw the scoundrel out of our gates I'll nae stir a foot; but will just sit here till

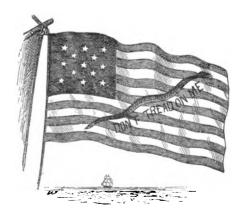
the tide comes, sae tak your will o' it."

The wind did turn, and in spite of their best efforts to withstand it the fleet was blown out to sea and one of their captured ships swamped by the tornado. The next morning, under a fair sky, Captain Jones determined to sail back and renew the negotiations, but the French officers refused to stand by him. Sound judgment had directed his movements, and when they promised success he had no power to command his squadron, as the crafty Landais had obtained from the French Minister of Marine just before sailing a concordat binding the five captains to act together, and now first exhibited that document to Capt. Jones, who found he could only command his own ship.

The Richard, Pallas, and Vengeance then proceeded south, and on the 23d ran upon a fleet of forty-one sail of merchantmen under convoy of two British ships-of-war. proved to be the Countess of Scarborough, 28 guns, and the Serapis, 44 guns. The Pallas bore down on the Countess of Scarborough, and after an hour's conflict the white cross of St. George fell before the stars and stripes. The Alliance held aloof from the conflict. The Vengeance remained far to the windward. Richard and Serapis approached within hailing distance and were left as single-handed combatants. Serapis carried twenty 18-pounders and twenty-one smaller guns. could throw 600 pounds of iron at one discharge. She was one of the finest frigates in the British navy, and carried 325 officers and men. The Richard had six 18-pounders and thirtyfour 6, 9, and 12-pounders. She could throw 474 pounds of iron at one discharge, was an old ship refitted as a frigate, and was manned by 375 men to serve her guns.

The battle opened an hour after sunset. The sea was lighted by a full moon shining from a cloudless sky. The combatants were three miles off the rugged cliffs of Flamborough. The cliffs were crowded with specta-

tors, as were the piers and snore front. A light breeze carried the two ships slowly together and abreast, bow to bow, and within pistol-shot distance. The Serapis hailed the Richard, when simultaneously both vessels opened their broadsides. Each did effective work in carrying destruction and death in their wake. Two of the 18pounders on the Richard burst, killing every man working them, and so destroying the deck as to render useless the four remaining heavy guns. This left twenty 18 pounders on the Serapis and only six 9 and 12-pounders on the Richard. In this unequal fight broadside followed broadside, producing a continuous flash and un-The smoke hid the interrupted roar. antagonists from the spectators on shore, and they could not witness the manœuvres of the vessels as each endeavored to cross the other's bow in order to rake the deck of her opponent from bow to stern. The Richard had lost several of her braces and would not readily obey her helm. When the bowsprit of the Serapis chanced to cross the deck of the Richnear the mizzen-mast, Jones lashed it to the mast, and the stern of the Serapis swung around to the bow of the Richard. Their respective riggings became entangled and the muzzles of their guns often touched. The shots from the Richard had cut the masts of the Serapis almost through, and the 18-pounders on the



THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG.

Brest September 13 th 1778

Honored Sir

Sam not a more adventurer of Fortune. - Stimulated by principles of mason and Philusethropy I luid aside my Enjay mento in Private Sife and Embarked under the Flag of America when it was first Displayed. - af I can furnish any projects or execute those - already furnished to as to distrefs the common Enemy, it will afford me the bruest Satisfaction,

Jam with great Esteem

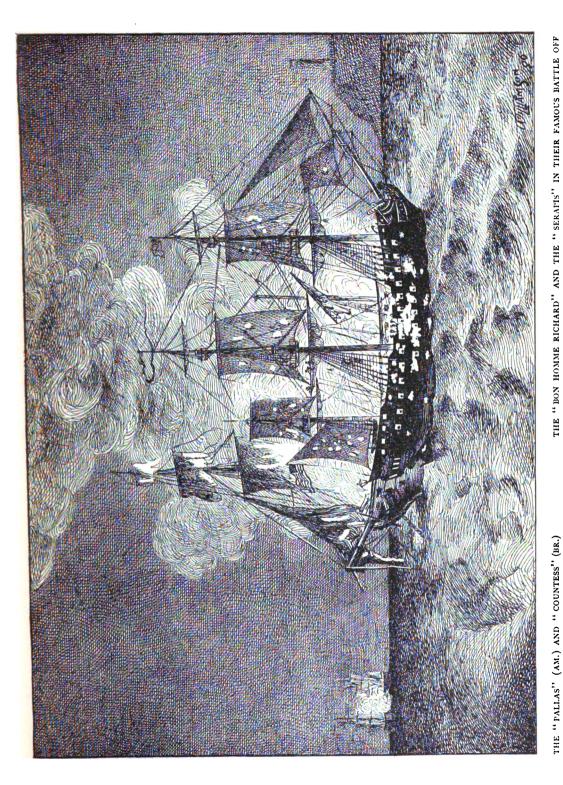
Flono red Six your very obliged very obed sent very humble dervant.

M. D. Sartines.

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM JONES.

Serapis had torn into one immense porthole the side of the Richard, exposing her guns and leaving the deck to be supported only by the stanchions. Her water-line was also so cut as to admit torrents of water. succeeding broadside carried with it more destruction. The marines on the quarter-deck of the Richard picked off the gunners of the Serapis before they could apply the match, and they in turn succumbed to the murderous storm of grapeshot that swept the quarter-deck. Men in the riggings of each ship kept up an incessant firing on any exposed enemy. Jones's battery of 12-pounders was silenced and the ships were drifting apart. At this supreme moment Jones ordered his men to board the Serapis, and one hundred men stood ready. The vessels drifted together

and Jones lashed the two ships broadside to broadside, so that the gunners were obliged to run their rammers through the ports of the enemy to gain room to load their guns. rigging was torn to shreds and the timbers shattered. The volume of smoke was so dense that the gunners could see the enemy only as the concussions for a moment cleared the air. With gleaming swords, exploding pistols, and frenzied cries, one hundred men rushed over the side of the Serapis to meet an equal number armed with pike, sabre, and pistol, with defiant yells. In midnight darkness, lighted only by flashes from death-dealing engines of war, and enveloped in sulphurous smoke, the contending crews, now reënforced by every available man in either ship, engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict



on the deck of the Serapis. They were no longer men, but demons butchering each other. Dead bodies strewed the deck slippery with blood. Prayers, oaths, shrieks, groans, yells, blended with the clash of sabres and the ring of pistol shots, and yet one of the chief actors in the carnage had written to Lady Selkirk these words: "Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror and cannot sufficiently execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war."

The boarders were driven back to the bloody deck of the Richard, and at that moment the respective commanders stood, each on his own quarter-deck, within a few feet of the other.

It being too dark to see the ensigns, Captain Pearson of the Serapis shouted: "Have you struck your flag?"

"No," thundered the unconquered nes; "I have not yet begun to fight." He ordered his men back to their guns, and serving them with his own hands, directed his broadsides so rapidly and with so great precision that every shot told on the enemy's ship. His guns became heated from rapid firing, and each rebound shook the Richard from stem to stern. She was sinking. An officer went below and humanely released 300 prisoners confined in the hold. They rushed from death below to death above, as the guns of the Serapis were sweep-The rudder of the ing the deck. Richard was useless and the fire in her hold was sweeping toward the powder magazine. The prisoners were ordered to the pumps, and the powder was thrown into the sea. Such was the desperate condition on board the Richard two and a half hours after the first broadside had been fired.

Captain Pearson thought to end the conflict by boarding the Richard, but his boarding party was met by Jones, who had anticipated this movement, and driven back. Meantime, the powder monkeys on the Serapis had in the confusion strewn the decks with the powder cartridges as they served the gunners, and a hand grenade

thrown from the Richard fired the train, producing an awful explosion, killing twenty men and stripping the clothing from all on the deck. This accident deprived all the guns of gunners, and at the same instant the mainmast of the Serapis, already cut by the shot from the Richard, went by the board, leaving the ship a helpless wreck. Thereupon Captain Pearson, with his own hand, struck his flag.

Near the end of the fight the Alliance, which had stood aloof until then, made her appearance and discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Richard, and as she passed along her off side continued firing volley after volley into the broadside of the Richard, at the same time disregarding all signals made by Captain Jones. After this extraordinary conduct Captain Landais withdrew from the scene of action.

The captain and lieutenant of the Serapis were taken on board the Richard, while the men between decks, in the absence of an order from the officers, continued the firing, not knowing the ship had surrendered. The fight had consumed three and a half hours, and the world had never recorded in all its naval chronicles another sea fight combining the elements of heroism, daring, valor, desperation and sanguinary results to equal that between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis.

In his official journal Captain Jones

"A person must have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin that everywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror and lament that war should produce such fatal consequences."

Jones took possession of his shattered prize and transferred to it his crew. Finding that it was impossible to carry the Richard to port, the wounded were removed to the Serapis, and standing on the deck of his prize he saw the sea swallow up "the good old ship," and with her the forty-two bodies of her gallant seamen who gave up their lives to help win the fight. He took his disabled prize into the port of Texel, Holland.

Jones was the hero of the day. His name was on all lips, and in France and America the enthusiasm was boundless, and in England he was characterized as "the American cor-

sair, the pirate Paul Jones."

The Dutch government, fearing the displeasure of England, yet not desiring the French ships to leave its port, insisted that the American commodore, whose government Holland had not recognized, should leave Texel immediately with the American frigate Alliance. The British fleet watched the port to prevent his departure. Before he left he learned of the exchange of prisoners, effected by Franklin, and had much satisfaction in the knowledge that prisoners captured by him had in exchange released from the most dreadful bondage all the American prisoners in England. He also had the pleasure of meeting Captain Conyngham at Texel, who was among the exchanged prisoners. the Alliance he had a picked crew of 427 men, mostly Americans, many just liberated from British prisons. On December 26 he set sail through the North Sea by way of the Straits of Dover, in full view of the British fleet in the Downs, past the Isle of Wight, through quite a fleet at Spithead, and past a number of cruising line-of-battle ships flying the British flag, over a route of 1500 miles without a single interruption, although every vessel in the British navy was on the lookout for him. He landed at Corunna, Spain, where he made needed repairs. Entering the harbor of L'Orient, February 13, 1780, having in convoy the American ship Livingston, he went to Paris, where he was courted by all the nobility and presented with a gold-handled sword by the King. On returning to L'Orient he found that his right to command her had been questioned by Captain Landais, and that Landais' claims were supported by Commissioner Lee. On going on board he found Captain Landais had assumed command and had Commissioner Lee on board as a passenger for the United States. Jones, Dale, and others of the officers of the Alliance, who would not consent to serve under Landais, were put on shore in a boat, and Jones at once repaired to Versailles and reported the affair to Franklin, who, upon consultation with the King, directed him to proceed to L'Orient and direct the officer at the fort commanding the harbor to stop the Alliance and arrest Landais. was thus in the power of Jones to fire upon the ship and take her by force. From this action he desisted, and rather than endanger the crew and the valuable cargo, so much needed by the patriot army in America, he allowed his old enemy to pass unharmed. The Alliance reached Philadelphia under her second officer, as the conduct of Landais on the voyage made it necessary to put him under restraint, Lee testifying against him. Even Jones, whom he had so greatly wronged, charitably pronounced him insane.

After delays and narrow escapes from shipwrecks, Commodore Jones finally left L'Orient, December 18, for America with the Ariel heavily laden with supplies for the American army. He encountered the British frigate Triumph, Captain Pinder. After a parley, during which Jones determined the strength of the enemy, the Ariel opened fire. It was a dark night, and the flash from her broadside lighted the sea and enabled the gunners of the Triumph to train her The firing continued rapid and effective on both sides, and the scene enacted was one of blood and death. The conflict lasted but ten minutes, when the Triumph struck her colors, and Captain Pinder cried for quarter, saying half of his men were killed. With a few more broad. sides Jones might have sunk the Tri umph, and it was his duty to do this rather than allow her to escape. Relying, however, on the honor of the British commander, he accepted his unconditional surrender. The guns of the Ariel were abandoned, as the whole crew went upon deck to attend



THE MEDAL GIVEN TO JONES BY THE U. S. CONGRESS.

the wants of the wounded, and here they witnessed the Triumph suddenly spread all sail and escape. As she could readily outsail the Ariel the pursuit was fruitless,

On February 18, 1781, John Paul Jones arrived in Philadelphia, after an absence of over three years. Here he received the thanks of Congress and congratulatory letters from Washington, Hancock, Lafayette, and Adams. He was given charge of the construction of the frigate America, the largest 74-gun ship in the world, building at Portsmouth, N. H. For sixteen months he devoted his tireless energies to building the ship.

At a brilliant fête given to him at this time by the French minister, all the members of Congress being present, the minister, in the name of the King of France, conferred upon John Paul Jones the honor of the Cross of Military Merit.

Jones's hope, so long deferred, to command the best naval vessel afloat, was to again sicken his heart, as by act of Congress the America was transferred to the King of France to indemnify his government for the loss of the Magnifique stranded in Boston Harbor while serving the cause of Independence in America. Jones continued, however, to faithfully superintend the construction of the ship, and amid the admiration of thousands

of spectators he directed the French and American flags to be entwined at her stern as she glided gracefully into her native element November 5, 1782. The same day Chevalier Jones gracefully surrendered the America to Chevalier de Martigue.

He was then promised the command of the Indian, the fickle mistress who eluded his grasp while on the stocks at Amsterdam and was in possession of the State of South Carolina, loaned by the King of France to that State to defend her sea-coast. She had been rechristened South Carolina. Before passing into possession of the United States navy she was captured by a British frigate, and Jones again was left without a ship. He then joined the French fleet fitted out in Boston to cruise in the West Indies, but before operations actually began the war came to an end, and he sailed for England in 1787, thence crossing over to France.

Congress resolved, October 11, 1787, "That a medal of gold be struck and presented to Chevalier Paul Jones in commemoration of the valor and brilliant services of that officer, and that the Honorable Mr. Jefferson, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Versailles, have the same executed with the proper device."

Captain Jones fought in the cause

of Independence twenty-three sea battles and was never vanquished. He made seven successful descents upon towns, and he captured two ships of equal size as his own, and two far his superior in armament and strength. He captured numerous store-ships and smaller vessels and spread alarm throughout Great Britain, causing her to fortify her ports. He forced the British to stop pillaging and burning in America, and secured for American prisoners fair treatment and exchange as prisoners of war.

He visited Denmark to prosecute a claim against the government, and from Copenhagen went to St. Petersburg, where he gained the friendship of the Czarina Catherine, and was by her invested with the command of the Russian fleet operating against Turkey at the mouth of the Dneiper. He

was commissioned Admiral, and won repeated victories over the Turks. He had, upon entering the service, reserved the right to leave at any time America might need his services, and not to be called, in any event, to fight either against America or France. This conditional enlistment hindered his advancement in rank, and finally becoming dissatisfied with the service, he resigned and returned to Paris. He never received but a moiety of the prize money earned by him, and was still petitioning the French government for a settlement of his claims when he died, unhappy and disappointed, July 18, 1792. The same year the President of the United States had appointed him Commissioner and Consul to Algiers, but he did not live to receive his commission.

John Howard Brown.

AUREOLA.

HE stars fall down from heaven,
And leave no trail behind;
The roses blush on every bush,
Then scatter to the wind.

And dreams of childhood vanish As sunshine from the day; On every tree a bird sings free, And lightly flies away.

But an unending glory
Has made my life divine;
For I have seen thine eyes serene,
And they have gazed in mine.

Thomas Walsh.

A WINTER GARDEN.

HOLLOW by the clematis o'erspanned,
A little pool which were in Summer lost;
And strewn upon its face by Winter's hand,
Behold the shining star-flowers of the past,
Fern leaves more delicate than maiden-hair,
With drooping crystal frond and slender stem,
And the reflected vines are pencilled there,
And spiky moss of snow encircles them.
Though fairest form be here, no colors gleam,
No spray is stirred: life were this garden's death.
Look! on the surface of the frozen stream
A withered leaf, blown by the year's last breath,
Goes sliding by, and all is still once more,
While darkness sinks upon the valley hoar.

C. E. D. Phelps.



THE ORIGINAL STARRY FLAG OF PAUL JONES.

OW many Americans whose hearts thrill with patriotic fervor at the recountal of Paul Iones's daring deeds and his historic action in raising the first American flag on a battle-ship, know that the original Stars and Stripes which was nailed to the masthead of the Bon Homme Richard is still kept and can be seen in a little New England town? The identical emblem of freedom which Jones ran up on the frigate he commanded, which was shot down, rescued, and afterward transferred to the Serapis, is now the property and treasure of Mrs. Samuel Bayard Stafford, having been handed down through the Stafford family since it was first presented to Lieutenant James Bayard Stafford in 1784. The events leading to the service of Lieutenant Stafford on the Bon Homme Richard, as printed in Pre-

ble's "History of the American Flag," are as fol-lows: About ten days before the battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, Paul Iones captured a British vessel of war and her prize, an armed ship called the Kitty, commanded by Captain Philip Stafford. The Englishman had put the Kitty's crew in irons, which were now transferred to the English. The crew of the Kitty volunteered to serve on board the Richard and in the service of Paul Jones in gratitude for their release from the British. Among these volunteers was James Bayard Stafford, a nephew of the captain of the Kitty. Being educated, he was made an officer on board the Richard.

The flag was made in Philadelphia by Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, under the supervision of General Washington and Captain John Brown; the principal idea of the design being taken from Washington's family es-The flag was presented to Captain John Paul Jones by the ladies who made it. By its new owner it was placed on a small vessel and carried up and down the Delaware River, thus being exhibited to the admiring thousands assembled on the adjacent shores. After this formal parade the flag was run up on the Bon Homme Richard, which went out privateering. In the memorable

battle between this famous ship and the Serapis the flag was shot from the masthead and fell into the sea. It was then that Lieutenant Stafford bravely sprang into the water, rescued the flag, and climbing back on board, nailed it again to the masthead. During this dangerous adventure young Stafford was seriously wounded by a sword stroke from a British officer, and never thoroughly recovered from the wound thus received. The flag was transferred from the Bon



MRS, SAMUEL B. STAFFORD.

Owner of the original Stars and Stripes.



THE ORIGINAL STARS AND STRIPES.

MADE IN PHILADELPHIA, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF WASHINGTON, AND SWUNG TO THE BREEZE FROM THE MAST-HEAD OF THE "BON HOMME RICHARD." THE BOARDING SWORD AND THE MUSKET FROM THE "SERAPIS" ARE ALSO SHOWN.

From a photograph loaned to THE PETERSON MAGAZINE by Mrs. Stafford, the owner of the sacred relic.

Homme Richard to the United States frigate Alliance, and subsequently was presented to Lieutenant Stafford, according to the following document now in the possession of the present owner of the flag:

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, December 13th, 1784.

James Bayard Stafford:

Sir: I am directed by the Marine Committee to inform you that on last Thursday, the 9th, they decided to bestow upon you, for your meritorious services through the late war, "Paul Jones's Starry Flag of the Bon Homme Richard"—which was transferred to the Alliance—a boarding sword of said ship, and a musquet captured from the Serapis.

If you write to Captain John Brown, at the yard, what ship you wish them sent by to New York, they will be forwarded to you.

Your humble servant, JAMES MEYLER,

Secretary pro tem.
(Recorded in office of Secretary of State.)

Accompanying this letter is an affidavit from the Secretary of State that it is a true copy of the record in his office.

Lieutenant Stafford served through the whole war, and was sent with a message to Henry Laurens, who was confined in the Tower of London. This difficult mission he accomplished successfully and with great courage. On his death he bequeathed the flag to his daughter, Sarah Smith Stafford, who in turn willed it to her brother, Samuel Bayard Stafford. It is now in the possession of the latter's widow, who lives at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. This aged lady, a portrait of whom is here reproduced, is quite as proud of the relic as was her ancestor, the young lieutenant, when it first came into his possession. On her death it will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. The flag is now kept in a glass case, together with the "musquet" and broadsword referred to in the letter quoted above. The flag is made of bunting, and is now about two and a half yards long and two yards wide. It was originally much longer; but patriotic relic-hunters, whose covetousness was greater than their veneration, have shorn it of more than half its length. It was for this reason that the flag was finally placed in a glass case, where it may be seen by all, but is safe from the scissors of the enthusiast.

The picture of the flag here given is made from a photograph which is supposed to be the only one in existence, and it clearly shows the holes made by British bullets in the famous encounter, when its brave stripes and shining stars first floated on the breeze of freedom. When the banner was presented to Lieutenant Stafford it was stained with the blood of American patriots; but in a fit of inspiration, and probably recalling the old proverb that cleanliness is next to godliness, the first Lady Stafford washed all spots from the ensign, and even patched the bulletholes! The patches have since been removed, but the crimson consecration of American blood cannot be brought back to honor the ancient relic.

In 1848 a petition was presented to Congress for Miss Sarah Smith Stafford, asking recognition and compensation for her father's services during the Revolution. After many delays, postponements, and renewals, the bill was passed, and she received \$8000, but owing to unfortunate investments she never enjoyed any benefit from the amount thus gained.

Mrs. Samuel Bayard Stafford, the present owner of the flag, has exhibited it by special request at several national gatherings. At the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, at various G. A. R. encampments, and at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, the starry banner was displayed amid cheers and booming of cannon.

It is an inspiring sight, first emblem of our freedom, this ancient starry banner, the first to be saluted by a foreign naval power as the ensign of an independent country. It is further pleasing to recall that on the occasion of its first appearance the gallant commander who hoisted it won a famous victory, and the brave lieutenant who rescued it lived to own it as a reward for his courage. The patriotic spirit of Jones so gal-

lantly expressed in his own words, "I had the honor to hoist with my own hands the flag of freedom the first time it was displayed on the Delaware; and I have attended it

with veneration ever since on the ocean," will stir a responsive chord in the proud and reverential heart of every patriotic American.

Beatrice Sturges.

A FRUSTRATED "SCOOP."

I T was a hot August afternoon, and the sun's rays beat down with melting intensity upon the limestone pike that served Tannington for a principal street. The air was close and sultry, and the only respite to suffering humanity came in the shape of an occasional pine-laden breeze that stole down from the tall sentinel mountains beneath which the tiny town nestled.

Not that there was much humanity around to suffer, for though it was mid-week, the big, boisterous engines in the tannery on the hill were silent, and the canning factory's gates were closed. Even the village store was deserted by all save a solitary clerk, who hadn't made a sale since early morning. There was a Granger picnic over at Slawson's Corners, and most of the population were attending it

Carrie Lumsden, a summer boarder from the neighboring city of Jonesville, was one of the few stay-athomes. Having firmly resisted the pressing invitation of her hostess, Mrs. Johnson, to make one of the family party, she was now dozing in a hammock on Farmer Johnson's piazza.

The young woman had come down from Jonesville about three weeks before on an "absolute quiet' prescription. The doctor, in enjoining her to "get away from everything," had particularly specified newspapers, for it was over-zeal in the service of one of Jonesville's morning journals that was responsible for Miss Lumsden's break-down. One of the most rapid and effective workers on the *Phonograph* staff, she had, for two years, supported herself and her invalid

mother, working early and late, without a thought of rest or the slightest attention to the repeated warnings of her overtaxed nerves. Finally these became so pointed and peremptory as to be no longer disregarded. Pure air, simple food, and perfect rest had wrought wonders. The girl slept like a top, and her eye was as bright and her step as springy as ever. She felt equal to producing any amount of "copy," and was thinking of returning to work again ere she became lazy. She made a pretty picture as she lay there, trying to settle whether to get fully awake and resume her book, or yield to the prevailing drowsiness and fall sound asleep. She was saved the trouble of a decision by the sudden appearance of old Quarles, the Johnson man-of-all work, who rushed into the yard, well blown by the unwonted exertion of moving slightly faster than a walk, and crying in his strident tones:

"Oh, Miss Carrie, suthin' dreadful's happened! Old Steve Arnold, down to the toll-gate's, killed Miss Arnold with the axe an' hung hisself. Gus Robbins jess found 'em. He's over't the store. What kin we do? 'Squire Jackson's at the picnic, an' there ain't nobody to take no action."

Instantly the hitherto languid young woman was all activity and interest. She was out of the hammock and down the steps in a jiffy. Here was an opportunity to atone for a month of idleness.

"Well, that's terrible, isn't it? I suppose there's nothing to do, though, Quarles, but wait till the 'Squire comes back. Then he'll hold an inquest. There'll be plenty of time for that."

The newspaper girl scented a possible "scoop," and didn't wish the

matter stirred up too much.

She tossed on her "sailor" and accompanied the old man over to the store, where Robbins, a lank, yellowhaired, and exceedingly shy young man was telling his story for the sixth time. He was considerably embarrassed when the tall, graceful, bright-eyed girl appeared and made him give his vivid recital all over again. It was much shorter this time though, for she skilfully but charmingly headed off all tautological and superfluous statement. In five minutes she had him pumped dry, and then, piloted by the young man and old Quarles, Miss Lumsden started on foot for the scene of the tragedy, about a mile distant, filled with ardor, but not without a modicum of feminine repugnance to the gruesomeness of the matter in hand. Doing murders and suicides had not been in her line, but she shrank from nothing that Fate threw in the path of duty.

She found that the affair presented many features both dramatic and pathetic. Old Arnold, who before he became an opium wreck had cut quite a figure in local politics, had been obliging enough to leave on the kitchen table a letter detailing his reasons for removing his helpmate and himself, and had been, in his half-crazy way, so circumstantial as to leave no room for conjecture as to the facts, but at the same time so vague in some of his statements as to furnish abundant food for speculation as to the remote causes leading up to the state of mind into which he had gotten before committing the tragedy. It was good for at least two columns of brevier and a "scare head." ing secured it all, with considerably less shock to her nerves than she had anticipated, Miss Lumsden hurried back to the cottage, and began writing.

By half-past six o'clock she had her story finished, and then, for the first time, began to consider how she was going to get her matter to the Phonograph office. Thirty-five miles of indifferent road and two big moun-

tains lay between Tannington and Jonesville. There was no telegraph or telephone, and the mail-carrier, on his picturesque old gray mare, had left on his daily trip hours before. All of Farmer Johnson's horses were

at the picnic.

The perplexed journalist consulted with Quarles, and sent him out to re-He returned with the connoitre. cheerful news that the only horses in the village were Crosby's old gray, that couldn't make the journey in a week, and Turner's colt, that nobody could ride or drive. Slawson's was fifteen miles away, and the earliest picnicker was not to be looked for before ten o'clock. The trip to Jonesville would take a fresh horse four hours at least.

Still Miss Lumsden kept her nerve. That copy must be gotten to Jonesville within six hours by some means. There must be a horse. Wouldn't Quarles, the dear old man, go out and inquire once more? The softhearted man-of-all-work knew the case was quite hopeless, but he couldn't resist those pretty, appealing lips. He sallied forth, and in ten minutes was back again, this time with news of a horse, a fine bay, that had just been driven into the Piper Hotel yard by a gay young chap, who said he was from Jonesville.

" What does he look like?"

"Middlin' tall, with a pink shirt an' a sash, an' curly hair, an' a mustache.''

The girl feared the very worst, but calmly asked:

"Do you know what his business

"I think he must be a reporter, the way he talks.'

At this all hopes of a "scoop" died in the girl's breast. From Quarles's crude description she was sure the new arrival must be Dick Ainsworth, of the *Interviewer*, Jonesville's other morning paper. Her acquaintance morning paper. with the young man was slight, but she knew he was a "hustler.

Quarles's report of his next scout proved that her surmise was correct. Ainsworth had come down in search of political news for his Sunday edition, and intended going over to the picnic, but hearing of the tragedy, had concluded to stay in the village and bag the bigger game. He worked swiftly, and by 7.30 o'clock his notebook was full, and he was ready to drive back to Jonesville. By that time Miss Lumsden, who had been cool enough while gathering the facts and preparing her copy, was feverish at the prospect of losing all for the lack of means of getting her matter to Jonesville.

Defeat at this stage of the game

would have been maddening.

When the faithful Quarles reported to the perplexed journalist that Ainsworth's horse was hitched, she made a desperate resolution. It was nothing less than to ask Ainsworth to take her up to Jonesville with him. As a young woman she might have hesitated at such a step; as a newspaper girl, she thought only of her duty to the *Phonograph*.

She reached the hotel just as her rival was starting. The young man had kept himself fully informed concerning the *Phonograph* reporter's movements, knew exactly her predicament, and was sure he had everything his own way. Nevertheless, he showed well-simulated surprise at her

appearance.

He bowed politely, exclaiming:
"Why, how are you, Miss Lumsden? I didn't know you were down

here!"

She extended her hand cordially.

"I came down three weeks ago for a rest, but I've decided to go back to-day, and have a favor to ask of you. Mr. Ainsworth, would you mind taking me up to town with you?"

This in her sweetest tone and with

a winning smile.

Ainsworth, in common with most successful journalists, possessed the knack of thoroughly controlling his voice and features under all circumstances, and there was no trace of astonishment in either, and no relaxation of his pleasant manner as he replied, after the slightest pause:

"Certainly, upon one condition."

"What is that?" she asked, in an of-course-she-could-comply sort of tone.

"That you don't give your paper

the Arnold tragedy.'

The girl had more than half-expected this, but there was plainly expressed disappointment in the outward curve of her red lips and the slightest quiver of her eyelids as she answered, "Oh, I couldn't do that."

Ainsworth, inflexible though he had resolved to be, said mentally: "How deuced charming she looks! She'll cry next, and then what will I do?"

Then aloud: "Miss Lumsden, do you realize how much you are ask-

ing?"

"I think I do; and my experience with gentlemen reporters led me to hope you might extend the courtesy." The accent upon "gentlemen" was faint but significant.

"Indeed, I'm truly sorry I can't oblige you; but you must know that

my first duty is to my paper."

"Oh, very well. I'll find some other way, I suppose." She spoke slowly, with the slightest tremor in her voice.

Ainsworth felt that to tarry longer was to risk defeat. So he leaped into his buggy, and with a polite "Goodevening," whirled away toward Jonesville.

As the few loungers who witnessed the swiftly-enacted scene gazed from the vanishing vehicle to the girl's fair face, and saw a tiny tear standing in each of her bright brown eyes, they marvelled how mortal man could be such a brute. Quarles shook his fist at the departing journalist, and muttered: "I'd uv tossed him out for a nickel. The [inarticulate growl] to treat a lady so."

"Never mind, Quarles, we'll beat him yet. It was mean, though." Suddenly her face brightened. "Hurrah! I've an idea." And she trotted briskly up the road, followed by the

devoted Quarles.

Before Ainsworth had covered two miles of the dusty pike he had changed

his mind twenty times, now resolving to return and say "Yes," and then deciding that duty required him to drive on as fast as he could toward the *Interviewer* office, still miles and miles away.

He was a good hearted fellow, fully informed as to the amenities of journalism, and possessing at least the average amount of gallantry. On an ordinary occasion he would probably not have hesitated a moment before aiding a fellow-worker on a rival paper, especially if that fellow was a pretty girl; but this was no common case. He had, apparently, the monopoly of a big sensational item, and his course was perfectly clear.

With twilight came refreshing coolness, that made driving delightful, and it was not long before the young man had, for the time being, forgotten his pretty competitor, and settled himself to the task of composing his story. All went well until he was ascending a long steep hill, four miles

from Tannington.

There adversity overtook him in the guise of a broken trace. The young man's talents did not include mechanical aptness, and it took him a good half hour to repair the damage. He had scarcely resumed his journey when a vision of beauty and grace swept by.

"Good evening, Mr. Ainsworth. Perhaps I'll beat you yet. I'm the tortoise, you know," floated back toward the buggy in mocking tones, as the lovely apparition melted into

the night.

Miss Lumsden's bright idea had developed into action. She had remembered that Jennie Long, a Tannington girl, who was off at the picnic, owned a bicycle. The *Phonograph* reporter was an expert wheelwoman, and to borrow the wheel from the girl's mother, get ready and start, was for our energetic heroine the work of but a few minutes. She had cut out a lively pace and overtaken Ainsworth while he wrestled on the mountain with the refractory trace.

The young man's admiration for the girl's pluck was so great that he was more than half inclined to call her back; but as he hesitated she passed out of hail, so he let the horse out, and by ten minutes' sharp driving, overtook the cyclist. As he saw her whirling along in the white road, now brilliantly illuminated by the risen moon, he said to himself:

"There's no use trying to head off a girl like that; I'll do the decent thing by her. She's bound to reach Jonesville in time anyhow, and I might as well have the pleasure of

her company."

When he got close enough he called, "Miss Lumsden, I can't see you going on alone. I surrender. Won't

you get into the buggy?"

She was in the shadow just then, and he could not see the shaft of scorn that was shot from her eyes; but there was no mistaking the tone in which she replied:

"Thanks; but I'm doing quite nicely. I'm not one bit afraid, and it's just cool enough to make the exercise delightful. Please drive on,

and don't mind me."

He knew she meant it, and after a few unavailing words of remonstrance he pushed briskly on, but determined to keep within hail. After that he let her set the pace, urging the horse when she forged ahead, and slacken-

ing speed when she did.

A very few miles of this kind of travel were enough for the bay. He was homeward bound, and decidedly averse to poking. After several abortive attempts to break away he finally settled matters by shying at a spectre-like tree that lifted its bare white arms across the road, and started down a steep hill at a rattling The frightened driver in vain hauled and tugged upon the lines, and within half a mile the wayward beast was master. The end came swiftly. Near the bottom of the hill Ainsworth was tossed out, landing anything but gently on a pile of stones, while the nag sped merrily homeward.

There came to the luckless journalist one sharp spasm of pain and then—merciful unconsciousness. When

he presently returned to anguish and the world again, a sweet-toned voice was asking:

"Are you much hurt? Can you move?" His fair rival had again

overtaken him.

"Ugh! my arm!" was all he had the grace to answer. When he tried to raise his right arm, it fell back like lead.

Miss Lumsden gently touched the limb and said, "I'm afraid it's broken."

Ainsworth groaned acquiescence.

"Just lie perfectly quiet while I go and explore. There must be a house near somewhere."

He was far past remonstrance, so off she went.

In less than fifteen minutes the girl was back again with a horse and wagon, a stout farmer's lad, and a flask. She made the injured man swallow a little of the contents of the last-mentioned find, and then she and the boy helped him to lie down on the straw in the bottom of the vehicle.

The bicycle was lifted in, Miss Lumsden followed, the boy took the reins, and the eventful journey of the two journalists was resumed, this time slowly, for Ainsworth was not in condition to stand much jarring, and the wagon boasted no springs. For the first half mile no one spoke. The *Phonograph* girl sat beside the sufferer, fanning him with sheets of copy paper. Ainsworth was silent, save when an exceptionally bad jolt forced a groan. At last he said:

"Indeed, Miss Lumsden, I don't deserve this. I was a brute; I know I was. I'm afraid all this delay will make you late, and you certainly deserve to catch the press after all you've gone through. Leave me at the nearest farm-house, and drive

ahead fast."

"Now, do keep quiet, Mr. Ainsworth, or you'll worry yourself into a fever and me into a temper. It's

only 10 now, and the boy says we can make it by 1.30. You did perfectly right in refusing my absurd request; I never should have asked such a thing."

"But," he persisted, "I want you to know that I tried to keep near you

—but—''

"The horse didn't share your benevolent intentions. He's in his stable by this time, I suppose. There now, don't talk, or we shall be obliged to treat you like Jonah, and throw you overboard."

He tried to say more; to tell how sorry he was, and how grateful, and what a wretch he had been; and between pain and weakness, and the bliss of being ministered to by such an angel, there is no telling what he might not have said. But Miss Lumsden was as firm as a hospital nurse, and compelled silence.

When at 3 A.M. they reached Jonesville, Ainsworth was assisted into the *Interviewer* office, where, between twitches and groans, he managed to dictate his story to a typewriter. Then, not a moment too soon, he waked up a doctor and had his arm

set.

His companion turned in her manuscript, and then went home and faint-

ed as a fitting finale.

Both the Jonesville papers had good stories of the Arnold affair next morn-The Phonograph's city editor thought theirs was the best, and was loud in his praises of Miss Lumsden's Her salary was substantially increased, and a great newspaper future was predicted for her. Nevertheless, she gave up journalism within the next six weeks. It was Ainsworth who persuaded her to do so. said he wanted a dangerous rival out of the way, and beside, he thought one brilliant journalist in the family at a time was enough.

Ernest Shriver.

A PERSONAL BIAS.

EDENBURGH, VA., July 6, 1895.

Y DEAR MARIE: I am writing to you in sore tribulation and distress. I am simply mis-Mamma has the matrimonial fever again upon her, and is determined to make me-and some other poor unfortunate—victims upon the hymeneal altar. You remember how persistently she endeavored to ensnare the affections of the young homœopathic physician in my behalf. He having escaped her wiles, she proceeded to turn her attention to the new Presbyterian minister, who was likewise wary. Her latest scheme has been to invite a young man, the son of a former schoolmate of hers, here, to spend the summer—of course with ulterior motives. He is expected this afternoon.

Of course everybody will see through the scheme, and I shall be made the laughing-stock of the town. I cannot see why mamma insists on throwing me so persistently in the face of every marriageable man she meets. I am the only child, and papa's finances are in an excellent condition. There is absolutely no necessity for me to marry anybody. I can't see why people should think that a girl must marry in order to be happy. I see no reason why an old maid shouldn't be as contented as anybody else, provided she is not financially dependent. It seems to me that she could fill her life with books, music, art, friends, charity, and duty, just as if she were married, and her existence would be just as rich and full of happiness. Now, my dear, I do not expect you to sympathize with me in this opinion. Of course you, having so recently been married, think there is no happiness to be found in any other state. I am willing to grant you that your husband is perfection, and if all the world were populated with fac-similes of your "admirable Crichton," marriage would seldom prove a failure.

But granting you all this, I still insist that I am perfectly content to remain just as I am. However, I don't suppose I could convince anybody of this fact. People always go on the supposition that all women are eager to marry somebody—anybody. I hear the carriage returning from the station, and I presume the unsuspecting victim is being led to the sacrifice, while I, his fellow-sufferer, sit here waiting the approach of the executioner, in the shape of mamma, who, I know, will come in shortly and insist that I array myself in all my glory, and go forth armed for conquest. In the mean time, she will rasp my very soul with general remarks and suggestions as to the advisability of suitable marriages, and the wisdom of parents in making such selections for their daughters, until I shall be on the verge of nervous fever.

If you were not already acquainted with mamma, I should feel obliged to tell you that she is not unrefined or coarse; she simply has the matchmaking craze which possesses so many women, and which causes her to forget what is due to her own self-respect and to mine.

Don't think me undutiful in speaking in this manner of my mother, but I am so wretched and disgusted and humiliated, and there's no one to sympathize with me but you. Forgive me then, dear, for boring you with this dolorous epistle, and believe me, always,

Lovingly yours,

Elinor.

I cannot resist adding the inevitable postscript to describe to you the advent and appearance of the conquering hero. I did not go down till tea had been announced, and they were already seated at the table. Of course I sat perfectly dumb throughout the meal. To be put on exhibition always has that effect on me. Under such circumstances one always

appears at a disadvantage. Poor mamma's efforts to draw me into the conversation and show me off in the best possible light were pathetic failures. I knew she was disappointed, and I really essayed one or two remarks for her sake; but as my efforts were hardly a pronounced success, I soon relapsed into silence again.

After tea I was "put through my paces," so to speak-made to play and sing for him—both of which I of course did to the very worst of my Then my poor little amaability. teurish sketches were brought out, and the poor youth was forced to exercise all his tact and diplomacy to avoid offending mamma on the one hand, and violating a certain one of the commandments on the other. Of course it was a fearful bore for him-you know he has travelled abroad and is, I judge, something of a connoisseur in art—and I longed to relieve him, but could do nothing but sit there and look like an imbecile.

At any rate, I can hardly be regarded as particeps criminis in the matter, unless passively so. I am resolved that if the poor fly is to be entrapped, mamma shall play the spider—and not I. I think, however, that this time the fly will prove more than a match for the spider. He is a young man with some pretensions to good looks, polished and refined in manner, and is thoroughly self-possessed. He evidently has a very lofty opinion of Mr. James Abingdon Clark, and I fancy could hold his own against a whole regiment of manœuvring mam-Well, I shall leave him and mamma to fight it out without my assistance. I shall assume the attitude of a disinterested spectator, and will keep you posted as to the progress of events.

Affectionately yours, Elinor Travis.

EDENBURGH, VA., July 15, 1895.

My Dear Marie: I am much obliged for your interest and sympathy, also for your kind advice. Married life is possibly all that you represent it, and I am perfectly aware

that mamma means well, yet I know that I do not judge her more harshly than the circumstances require. little ruses to force Mr. Clark into tête-à-têtes with me are so perfectly transparent, and she is so perfectly serene in the belief that her devices are quite impenetrable! One afternoon not long since it occurred to her to insist upon my showing Mr. Clark the beauties of the scenery along the cliff road—you remember it, don't you, dear? Well, he was of course polite enough to manifest quite a creditable degree of interest, though I understood perfectly that it was merely simulated. I straightway resolved that he should escape if possible, so as we went out the gate I deliberately caught my dress (my favorite blue batiste) on the latch and tore it into shreds. Of course that put the walk out of the question for that afternoon at least, and I presume Mr. Clark mentally congratulated Next day, mamma, nothhimself. ing daunted, suggested a horseback ride. She knows I can ride well at least, and that is always her trump card. Now you know how fond I am of the saddle under almost any circumstances, but I knew every gossip in the hateful little town would be commenting on "Mrs. Travis's latest," so I resolved that I would not go. Accordingly I hunted up Sam-I'm sure you will remember the youthful African who used to convey your tender missives to Harry-and suggested that Rex, my saddle-horse, had seemed a trifle lame when he exercised him yesterday.

"Lord, no, Miss El'nor, he ain't lame. He's jest a-actin' and projeckin' round. You orter seen him go after I got him out on de pike." I slipped a half dollar into Sam's willing palm, and suggested that he might mention to mamma that Rex had cast a shoe, or something of the sort; and though I'm sure he didn't understand my motives, the half dollar appealed to his understanding, and I felt sure there would be no ride that afternoon. And so it proved, for when later in the afternoon mamma called

Sam up to where we were seated on the veranda, and directed him to saddle Rex and Piccolo, Sam was equal

to the emergency.

"Lord, Miss Marg'ret, dat Rex ain't got a sign o' shoe on his lef' hind foot, and he so lame dis mawnin', he kin hardly git about. Ef I'd knowed Miss El'nor wanted to use him, I 'clare, fore goodness, I'd a tuk him over to de shop; but I been so busy, 'pears like I don't have time to see to nothin'," and so on ad infinitum.

No chief justice ever looked more preternaturally solemn than did Sam when he told that fib, but my guilty conscience made me fancy that I could hear the jingle of my half dollar in his pocket as he walked away, and somehow I felt that my little ruse had been, like mamma's, a trifle transparent, the more especially as Mr. Clark favored me with a quizzical glance that I am yet at a loss to explain. I tried to utter some expressions of polite regret, but I felt my face flushing as he looked at me, and fearing that my guilty conscience would betray me, I went over and sat down near Mr. Frazier, the young man who is reading law in papa's office, and who makes his home with I am sure no one will accuse me of trying to ensnare his young affections, for he looks like an Albino. He has white hair, white eyelashes and eyebrows, a very florid complexion, and queer, squinting eyes that slant upward like a cat's. Papa says he is a very intelligent young man, but he certainly does not look so. He always reminds me of "Mr. Guppy" in "Bleak House." He was somewhat surprised when I began to talk to him, for to tell you the truth I had never paid him the slightest attention before; but anything is better than a ride with a man one hates, for of course I utterly detest Mr. Clark. Why shouldn't I?

I know you must be tired of this everlasting subject, but you were kind enough to manifest an interest in your letter, which tempted me to continue my confidences; then, too, remember how you used to write me

whole quires about your affair with Harry when you were engaged; so I'm only paying you back in the same coin. But I will spare you further details at present. Present my regards to Harry, and believe me,

Lovingly yours,

ELINOR.

EDENBURGH, VA., July 26.

My Dearest Girl: Pity me! scold me! despise me!-anything; I am worthy of it all. That wretch Frazier has proposed to me, and the worst of it is that I seem to have encouraged him, and manœuvred worse than mamma ever did. But I beg you to believe that it was wholly unintentional. I never once dreamed that he would care for me-in fact, I never thought of him at all. I always thought it the worst possible form of vanity for a girl to imagine that every man she treated civilly would straight-way fall in love with her, and I simply wished to avoid the slightest appearance of seeking Mr. Clark's society; so you see, in steering away from Scylla (Mr. Clark), I am wrecked on Charybdis (Mr. Frazier). I can see now, as I look back, that it must have seemed to him that I was encouraging him frightfully, but he was such an absurdity—so completely out of the question to my mind-that it never occurred to me to regard him as anything more than a medium for the furtherance of my desire to avoid Mr. Clark. Poor Frazier told me that I had allowed him to hope, otherwise he would not have dared to speak, and I could not utter one word of apology or excuse, for I could realize only too clearly how he must have interpreted my marked preference for his society. In the end he insinuated that I had simply made use of him to incite Mr. Clark (think of it!) to jealousy, and I was wroth, I do assure you. I informed him that he was no gentleman-women always say that when they are angry with a man-not to mention other scathing remarks of a like nature. I know it seems laughable to you the idea of the feline Frazier in the

light of broken-hearted lover, and I a tragedy queen; but, indeed, I did not find it amusing at the time. I felt only disguit, loathing for him, and utter contempt for myself. And yet I pity the man in a way. Of course he'll get over it-men always do-but I might have saved him the humiliation of a rejection had I not been so blind. It seems so contemptible that I should have neglected him entirely so long as he could not assist me in furthering my ends, and then to assume a friendship merely to use him for my purposes, and I can see now just how it impressed him. very freedom from the usual coquettish little arts and wiles of society young ladies would make him attribute a more serious meaning to any little kindness I have shown him. I know you think I am manifesting a superlative egotism, but I assure you I am as much humiliated as my worst enemy could desire. In fact, I believe that it was partly caused by nonegotism. Had I been possessed of greater vanity, I should have sooner suspected the state of Mr. Frazier's emotions, and I give you my word, I did not once suspect it.

Please do not utterly despise me, but write to me and give me a word of comfort if you can.

Yours sorrowfully,

Elinor.

July 30, 1895.

My Dear Marie: I am so utterly wretched that even your kind letter failed to give me comfort. I know I am taxing your friendship with my constant appeals for sympathy. I am not so engrossed in myself that I cannot understand that; but if you knew what I am suffering, you would give me your sympathy unasked.

Often I waken in the night (and you know how much keener one's sensations seem in the dark hours of the night) and suffer and live it all over again, only intensified many times. My own selfishness and forwardness, poor Frazier's mortification, the stupid gossip, Mr. Clark's contempt—all present themselves in-

sistently, and I am so morbid and nervous, I hardly know what to do.

Thursday afternoon.—I laid this letter aside this morning to take a drive with papa. He has really become uneasy about me, and insists that I need out-door exercise-his panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. I rather dreaded it, although I knew papa would not catechise me as mamma would have done. And he did He treated me with such delicate consideration; and though he did not understand exactly what the trouble was, he avoided the slightest reference to any personal subject that . would give me pain. I always loved papa better than anybody in the world, and now I worship him. nally, just before we reached home, he asked me if I should not like a short visit to Aunt Mary's. Usually, you know, I look forward with anything but pleasure to visiting this respected relative. She makes me read aloud to her "Fuller's Good Thoughts" and the "Heathen Worker" till my throat aches, and the only social dissipation she permits me is to accompany her to the Sewing Society. At any other time I should have promptly refused, but now—it's anything for a change. It will be a kind of penance for my sins.

I was afraid mamma would not consent without awkward explanations -she still has hopes of Mr. Clark, you know-and I knew she would put me on the rack and attempt to talk it over, and in the present state of my nerves I could not endure that, you know, so I just confided the whole thing to papa, and begged him to get me off in some way without undergoing the maternal inquisition. He was so kind, and promised to arrange all that, and I knew he would; and so when to-day at dinner he announced that I was going away tomorrow, I saw that he had settled it with mamma. (Who was it who said she "was content to be a woman, because she would not have to marry one'' ?)

I thought Mr. Clark looked surprised or perhaps offended when this plan was announced, but papa proceeded to explain that my aunt had not been at all well, and really needed me. I do not know whether I am glad or sorry that I am going. If I had been like other girls, I might have had a very pleasant summer. Mr. Clark is nothing of a "puppy," and I might have been friends with him without being forth-putting, and I know he would not have misunderstood me. However, it's all over now, and "might have beens" avail nothing.

Direct your next letter to me at Smithville, care Mrs. Mary Worth-

ington.

With much love, I am, as ever,
Yours affectionately,
Elinor C. Travis.

July 30.

DEAR: I just cannot think of sleep until I can relieve my overcharged heart by writing to you. Since I mailed my letter to you this afternoon my whole world has changed, and I seem to have lived centuries; but let me tell you all about it.

After tea this evening I wandered off to the most retired part of the lawn, I presume with a vague notion of keeping up my rôle of tragedy I chose the gloomiest spot possible—the place, you know, where the trumpet vines have grown over the trees and formed a kind of arbor. I sat there and mooned and moped, quite after the approved fashion of heroines, and the gloom of the twilight gathered and entered into my soul, and the murmur of the wind among the trees seemed like regretful memories of the past. I listened to the insistent voice of the katydid and the croaking of a solitary frog, until they mingled so completely with my musing that I half fancied mamma spoke in the voice of the katydid, and that poor Frazier poured forth his love-fraught plaint in the raucous croak of the frog. Then, by some occult association of ideas, I found myself singing an absurd old song I'd learned from the darkies, a ballad which recounted the adventures

of the "frog that went a-courting, with sword and pistol by his side. Suddenly it occurred to me that this cheerful melody was hardly in keeping with the melancholy thoughts I had a moment since been indulging, and with a truly feminine transition from grave to gay, I simply shrieked with laughter, until I was utterly exhausted, and the tears streamed down By-and-by I pulled mymy cheeks. self together and wiped the tears from my eyes, when, chancing to look up, I beheld before me Mr. James Abingdon Clark. How long he had been standing there, and whether he had heard that ridiculous song, I couldn't judge. I must have looked decidedly blank, for a moment later I heard him saying apologetically:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Travis. I hesitated to interrupt you. You seemed to be enjoying yourself so much. Am I intruding, or may I

stay and share the fun?"

"Indeed, you are not intruding in the least," I said, with what self-command I could muster. "But I hope, Mr. Clark, you will not think I am in the habit of indulging in such bacchanalian behavior."

He made a feeble little joke about the excellence of our Kentucky corn juice tempting even Minerva to become a Bacchante, and in a few moments I found myself talking with him more naturally and easily than ever In fact, I was really enjoying the conversation more than I had ever thought possible, when suddenly it occurred to me that mamma had sent him in search of me, hoping that this last tête-à-tête, in conjunction with the gentle influences supposed to attach to the tender gloaming and the twilight hour, might affect the longwished-for consummation. At once my doubts vanished; I felt sure she must have sent him.

I rose at once, with a remark as to the lateness of the hour, and was about to steal away, when he caught my hand, and firmly though very gently drew me back to my place on the rustic seat beside him. All women are silly, I suppose, and I presume I rather liked being taken possession of by a stronger will, so I gave in as gracefully as possible, because—well—I really did not want to go anyhow.

After that the conversation became distinctly personal. He began by asking why I had always seemed to avoid him, why I had treated him so coldly, and, by a natural sequence, proceeded to express the hope that I might be kinder in the future. Whereupon I discovered that he had been holding my hand all this while, and when I tried to draw it away he

—oh, well—I am sure you can imagine the rest. I'm sure, my dear, that you must have guessed that I—well—that I really cared for him all the time, though I wouldn't have admitted it even to myself.

As we strolled very slowly to the house, the frog gave a dolorous croak, but the katydid was silent—presumably, as mamma's understudy, rubbing her hands in an ecstasy of delight.

ELINOR.

Elizabeth D. Giltner.

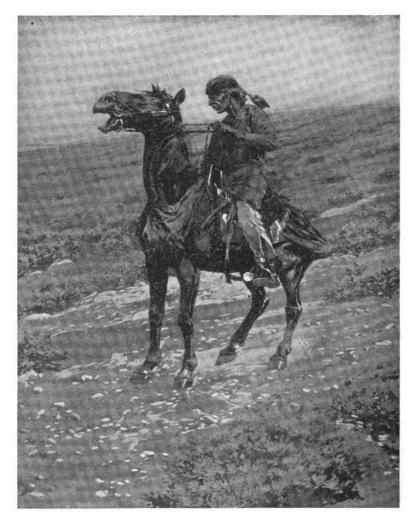
TO A GULL.

Sould of bereaved one, troubled and tossed,
Searching the sea for the one that was lost;
Skimming the air or riding the wave,
Seeking forever that precious one's grave;
Bird of the sea, is it true, is it true,
That the soul of some mourning one lives within you?

Whom art thou seeking, some brother or son Who sank to his rest ere his voyage was done? Or was it a husband, or lover so brave Who found an unmarked and untended grave? Bird of the sea, is it true, is it true, That the sea holds the one who is dearest to you?

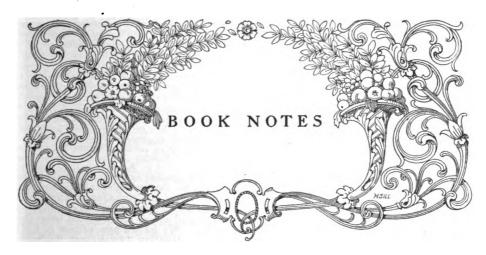
Bird of the sea, when the dismal winds wail, And the breast of the ocean is swept by the gale, When the demons of storm in their fierce anger rave, And you sink 'neath their wrath to a watery grave, Bird of the sea, is it true, is it true, That the loved and the lost you find waiting for you?

Arthur J. Burdick.



A STRANGE TRAIL.

From the painting by Fernand Harvey Lungren.



Many novelists have of late been preaching the doctrine that love is a law unto itself which must be obeyed. "A Japanese Marriage" is illustrative of such a case. Douglas Sladen, its author, puts forth a powerful and convincing argument of the fallacy of resisting the master passion when the hap-piness of two human beings is involved. The bitter injustice of the Deceased Wife's Sister Law in England is the subject of "A Japanese Marriage," and the rights of the individual is the text. "The increase of human happiness is the highest end of existence," declares Mr. Sladen; and no one who reads his book will blame him for the conclusion to which he brought it. The heroine is a magnificent character, full of life, health, and beauty. There is no sham or conventionality about her; her very name, Bryn Avon, is deliciously original. Bryn had always lived in Japan, and she had suitors by the score, but her heart was untouched until she grew to love her sister's husband. When the sister died, Bryn and Philip acknowledged their love, but Bryn revered her Church too much to violate its ordinance, and Philip was too noble to persuade her. So they parted, and Bryn went to England to discover in an orthodox clergyman the most contemptible and insulting creature she had ever known. The author states, however, that he has not the slightest wish to attack the Church, only the particular type that is pharisaic to human happiness. But Bryn Avon decided that the Church in general was not worthy her sacrifice, so she re-turned to Japan to marry Philip. The cereturned to Japan to marry Philip. The cere-mony, of course, was only a civil one; but

"Bryn's argument was wrong," says the author in his preface, "but what she did, I think, was right." And so it was; nobody who reads the book can deny it, for if ever a woman deserved to be happy it was Bryn Avon.

Although most of the scenes are laid in Japan, all the characters are English, and there is a delightful air of good-fellowship and honesty about them. The setting of the story is distinctly novel in its coloring, the descriptive matter is of rare excellence, and the main tale is embellished by many recitals of the quaint customs and natives of the picturesque land of the chrysanthemum. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

A second series of Irish idylls, "Strangers at Lisconnel," by Jane Barlow, is issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. A number of picturesque sketches rather than a connected story form the book, but a thread of homely romance runs through them all, and they are made kin by the figuring in each of several of the various characters depicted. Miss Barlow has the true artistic touch, and writes with force as well as delicacy. Perhaps the book is a little long, but each chapter is independent and individual enough to be read singly. There is a freshness about Miss Barlow's style that is exhilarating, and the Irish brogue that she uses is delicious. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are embodied in the various sketches, and the true Hibernian spirit is resident in each, flashing the characteristic wit, honesty, and humble dignity of the people so graphically and truthfully described in "Strangers at Lisconnel."

A certain amount of indulgence is usually observed in criticising the work of one afflicted, but in the case of Clarence Hawkes, whose poems are issued in one volume under the title "Pebbles and Shells," his efforts can be viewed irrespective of any extenuating circumstance. Mr. Hawkes is both lame and blind, but his work is instinct with poetic feeling and fancy. In the one volume are included poems of nature, love, war, patriot-

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ism, old New England, and a miscellaneous lot besides. His "New England Winter," one of the best selections in the book, has a hint of Whittier's "Snow-Bound," and here and there we find echoes of the ideas and style of other writers. We presume, however, that this is merely coincidental inspiration, for the majority of his verses are original in theme and treatment. The appended quatrain is a good sample of Mr. Hawkes' delicate fancy:

"Into the crucible of grief a life was thrown,
Awhile the bright flames danced around the
blackened bowl;

And in the melting heat the liquid metal shone, Until the alchemist beheld a spotless soul."

Another verse, the last in the book, is characteristically illustrative of the brave spirit of the singer, hopeful in his work and blindness:

"Full many a gallant ship I send to sea To battle with the wind and rain; And some of them come bravely back to me, But more are never seen again."

(Picturesque Pub. Co., Northampton, Mass.)

* * *

"Persian Life and Customs," by the Rev. Samuel Graham Wilson, M.A., is a book of popular interest, inasmuch as it throws light on a people and country not previously treated comprehensively. The author was for fifteen years a missionary in Persia, and therefore speaks with authority. His work has been done carefully and without exaggeration; it cannot fail to add much to the reader's knowledge of Eastern life, and it is happily lacking in those historical and geographical details which burden so many books of the same sort. Dr. Wilson lived among the people he describes, and studied their customs practically. Their civil, religious, commercial, domestic, and social life under many different aspects and instances is set forth with deliberate and intelligent thought. The methods and results of missionary work in Persia are described in the final chapter of the book, and many interest-ing experiences are recorded. The book is handsomely made up, with a number of half-tone illustrations, and is a valuable contribution to the literature of the Orient.

The following anecdote will show that the average Persian possesses a grim sense of

humor:

"What is it," asked a soldier of a prince, "that has a name but no existence?" The prince gave it up. "My salary," said the soldier.

* " *

"Leaves of the Lotos" is the unique but appropriate title of a little volume of poems by David Banks Sickels. It is a book to read on a dreamy, drowsy summer afternoon. The poet's power is so real, his fancy so pure and sweet, and his inspiration so lofty that he transports his readers to the land he loves, "the land in which it seems

always afternoon." The subjects he touches with his versatile pen range from grandeur to simple pathos, and from pointed satire to holy joy. The poet's tender sympathy and deep insight to the human heart are present in the majority of his verses, and they all have a human quality which will endear them to even the casual reader, while the delicate imagery and the fine English in which it is expressed will delight the idealist. The book is beautifully printed and has a most artistic binding. (J. Selwyn Tait & Sons, New York)

What a familiar figure in fiction she is getting to be, this voluble, capricious young woman, full of bright chatter, amazing irrelevancies and wayward affections, ready to comfort and amuse any husband other than her own. We have a new edition of her in "Diana's Hunting," by Robert Buchanan, and in this instance she is an actress. For want of a new sensation she persuades herself that she is in love with a dramatist; the man is married, but that makes little difference to Diana. His wife is a simple and affectionate woman, who does not see how near her happiness comes to being wrecked, for Diana's hunting is cut short by the intervention of a philosophical and phlegmatic friend, a man who knows the world and has read in sorrow's book. Thanks to this man, Diana goes to America alone, and the wavering husband returns to his wife. The book is brightly written, in a rather careless style. There is froth on the surface—the froth of clever dialogue and some humor; underneath lie the dregs of dishonor and unsteady morals. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

Funk & Wagnalls have issued the first volume of "The Reader's Shakespeare," which comprises the historical plays, English and Roman, condensed, connected, and emphasized by David Charles Bell for use in colleges, private readings, etc. Each play is so arranged that it may be read in an hour or an hour and a half. The text has not only been condensed but expurgated, while annotations and elucidatory remarks make the volume of special value to the reader and elocutionist. The full beauties of Shakespeare, all the meaning and historical import, are preserved, even in this abridged condition, and the explanatory notes and narratives that accompany each play enable the student to grasp the truth and subject of the matter, as well as greatly aiding him to read the lines correctly. The tragedies and romantic plays of Shakespeare will be treated in a like manner in a second volume to be compiled by Professor Bell, and a third will embrace all the comedies.

A. Conan Doyle has put his Brigadier Gerard through some of the most stirring



exploits that ever quickened a reader's pulse. The various adventures which appeared singly in syndicate form are now published under one cover with the title "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard." This gallant soldier, whose pride of his regiment and love of his Emperor were equal to his approbation of his own accomplishments, performed deeds of great daring and valor, and barely escaped with his life in several instances. Fear was foreign to him, and bravery as natural as breath. The different dangerous missions he undertook and successfully carried through were done under the personal supervision and by special direction of Napoleon.

and by special direction of Napoleon.

Perhaps the chapter "How the Brigadier was Tempted of the Devil" is the best, though it were hard to choose among so many. The stories are told by the Brigadier in his old age, and the spirit of sublime, unconscious egotism that pervades them all is one of the chief charms of Mr. Doyle's delightful book.

(D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The author of "Persis Yorke" probably

gave the name of the heroine to the book because no other title presented itself. There is plenty of Persis in the book-not too much, for she is rather an interesting person-but all, the events and characters are made subsidiary to her. She reminds one of the heroine in an old-fashioned melodrama, because she so persists in taking trouble upon herself, has so much more thrust upon her, and seems to delight in being miserable. Her two principal crosses are a drunken wretch of a father and a flippant, wayward sister; but, as is the case with melodramatic heroines, she marries happily and everything is satisfactorily arranged at the end. Sydney Christian, the author of "Persis Yorke," knowshow to pile on the agony and how to make it readable. The book is divided into four parts: Bewilderment, Rebellion, Resignation, and Comprehension, which subheads adequately describe the different phases of the story. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Edward W. Townsend has studied the Bowery and Mulberry Bend thoroughly, and his sketches

of life in that quarter are accepted as accurate. In a very entertaining style and with much local color he has made a story-scarcely a romance-of varied types and a succession of piquant events, and has called it "A Daughter of the Tenements. Carminella—the heroine, is born and brought up in Mulberry Bend, to be sure, but she is guarded and reared as tenderly as a princess, and she finally dances her way into luxury and fame. The most interesting character in the book, however, is the old aristocrat of the Bend, Dan Lyon, with his native courtesy, calm dignity, and independent hon-esty. Besides this delightful personage and Carminella—the dainty, beautiful, and gentle Carminella-there are Theresa her mother, an Italian ballet girl, and Dominico her father, a fruit vender; Tom Lyon, the gifted son of old Dan, and who finally marries Carminella; Mark Waters, the villain of the little drama; several members of the upper crust who cross the path of the Eastsiders, and a liberal sprinkling of local types, who add great variety and amusement. The tragedy of the sunless young lives in the



"HE HANDED OUR LETTERS TO US."

From "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard." (Copyright, 1895, by D. Appleton & Co.)



SWEATERS' FREIGHT.

"Hurried along, not speaking to those they passed." (From "A Daughter of the Tenements." Copyright, 1895, by Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

tenement district; the awful grind of poverty, disease, and dirt; the meekness and hopelessness of the lowly in their miserable struggle for existence are touched with a deft pen by Mr. Townsend, but the shadows only form a background to the sunshine of his story. The book is profusely illustrated by E. W. Kemble. (Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.)

For excitement, wild adventure, and hairbreadth escapes, "The Red Republic," by R. W. Chambers, is far in advance of any book of recent years. The characters are led into dangers of the most complicated kind, to be extricated dexterously and plunged again into still worse escapades, from which, of course, they emerge triumph-

antly. "The Red Republic," as its title suggests, is a tale of the Commune, and its scenes are laid in Paris during the second Reign of Terror, when the streets ran blood and assassination stalked boldly through the public ways. One might say that there are two heroes in the story, for Philip Landes, the American, and Alain de Carette, the Frenchman, share the adventures, while courage and gallantry are divided about equally between them. The author announces that the historical basis of his book is virtually accurate; but the reader, even while appreciating that fact, is more interested in the adventure and romance of the central characters. The several love stories interwoven with the exciting events are beautiful and fascinating, while the book as a whole is one that may heartily be recom-

be caviare.

mended as clean and entertaining reading. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

. * .

Frederick was one of those easy-going men, glib, self-possessed, busy about nothing, and au fait about everything. Alline was a charming girl who thought she was in love with somebody else. Frederick convinced her of her error, and so they were married. That is about all there is to the tale of "Frederick," by L. B. Walford, but the slight story is briskly told and the love interest well sustained. Moreover, the author has a distinguishing freshness and sprightliness of style. "Frederick" will afford an hour's pleasant reading. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

"Corruption," Percy White's latest effort, is well named. It belongs to that class of novels generally designated as up-to-date, whose tenor is erotic and whose existence is inexcusable. "Corruption" entangles the lives of a young English politician—a leader of men, gifted and ambitious—and a brilliant, beautiful, Dodo-like woman, who tempts him from the ways of an honorable career, as he had, in their early days, induced her to forget the principles of purity and peace. To further involve matters, this woman is married to an aimless but good-natured man, whom she easily blinds to the truth. the influence of a temporary moral fit, and for several other reasons, the politician ex-periments in marriage, the victim being a wealthy, simple-minded girl who adores him. When the inevitable discovery comes the wronged husband sues for divorce, and the guilty pair seek recreation and obscurity on the continent. In a short time, however, worn with monotony and craving the luxury the fallen statesman cannot provide, the woman deserts him for an Austrian prince. Then the man resolves to "begin all over again," the only worthy thought recorded for him in the course of 343 pages. The story spreads itself over a dreary waste of witless dialogue. It has little interest and no definite purpose, though its sequence is logical and its climax the natural outcome of the web of corruption in which the chief actors are involved. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

"The Spinster's Scrip," compiled by Cecil Raynor (Macmillan & Co., New York), is a quaint little volume of quotations from varied sources for each day of the year. Human nature, philosophy, love and marriage form the texts of the different excerpts, which are mostly drawn from famous authors, and so well selected that the compiler's familiarity with the original is evident. All manner of curious and clever lines are quoted; we find Dr. Johnson in close juxtaposition to Longfellow; Punch and Shakespeare are each given

prominence: Sarah Grand and Dryden are side by side—a motley company, yet of interest for this very reason. "The Spinster's Scrip" will be found an amusing companion for odd moments.

"Studies in the Thought World," by Henry Wood (Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.), is a collection of lectures and essays, some previously delivered or published, and others new. The papers are metaphysical, psychological, and evolutionary in character, embracing such questions and studies as the Hygiene of Consciousness, the Unity of Diversity, the Dynamics of Mind, Ownership through Idealism, and the Psychology of Crime. Mr. Wood is an original thinker and a profound writer. The weighty topics he presents are scientifically treated, and those who take interest in such elevated mental exercises will read his work with pleasure and profit. To the general, however, it will

"Youthful Eccentricity a Precursor of Crime," by Forbes Winslow, the famous London physician and expert in mental disorders, is a comprehensive and exhaustive treatise on the custody and influence of the young. The crime of neglecting or ignoring the weak minded, the unnaturally vicious, and the predisposedly eccentric in youth is strongly dwelt upon, while the established yet oft-disputed fact of hereditary insanity or inclination is ably discussed. Dr. Winslow has given to this subject thoughtful consideration and careful research. He illustrates his convictions most graphically by numerous and startling examples and instances; his arguments are forceful, his conclusions logical, and the remedy he recommends is palpably sensible. Dr. Winslow's wide experience and undeniable authority give strength and dignity to his assertions and reasoning. His invectives against those in charge of the young who ignore the fact of heredity; against the sensational press and hysterical ministers, whom, he holds, increase rather than subdue vice; and his ideas of the fallacy of the modern jury system and conflicting expert testimony in criminal cases command the consideration of this vital subject by those whose lives and efforts are concerned in it. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.)

A graphic picture of a girl's life in the West is contained in "Emma Lou—Her Book," by Mary M. Mears. The youthful heroine's experiences are written in her diary in true school-girl fashion. The result is a bright jumble of precocious incident and girlish activity. The usual romance ends the book. "Emma Lou" is well worth reading, for it is full of the truth and ardor of youth and breathes the freshness of the Western plains. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)



THE third instalment of T. J. Mackey's "Life of Robert E. Lee" in this number, brings us to a phase of the commander's career which has not previously been adequately treated. As a young captain in the Mexican war, Lee first exhibited that skill in manœuvring which later made him famous. During this siege he accomplished many feats of skill in the art of war, all of which are recalled by Judge Mackey, who also embellishes the narrative with a number of interesting anecdotes. General Winfield Scott, who so distinguished himself during the Mexican war, is a prominent figure of this article.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Church, which is held every four years, meets this month in Cleveland, Ohio. The history, work, and proceedings of this great body are ably given in the article in this number. Portraits of many leading divines, and views of the beautiful city where the Conference is held, will be recognized with pleasure by the vast number of those actively concerned in the Methodist Church.

THE third instalment of "American Naval Heroes" treats further of Paul Jones and the war of 1812, and a supplementary article tells of the original Stars and Stripes which was first nailed to the masthead of the Bon Homme Richard.

A WELL-KNOWN character in history and romance is the subject of an article in this number. Eugene Aram's ingenious defence and appeal for his life were published, together with a full account of his trial, in *The Newgate Calendar*, very few copies of which are now in print. The Peterson Magazine has obtained a set, and in this issue a truthful account of the story of Eugene Aram is given, including the complete text of his famous speech.

"THE Ladies of the Maccabees" is an article which discusses this large and unique organization, and presents a number of portraits of its most prominent members.

THE New York Clearing House is an institution which handles millions of dollars and transacts an enormous quantity of business, yet whose inside workings are little known. An article in this number gives a clear and interesting account of it.

THE pleasing variety of the contents of the May Peterson will be noted. It is the publisher's intention to make the reading matter of the Peterson diversified and entertaining, and all the material used is to that end. Hereafter special attention will be paid to the fiction department, and only high-class short stories will be published.

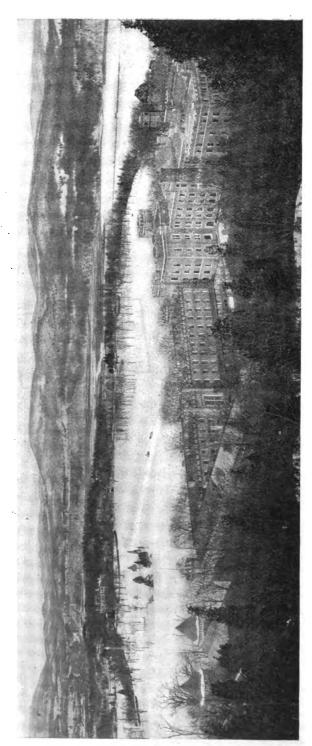
SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crême Simon, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections. It whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batehire, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancygoods store.

Don't worry yourself and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

CONTINUED popularity and a record for large increase of sales each year are certainly abundant testimony to the value of any article offered to the public. The sales of Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder have grown each year till there is hardly a hamlet in the country where it cannot be found. It is a SKIN TONIC, smoothing the wrinkles, removing blotches of all kinds, curing eczema, instantly relieving chafing, and most delightful to use after shaving. It is the best Baby Powder ever used. Its use is not confined to either sex of any age. Be sure to get "Mennen's," as others are imitations and liable to do harm. All druggists have it, or send for free sample to Gerhard Mennen, 577 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

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WEST POINT, THE PARADE GROUND AND BUILLINGS. From photograph taken by Pach Brothers, January, 1856.

THE

PETERSON MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES-VOL. VI.

IUNE, 1806.

No. 6.

General Robert E. Lee,*

The Soldier and the Man.

By T. J. MACKEY,

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.

HE triumph of the arms of the United States in the war with Mexico not only enhanced the glory of its flag and increased the national domain by 1,000,000 square miles of territory, but the results that flowed from it gave a great and benign impetus to human progress throughout the civilized world. By the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, signed on February 2, 1848, Mexico. in consideration of the payment of \$15,000,000, ceded to the United States the vast region out of which have since been organized the States of California, Colorado, Montana, Nevada, Utah, and the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, now on the eve of being ushered into statehood. By that cession the world's great treasure house was unlocked, and many billions of dollars in gold and silver put in circulation through all the channels of commerce.

California, until then secluded and barred against all productive enterprise for more than three hundred years under the hermit rule of Spain and Mexico, had her golden gate flung wide open by the triumphant sword of the great republic, and through it entered the enterprising adventurers of every land as fast as the winds and the throbbing engines could propel their ships across the seas.

Where but late the silence of a vast solitude was broken only by the mission bell, sounding the angelus at noon, or the voice of the monk chanting his vesper hymn at the fall of evening, there resounded the hum of varied useful industries. The dim trails of wandering Indians were converted into the thronged streets of populous cities, whose marts of business gathered tributes from opulent streams of commerce that flowed into them not only from Europe and America, but from

"Where the gorgeous East with richest hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

It was a noble distinction to be deemed the most distinguished soldier

* Begun in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for March.

of a war so beneficent in its influence upon the prosperity of the United States and the general welfare of mankind, and that Robert E. Lee well earned that distinction was attested by the judgment of his great commander, and the concurrent opinion of his gallant companions in arms.

In no military establishment in Europe was promotion so slow as in the old United States Army. It was noted for its "silver-topped" subaltern officers; hence it was that Lee, notwithstanding the fame achieved by him in the Mexican War, was still at its termination holding the rank of Captain of Engineers, his distinguished services being recognized only by his having conferred upon him the honorary title of brevet-colonel.

General Grant in his Memoirs notes that he was himself a victim of that unwise system, which was exemplified by a long list of venerable company officers. Although he received honorable mention for gallant conduct in the report of every battle of that war, yet his only promotion was from a second to a first lieutenancy.

The following letter, written by Lee at the close of the war from Arlington to his brother, Sydney Smith, then a lieutenant in the navy, presents a realistic picture of the homecoming of the soldier from "the big wars that make ambition virtue," and illustrates his character as a Christian gentleman and affectionate husband, father, and brother.

"Here I am once again, my dear Smith, perfectly surrounded by Mary and her precious children, who seem to devote themselves to staring at the furrows in my face and the white hairs in my head. It is not surprising that I am hardly recognizable to some of the young eyes around me, and perfectly unknown to the youngest; but some of the older ones gaze with astonishment and wonder at me, and seem at a loss to reconcile what they see and what was pictured in their imaginations. I find them, too, much grown and all well, and I have much good God who has once more united us.

"I was greeted on my arrival by your

"I was greeted on my arrival by your kind letter, which was the next thing to seeing you in person. I wish I could say when I shall be able to visit you, but I as yet know

nothing of the intention of the Department concerning me, and cannot now tell what my movements will be.

my movements will be.

'You say I must let you know when I am ready to receive visitors. Now! Have you any desire to see the celebration of the Fourth of July? Bring Sis. Nannie and the little ones; I long to see you all.

"I only arrived yesterday after a long journey up the Mississippi, which route I was induced to take for the better accommodation of my horse, as I wished to spare her as much annoyance and fatigue as possible, she already having undergone so much suffering in my service. I landed her at Wheeling, and left her to come over with Jim."

Upon the expiration of his leave of absence, in the autumn of 1848, he was ordered to Baltimore to construct a system of defences for the harbor of that important commercial city. He was engaged on that duty for nearly four years, and it is worthy of being noted, in proof of his skill and thoroughness, that the works he then planned and constructed are still deemed all-sufficient to cover every approach to that vital point, when provided with the heavy ordnance requisite to cope with that floating steel fortress, the modern armored battleship.

In 1852 he was appointed Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, a position which at that date could be held only by an officer of the Engineer Corps. During his superintendency his eldest son, George Washington Custis Lee, a gentleman and a soldier in every way worthy of his race, and of the historic baptismal names that he bears, graduated at the Academy. He bore off the first honor in a class that numbered forty-six, the same number as that in which his father graduated twenty-five years before him. I may here properly correct an error which, through inadvertence, crept into a former article of this series, in which it was stated that Mercer, of Georgia, graduated first in Robert E. Lee's class at West Point, when it should have been stated that the first honor man was Charles Mason, of New York.

Lee's administration during the three years that he held that post was



GENERAL CUSTIS LEE.

commended for its efficiency by three successive Boards of Visitors in their reports to the Secretary of War. In February, 1855, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Second Cavalry, the colonel of which was that illustrious soldier, Albert Sidney Johnston, whose death at the moment that he had effected a complete surprise of General Sherman's army at Shiloh, alone saved the Federal force from a disastrous and decisive defeat. The junior major of the regiment was that ideal American officer, George H. Thomas, now deservedly known to history as "The Rock of Chickamauga," where the wave of Confederate victory that had swept away all

else in its path was broken on his steady line.

Colonel Lee in the following letter, written to his wife from Jefferson Barracks, Mo., on July 1, 1855, graphically describes a specimen of the raw material that was sent to him at that camp of instruction to be cast into good form as a United States cavalryman. It will be seen also that the deep Christian piety that ever ran like a thread of gold through the whole warp and woof of his life shines through this epistle:

"... The chaplain of the post, a Mr. Fish, is now absent; he is an Episcopalian clergyman, and well spoken of. We have therefore not had service since I have been here.



CUSTIS LEE. ROBT. LEE, IR. ROBT, E. LEE

"The church stands out among the trees, grotesque in its form and ancient in its appearance. I have not been in it, but am content to read the Bible and prayers alone, and I draw much comfort from their holy precepts and merciful promises. Though feeling unable to follow the one, and truly unworthy of the other, I must still pray to that glorious God without whom there is no help, and with whom there is no danger. That He may guard and protect you all, and more than supply to you my absence, is my

daily and constant prayer.

"I have been busy all the week superintending and drilling recruits. Not a stitch of clothing has as yet arrived for them, though I made the necessary requisition for it to be sent here more than two months ago in Louisville. Yesterday at muster I found one of the late arrivals in a dirty, tattered shirt and pants, with a white hat and shoes and other garments to match. I asked him why he did not put on clean clothes. He said he had none. I asked him if he could not wash and mend those. He said he had nothing else to put on. I then told him to go down to the river immediately after muster, wash his clothes, and sit on the bank and watch the passing steamboats till they dried, and then mend them. This morning at inspection he looked as proud as possible, stood in the position of a soldier, with his little fingers on the seams of his pants, his beaver cocked back, and his toes sticking through his shoes, but his skin and solitary

two garments clean.
"He grinned very happily at my compliments. I have got a fine puss, which was left me by Colonel Sumner. He was educated by his daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, but is too fond of getting up on my lap and on my bed; he follows me all about the house, and stands at the door in an attitude of defiance to all passing dogs.

The Second Cavalry was ordered to Fort Mason, in Western Texas, in October, 1855, but Lee did not rejoin it there until April of the following year, having been detached on court-

martial duty.

The following letter, written by him to Mrs. Lee soon after the close of the exciting Presidential campaign of 1856, in which the Republican party for the first time placed in the field a candidate for the office of President of the United States (John C. Fremont), is remarkable as showing that although Lee was a slaveholder, he was in principle opposed to the institution of slavery, and regarded it as an evil that time would surely eliminate from our industrial system, to the great advantage of both races in the South, especially the whites.

'Fort Brown, Texas, December 27, 1856.

"The steamer has arrived from New Orleans bringing full files of papers and general intelligence from the 'States.' The steamer brought the President's message to Congress and the reports of the various heads of Departments, so that we are now assured that the Government is in operation and the Union in existence. Not that I had any fears to the contrary, but it is satisfactory always to have facts to go on; they restrain supposition and conjecture, confirm faith, and bring contentment.

I was much pleased with the President's message and the report of the Secretary of War. The views of the President* on the domestic institutions of the South are truthfully and faithfully expressed. In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any coun-It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it, however, a greater evil to the white than to the black race, and while my feelings are strongly interested in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are stronger for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, socially, and physically. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their instruction as a race, and I



^{*} General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire.

hope will prepare and lead them to better things. How long their subjection may be necessary is known and ordered by a wise and merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from a mild and melting influence than from the storms and contests of fiery controversy. This influence, though slow, is sure. The doctrines and miracles of our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years to convert but a small part of the human race, and even among Christian nations what cross errors still exist!

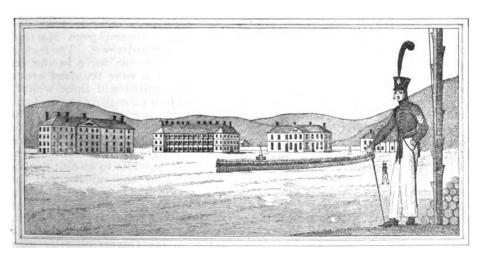
Christian nations what gross errors still exist!
"While we see the course of the final abolition of slavery is onward, and we give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in His hands who sees the end, and who chooses to work by slow things, and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day. The abolitionist must know this, and must see that he has neither the right nor the power of operating except by moral means and suasion, and if he means well to the slave, he must not create angry feelings in the master. That although he may not approve the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purpose, the result will ever be the same; that the reason he gives for interference in what he has no concern holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbors when we disapprove their conduct. Is it not strange that the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve the freedom of their opinion have always proved themselves intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others?"

For nearly three years after the date of that letter Lee's career was uneventful, he being engaged with his regiment in the inglorious though

important service of checking Indian raids upon the settlements along the western border of Texas.

He returned to his home at Arlington early in October, 1859, on a short leave of absence, for which he had applied in order to perform certain duties imposed upon him as the sole executor of the last will of his father-in-law, Colonel G. W. P. Custis, who had died in 1857. He was enjoying needed rest "under his vine and under his fig-tree," when he was called upon to confront an event that marked an epoch in the history of the country.

On the morning of October 17 he received an order direct from the Adjutant-General of the Army to report without delay to the Secretary of War. On his arrival at the Department he was informed by that officer that intelligence had been received that a body of forty or fifty armed men had on the previous night taken forcible possession of the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, Va, with the apparent object of inciting an insurrection among the slaves, whom they were reported to have organized and armed to the number of seven hundred or more. He was thereupon ordered to proceed at once by railroad to Harper's Ferry in command of three companies of marines, that were to report to him under the



THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT IN 1812.

command of Colonel Harris of that corps, for the purpose of retaking the arsenal and capturing the lawless invaders, as well as giving any needed protection to the inhabitants of that section. He was further informed that three companies of artillery were on their way from Fortress Monroe, with orders to report to him for duty.

Colonel Lee arrived at Harper's Ferry on the evening of the same day, and ascertained that on the night before (Sunday), at about nine o'clock, a body of about thirty armed men had taken possession of the arsenal, and were then occupying the Government engine house, a strong stone building, where they held as prisoners nine or ten citizens, including the superintendent and paymaster of the arsenal.

Among the prisoners was Colonel Clark Lewis Washington, a grand-nephew of George Washington. They took from Colonel Washington's house when they captured him the sword presented by Frederick the Great to General Washington in 1785, which bore upon its jewelled hilt the inscription, "From the oldest soldier in Europe, to the greatest soldier in the world."

Soon after they had taken possession of the arsenal, which they did without encountering any resistance, it being, strangely enough, without a military guard, a band of ten of their number, well armed, entered the Wager Hotel in the town and demanded that the landlord should at once prepare and send to the arsenal "a good supper for forty-five men," on pain of death if he refused compliance with the demand, which they made in the name of their captain, whose name they gave as "S. C. Anderson.'' The landlord, although he had formerly served in the navy, and was much disgruntled by the sudden and unwonted exaction made upon his provision locker, was not prepared to "repel boarders" who were so able to enforce their orders, and he furnished the suppers.

On the same night the invaders took possession of the Baltimore and

Ohio Railroad bridge that spanned the Potomac River at that point, and seized upon the passenger train bound for Washington, to prevent intelligence of their acts being conveyed to the authorities there. For the same reason they had cut all the telegraph wires. The first blood shed was that of a slave, John Haywood, the porter of the Wager Hotel, who was shot on the bridge, he having refused to join the raiders, and refusing to halt when ordered not to cross the bridge.

On the following morning a shot fired from the engine house killed Mr. Fountain Beckham, the estimable mayor of the town of Harper's Ferry, as he stepped out of his own door. A little later Mr. George Turner, a graduate of West Point, who was planting in the vicinity, was killed by a rifle-shot from the same source, as he was riding into town with his gun across his saddle.

Not more swiftly did the bearer of the fiery torch that summoned the Highland clans to battle in the olden days of Scottish wars speed with his deadly signal of fate and fear than did the mounted messengers, who bore throughout the surrounding country the startling news of the strange and bloody invasion of that but late quiet spot. Armed citizens quickly gathered from all quarters to defend the terrorized town, and to give battle to the invaders. Two infantry companies of State troops arrived that afternoon from Martinsburg and Shepardstown. The former advanced upon the force in the engine house, but were repulsed with a loss of two killed and three wound-The latter company charged and drove back the party holding the bridge, killing four of them. Colonel Lee's arrival with the marines that night both companies tendered their services to assault the position held by the raiders, but the offer was declined, Colonel Lee stating that the issue was one between the United States and the lawless body of men who had virtually made war upon the Government by their forcible seizure of its arsenal and the

capture and imprisonment of its officers.

At about ten o'clock on the morning of October 18 Colonel Lee sent Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart (afterward the renowned Confederate cavalry commander) with a white flag to demand the instant surrender of the armed force occupying the engine house on the arsenal The door was grounds. opened as he approached it, and he was met by a stalwart man, tall in stature, and apparently about fifty odd years of age.

Stuart had served in Kansas during the fierce struggle in that territory between the Free State men and the so-called Border Ruffians of Missouri, and knew by sight the leading actors in the tragic scenes of that section. He was therefore surprised to find himself confronted, not by one S. C. Anderson, which was the declared name of the commander of the raiders, but by a fa-

mous character on the Western frontier who was personally well known to him, and the lieutenant's first words to him were:

"Are you not, sir, Captain John Brown, of Kansas, known as John Brown of Ossawattomie?"

The answer was: "Yes, I have sometimes been called by that name."

Stuart then made the demand for a surrender of the armed body in the building to the United States troops in its front under the command of Colonel Lee, giving the assurance that if they surrendered they would be protected from mob violence and have a fair trial in the courts of the United States. Brown refused to accede to the demand, and proposed that he and his "band," as he termed his force, should be allowed to leave the engine house and cross the bridge

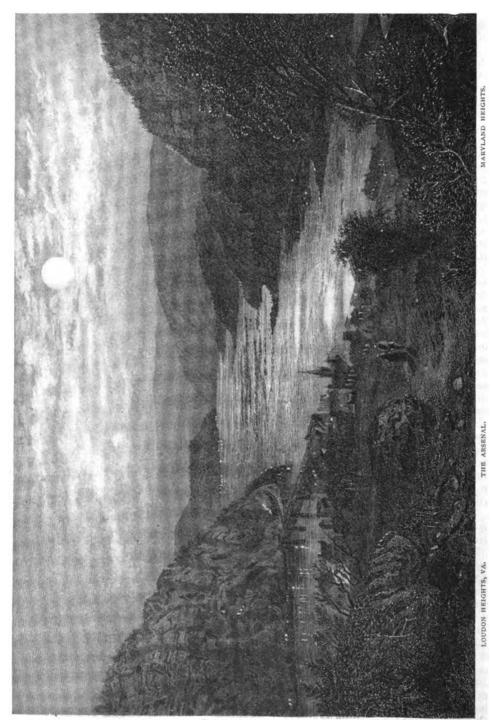


CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.

to the Maryland side, taking his prisoners with him as hostages, he to release them upon crossing the bridge, and that he should not be pursued until he had arrived at the second toll-gate on the Baltimore turnpike, a point distant about half a mile from the arsenal. He added, "I demand this chance to fight you in the open."

Colonel Washington and the other prisoners, strange to relate, urged that Brown's proposition should be accepted, stating that they had no fear that he would harm them.

Lieutenant Stuart replied that he would lay it before Colonel Lee, but expressed the opinion that it would be rejected. Upon his reporting Brown's refusal to surrender and the counter proposition, Colonel Lee at once ordered fifty marines forward to



the assault under the immediate command of Lieutenant Greene.

Two of the strongest preceded the assaulting column with heavy sledge hammers to break in the door, which, however, failed to yield to repeated blows, being secured on the inside by a heavy iron bar and large ropes stretched across it from the door posts.

Colonel Lee then ordered up twenty additional marines with a stout fortyfoot ladder, which they used as a battering-ram, and the door fell at the second blow. A hot fire was exchanged for a few seconds, when the marines charged through the doorway, and the survivors of John Brown's band yielded themselves up at the point of the bayonet.

Brown fired the last shot, and then clubbed his rifle, but was cut down by Lieutenant Greene, and was also bayoneted through the left shoulder and in both thighs. The force in the engine house consisted of seventeen whites and three negroes, two of the latter being from Ohio, and the third, the only slave who joined the insurrectionists, was killed in the attack, and twelve of the whites, among them Brown's son, were also slain. Two of the marines were killed and six wounded.

Colonel Lee entered the building with a surgeon of the marine corps as soon as the firing ceased. He had Brown and the wounded men of his band removed into a large room in the arsenal, and good cots and the best surgical attendance provided for them. He treated them with considerate humanity, and protected them from all insult on the part of the citizens, who were naturally greatly en raged. Brown and Cook, his second in command, were recognized as two persons who about four weeks prior to the outbreak had rented and occupied farms in the vicinity, and mingled among the people as quiet farmers hailing from Kentucky. Colonel Lee delivered up the captured raiders formally to Judge Robert J. Ould, the United States District Attorney, although still retaining them in custody under a guard of marines. the third day after their capture he said to John Brown: "Captain Brown, if you are at all annoyed by the number of visitors who are calling upon you, I will exclude them. I fear that these visits deprive you of needed rest. In this matter you may consult your own wishes.'

Brown answered: "I thank you, colonel, but the visitors don't annoy me. I am glad to make my character known to these people, and get them to understand my motives. As to 'rest,' my motto has been, 'Rest is nothing to me while I hold a commission direct from God Almighty to

act against slavery.' "

Brown, when he uttered those words, which revealed the spirit of religious exaltation that impelled him to engage in his mad enterprise, did not know that he was addressing an emancipator of slaves, Lee having freed, seven years before that date, every one of his slaves, some fortyeight in number, thus sacrificing upon the high altar of principle his own vested legal right of property, a far more unselfish act of philanthropy than offering up at the shrine of Liberty the property rights of others. I received the foregoing details soon after the event to which they relate from the lips of Colonel Lee, Lieutenant Stuart, and Mr. R. J. Pursell, a citizen who lived near Harper's

This last-named gentleman also informed me that many of the people of that vicinity, nine of whose fellowcitizens were slain by the raiders, although Brown declared that he forbade all shooting except in self-defence, expressed themselves very harshly at first against Colonel Lee for the apparent consideration that he showed for the captured men, and

especially for John Brown.

He indicates himself his knowledge that such a feeling had existed in the following letter, written to Mrs. Lee on December 1st from the Harper's Ferry arsenal:

"I arrived here yesterday about noon with four companions from Fort Monroe, and was

busy all the evening getting accommodations for the men and posting pickets to insure timely notice of the approach of the enemy.* The feelings of the community seem to have calmed down, and I have been received with every kindness. I presume we are fixed here until after the 16th. To-morrow will probably see the last of Captain Brown ('Old John Brown'). There will be less interest for the others, but still, I think, the troops will not be withdrawn till they are similarly disposed of.

This morning I was introduced to Mrs. Brown, who has come on with a Mr. Tyndall and Mrs. McKim from Philadelphia, to have a last interview with her husband. As it is a matter over which I have no control, and wish to take none, I referred them to General William B. Taliaferro."

John Brown's raid into Virginia exerted a far more potent influence upon the career of Robert E. Lee than many might accord to it. proved to be the first low wash of waves that heralded the coming of that sea of internecine war that erelong rolled its mighty flood over the

whole land. It certainly engendered in the people of Virginia, the most conservative of all American States, as she was the greatest in historic glory, that deep feeling of distrust as to the purposes of the political majority of the North that eighteen months later turned the wavering balance of their judgment against the

Colonel Lee did not command the guard posted around the scaffold on which Brown was hanged, as stated by certain writers upon the war. He was tried in the State court on the triple charge of treason, murder, and inciting insurrection among slaves, and only Virginia troops were present at his execution.

The brave old free-State builder was hanged at Charlestown, Va., on December 2, 1859, meeting the doom pronounced upon him pursuant to the laws of the land with heroic fortitude, and passed into the presence of that awful tribunal that perchance rendered upon him a juster judgment and a more merciful blame than ours.

WHEN THE GRASS IS GROWING GREEN.

'HE wayside hedges bud anew, Where blithe the bluebird flits and trills; And twinkling in the sweet south wind Are stars of countless daffodils. The soft, gray rain is on the hills, But bright the sunshine glows between . The cowslip lights her lamp, and lo! The grass is growing green.

Through purple hollows of the wood The wild brooks' silver voices call; Like showers of sparks before the breeze, The maples' fiery blossoms fall; New-risen glory crowneth all, Yet soft a shadow glides between The beauty and our eyes—what time— The grass is growing green.

Where all day long the sunshine sleeps, How tenderly the grasses spring! There carolling his wild, sweet song, The robin drops on slanting wing. There late and early sparrows sing, Together whispering birches lean. Ah! we are sad when o'er our dead The grass is growing green.

Carrie F. L. Wheeler,

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^{*} There was reason to believe that a force of 2000 men had been organized in Ohio and Pennsylvania to rescue John Brown and his five associates under sentence of death.

HARTWELLTON BROTHERS, BIBLIOPOLISTS.

T is the queerest little shop in New York, and all the town knows it. It goes there for bizarre pamphlets and tracts and magazines that are nowhere else to be had; for back numbers of periodicals that have long since suspended publication; for anything, in short, from a rare old edition of Chaucer, that would send instant delight to the heart of a bibliomaniac, to the vers de société of some goddaughter of fortune, in its dainty binding. It is, in truth, a sort of literary rag-bag, where, by patient searching and tossing about among the motley assortment of odds and ends, one may often come upon a treasure of genuine worth.

The building itself, driven wedgelike between two much more pretentious ones, has stuck there, incongruously enough, for more years than any one in the block remembers. But the shop, with its heterogeneous stock, and the structure itself, with its chrome yellow front and straggling, blue-lettered sign, pale in interest beside the proprietors themselves: the two frail old men who stand, day after day and year after year, behind much mended counters, serving their customers with punctilious care, but with never a smile of their thin lips, nor a single lighting of their sterncut features.

People have never ceased wondering what sorrow could have touched their hearts with such a chill as to have driven all the light from them, leaving them cold, and dark, and ten-But only Dr. Grantly, an aged and a lonely man like themselves, had ever dared approach them on terms of friendly intercourse; he alone had been admitted behind the high walls of their reserve, and even he had gotten no farther than the first dimly lighted antechamber of their confidence. But he managed to keep his place there, hoping some day the inner doors would open to him and he could go in and warm up the cold interior, as his big, loving heart vearned to do.

They had frequent evenings together, these three old men, in the comfortable living quarters of the brothers, back of the dingy little shop, with now a game of chess or dominoes, but oftener an uninterrupted season of Dickens. And on occasion, when the warm air of spring breathed an irresistible invitation from beyond the city and its din and heat, they had been seen to wander for hours among the country woods and fields, like liberated urchins from school.

But no other man, woman, or child in New York would have had the temerity to have taken such privileges with them as Dr. Grantly. So it was that when young Bob Joselyn, hurrying around to their establishment one stormy winter night, with his cousin, Katherine Lennox, on his arm, to execute a most important errand, and found the doors securely closed against his not very gentle pounding and clamoring for admittance, he very naturally thought of the doctor, in his need, and hunted him up at once.

"We want your help, Dr. Grantly," he explained, as they were ushered into the comfortable study. "Here is Katherine Lennox come down from Albany for the initial performance of 'Sir Osiford's Wooing,' and the rehearsal can't go on without the only available prompter's book, which is locked up in the stuffy little shop of Hartwellton Brothers, where I took it this morning to have its coat mended."

"But you must have known the doors would be closed at six o'clock," the doctor said good-naturedly. "It has been the rule of the house for half a century to serve no customers after that hour."

"We were but five minutes late, and they knew we were coming. They needn't have 'stroked their bushel' so rigorously," he protested.

"Bob tells me you are the only person in New York, except the firemen who went there once on duty, who has ever been admitted to this strange establishment after closing hours," Bob's cousin cried, her bright eyes full of a winning entreaty, "so we came to you for aid. It really means so much to us, and not to us alone, for at this very moment there are twenty people on the way to a rehearsal that cannot proceed without that book."

Dr. Grantly got up and put on his big top coat. "Come on," he said cheerily; "it is but a step around there, and we will see what we can do. I have a key," he explained, as they tramped along abreast through the snow, "and I will let you into the shop proper, where you must wait very quietly until I see if I can have this precept set aside in your behalf."

It was dusky and cold in the small interior, and Bob Joselyn sat down grumpily near the entrance, growling to himself about the inaccessibleness of certain sultans and bibliopolists. But the girl, having a keen pleasure in unusual surroundings, moved softly about among the queer assortment in a kind of ecstasy, bending reverently over some time-touched volume, or lifting it that she might read its lettering by the light from the street streaming in through a half-drawn blind.

themselves eagerly on the scene beyond, visible through the bit of glass in its upper panel.

Two feeble old men were sitting at a table covered with a thin damask covering, on which a smoking repast

Presently she found herself standing

near a baize door through which their

emissary had vanished, and before

she realized it her eyes had fastened

was served, the pièce de résistance being a wild duck with little pâtés of chestnut dressing all about him. There was an old silver coffee urn at one corner of the table, from which a wreath of steam coiled fragrantly, and a bottle of muscatel, with two well-filled glasses beside it, shone redly in the light of a swinging lamp.

The doctor stood, his back to a small fireplace, talking earnestly; but there was an amused expression of helplessness on his strong face, for the heads of the two old men were shaking in unison.

Bob Joselyn got up and crossed to the front door. "It's beastly in here; my lungs are reeking with must already," said he, and he flung it open savagely.

A great gust of wind came whirling in, the baize door flew open at its breath, and before the girl could move, she stood revealed to the occupants of the inner room.

The two bibliopolists rose tremblingly, their eyes fixed on her face with a pitiful rigidity, the color of ashes spreading over their wan features

"Oh, forgive me!" she cried ruefully. "I must have startled you. I passed so near the door I could not help seeing in, and it was so like a picture, the three of you here together, I stood for a moment looking before I realized how rude a thing I was doing."

The snow was on her furs and the tendrils of her black hair were tipped with it, but the color of summer's richest roses was in her cheeks, and her eyes shone; she made a charming picture of appeal as she stood waiting, half timorously, half smilingly, for their pardon. But they only continued to stare at her in a dazed sort of hush that seemed to breathe from them and hold the doctor in its spell likewise. She moved uneasily; surely her intrusion had not been such an unpardonable thing that they should refuse her even a word of civil greeting; their fierce dark eyes burning at her so brightly from beneath their white brows gave her a creepy, uncomfortable sensation, very strange to her.

"I am sorry," she repeated, "very

sorry. Please believe me."

"Who are you?" Joseph Hartwellton, the older, demanded, and his

voice was faint, as though uttered by

stiffened lips.

The doctor came quickly forward. "The young lady is Miss Katherine Lennox, from Albany; she has come down especially to participate in some private theatricals the young people have arranged, and we will both esteem it an inestimable favor if you will just let us have that book, Joseph."

"We don't deserve any kindness from you, breaking in like marauders; but if you should find it in your hearts to show us any, we shall be a thoroughly grateful looting party," with a bright little smile coming back

to her lips.

"I will get you the book," the old man said simply, and he crossed totteringly toward her.

But his brother was before him, motioning him back. "It is I who am younger: let me." said he.

am younger; let me," said he.
"No, no!" she cried with a pretty
imperativeness. "I shall not permit
either of you to serve me. You must
let Dr. Grantly give me the book as
we go out. And thank you, many
times for your goodness."

"She is right," the doctor said, and he took a candle from the mantel, and lighting it, went out in search

of the book.

The girl did not follow him at once; something in the faces staring up at her seemed to hold her there against her will. "I hope you have forgiven us this invasion," she said wistfully. "I do not like to go, feeling we have disturbed or displeased you."

"There has been nothing to forgive," the older bookseller said quietly, and he bowed to her with a quaint old-fashioned courtliness that went

straight to her heart.

"We wish you a successful rendition of 'Sir Osiford's Wooing,'" his brother ventured in his soft, wavering tones, and he too bowed his white head low before her.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" she cried, immensely relieved; she had a good little heart hidden away beneath the enamel of worldly airs and graces,

and she disliked to give annoyance even to these strange old booksellers. "And if it is so, it will be because of your kindness. Good night;" and lifting her fur bordered skirt from contact with the dusty floor, she ran happily out through the semi-darkness of the shop to the light beyond, where the doctor and Bob Joselyn were awaiting her.

After she had gone the brothers sat staring across their untouched repast at the door where she had vanished. The duck grew cold upon its platter, the steam died from the mouth of the silver urn, and the potatoes were sodden before either moved; then one rose feebly, and, pouring the coffee back into the boiler, set it

again upon the coals.

"You must have your coffee, Joseph; you have the headache when you do not take it," he said, and his voice had a strangely tender intonation

"And you, if you are deprived of your dinner! Let us proceed with our meal."

They drew their chairs in silence to the table, spreading tattered damask napkins over their worn black-trousered knees, serving each his portion of the repast with the dignified deftness that characterized even their most trivial doings. Then they made a brave attempt to eat, but the task they had set for themselves was hard.

"There are times when a man cannot eat," Robert Hartwellton said, and he rose as though impatient with himself for having tried, and went over to his chair beside the fire.

His brother laid down his fork and followed him. For a considerable time neither spoke. Even those who have lived long and lovingly together are slow to touch with words the things that lie nearest their hearts. Then Robert Hartwellton spoke, his eyes on the flames:

"She must have been Margaret's

daughter."

"Margaret's granddaughter."
Margaret a grandmother!"

"If Margaret is living to-day she is seventy years old."

"Then it has been fifty years

"She broke our hearts? Yes, it has been fifty years," in a tense voice.

"And yet they call time a healer!"

bitterly.

"There are two methods of healing; one is from the heart out—the only radical cure; the other is merely a surface affair, a healing over of the visible wound."

"I know," said he, sadly, and he rose and brought a fagot and placed

it on the coals.

Silence fell again upon them, broken only by the snapping of the resin in the wood. A cat asleep in the shadows of the room rose stretchingly, and, crossing to the hearth, rolled itself into a ball of dusty white, and was soon asleep again. A street gamin passing the windows whistled a popular Bowery air in shrill, wavering treble.

"She had Margaret's eyes."
"The girl? Yes, and her pure profile, and the setting of her head on her high-bred throat," reminiscently.

"It was as if she herself had come

back to us," softly.

"She had Margaret's insatiate love of conquest," sternly; "did you not see that?"

"I thought it only her desire to be forgiven that made her linger," a

touch of reproach in his voice.

"It was the same feeling in embryo that actuated her grandmother fifty years ago to lure and lead us with her wiles until she could feel our hearts beneath her little feet, where she ground them mercilessly.'

"Hush, brother, I cannot bear even now to hear her maligned."

"I speak the truth!" the old man cried defiantly. "I tell you, these well-bred, well-poised women, who live off men's affections and drink in their love like flowers do the dew; who require to be nurtured on homage and adoration and ceaseless devotion, and are incapable of giving out anything in return but toleration -a pretty, smiling, polite toleration, I admit, but the most maddening

thing on earth for a man to bear, nevertheless-these women will find a fearful account against them when the time for settling such things comes! They are like the roses that grow among the weeds," he went on fiercely, "the poor, homely weeds, that shield and protect them, and enrich the earth about them, and give them of their very best-the best, which is bad enough, God knows, but which is all they have, and these women-roses accept it and thrive and grow upon it; then suddenly they lift their pure, proud heads above them, and gather themselves away from contact with such coarse fibre as the weeds are made of. And the weeds are stunted and die, inch by inch; but they do not notice it, these rarely beautiful flowers above them. Sometimes, perhaps, a stray breeze blows their faces down for a brief moment, and they wonder in a far off, indifferent way at the dwarfed and broken leafage about them."

Robert Hartwellton leaned out of his chair, his eyes full of an inexpressible bitterness. "Or, what is infinitely worse for the weeds," said he. "is that they come to know after awhile that the rose they have worshipped is cankered and unworthy; then they lose faith in every flower in the garden. And oh! a faithless

existence is a terrible thing."

"There is not a man in a thousand who can withstand the tearing down of his ideals. Some of them go stumbling through life grasping for something to lift into the empty niches. The others go to the devil.

'Do you know, Joseph, I sometimes wish we had gone to the devil."

"It would have been much more interesting during the process; but the final achievement of our destination might not have been equally gratifying," dryly.

"It would have been against the teaching of our mother and the promptings of our hearts," simply.

"Yes, it was best to let bad enough

"I hope she will not come again," after a little time of silence,

"It would be better if she did not, much better; but—she is very like

Margaret," wistfully.

"I should not wish to see her nor be reminded of her," Joseph Hartwellton said sternly, and he went, leaning on his cane, up into the shop.

In the flood of light about the door a rose lay, where it had fallen from among the girl's furs. The old eyes saw it, and the old body bent till the half-palsied fingers could touch and clasp it. "Yes, she is very like her—like Margaret, whom I loved," the old voice whispered quiveringly, and he bent his head until his lips touched the bruised white petals.

A woman came out the wide entrance of the Hotel Belvador, and stood for a moment inside the storm doors, looking up and down the busy street; she was an old woman, and her frail, delicate face had the look of a runaway child upon it as she peered nervously out. It was nearing the close of a winter day, and the snow lay heavily in the interstices of the street. She trembled a little in her fur wrappings, and the violets on her bonnet shivered at the breath of the wind as it crept in through the partially opened door.

A porter, seeing her hesitating there, came out to her. "Has your carriage been detained, madam?" he asked. "If you will just step back to the fire, I will see to it for you."

"I have not called a carriage,"

said she.

"Then, if you wish, I will do it for

vou."

"I do not wish it," she declared; and, gathering her silken skirts, she went boldly out into the storm. The first dash of it took her breath, and she reeled just a little, clinging to the umbrella she carried, cane-like, to help her over the slippery pavements.

"They shall not stop me," she said reassuringly. "I am my own mistress. I shall go where I please and as I please."

Her progress in the face of the gale was toilful, but she kept bravely on,

holding her head well up, so that her eyes might keep in range of the names on the signs above the shop doors. She was not accustomed to walking out alone, for they kept her close at home during such weather as this, and she had not known how the wind, beating in her face, would aggravate the pain at her lungs. eyes swam a little because of the great snowflakes dancing before them, and her feet stung with the cold. Her destination seemed very far away, yet she had been told it was just around the corner. Suddenly a name on one of the street signs stood out from all the others, and she turned the knob of the wedged-in shop of Hartwellton brothers.

The light on the snow had blinded her, and she stood for a moment try-

ing to see about her.

"Will you not take this chair, madam? You are fatigued," she heard a polite, old-fashioned voice inquire as the younger bookseller stood before her.

She sank into the proffered chair, her hand pressed hard against her breast, where the pain had grown into a sharp, stinging thing robbing her of her breath. She could see now, and she looked with pathetic eagerness from one stern, calm face to the other, as they were turned to her in polite attention.

"Do you not know me?" she cried.

"I am Margaret Dunwood."

For a moment they only stared at her speechlessly, their eyes fixed on her face; then Joseph Hartwellton broke the silence. "We are very happy to be honored by a visit from Mrs. Lennox," he said stiffly, as he bowed low to her over a pile of unsorted magazines.

But the younger bibliopolist came toward her, stretching out his hand. "Margaret!" he said brokenly.

"It is Robert, is it not?" she questioned tremulously. "You have grown so much alike."

"Yes, it is Robert," still holding

her hand.

"I have come to ask you to forgive me. I am going to die soon, you see,

and I could not go happily without hearing you say you had pardoned all my sins against you. Will you?" she faltered, looking appealingly at them. "I did not know you cared for me sincerely in those old days, so long ago. A woman seldom realizes the depth of a man's affection for her. I was a girl, with only a girl's conceptions. I thought your wounds were merely pride wounds; that after your pride was well your hearts would be well likewise. If I had known that you had suffered so through me I would have come to you years ago and begged you to let some nobler love light up your lives. I would have shown you the folly of grieving over one so unworthy as I. But I did not know until Katherine, my granddaughter, told me of her visit here. And then I would have come to you on my knees, if there had been no other way, to beg you to forgive me. I told them I wanted to come to New York to see Dr. Barrington; that I wanted to live; but I wanted forgiveness, that I might not fear to die.

She talked rapidly, too rapidly for her strength, and she began to cough, faintly at first, then more violently, till the handkerchief she held to her lips was stained with blood.

"Margaret!" they cried; and the love of her they had tried through all the years to kill was in their cry.

She smiled up at them faintly. A

boy came into the shop to make a purchase; at sight of them he turned, and went softly out.

"Nature puts the love of love into some women's hearts, and it rules them like a despot," she panted. "Men call it vanity, but it is not that; it is merely the love of being loved; but it plays the saddest havoc in so many lives. I had not begun to fight it when I met and cursed you both. I was so lonely and so hungry for affection-vou cannot understand, I know; but I meant no harm. thought you would be unscathed. could forget then, and I believed you could," sadly. "But I have been punished," she went on quiveringly. "It is not wrong to tell it now. All my life long I have desired to know a perfect love; my last days have come, and the knowledge of it is not mine. I have lived upon stones.'

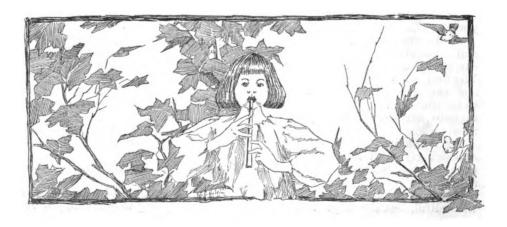
They bent in silence beside her.
"In a little while I shall have to go," she whispered simply. "Must

I go unforgiven?"

Joseph Hartwellton laid his hand reverently over hers. "We forgive you, Margaret, and may He forgive us for having presumed to sit in judgment upon you," he said solemnly.

She made no answer, but she lifted her face, and it had such a light of peace and gladness and heart-rest shining upon it that they bowed their heads before it.

Alma Martin.



Abraham Lincoln.

Personal Recollections and Incidents of a Six Months'
Sojourn in the White House During the
Lincoln Administration.

By FRANK B. CARPENTER.

III.

HE day I left New York for Washington, in response to Mr. Lincoln's invitation through the Hon. Mr. Lovejoy, as already narrated, I met an artist friend, Mr. Shepard Mount, a member of the Academy of Design, whose distinguished artist brother, William S. Mount, has been called the founder of the distinctively American school of figure painting; his pictures, "The Farmer's Nooning," "Haymakers' Dance," "Bargaining for a Horse," "The Power of Music," and other New England subjects, having been widely popular through engravings forty years ago.

Mr. Mount grasped my hand cordially, and asked what new picture I was painting. I replied that I was just leaving New York for Washington to paint President Lincoln and Cabinet. It will be remembered that the time was February, 1864, the fourth year of the war. Instantly Mr. Mount became greatly agitated. Seizing my hand with a firmer grasp, he burst out, "My God, Carpenter, you can do me the greatest favor one man can do another. You can save my son's life!" The tears rushed to his eyes, and his emotion hardly permitted coherent speech. Assured of my sympathy, he was at length able to tell me that his oldest son, a young man of twenty-one, was living at the South at the beginning of the war, and was drafted into the Southern army. Loyal in his principles, at the first opportunity he attempted to join

the Union forces. Being in Confederate uniform, his story was disbelieved, and he was arrested as a rebel spy, thrown into prison, and had been kept there more than a year, notwithstanding the proofs furnished of his loyalty and the incessant efforts of his father and friends to have him released. All appeals to the military authorities had been in vain. At last accounts he was very ill, and his father said there was little hope of saving his life unless his release could be speedily secured. Deeply touched by my friend's appeal, I promised, as soon as I felt at liberty to do so, that I would call the attention of President Lincoln to the matter. while, I requested Mr. Mount to write out a full statement of the case and mail it to me at the White House.

As this incident was one of thousands illustrating the lights and shadows of the war, I shall make no apology for transcribing the letter which soon afterward came to me from Mr. Mount, believing that this by no means exceptional case will appeal to many parents whose sons had part in the war, and is one more tribute to the promptness of President Lincoln in overruling the injustice and inaction of the War Department.

New York, March 7, 1864.

Dear Friend Carpenter: Four years ago my oldest son, then twenty-one, went to live in Warren County, Mississippi. He managed to keep out of the war until April, 1862, when he was forced into the Rebel army, where he remained until October, 1863. He took the first opportunity to leave to join the Federal lines, in the vicinity of Vicksburg,



CHAIR IN FORD'S THEATRE IN WHICH PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS SITTING WHEN SHOT BY BOOTH.

when he was taken prisoner, his story was disbelieved, and he was sent to the United States military prison at Alton, Ill. In his application to the Commissary-General of Prisoners, Colonel Hoffman, he made affidavit to these facts.

Mr. William C. Bryant, the editor of the New York Evening Post, who has known me for twenty years, has written to the Secretary of War, presenting this case and urging my son's release. The Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, who represents in Congress my district on Long Island, also was written to by Mr. Bryant, and has repeatedly been to the War Office and urgently called attention to this case without avail. Finally, only a few days ago, Secretary Stanton endorsed upon the back of Mr. Bryant's letter to Mr. Stebbins that he could not release the young man; the good of the service being the principal reason why he could not make this case an exception.

Dear friend, you cannot imagine my state of mind on getting this decision of Secretary Stanton. Hope fled from me. Five years ago my wife, this boy's mother, died of consumption. Three years later my only daughter died of the same dread disease. My home is desolate; my only consolation the hope of enjoying the society of my two

remaining children, a boy of ten and this son, whose release I am now praying for. He has a bad cough, and I fear the scourge of our family—consumption—will claim him next. I have heard much of President Lincoln's goodness of heart. I am certain, if ever there was a just claim, this is one. My son desires to take the oath and remain North during the continuance of the war. I know him to be entirely loyal. One of his letters, giving his opinion of the rebellion, is now in the War Office. It has robbed him of everything he held most dear. He has a young wife and child, and she writes me that the two armies have, between them, destroyed everything they had, and she is left homeless and helpless. I had saved up a small sum, which I have divided between my son in prison and his wife. He belonged to Company H, Forty-eighth Regiment, Mississippi Infantry.

Encouraged by your kind offer of assistance, I now submit this appeal through you

to President Lincoln.

If this last hope fails me, my cup of sorrow will be full, and my usefulness to such as are dependent upon me will have ended. I have not received in all these troubles one line or word from the authorities in Washington or the officials of the army that has not added to my suspense and suffering. If it is the will of Heaven that I shall at last have light, there is no hand from whom I would so joyfully receive it as from the hand of Abraham Lincoln.

Yours most truly, SHEPARD A. MOUNT.

Accompanying this letter was one from Mr. Bryant, of the Evening Post, endorsing in strong terms the application for the release of young Mount. Knowing full well the pressure constantly brought to bear upon Mr. Lincoln by appeals from the discipline of the War Department, it was not without some misgivings that I placed these letters in my pocketbook, waiting a favorable opportunity to present the matter to the Presi-The time came a few days I met Mr. Lincoln at the twilight hour at the head of the stairs leading to his office. He was alone, and, fortunately, no visitors were waiting. With my heart in my mouth, for I did not feel commissioned to ask favors or present appeals, I ventured to say: "Mr. President, I have a personal request to make of you; may I ask a few moments of your time? "There is no better time than now," he responded, and led the way to his

office. The chandeliers had just been lighted, and we sat down by the long table facing each other, where I could watch the expression of his eyes, which had a wearied look as I commenced a brief statement of the case. He saw how deeply I was interested, and patiently listened while I read the letter from Mr. Mount, which I supplemented with Mr. Bryant's appeal.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." I saw the father in the President was touched. He had two sons of about the respective ages of the two left to Mr.

Mount. After a moment's silence, the President said: "Do you know this man and his son so well that you can vouch for their loyalty?" I said: "I did not know the young man; but the father's character and testimony were beyond all question. There was no truer patriot or better man." Another moment of silence. Then Mr. Lincoln reached out his hand and said: "Let me see Father Bryant's letter." (The expression letter." "Father Bryant" was used by Mr. Lincoln.) Turning the paper over, he took a pen and wrote across the back:

"Release this man upon his taking the oath.
"A. LINCOLN."

There was no sound save the scratching of his pen. As he handed me the paper and I saw what he had written, my heart was too full for words. He saw my gratitude in my eyes. "There," said he, "that will do it. Go over to the War Department yourself and have it telegraphed tonight to the prison at Alton, and the young man will be released to-morrow morning."

This incident is the most cherished of all the recollections of my life. One earnest word secured what the combined efforts of influential editors and congressmen during many months failed to accomplish.

Wednesday night, February 10, a fire occurred on the White House grounds, the stables being entirely destroyed. The two ponies belonging to the President's younger sons, "Willie" and "Tad," could not be removed in time to save their lives. Little "Tad," ten years old, his father's constant companion and pet, after the death of "Willie" in 1862, was inconsolable



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND FAMILY.

From the collection of Mr. Carpenter.



ROBERT AND "TAD" LINCOLN AND THEIR SOLDIER FRIEND.

over the loss of the ponies. He threw himself at full length upon the floor, and could not be comforted. The next day Robert Lincoln, who was at home for a few days from Harvard University, came into the President's office, where I was alone with him, and said he had a point of law he wished to submit to his father, upon which he and Major Hay, the assistant private secretary, had been disputing. It was the liability of the Government for \$300 in greenbacks belonging to the coachman, which had been consumed in the fire. Robert thought the Government should make good its notes when it could be proved

that they had been burned, as in the case of the coachman. Mr. Lincoln said: "The citizen cannot sue the Government. In this case the representatives of value, the greenbacks, having been destroyed, how can the claim be proved? No, I do not think the Sec. retary of the Treasury would pay such a claim. Governments and banks recognize no obligations save the strictly legal. I am sorry for the coach-man, but I do not see but that it is a dead loss to him."

Early in March I had a very interesting sitting from the President. My friend, Mr. Sinclair, New York, the publisher of the New York Tribune, who had first mentioned my desire to paint the picture of the Proclamation, in conjunction with Mr. Colfax, to Mr. Lincoln, some months before, was again in Washington, and I invited him to be present at this sitting. It was the spring before the Baltimore convention, which renominated Mr. Lincoln, and the newspapers were already agitating the

question of the succession. News had just come of the disaster under General Seymour in Florida. President was openly charged with having sent the expedition with primary reference to "restoring" the State in season to secure its vote at the forthcoming Presidential convention. Mr. Lincoln expressed deep indignation at these insinuations. He gave a straightforward statement of the movement, which had planned by General Gilmore, com-mander of the department, if I remember rightly. I was glad to have him make this statement, for Mr. Sinclair was in close relations with Mr.

Greeley, the editor of the *Tribune*, who at this period was not friendly to Mr. Lincoln's renomination, but had the fairness to do him justice in an editorial upon learning the facts from Mr. Sinclair.

Then came an incident which might have had an application to some of the newspapers. "Roscoe Conkling," said Mr. Lincoln, "was in the office a day or two since. Just as he was leaving he told this story: A traveller on the frontier found himself out of his reckoning one night in a most inhospitable region, when a terrific thunderstorm came up. It was dark as pitch, and he floundered along, the lightning affording the only clue to his way until his horse gave out. The thunder was frightful, the earth

seeming to crash beneath him. He was not a praying man, but he became thoroughly frightened, and dropped upon his knees. His petition was short and to the point: 'Oh, Lord, give us a little more light and a little less noise.'"

Presently the conversation turned upon Shakespeare, who was, in Mr. Lincoln's later years, his favorite author. "It matters not to me," he once "whether Shakespeare be well or ill acted; with him the thought suffices." Edwin Booth was at this time playing an engagement at Grover's Theatre. He was that evening to play "Hamlet," and the President and Mrs. Lincoln were going to see the representation. This play had a peculiar charm for Mr. Lincoln, as it has for all thoughtful men. In view of his own assassination, which was probably even then being plotted by Wilkes Booth and his coconspirators, what lowed will be read with the deepest interest. Mr. Lincoln said: "There is one passage of the play of 'Hamlet' to which justice is seldom done by the actor. It is the soliloquy of the King after the murder. There is nothing, to my mind, more powerful in Shakespeare." Then, with a dramatic expression for which I was totally unprepared, he assumed the part of the King:

"O my offence is rank; it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't, A brother's murder!"

and concluding with the lines:

"O wretched state! O bosom black as death!

O bruised soul that, struggling to be free, Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!



MR. LINCOLN CONSIDERING A JUDICIAL MEASURE.

Bow stubborn knees! And heart with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe; All may be well!"

Mr. Lincoln repeated this entire soliloquy, without a break, with an emphasis and action which would have won applause from the most cultured audience. He little thought that the brother of the man he was anticipating so much pleasure in seeing that evening was to be his own murderer.

Shortly afterward he referred to the play of "King Richard the Third." He said he thought most persons misapprehended the significance of the opening sentences. They should not be spoken in an exulting or congratulatory mood. Edward had just been crowned. Richard, filled with rage and jealousy, was plotting his downfall. The prologue was the utterance of the bitterest hate and scorn. Unconsciously assuming the part as he conceived it:

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son of York.
And all the clouds that lowered upon our
house

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Mr. Lincoln recited Richard's words with inimitable satire and sarcasm. I could not refrain from saying, half in earnest, as he concluded, that he had made a mistake in his choice of a profession, and should have gone upon the stage. Mr. Sinclair repeatedly said to me, in recalling these incidents, that he had never heard Shakespeare rendered with more power and appreciation.

The melancholy of Mr. Lincoln's nature was offset by his love of humor. Quotations from Artemus Ward and Örpheus C. Kerr have been referred to in these reminiscences. A volume also of "Mrs. Partington's" quaint sayings lay upon a near-by shelf, and he would find relief from excessive weariness by reading aloud some passages to any friend who happened to be with him at such moments, winding up with a hearty laugh, which always refreshed him.

In 1864 Mr. David R. Locke, one of the editors of the Toledo Blade, began the publication of a series of satirical political letters in his newspaper, dated from "The Confederate Crossroads." I do not remember that Mr. Lincoln's attention was attracted to these letters during the period that I was an inmate of the White House (February to August, 1864). The following February and March, 1865, I was in Washington, and was received by Mr. Lincoln with the same cordiality that had marked our previous intercourse. One evening, late in February, I was sitting with him in his office when a party composed of two United States senators, a member of Congress, an ex-Lieutenant-Governor of a Western State, and two or three private citizens were announced. I think the interview, which was an important one, had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln. One of the gentlemen brought a large package of papers, which was placed upon the table in front of the President. He was at this time literally worn out by the pressing demands of office-seekers, in view of his second administration. Leaning wearily back in his chair, he said to one of the senators: "Have you seen the 'Nasby Letters'?"
"No, Mr. President," was the reply.
"Who is Nasby?" "There is a chap out in Ohio," rejoined Mr. Lincoln, " who has been writing letters in the newspapers over the signature of 'Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby.' Some one sent me a pamphlet collection of them the other day. I am going to write to 'Petroleum' to come down here, and I intend to say to him that if he will communicate his talent to me I will swap places with him!" Thereupon he arose, went to a drawer in his desk, and taking out the "Letters," sat down and read one he thought specially funny, reporting a meeting of the copperhead democracy, at Bascom's grocery, at the "Corners," to the great enjoyment of the company -his own laugh being distinctly the loudest. This over, the book was put back in the drawer, his countenance assumed its habitual seriousness, and

the business before him was entered upon with the utmost earnestness.

A day or two before the meeting of the Republican convention, at Baltimore, the well-known composer, poet, and elocutionist, Mr. Stephen Massett. brought a letter of introduction to the President from Mr. James T. Brady, of New York. Early in the evening I met Mr. Lincoln in the corridor, and he told me he had invited Mr. Massett to spend an hour that evening with Mrs. Lincoln and himself, and, being out of the common run of visitors, he anticipated much pleasure from Mr. Massett's recitations-Mr. Brady having commended specially his rendering of Trow-bridge's sketch, "The Vagabonds," and "Beautiful Snow," about the authorship of which there was at that time a question. I will say here, most gladly and justly, that Mr. Brady's opinion of these recitations by Mr. Massett has been universally endorsed, and by no one more feelingly than by Mr. Lincoln on this occasion. pathos of "Roger and I," in "The Vagabonds, '' touched a tender spot in that sympathetic nature. Thanking Mr. Massett most cordially, he turned the conversation into a humorous channel, touching upon the comical situations which sometimes occurred in life, and illustrated this by an incident of a "stuttering" man whom he once met while on the circuit, whose stammering always ended with a whistle before he could utter a word. Then with great glee, as he recalled the character, he gave several examples, which were extremely ludicrous. Mr. Massett rehearsed the part several times under the President's instructions, applying it to a verse of "Beautiful Snow" with a most comical effect, which was greeted by peals of laughter by Mr. Lincoln.

I have no doubt this "illustration," with the story of its suggestion by President Lincoln, became a feature of Mr. Massett's subsequent

entertainments.

IN THE AFTERGLOW.

MESSAGE I got from my love, my love,
Who lies in the churchyard sleeping;
A message sweet, that hid at my feet,
As I stood by her lone grave weeping.
A missive sweet in a violet blue,
Saying, "My love, I am ever true,
Watching ever and waiting for you;
In Heaven my vigil keeping."

Ah! delicate, beautiful message rare,
A fond and endearing token;
A thought in bloom, to dispel the gloom
Of a heart that is well-nigh broken.
Thrust from the cold and mould below,
A messenger sweet to let me know
That love is as true in the afterglow
As when first our vows were spoken.

Arthur J. Burdick.

TOBACCO AND THE POETS.

ITERATURE has always taken kindly to tobacco. Almost from the very outset of its introduction into Europe, when Columbus brought it home as one of his great discoveries in the New World, poets have sung its praises, essayists have argued its claims, and philosophers have conceded its soothing influence. The scent of the weed clings to many of the best pages of literature during the last four centuries. One of the earliest tributes to it is in "The Metamorphosis of Tobacco," by an unknown author of the sixteenth cen-These were the opening lines:

"Let me adore with my thrice-happy pen
The sweet and sole delight of mortal men;
The cornucopia of all earthly pleasures,
Where bankrupt Nature hath consumed
her treasures.

A worthy plant, springing from Flora's hand,

The blessed offspring of an uncouth land."

And in the same poem it is affirmed that:

"All goods, all pleasures in it doth linke, 'Tis phisicke, clothing, music, meat, and drink."

Dr. Barton Holiday, in his play, "Technogamia; or, The Marriage of the Arts," which was produced in 1621 in the presence of King James himself, ventured words in praise of tobacco. His song compared tobacco to all kinds of pleasure purveyors. The first verse and chorus ran thus:

"Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close
Through the organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

"This makes me sing, so ho, so ho, so ho, boyes,
Ho, boyes, sound I loudly,
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly."

In another play, "Wit's Recreation," of the year 1640, there is a song, the first verse of which is:

"The poets of old
Many fables have told
Of the gods and their symposia;
But tobacco alone,
Had they known it, had gone
For their nectar and ambrosia."

Dean Henry Aldrich, the famous poet, musician, and divine, was a great smoker, and one of his best productions was this apostrophe to tobacco:

"Sweet smoking pipe, bright glowing stove, Companion still of my retreat, Thou dost my glowing thought remove And purge my brain with gentle heat.

"Tobacco, charmer of my mind,
When like the meteor's transient gleam,
Thy substance gone to air I find,
I think, alas, my life's the same!

"What else but lighted dust am I?
Thou show'st me what my fate will be;
And when thy sinking ashes die,
I learn that I must end like thee."

A popular poem of nearly three centuries ago paid this tribute to to-bacco and its noble patron, Sir Walter Raleigh:

"Tobacco engages
Both sexes, all ages,
The poor as well as the wealthy;
From the court to the cottage,
From childhood to dotage,
Both those that are sick and the healthy.

"It helpeth digestion,
Of that there's no question;
The gout and the toothache it eases;
Be it early or late,
"Tis ne'er out of date,
He may safely take it that pleases.

"Tobacco prevents
Infection by scents
That dull the brain and are heavy.
An antidote is
Before you're amiss,
As well as an after remedy.

"Raleigh's glory rests immortal
On ten thousand thousand urns;
Every jar is in memoriam,
Every fragrant pipe that burns."

Another forgotten seventeenth-century poet thus addressed his pipe, and his verses still live;

- "Little tube of mighty power, Charmer of an idle hour, Object of my warm desire, Lip of wax and eye of fire, And thy snowy taper wait, With my fingers gently braced; And thy pretty swelling crest, With my little stopper prest, And the sweetest bliss of blisses Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
- "Happy thrice, and thrice again, Happiest he of happy men, Who when agen the night returns, When agen the taper burns, When agen the cricket's gay (Little cricket, full of play), Can afford his tube to feed With the fragrant Indian weed. Pleasure for a nose divine, Incense of the god of wine, Happy thrice, and thrice agen, Happiest he of happy men."

And there is Lord Byron's testimony of allegiance to the Goddess of Smoke:

"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's

Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides His hours, and rivals opium and his brides; Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand, Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe, When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;

Like other charmers, wooing the caress, More dazzling when daring in full dress; Yet thy true lovers more admire by far Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!"

George Wither was one of the earliest poet-laureates of tobacco. His poem, first published in 1620, has since been printed in many forms. The generally accepted version is as follows:

- "The Indian weed, withered quite, Green at noon, cut down at night, Shows thy decay; all flesh is hay, Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.
- "The pipe that is so lily-white Shows thee to be a mortal wight; And even such, gone with a touch, Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.
- "And when the smoake ascends on high, Thinke thou beholdest the vanity Of worldly stuffe, gone with a puffe, Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

- "And when the pipe grows foul within, Thinke on thy soule defil'd with sin, And then the fire it doth require, Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.
- "The ashes that are left behind May serve to put thee still in mind, That unto dust return thou must, Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

Could anything be more dainty than these exquisite lines from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, or more worthy of their inspiration:

- "I lounge, and blow white wings of smoke, And watch them rise and float away.
- "The curling wreaths like turbans seem
 Of silent slaves that come and go—
 Or viziers, packed with craft and crime,
 Whom I behead from time to time,
 With pipe-stem at a single blow.
- "And now and then a lingering cloud Takes gracious form at my desire, And at my side my lady stands, Unwinds her veil with snowy hands, A shadowy shape, a breath of fire!"

Nor must we overlook our American poet, essayist, and diplomat, James Russell Lowell, who equally enjoyed a pipe with Tennyson or in his Harvard College study. Tobacco literature contains few things better than his poem, "To a Friend who Sent me a Meerschaum," and therein he gives voice to this tender sentiment, evoked by the magic of the potent weed.

- While curls the smoke in eddies soft,
 Wreathing fantastic shapes aloft,
 That give and take, though chance designed.
 The impress of the dreamer's mind,
 And in a mild enchantment blends
 The fireside thoughts of musing friends,
 I'll think; so let the vapors bred
 By passion in the heart or head,
 Pass off and upward into space.
 With bright farewells of tender grace,
 Remembered in some happier time,
 To blend the beauty with my rhyme."
- Who does not recall Charles Lamb's "Farewell to Tobacco," in which the poet expresses his regret because, in obedience to his physician's decree, he is compelled to abjure the dear friend and companion of many years.
- " May the Babylonish curse Straight confound my stammering verse,

If I can a passage see
In this word—perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, Great Plant!

"Nature, that did in thee excel, Framed again no second smell, Roses, violets, but toys, For the similar sort of boys, Or for greener damsels meant; Thou art the only manly scent.

"For I must not let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must leave
thee;
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die;
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise."

On turning from the poets we find that the prose writers have borne no less evidence of the power of tobacco to charm. A Spanish proverb has it that "a cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain a man for a day without eat-

ing.''

Let us listen to Thackeray when he says, "The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected;" or again, "I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men;" or when he assures us that while smoking "sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner—it harmonizes the society and soothes at. once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses." And smokers can all agree with him when he protests, "May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure.'

Bulwer Lytton is no less a panegyrist: "He who doth not smoke hath either known no great grief, or refuseth himself the softest consolation next to that which comes from heaven. 'What, softer than woman?' whispers the young reader. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that—Jupiter, hang out thy balance and weigh them both; and

if you give preference to the woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter, try the weed."

Captain Frederick Marryat, the great novelist of the sea, says: "There is a certain indefinable link between smoking and philosophy; there is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe; the savage warriors of North America enjoyed the blessing before we did; and to the pipe is to be ascribed the wisdom of their councils and the laconic delivery of their sentiments."

In our day William C. Prime acknowledges his indebtedness to and love of tobacco in this fashion: "Blessings on the first smoker; if he were a North American, and I could find his grave, I would erect a monument over him, regali situ pyramidum altius, and inscribe it with a graceful legend; you may prate if you will of the vile weed and uncleanly habit, you who prefer to breathe into your lungs the foul breath of every feverish throat, rather than the same purified by fragrant smoke; you may abuse the luxury, who knows nothing of the delicate and delicious kief, that indescribable calm, that perfect content and comfort that the Chibouk inspires."

Then, as though he felt that he had not said enough, he goes on in this manner: "Blessings on the man who invented smoking tobacco! I laugh to hear men talk against tobacco; they might as well preach to me not to love the odor of roses or the fragrant mignonette, as not to grow quiet on the perfume of Tomak, or sleepily happy on glorious Latakia."

Fielding, the novelist, is quite as ready to praise the discovery of to-bacco. "What a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco!" he says, and Dean Aldrich assures us that "there is virtue in the using of tobacco; it subdueth anger and encourageth the Christian graces."

Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), who has dreamed to good purpose in literature over pipe and cigar, says:

"Smoking is clear and sweet, and a most pleasant soother of disturbed feelings, and a capital companion and a comforter." The same author gives us this beautiful fancy: "The first taste of new smoke is like your first love—it fills up the cravings of your soul, and the light blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart's life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of mere worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in. It suggests thought and makes a man meditative, and gives a current to his habit of contemplation."

And we may well close this symposium with the tribute which that genial poet and humanitarian, Oliver Wendell Holmes, paid to his meerschaum: "The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. It comes to us without com-

plexion or flavor, born of the seafoam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as pallida mors herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the great vegetable have sucked up from an acre and curdled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing amber tint spreads over the whole surface. Nature, true to her old autumnal hue, you see-as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! He who 'hales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang around it, as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina."

Will M. Clemens.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

KNOW a place where sings the mocking-bird,
Blithe spendthrift of melodious, flute-like notes.
Enrapt, he listens to his song that floats
Adown the echoing breeze. At night I heard
His rich erotics, as of harps wind-stirred;
Sometimes a nocturne to the checkered moon,
From drowsy bushes where the roses swoon,
Deep as those human songs "without a word."
O rover in savannahs clad with vines;
Beside the rivers; through the orange trees;
Wand'rer among the hanging columbines!
Art thou akin to sunshine, to this breeze?
We who have heard thy songs believe thy soul
Was first inspired where stellar harm'nies roll.

John Stuart Thomson.

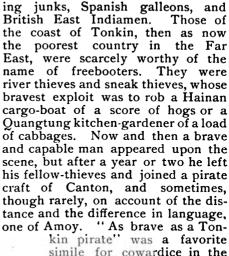
CHINESE PIRATES.

OHN CHINAMAN is by nature and long centuries of civilization a quiet, peaceable, and law-abiding person. It takes a great deal to stir him up, and a great deal more to make him an avowed criminal; but once stirred up, he is a demon, and once a criminal, he is a monster of iniquity. Under the Chinese law, as under that of Christendom, piracy is a capital offence. He who embraces it as a calling must look forward to the executioner's sword as his eventual end, unless, thanks to the bribery, corruption, and inexplicable policy of that law, he accumulates a fortune in his nefarious calling, and with it buys immunity, respectabil-

ity, rank, title, and office from the imperial authorities. On this account the almondeyed buccaneer has every possible inducement to be fearless, ferocious, reckless, and bloodthirsty even to-day, as he had centuries ago, when his name was a terror from Japan to Ceylon. The "pirates of the China main" deserved the fame they had from travellers, writers, and navigators.

The centres of piracy in the old years were Amoy, Canton, and the coast. Those of the two cities

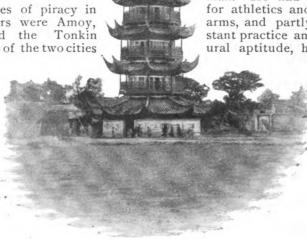
mentioned were masters of their calling. They scorned to war upon the poor fisher men and farmer's boat, and plied their trade on blue water against rich trad-



simile for cowardice in the criminal dialect of Quang-

Of all the great historic pirates of China, Koxinga was the most famous and re-His career is a doubtable romance-a Chinese romance. He belonged to the Amov district, and at twelve is said to have been as strong, skilful, and cunning as a grown man. He had a deep love for athletics and the use of arms, and partly from constant practice and partly natural aptitude, he became a

noted bravo and village bully. Here tradition becomes a little vague. According to one account, he seriously injured man in a burst of passion, and was



A PIRATE JOSS-HOUSE.

compelled to fly the realm. Pursued and ambushed by the officers of the law, he charged a party of five, among whom was a high official, and slew or wounded all. A price was set upon his head, and finding no other pursuit open, he became a pirate.

The other account is that one day, when pursued by some constables for a trifling fault, he fell into a camp of pirates, who promptly made him prisoner. One knew him by sight, so that instead of killing him as a spy, as most of them believed him to be, they offered him the choice of death or of joining their ranks. He pre-

men on the captive as officers, and took all others into slavery. He soon had a fleet of his own, and had made settlements on the island of Formosa with his captives. Needing a headquarters and base of supplies on land for his armada, he promptly selected one in Amoy and one in Formosa. The Chinese authorities objected to the former, and the Dutch, who were then in control of Formosa, to the latter. In both cases war was declared against the intrepid pirate. He met both foes with equal promptitude and success. He defeated the forces of the Amoy mandarins on both



A PIRATE WEDDING PARTY.

ferred life, and enlisted under the black flag. At the first encounter with an armed trading junk he proved himself a fighter of the most brilliant type. Shortly after this he quarrelled with the pirate captain and lieutenant, and despite the odds, killed them both without receiving a wound. proclaimed himself captain, and being already feared if not loved by his savage mates, he was accepted immediately. Once in command, he started a new system in piracy, whose like, I fancy, was never known. When he captured a vessel, instead of killing all on board and burning it afterward, he enlisted recruits from officers and crew, sent his own best

land and water, and slaughtered them with a ferocious cruelty that is even remembered to-day. He pursued the fugitives for miles, slaying all that were overtaken, and looted and burned the establishments of the mandarins, putting to the sword all the inmates. He established a camp and a fort on the lonely island of Kulangsu, which commands the city of Amoy, and according to legend built forts in Amoy at Chioh-be, and even on the inaccessible hill which overlooks the imperial road from Foochow to Canton, near Polam Bridge. This district was his home for many years. On the mountain of Nan-tai-bu, which fronts the ocean, he or his wife



ARCH TO KOXINGA, THE CHINESE FREEBOOTER.

erected a mighty watch-tower, beacon, or pagoda, which can be seen forty miles at sea, and which even today is the landmark by which navigators steer into Amoy. In Formosa he was not so successful at first. The Dutch garrisons, re-enforced by Chinese and Hakkas, fought him with undaunted skill, and though driven back into their fortifications, retreated in good order and without great losses. Koxinga saw that he was not strong enough to vanquish the "foreign devils," and negotiated an armistice with their general.

The moment this was arranged he set to work to augment his army and navy. Within two years he had brought together a body of men well disciplined and equipped. He found a pretext, and opened war upon the Dutch so fiercely that they retired within their works. He opened a siege, and prosecuted it so vigorously that the sturdy Hollanders were forced to capitulate. Koxinga now showed rare diplomacy. His soldiers clamored to put every enemy to death,

but he, realizing the tremendous power of the Netherlands and their superiority to him in military and naval strength, exercised a clemency unknown theretofore in his career, and let them depart as prisoners of war. In the mean time, he had put so many districts under tribute, that he had become almost a monarch in his own What plans he was evolving whether the erection of a kingdom, with Amoy as a capital, or the conquest of the Malay lands-will never be known. The Chinese Government became alarmed at the tremendous growth of this singular man. bassadors or commissioners were sent to him, and negotiations opened between the throne and the freebooter. When the contracting parties had come to an agreement, Koxinga swore fealty and allegiance to the crown, and disbanded a portion of his army and navy. On the other hand, the government extended an amnesty to him and also his wife, made him the Duke of Formosa, with the hereditary title of marquis attached for the benefit of his descendants, gave rank and office to his staff and lieutenants, and in addition conferred upon him positions and concessions whose revenue made him one of the richest men in the empire, and enabled him to support a court and retinue, body-guard and standing army. Thus the thief, bravado, murderer, and pirate became the greatest peer in the realm. His descendant to-day is a marquis who ranks with the descendants of Confucius and Mencius, the two greatest names in Chinese history, and who precedes the great mandarins, generals, admirals, and statesmen of the imperial court at Peking.

There are temples to him in China, and statues of him in a hundred Taoist joss-houses. He underwent deification in the seventeenth century, and has ever since been a patron saint of multitudes of human beings.

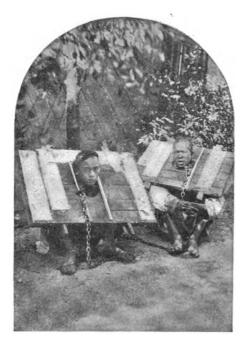
As with all historic characters, myths have grown up around him in such profusion that it is difficult to determine where fact ends and fiction begins. It may be doubted that a dragon was seen about his house the day he was born, and also that he was seen after death by some of his most devoted followers.

Neither can it be believed that he had a magic ointment which made him invulnerable when applied before battle, and cured any wound, even mortal, if applied afterward. Nor will a modern reader accept the story that in his youth he befriended a Fairy Fox (a sort of Chinese werewolf) who was a quadruped, here, there, and everywhere during the day, but a beautiful, loving woman every night, who told him all she had seen and heard during her four-footed experience; and that, finding her life coming to an end, she advised him to make peace with the Emperor and close his career in power, wealth, and respectability.

Many of these stories are delightful in their simplicity and interest. One



A CHINESE TRIAL FOR PIRACY.



THE CHINESE WAY OF PUNISHING PIRATE CRIMINALS.

of them has been put in verse by a local poet in Amoy, and the version will bear production here.

KOXINGA AT AMOY.

The Chinese bards have often sung Of King Koxinga of Kelung. He was a simple sailor-boy, In wild Tong-an beyond Amoy. Captured by pirates, he became Their chief, and made so great a fame That e'en to-day the peasants fear Koxinga's dreaded name to hear.

He built a castle on the lea Which overlooks Formosa's sea; Surrounded by as fierce a horde As ever handled spear and sword, He levied tribute day by day On every coast-town in Cathay, And burned or captured by the score The greedy mandarin's men-of-war.

One day, despite his power and pride, His child was stolen from his side, His only son. Though every place Was searched in hottest zeal, no trace Was found. Erelong a rumor stirred That some great hawk or mountain-bird Had seized the boy and westward veered, Till boy and bird both disappeared. Five years passed by. A dying crone, Who wished for misdeeds to atone, Confessed that she had stolen the boy For the rich Admiral of Amoy. No time was lost. Ere daylight came Full thirty ships of cruel fame, Manned by a hundred pirates each, Swept from the North Formosa beach.

They paused not for the junks they passed But to the south and west sped fast, And ere declined the second sun. They cast their anchors: quickly won The flimsy gates and walls of dirt With which Amoy is all begirt; And ere their onset could be met, The admiral's palace they'd beset.

Short was the parley of the king:
If the proud admiral did not bring
The boy before him in an hour,
Then all within Koxinga's power
Should die. The words were scarcely said
When he whom they had mourned as dead,
And long ago had vainly sought,
Unto his father's arms was brought.

But when the stripling told the tale Of five years' suffering and travail; His only food what servants left. Or what he took from swine by theft, His bed the tiles and granite flags, His clothes of tatters and of rags, His body bruised and fever-stirred, Koxinga spoke a single word.

And in an instant flame and smoke From every door and window broke. Not one escaped. The admiral's name Seems to have perished in the flame, With self and kin and retinue. When came the dawn in rose and blue, Koxinga as the sun shone forth Was far away into the North.

The piratical craft of the East were not low, rakish schooners, as are too often described by yellow-covered novels, but strong and swift junks, indistinguishable from trading ves-The latter have gone armed from time immemorial, so that, so far as rig and armament are concerned. it would be hard to tell a peaceful, honest craft from a desperate pirate. In fact, the freebooter has always gained his ship by capture, and usually from the merchant marine rather than the imperial or provincial navies. But he kept his ship cleaner and his sails and ropes in perfect order, in order to overtake his prey or to escape men-of-war. He carried no cargo, so that he always rode the waves

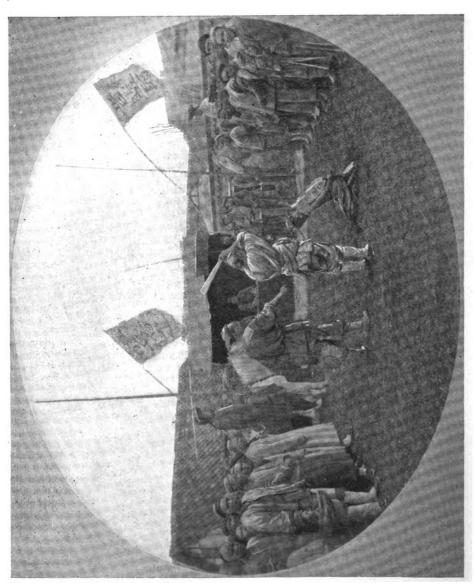
He maintained an extra lightly. large crew to provide for deaths and casualties, to handle the sails, and to use the great sweeps in calm weather. A hundred men at twenty huge oars would send the craft along almost as fast as a fair breeze, and when aided by the wind, would enable it to distance any other sailingvessel not similarly equipped. junk, in spite of its grotesque and clumsy appearance to the European eye, is a very good boat. It is light, strong, and on account of its beam can carry a large surface of sail. will outrun many models of sailingvessels, especially when the latter are heavily laden. With oars and sails together in a light wind it will escape from nine out of ten of our types of boats. This was why in the old days so many pirate craft managed to evade the brigantines, corvettes, and gunboats of the civilized nations in the East. Piracy as an open trade was suppressed or killed by steam.

The armament of a pirate was large. varied, and incongruous. It included cannon, large and small, ranging from a 2-pounder to a 64-pounder, pistols, flint-locks, percussion muskets, rifles. cutlasses, daggers, spears, boarding hooks, pole-axes, bows and arrows, hand-arrows, javelins, hand-grenades, fire-grenades, and stink-pots. using the cannon, shells were rarely if ever employed, metal and stone shot, grape and canister being the ammunition. The latter two were of primitive character, and consisted of old chains in the one case, and slugs, nails, pebbles, and bits of heavy junk The hand-grenade was in the other. practically a light shell with a fuse. The user lighted the fuse and threw the missile into the ranks of his foe. One in two did not go off, and of the 50 per cent which exploded, but one third reached the mark. This, however, was often sufficient to turn the scales of battle, as it might kill and disable twenty stanch fighters. fire-grenade was used as a last resort, only when it was clearly impossible to capture a hostile ship, or when there was danger of being overpowered by a man-of-war. It contained powder, metal filings of some sort, naphtha, and spirits. The stink-pot was a missile with a fuse. Once lighted, it gave off dense clouds of irritating and suffocating sulphurous smoke. Thrown into a gun-room, it gave the inmates the alternative of choking and coughing to death or of immediate flight. The ingredients were slow-burning powder, sulphur, arsenic, and an acrid tree gum.

With the appearance of steam menof-war piracy began to decline. was slow at first, chiefly on account of the difficulty in distinguishing the freebooter from the trader. difficulty was increased by the pirates taking advantage of the fact and loading their own boats with a seemingly regular cargo. When, however, they changed the test and compelled every suspicious armed junk to show her registry, manifest, and custom clearance, the difficulty vanished. ship, if a pirate, was promptly condemned and all on board shot, hanged, or beheaded. In a few years the



CHINESE PIRATE ACTORS.



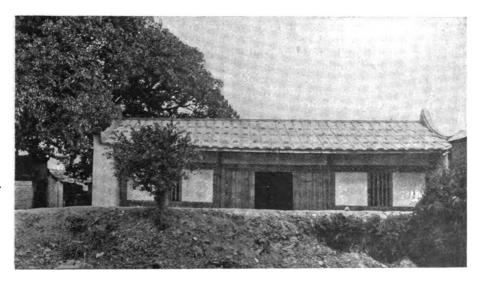
leading highwaymen of the sea had paid the penalty of their lives, and deep-sea piracy had become extinct. But the pirate still lives. He plies his trade craftily on rivers and shallow arms of the sea, where the gunboat, both Chinese and foreign, cannot reach him. You read accounts of his exploits near Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Wenchow, and similar wealthy ports. Occasionally he un-

dertakes greater enterprises, and of an entirely new type. He goes on board a foreign steamer with his followers as steerage passengers armed with knife and revolver, and at the right moment attacks the officers and crew and captures the ship. He did this several times on a small scale, and then, emboldened by success, in December, 1890, tried it on the Namoa, one of the leading steamers of the China coast. The attempt succeeded; the steamship captain was killed and many of the officers wounded; the boat was looted, and then by profound strategy the pirates effected their escape to land. The affair made a great sensation, and the Chinese Government set every official wheel in motion to arrest the perpetrators. There were between thirty and forty pirates who took part in the adventure, yet over a hundred were arrested by the police and tried, and over ninety found guilty and beheaded. In one trial the judge remarked, "I do not believe you were on the Na-Nevertheless you are a pirate, and may have been there; I therefore find you guilty, and sentence you to decapitation."

Strange enough, the pirates are exceedingly religious or superstitious. They are regular patrons of the josshouses and priests, and would hardly dare to go to sea unless their craft had a lot of little josses or idols on an altar in some part of the forecastle. What their ethical and other notions are must be akin to those devout

robber-barons in the Middle Age, who never started out on a thieving foray without praying for success, and never came back with the booty from travellers they had murdered without thanks to the Lord or some saint for their kindly assistance. One of the Namoa pirates was beheaded at Kowloon with a lot of his colleagues. As he knelt on the sand awaiting the executioner, he called out to the high mandarins who presided at the scene, "Smile now, if you want to, as you cut our heads off. It is your turn. But the moment I die, my soul will enter a new body in this neighborhood, and twenty years hence I will come back, and then for every life you have taken I will take a hundred." He had barely finished when the headsman approached; the pirate, without changing the expression of his face, bowed to the officials, and in the salutation the great sword descended and the man was no more. Human nature, even among pirates, is a very much mixed-up affair.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.



A PIRATE TEMPLE.



THE RUG-MAKERS.

AN AMERICAN COLORIST.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY J. CHARLES ARTER.

I T is a discouraging yet unimpeachable fact that almost all of our successful painters have received their art education in foreign countries, where local influences are far more favorable to the art education and development of the individual than they are here. Indeed, it is a question whether the art atmosphere and spirit—such, for instance, as exists to-day in Rome and Paris, and even in prosaic London—is to be found in this country at all, and also

whether the fine arts would not be altogether neglected by us if it were not for the stimulating influence and example of the great European centres, where art is wisely encouraged and fathered by the State.

J. Charles Arter, the subject of this paper, is one of those among our native painters whose art education and training has been received wholly abroad, and whose work shows unmistakably the influence of foreign environment. He is particularly conspicuous at the present time, owing to the success which attended the recent exhibition in this city of over forty canvases and water-colors painted during his late sojourn in Japan.

These Japanese pictures — which are the latest examples of Mr. Arter's

work, and will unquestionably add greatly to his reputation—are not only admirable in composition, masterly in execution, and valuable as quasi-photographic representations of Japanese life and customs, but they are also remarkable for their exquisite coloring. Mr. Arter has always



excelled as a colorist, but it is evident now that he was never given an opportunity until he went to Japan, the very birthplace of the art of coloring. He has succeeded in reproducing that wondrous coloring which is a distinctive feature of Japanese art with a skill that is almost marvellous. In fact, it is

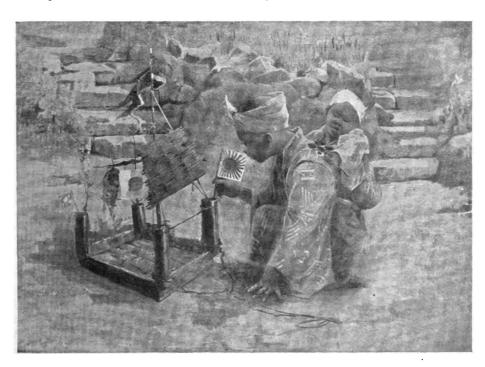
difficult to believe, when in front of one of his Japanese canvases, that the artist was born in this country, and was not longer than nine months in the land of the Mikado. The art critic of a certain morning paper of this city, reviewing the pictures recently exhibited, allowed somewhat condescendingly that they were pretty pictures, but declared that they were untrue to Japanese life. This criticism is in direct contradiction to what was said of them by the late Colonel Cockerill, who, as correspondent for the New York



Herald, spent many months in Japan, and who was therefore as good a judge. He said that Mr. Arter had caught the true spirit of Japanese life and character better than any artist who had heretofore tried to portray it, and this opinion was further endorsed by the Japanese consul, who was invited

to inspect them.

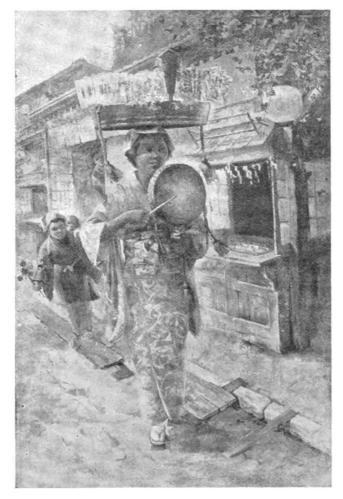
Mr. Arter boasts of one of the handsomest studios in New York. It overlooks Madison Square Park, and is a veritable paradise for the lovers of the æsthetic. As the stranger enters it, he is struck at once by the Oriental atmosphere, and may immediately fancy himself transplanted to the land of the chrysanthemum. On the tapestry-covered walls is a perfect symphony of color—over a hundred canvases magnificently set off in elaborately carved and gilded frames, representing work done during the



JAPANESE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

past ten years in every part of the world. All about is a picturesque disorder of artistic-looking objects. There are strange-looking gilded Chinese gods, rare bric à-brac and costly carvings, magnificent embroideries, curiously fashioned silver cruci-

large French fishing-net, which was once exhibited at the Colonial Exposition in Paris. This is held back on one side by a stuffed baby alligator from Florida. In the meshes of the net a scarlet Japanese fish of an unknown species is entangled. In an-



THE CANDY-WOMAN.

fixes, mediæval armor, antique swords and pistols, and a wealth of soft cushions, Oriental rugs and divans—the whole seen by a soft light which sifts through Indian curtains of the lightest texture.

On one of the walls is spread a

other corner of the studio is a lofty canopy of orange and Japanese blue tapestry, each corner of which is upheld by a Napoleonic cocked hat, souvenirs of a Munich ball. Over a broad cushioned seat below the canopy, Persian and Turkish rugs of great



value are thrown carelessly. Upon a golden pedestal fixed against the opposite wall sits the Japanese god of love, Aizen Myoo, with his three eyes, six arms, and flaming halo about his head. In the centre of the studio stands a grand piano, half hid-

in social and art circles. An altar cloth, embroidered in gold, and a curtain of yellow silk Italian brocade makes a cosy nook in another corner. On the wall over each couch hangs a superb brass repousse plaque, one bearing the effigy of Margaret de



THE FLOWER-VENDER.

den in the folds of a blue and gold lace drapery, and held in place by rare pieces of porcelain. This piano does duty when Mr. Arter gives one of his musicales and artistic receptions, which he does several times during the season, and which are always crowded by every one of prominence

Parme (1509), and the other that of Maximilian Dautriche, both rare specimens of Flemish art.

The pictures which have the place of honor on the studio walls at the present time are, of course, those which Mr. Arter brought back from Japan. One of the most attractive

called "The Healing Buddha." Upon a floraldecked shrine, in the midst of his bronze lotos, stands the divine healer, encircled by wreaths of blue ethereal smoke, which rise slowly from an oddly carved granite pot filled with burning incense. Before the sacred shrine, in graceful pose, stands the gentle devotee, holding in her hand a cup of water, and then bathing her own body on the afflicted part with the firm belief that her healing will follow.

It is difficult to do justice in a mere descriptive article, or even when reproductions in

black and white are given, to the beautiful pictures Mr. Arter's talent has enabled him to make out of these simple subjects. They are all veritable poems of color, dainty and exquisite and full of that wonderful delightfully evanescent Japanese coloring, the secret of which Mr. Arter seems to have discovered. To look at his can-

vases, which fairly revel in color, one would think that the artist used every tint in the rainbow in painting his pictures; but, as a matter of fact, he tells me he rarely uses more than six or seven. In answer to my question, he told me that he did not think



A SKETCH.

he was more sensitive to color than other people, but he said he always took notice of colors, especially in his early boyhood, when he lived entirely in the country, and this training was naturally most useful to him in a country like Japan, with all its opportunities for using color.

All Mr. Arter's Japanese pictures depict peasant life, and, as the artist explained to me, he preferred to paint the lower classes, because they are more picturesque and attractive than the aristocratic orders.

It is a curious fact that the better class of Japanese are not only extremely uninteresting and prosaic-looking in their European clothes, but their physique is far inferior. Well-bred Japanese women have sallow and hatchet-like faces and willowy forms, whereas the peasant girls are far plumper and more rosy and healthy-looking.

Another characteristic picture is entitled "Profit and Loss." After a weary day in the city streets, the flower-vender returns to her home. She deposits before her own door the bamboo flower-holders in which she

has peddled her bouquets. One is quite empty, but the other still holds a few flowers. With a pointed stick for a pen and the sandy path for a ledger, she balances her accounts, while



the little maid with the new baby seated on the door-step looks on. Another striking picture is furnished by "The Dancing Street Fakir." Down a street gay with awnings, lanterns, and flowers, in a gorgeous costume, comes the dancing street fakir, balancing upon her head with consummate skill a tub of candy, decorated with tiny bright-colored flags and tassels. With every movement of the dance the flag waves and the tassels swing airily to and fro. In her hand she holds a tambourine, with which she attracts trade. Every color in the rainbow seems to be represented here; in reality there are just eight. Another quaint and beautifully colored composition is "The Umbrella-Mender." This useful member of Japanese society is seen seated in the midst of his stock of lanterns and umbrellas. While a fair customer waits, he, with infinite skill, patches the holes in her dainty umbrella with oiled paper.

Perhaps the most effective of all the Japanese subjects, because of its

exquisite coloring and the common scene of Japanese country life that it represents, is "A Wayside Shrine." A winding Irisbordered path leads to a stony shrine, where is enthroned Jizo, the god who loves little children. In his presence a trusting Japanese mother stoops to light the red incense stick in a granite pot, richly carved in ancient heraldic designs. She adds a stone to those that other pil-grims have dropped before the shrine, and then passes on her way. Rug-Makers,'' showing Japanese artisans weaving the rich Japanese rugs, and "Early Lessons in Buddhism," showing a Buddhism," Japanese mother leading her children to a roadside shrine to pray for a good harvest, are other notable

examples of Mr. Arter's exquisite work.

Mr. Arter went much further into the interior of Japan in search of material than is usual, but he says that he will never do so again, for it is just as easy to find suitable subjects within twenty miles of the treaty ports. He experienced great difficulty in securing models. A girl would sit for him for a few days, and then, when she saw her face grow on the canvas, she would go away and he would never see her again. He accounts for this strangeness of behavior by the old Japanese superstition—which prevails also to some extent in Italy-which is that if any harm happens to the picture, it will also happen to the model.

Mr. Arter is a native of Hanoverton, O., where his father has a large farm. The artist was intended at first to follow in Arter Sr.'s footsteps, but he displayed such an aversion for farm work and such an abnormal taste for drawing, that a rich uncle offered to give the boy the means with which



PORTRAIT OF J. C. ARTER.



THE HEALING BUDDHA.

to study art. He went to Cincinnati, and after a stay there of a few years he had earned enough by painting flowers to undertake a trip to that Mecca of the artist, Paris, where he stayed until 1890. While there he imitated no one master slavishly, but

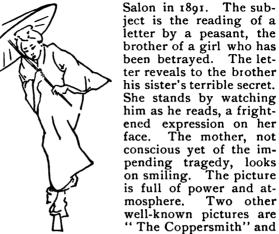
almost unconsciously absorbed the best in them all, and this undoubtedly is the secret of the delightful unconventionality and freshness of his work. It would, in fact, be impossible to tell from a general survey of all Mr. Arter's pictures which particu-

lar school he bends to most. When one sees his Brittany interiors one is reminded of the admirable work done in the same line by Mosler; when one sees his scenes

of Italian life and his heads of Italian flower-girls, one recalls Chartran's animated studies; and when one sees his Japanese pictures, one is ready to take his affidavit that the artist is a born subject of the Emperor of Japan.

Much to Mr. Arter's surprise, his first figure composition was admitted to the Paris Salon,

and from that time on he devoted himself to figure work, painting interior and open-air scenes. The four large compositions which have been exhibited in Paris and Munich hold places of honor on the studio walls. One is entitled "Preparing for Market," and this was exhibited in Paris in 1888. "The Intercepted Letter," which Mr. Arter considers his best work, was in the



"Coming from Church." The former shows an old Venetian kitchen, with copper pots and kettles scattered about the floor. In front of the large open fireplace sits the coppersmith with his working utensils at hand plying his trade, while his whole figure is strongly relieved against the dusky interior, lighted by one narrow window in the background.



A JAPANESE WORKSHOP.



THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

"Coming from Church" is very characteristic of Dutch life. Three Dutch women in their Sunday clothes are passing down a narrow street leading from a quaint little church, while, in the background, two peasant girls, mindful of the needs of the body as well as of the soul, are selling fish from a well-stocked stand.

A charming bit of Venetian life is depicted in a canvas entitled "Waiting." An Italian flower-girl is rest-

ing after the heat of the day. She is leaning with easy grace against the parapet of one of the canals, the blue water of which flows by at her feet. Her skirts are gathered in one hand, and her dark head, with its swarthy and handsome face, is sharply outlined in profile against a sky flushed with the glowing tints of an Italian sun-

set. There is a romantic story at taching to the girl who sat as model for this picture. She was a real flowergirl, and Mr. Arter met her by accident on one of the bridges of Venice. He was at once struck with her exceptional beauty and refined manner, and he asked her whether she would be willing to pose for him. She consented to do so, and soon proved to be one of the best models the artist had ever had. She was

always exceedingly modest, and would not consent to pose for anything but the shoulders and head, although she had an admirable figure. She had also an excellent soprano voice, and when resting during the poses amused the artist and his friends by singing selections from the most difficult operas. Mr. Arter thinks that Du Mau-



rier must have known her, for his heroine "Trilby" is her very counterpart. But Katerina — that was her name - did not have such a sad end as did poor Trilby. Shortly before Mr. Arter left Venice an Italian marquis, who had fallen in love with her, made her his wife. The event was celebrated by jollifications in all

the studios where Katerina had been employed. All the artists were present at the ceremony, and before it took place they clubbed together to purchase the poor girl a suitable trousseau. Mr. Arter's contribution was an enormous Leghorn hat with colored feathers, which, he says, almost had the disastrous effect of turning the young bride's head with delight.



While Mr. Arter was in Venice he painted, among other sketches of Venetian life, a corner of the historic Rialto, and sent it when finished to an exhibition then being held in the city. There it was noticed by King Humbert, who expressed his pleasure audibly. Mr. Arter, hearing of the compliments passed upon his work,

sent the picture to the King as a present, and the King in return sent the artist a handsome scarf-pin representing the arms of Savoy topped with the royal crown set in diamonds.

Mr. Arter expects shortly to undertake a tour through India, a country he has not yet visited, and which he thinks offers more opportunities than any other to the artist.

E. Burton Stewart.

/ SYMPATHY.

A S some great flower whose imperial bloom
Fills all the desert with supreme delight
And pours from heart of glory day and night
The laughing streams of purified perfume,
Yet dying droops and withers in the doom
Hurled fiercely down from Noon's relentless height,—
So shrank my life in conflict, conquered quite,
Helpless and hopeless, praying for the tomb!

But one there came with kindness in her eyes
And on her lips what God's good angels teach;
She brought me dews reviving, rains that reach
From blessed fountains of benignant skies:
My veins throb wines of valor, and I rise,
Strong-armed, stout-hearted, at her tender speech!

Freeman E. Miller.



The theatrical season of 1895-96, which has just closed, will not be remembered as a particularly successful one. It has brought forward no

new play that is likely to live in our dramatic literature, and with the exception of M. Palmer, who has made a small fortune out of "Trilby," and E. H. Sothern, who has done almost equally well with "The Prisoner of Zenda,' and "The Heart Maryland," which has put many shekels into the coffers of David Belasco, the past theatrical year has not contributed much to the prosperity of managers. Only the foreign artists appear to know the secret of hypnotizing the American dollar. Nearly all of them have carried off barrels of money. The approximate earnings of the

more prominent ones during this past season is about as follows: Paderewski, \$150,000; Emma Calvé, \$100,000; the de Részkes, \$150,000;

Sarah Bernhardt, \$75,000; Henry Irving, \$75,000; Duse, \$30,000; Yvette Guilbert, \$30,000; Chevalier, \$20,000; others, \$300,000.

This makes a total of almost one million dollars which we pay annually to enjoy the most expensive—I do not say the best-art that Europe can send Some one wrote recently that no one should grudge Paderewski the money he has taken away with him, for the pianist has given its equivalent in magnificent playing. There is sense in this as well as nonsense. No one with any broadness of view would grudge for a moment money spent on securing



FRANCIS WILSON AS "DAVID" IN "THE RIVALS."



JEFFERSON AS "BOB ACRES" IN "THE RIVALS."

Photograph (copyright, 1806) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

art which we cannot produce ourselves; but it has been generally conceded that Joseffy, who for many years has made this country his home, is quite as good a pianist as Paderewski. Why, therefore, should he not be patronized as generously as the Pole? The explanation is simple: Mr. Joseffy does not happen to have chrysanthemum hair, and Society has not made him a fad. Nowadays the hysterical matinée girl is an important factor in determining genius.

_ * _

It is hardly likely that Mme. Duse will return here next season for another tour. I understand that her American managers did not have a particularly pleasant experience with that most eccentric of actresses, and the fact that the Western tour, which was to have extended to San Francisco, was completely cancelled, would seem to confirm the rumor. The disturbing element in the relations between the American theatrical syndicate and the Italian tragedienne was, I understand, Mme. Duse's personal manager, M. Schurmer. It was in M. Schurmer's fertile brain, I believe, that originated the idea of having Mme. Duse return here next season



MRS. DREW AS "MRS. MALAPROP" IN "THE RIVALS."

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.



NAT. C. GOODWIN AS "SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER" IN "THE RIVALS."

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

with an English-speaking company. This scheme has been entirely abandoned, and very properly, for it was beneath the dignity of such an artist as Duse. Salvini used to tour here in that way, and his performances always smacked of the circus for that very reason.

Augustin Daly will sail for Europe on July 1. The Shakespeare Society of New York recently gave Mr. Daly a dinner, and in the course of a speech made by the manager, he referred to the suggestions that had been made in various quarters, and also in the columns of this magazine, concerning an endowed theatre. Mr. Daly has not much faith in the scheme. He allows that it would be easy to

find in big cities like New York, Boston, or Chicago, a number of wealthy men who would be willing to support a theatre that would be independent of the box-office, just as in New York our millionaires have enabled Messrs. Abbey & Grau to give finer representations of grand opera than can be enjoyed anywhere else in the world; but he thought that it would be very difficult to find a manager for such a theatre. There is sense in what Mr. Daly says:

"If he be a person of experience, then he is surrounded by his favorites; and no beginner has a chance with him either as actor or playwright, and we shall be treated to his well-known method of overloading the



E. M. HOLLAND AS "FAG" IN "THE RIVALS."

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.



JULIA MARLOWE TABOR AS "LYDIA LANGUISH"
IN "THE RIVALS."

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

classics with tinsel and noisy music. If he be a person of no experience, then the novice is to be educated at the expense of the stockholders, whose money is to be frittered away in experiments.

in experiments.

"Assailed by the stockholders, who are in turn tormented by dark insinuations from outside on all these topics, and as many more as your ingenuity may suggest, the managing trustees goad their servant, the manager, to frenzy, and the whole establishment becomes hopelessly at variance.

"And when a production of the endowed theatre fails to win popular favor, what an outcry! And this is sure to be at first the fate of the productions, for the process of educating the public is slow. Then comes

the climax—resignation of the managers, resignation of directors, the stockholders selling out in disgust. The quarrels of the leaders distract the public, which silently repairs to the music hall again. And so the curtain is run down in the endowed theatre."

Next season Mr. Daly will open with a new comedy, and later will follow with a grand revival of "Henry IV." He expects to keep his company in New York much longer than he has done in past seasons, and he has made arrangements to produce a number of new plays. His company is now playing in San Francisco, and it will close its season about the end of this month, when the members

of the company will go to London. During the absence of Mr. Daly, Kel-



FANNY RICE AS "LUCY" IN "THE RIVALS."



JOSEPH HOLLAND AS "FALKLAND" IN "THE RIVALS."

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

ler the magician may come to his Broadway Theatre.

Talking of magicians, Professor Hermann, or Hermann "the Great," as he prefers to be styled, played an engagement at Palmer's Theatre recently. Hermann, who is a Frenchman by birth, has been remarkably successful in this country, thanks partly to good business management and shrewd advertising. He has made a large fortune out of his exhibitions of magic, and naturally has many imitators, the most prominent of whom are Keller and Bancroft. Hermann holds about the same posi-

tion in this country as Robert Houdin does in Paris. When the French were trying to conquer Algeria, the French Government secured the services of Houdin, to give an exhibition of his magic before the Arabs, and he succeeded in nearly frightening the ignorant natives to death. As he represented himself as a government official, they naturally thought that all the other members of the Government had the same power of invoking the infernal regions, and Houdin did much to bring about the final subjugation of the country. M. Hermann is a wiry Mephistophelian looking in-



WILLIAM H. CRANE AS "SIR ANTHONY ABSO-LUTE" IN "THE RIVALS."

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

dividual, and he is convinced that he is the greatest magician alive, which opinion is quite natural, but not entirely in harmony with the opinions of his brother magicians. His wife is a plump little woman, just his opposite in personal appearance, and she adds to the entertainment by dancing under colored lights after the manner of Loie Fuller.

I notice that a group of actors have introduced at Albany a bill to protect themselves against irresponsible man-This is a measure which should have been carried out long ago, for no one outside the theatrical business can have any idea of the distress into which actors and actresses -particularly those of the poorer classes—are sometimes placed, owing to the ease and impunity with which irresponsible or rascally managers can engage their services, and, after making them work for weeks without giving them a cent of pay, coolly abandon them to their fate, and perhaps at a point far remote from New York. The proposed bill provides that the managers shall be obliged to deposit with some responsible third party, before engaging a performer, a sum sufficient to guarantee two weeks' salary, and that, if the performer continue in service more than two weeks, a return ticket to the place where engaged should be provided. It further provides that a performer's wages shall constitute a prior claim on the receipts, and that if the receipts are not sufficient to cover all such claims, a pro rata division should be made. For non-compliance with the letter of the bill, the manager may be taken into custody until claims

Henry Irving has gone back to England after a tour which has been at least a financial success. As a purveyor of magnificent theatric spectacles Mr. Irving is unexcelled, but his true place as an actor is seriously opened to question. Mr. Irving has been reared and educated in the

have been satisfied.

school which believes in gesture and bombastic delivery more than in intellectual acting. If one follows Mr. Irving closely as he delivers his lines, it is impossible not to notice this. In Shakespearean parts particularly Irving is weak. He does not give the right emphasis or even an intelligent meaning to two consecutive sentences. He is busied in thinking of the figure he himself is making in the picture, and neglects entirely the picture that should be presented to the brain. But, thanks to the scarcity of good actors on the stage to-day, Mr. Irving has succeeded



ROBERT TABOR AS "CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE" IN "THE RIVALS."

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.



THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS IN "THE BUCCANEERS. Photograph by Pach.

in building up a reputation—a reputation which he deserves as a producer of plays, but which he does not deserve as an actor. He excels in a period of mediocrity. Some theatregoers prefer to worship at the shrine of the established reputation rather than to

number.

discover new talent themselves, and Irving pleases that class which is great in

That talented young American actress, Julia Arthur, has returned to England with Mr. Irving, and will remain a member of his company another year. She considers it the best schooling she could possibly have, for-it must be said to his credit-if Irving does not himself possess the divine spark of genius, he knows what acting is, and

He is every inch an artist. Miss Arthur told the writer that it was a valuable lesson in itself merely to be present at one of Irving's rehearsals, so elaborately does he study every little detail. She hopes to return here the season after next, when possibly she will star again. will be remembered that it was during her first starring tour in the "Black Masque," about five years ago,

how to mould raw material.



"THE BUCCANEERS." CHATAIN AS "BLOOM," MCLEAN AS " JACONETTE." Photograph by Pach.

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WILLIAM B. BRYANT AS "BANDOLINA" IN "THE BUCCANEERS."

Photograph by Pach.

that Miss Arthur made her reputation.

Nat C. Goodwin will start on his Australian tour in a few weeks, and while at the Antipodes he will try a new comedy entitled "Treadway of Yale," by Augustus Thomas, who will be remembered as the author of that charming open-air drama, "Alabama." Mr. Thomas has written several plays since he won fame with "Alabama," but none have achieved much success. Mr. Goodwin, how-

ever, thinks that his new comedy is even better than his first play.

The Columbia College boys have been more successful this year with their theatricals than in any previous season. They recently played an engagement of one week at Carnegie Hall, and before that had been seen in Brooklyn. Their performances, which go to help some college fund, are always well patronized by the



WALTER L. KLINE AS "CARAMELLA" IN "THE BUCCANEERS."

Photograph by Pach.

swell set. and in merit are far superior to the average amateur entertainment. The piece given this year is an operetta in two acts entitled The Buccaneers. The book was written by Guy Wetmore Carryl, and the music was composed by Kenneth M. Murchison, both Columbia students: Mr. Carryl's book is not particularly bright, and Mr. Murchison's music is very rem-



THE BALLET GIRL IN "THE BUCCANEERS."
. Photograph by Pach.

iniscent, but both book and music serve their purpose and afford good entertainment. The production was under thedirection of David W. Armstrong, Jr., while the opera was staged by L. W. Norcross, Jr. A curious feature of these college productions is that the cast is composed entirely of the sterner sex, and, as in the earliest days of the English drama, all the female rôles are



A TRIO OF CHARACTERS FROM "THE BUCCANEERS."
Photograph by Pach.

impersonated by smooth-faced boys. The Columbia productions are notable for the excellent "make-up" of these "masculine" girls. As may be seen by referring to the pictures of them reproduced in this article, it is not easy for the uninitiated to detect the masquerade. In several instances one would be ready to vow that the pseudo females were really of the weaker sex. This is due to the fact that the boys are dressed for the stage by women—professional female dressers—who take just as much pains with them as they would with any prima-donna.

De Wolf Hopper has met with unquestionable success with his new opera, "El Capitan." The music is by Sousa, the well-known band-master, and the book by Charles Klein, one of our brightest and most successful young dramatists. The oper-

etta was produced at the Broadway Theatre last month, and is still running there to excellent business.

* *

One of the most important theatrical events of the past month has been the production by a star cast of Sheridan's immortal comedy, "The Rivals."
The performances included a tour through the principal cities, only one production being given in each place. These have attracted considerable curiosity, the cast being probably one of the most remarkable ever secured. The production was purely a business speculation, and probably will prove a successful one, for over \$7,000 were netted at the New York performance alone. In this article are produced portraits of each of the players in their "make-up."

Arthur Hornblow.



" IACONETTE" -- ALFRED I. McLEAN.

"CLICQUOT"-WILLIAM N. RYERSON.

A SCENE FROM "THE BUCCANEERS."

Photograph by Pach.





HON. SETH LOW.

Photograph copyrighted by Rockwood.

The recent elaborate exercises which celebrated the opening of the new home of Columbia College, in New York, made a red-letter day for that famous institution. Over a century ago the foundations were laid for Columbia College, and the high ideal then established has been preserved throughout all the years that have passed over its historic halls.

Many are the eminent men who claim Columbia for their Alma Mater, and now that the enormous institution is more perfectly equipped than ever in faculty, surroundings and finance, it should be a source of pride to every American. President Seth Low, LL.D., has builded for himself a monument that will last as long as the University itself in the magnificent new library which has been called the heart of the University, and whose unbounded resources make it of inestimable value to this splendid seat of learning.

The late Shah of Persia enjoyed a remarkable rule. In the past two hundred years Persia has had ten dynasties; but the late Shah reigned for nearly half a century. All his life he had dreaded, as most monarchs do, the hand of the assassin; and in 1848, but a short time after his accession to the throne he barely escaped death. It was on the last day of April, while entering a religious shrine, that the Shah was attacked by a fanatic, shot through the heart, and died two hours later. The murderer, who is believed to have accomplices, has been arrested. The Shah had many titles, but was usually called Nasr-ed-Din (the defender of religion). Throughout Persia and Afghanistan he was

known as the King of Kings. While a young man the Shah was quiet and reserved; but when he came into power he carried things with a high hand. During his entire reign, though surrounded by intrigue, he stood firm and remained his own master. He made several tours of Europe, and on the occasion of his visit to the English court, greatly shocked every one by his barbaric unconventionality. He was quartered in Buckingham Palace, and after his departure it was necessary to expend the sum of \$150,000 to make the place habitable again. Subsequent travel, however, had its civilizing effect, and application to different studies in which he was interested softened the natural harshness of his character and disposition.

One of the most popular and picturesque men in the theatrical business is Henry C. Jarrett, at the present time one of A. M. Palmer's road managers. Mr. Jarrett, who is the oldest theatrical manager living, was born at Baltimore in 1829, and graduated from Baltimore College in 1848. Mr. Jarrett is also one of the pioneers of the West. On leaving college he joined a party that crossed the plains to California. He had been appointed supercargo of three clipper ships bound for the Golden Gate, but by going overland he arrived at San Francisco within sixty days, or four months ahead of his ships. With him he carried a copy of the official declaration of war against the Flatfoot Indians of Oregon, and within two

hours of his arrival at the fort the troops were in the field. On Mr. Jarrett's return East he purchased the old Baltimore Museum, and this was the beginning of his theatrical career. He later made a reputation as a manager by playing John Brougham in New York



THE SHAH OF PERSIA.



HENRY C JARRETT.

and Philadelphia on the same night-the run to the Quaker City being made in the then unpre-cedented time of one hour and thirty minutes. In 1876 he ran the fastest train across the continent, making the trip from New York to San Francisco in three days, eleven hours, and twenty-nine min-

utes, and that record has never been beaten. Mr. Jarrett retires from active management with the close of this season.

In the literary circles of New York, Miss Ivy Ross, of this city, is famous for her versatility. It is only a few years ago that she adopted literature as a profession, but in that time she has proven herself a skilful newspaperwoman, an editor, a learned and accurate translator, a melodious poet, a good musical critic, and fictionist of considerable talent. By her friends she is looked up to as one of the coming leaders in the world of female journalism. To her many accomplishments she adds the charms of youth, comeliness, modesty, and exquisite manners.

As a unique character in modern politics, Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, is preeminent among his colleagues. His recent denunciations of the Democratic administration in general and President Cleveland in particular have brought him into national prominence, and brought forth both commendation and abuse. However, the Senator is unruffled, and is used to being abused, for his reign as Governor of the Palmetto State was one long period of turmoil. Senator Tillman has been called by his enemies "a political accident," yet the fact remains that he was re-elected Governor of his State after he had inaugurated changes which were more or less questionable, and certainly most radically removed from the policy of any of his predecessors.

While the term "demagogue" more than any other has been applied to the Senator from South Carolina, it is conceded by those who know the man best that, to say the least, he is sincere. His love for his native

State is intense—only equalled by his apparent hatred of the negro. His entrance into political life was on the wave of reform "the people against the aristocracy" was the battle cry of the campaign. Tillman was of the people, a poor farmer in Edgefield County, where he had for years struggled to gain an education and a living. His political opponent was Wade Hampton, the idol of the State; but he represented the aristocracy (?), and was defeated.

Senator Tillman may be a demagogue, but he has the courage of his convictions, and is utterly fearless in publicly expressing them. In this respect, when his sincerity is conceded, he is at least worthy of admiration.

The career of Mary Anderson is one of the most remarkable of contemporary record. At the age of sixteen, a raw, inexperienced country girl, she made her début on the dramatic stage as *Juliet* in Louisville, Ky., and

won immediate success. Her will was indomitable, her personal beauty exceptional, and her talent was a wonder to all who saw her. She has had an experience on the American and English stage and with people of letters and note that perhaps has never been equal-led, when her youth and the brief time she was before the public are considered. very zenith of her fame, when her artistic powers were ripening and her natural beauty increasing, she left the tri-umphs of the theatre for the peace of home. Her retirement is absolute, for her married life has been unusually happy, al-though owing to poor health the

past year or so she has been seen little in society. Her stage experience and the reputation she gained brought her in contact with many noted people, the reminiscences of whom

form a most interesting portion of her autobiography. This book, which is modestly entitled "A Few Memories," is having a wide sale -for in addition to the fascination of the recollections of a woman whom all America honors, the book is written in an admirable style that was scarcely ex-pected from one who had never made any pretensions to literature.



SENATOR TILLMAN.



MISS IVY ROSS.



MRS. MARY ANDERSON-NAVARRO.

No author is more distinctively American than Samuel Clemens, or "Mark Twain," the name by which he is known and admired the world over. Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are names that will live long in fiction, and "The Prince and the Pauper" might be called a juvenile classic. Mr. Clemens's latest work, "Personal Recollec-

tions of Ioan of Arc." has caused a great deal of critical and friendly discussion. He overflows with enthusiasm for his heroine,

whom he presents as an ideally perfect character, whose posi-tion is "the loftiest place possible to human attainment."
While the "Personal Recollections" were being published in Harper's Magazine great secrecy was preserved as to the identity of the author or translator. The work differs widely from what the public has come to expect from Mark Twain. who hitherto has been regarded as a humorist. In this latter capacity he has no rival. Some of his shorter newspaper articles even have been copied and quoted so often that they are known by every American. His interview with himself is

a notable example in this line.
Mr. Clemens' "Pudd'nhead Wilson," that delightfully unique character study and story of life in the fifties, was very successful in dramatic form. Mr. Frank Mayo, the creator of Davy Crockett, not only made an entertaining and concise play of Mark Twain's book, but embodied the character of Pudd'nhead Wilson with all the life and feeling Mr. Clemens depicted in his book. "The Prince and the Pauper" also enjoyed considerable successful activity on the stage. Mr. Clemens is abroad at present on an exten. sive tour.

Senator Raines has stepped into a great and sudden notoriety in New York, both State and city, by reason of a bill of which he is the author, and which recently passed the Legislature of the Empire State. The measure provides for unusual and forcible restrictions of the liquor traffic, but, as is generally the case in such measures, means have been found to evade the law, and the sale of

intoxicants goes merrily on. One of the principal effects of the measure has been to increase the revenue from licenses. other benefits accruing are largely imag-inary. But Mr. Raines, who is a "hayinary. But Mr. Raines, who is a nay-seed" legislator, as those from the inland districts are dubbed, has had his name in every one's mouth, and that should be sufficient to satisfy a man of ordinary ambition.

One of the humorous aspects of the Raines Bill and its operations is the action of the proprietors of saloons and music halls in fitting up rooms enough to take out a hotel license, which will enable them to sell liquor on Sunday when a "meal" is ordered, and many are the jokes concerning the "property sandwich" which does service for so many "meals." One clause of the Rames Bill is that no saloon shall be within two hundred feet of a schoolhouse or church. The principal effect of the new law seems to lie in the creation of several new offices with large salaries, the closing up of the smaller saloons, whose keepers cannot afford the

eight-hundred-dollar license, the reopening of many so-called "high-class resorts," and the opportunity for an extraordinary amount of evasion, fake, and "funny busi-

> By the death of Colonel John A. Cockerill journalism has lost a brilliant figure. A man of wide experience and marked ability in many lines, Colonel Cockerill was of great value to whatever paper he managed or represented. At the time of his death he was doing splendid work as correspondent for the *Herald* in Japan. The body was brought to this city, where funeral services were held, and the various clubs and associations to which the journalist

belonged honored their dead comrade. Interment was made in St. Louis.

Mark Hanna, who is engineering the McKinley boom, is one of those philanthropically eccentric people whose number is, unfortunately, not legion. He is a many-time millionaire, and is said to be paying the multitudinous expenses of the campaign out of his own pocket, and does not look for recompense, for he has emphatically stated that he will accept no office.



SENATOR RAINES.



SAMUEL M. CLEMENS.

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SOME WOMEN EDITORS.

THE daily progress of women in the newspaper world is a matter of deep satisfaction to those who believe that success in journalism is not dependent upon mere physical activity, but upon a happy combination of mental and moral power The history of the and industry. press, like the history of all institutions, has had many stages. In some of these the ability to use the shotgun and revolver was of the highest utility, and probably is useful in sundry mining camps to-day. other stage, where the collection of news required the roughest and hardest kind of physical toil, a woman could hardly compete with an ablebodied and vigorous man.

This was particularly the case in those days and places when vice and misrule reigned with an iron hand, and when it was unsafe excepting for the strongest to enter many districts,

even in the daytime.

But the press of to-day has become so tremendous a mechanism that the individual amounts to nothing. is merely a wheel or a cog. No matter how talented, versatile, or cultured, he can be replaced at a second's notice without interfering in the slightest with the progress of the journal to which he is attached. the separation of functions and in the distribution of duties the newspaper office has followed the example of the factory, and tries to have one employé do one thing and only one thing. In this way the highest and best results are obtained at a minimum of trouble, labor, and expense.

With this division moral qualities have grown more valuable from year to year. Thirty years ago it made but little difference, so far as the newspaper was concerned, how far its reporters yielded to the seductions of the flowing bowl, but it is very different to-day. The old Bohemia has passed away, and sobriety is now almost the universal rule. Accuracy

of thought and expression, conscientiousness, fidelity and honesty, have grown more important, and therefore commercially more valuable. The newsgatherer who draws his facts from his imagination was once, it is said, very common on Newspaper Row, but he is now rapidly approach-

ing extinction.

Under these auspices women prosper with but little effort. Their home training imbues them with a strong antipathy, if not an instinct against dissipation, and their nature makes them enjoy those kinds of labor which demand patience, perseverance, and care rather than a wholesale consumption of physical energy. As a result not only are women succeeding in the profession, but they are rising up and are filling better places every Two of the most valuable editorial positions of the country are filled by women, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, of the St. Nicholas Magazine, and Mrs. Margaret Sangster, of Harper's Bazar. The career of these two distinguished women well illustrates the suggestions made. Thev were born in the same year. had the benefit of a superior education, and each at an early age displayed high talent in literary composition, both prose and verse. Each followed out her natural bent, becoming by degrees identified with literary life, and finding an ever larger market for their productions.

Each became a regular contributor, a staff writer, an associate editor or editorial writer, an editor, a managing editor, and finally an editor-inchief. Each has occupied the highest round of the ladder now for twenty-three years.

A cursory glance at the publications over which they have had control shows a wise and liberal general policy, with special rules applying to the special character of the journal, deep care and attention to every detail, broad reading which keeps the issues in touch with the progress of the world, and a high moral purpose running through every line. These are the qualities which made their publications successful, and are also the qualities marking the editors mentioned.

The growth of civilization in increasing the tranquillity, courtesy, and security of life has enlarged the field in which women can do excellent journalistic work. When there

were dangerous districts in every city, when a horse and wagon were daily necessities to a reporter, when the only places for rest, refreshment, or for writing were a road inn or a country bar-room, it was very difficult for a refined woman to perform reportorial work with any success, much less satisfaction. But now with a superior policing of cities, with rapid transit by steam and trolley in every direction, with respectable hotels in every town and upon every main road, the difficulties have vanished entirely.

In the past ninety

days this has been illustrated by a number of admirable pieces of work.

A bicycle exposition is held in New York. Among the first on hand to report it, which they did with great accuracy and skill, were Mrs. Mary

Sargent Hopkins and Mrs. Ida Trafford Bell, the two editors of the Wheelwoman of Boston. It would have been a wonderful performance thirty years ago, but to-day, when an express has reduced the time between the two cities to five hours, the feat has lost all novelty to the general public. Yet despite the changes, it was a fine achievement for both of the brilliant women engaged. More impressive was the flying trip made by Mrs. Kate Masterson,

of the New York Journal, to Havana for information regarding the Cuban war. She took all the risks of a seavoyage, of martial law, and of the yellow fever and other diseases of that tropical isle, performed her task in a manner that won the approbation of both the profession and the public, and returned just as if her splendid labor was a mere matter of course.

Equally praiseworthy was the exploit of Miss Mary Bisland for *Harper's Bazar*. She went to Hartford, and there studied the manufacture

of bicycles, from the purchase of the raw material to the completion of the most modern machine. She wrote it up so that even those unfamiliar with m e c hanical terms could u n derstand the operations perfectly, and



MRS. MARY SARGENT HOPKINS. Editor "Wheelwoman."



MISS MARY H KROUT.
Of the Chicago "Inter-Ocean."

did it in a way that was neat, liter-

ary, and attractive.

In the case of Miss Bisland, she belongs to a family that has a natural talent for literary work. She and her two sisters, Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore and Miss Margaret Bisland, although still young women, have all held editorial positions, and have made for themselves eminent names

in the profession.

The extension of journalistic fields, and the ever-growing interest taken by the people of one country in the life of other nations, has made the foreign editor and correspondence a general feature of daily journalism. In this new department women are already doing excellent work. Of these probably the best example is Miss Mary H. Krout, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and now one of its chief European editors. She started as a teacher, and utilized her spare time by writing for the press. Her writings were so much appreciated that she gave up pedagogy and took up

the pen for a profession. She passed rapidly from descriptive and general work to the associate editorship of the Crawfordsville *Journal*. From here she joined the *Daily Express*, of Terre Haute, and thence went upon the editorial staff of the *Inter-Ocean*.

Other brilliant American women, who are acting as European editors of American papers, are Anne Morton Lane, Miss Emma Bullett, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*; Miss Grace Carew Sheldon, of Buffalo; Miss Catherine Cole, of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and Mrs. Frances Merrill, of New York.

Miss Kate Fields is doing special work in Honolulu for the *Times-Herald*, of Chicago, while Lily Curry has long been the leading newspaper authority in Honduras if not in Central America.

Coming close to this may be mentioned the symmetric and scholarly work of Mrs. B. MacGehan. Her letters upon Russian religions in the New York Sun, and Lily Curry's letters to the same paper over the name of Cecil Charles, may be held up as models for the highest modern journalism

In the same class should be placed



MISS BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE.
Of the Chicago "Times-Herald."



MISS EVA BRODLIQUE.

Miss Ida Tarbell, whose studies in French literature and history have already made her a famous light in the world of letters. It is only ten years ago that she was doing a little sketching and a little reporting for the New York World, but she was ambitious and industrious to a phenomenal degree. She had the advantages of a thorough education, which availed her greatly in her endeavor. For many years she has put in never less than eight hours a day of work, and is said to have risen to as high as fifteen and sixteen a day when engaged upon any important study or research. There are few men in the profession whose careers can be matched with those of Miss Tarbell or of Mrs. Mac-Gehan.

Still another extension of the journalism of to-day has been the woman's department. This is an outgrowth of the old household column, which contained cooking recipes and directions of how to kill black beetles. It has made a marvellous advance in the past decade. Even in its lowest form it includes culinary items, fashions, social gossip, and foreign notes, but in its best form it tries to give a general account of what is going on in the woman's world of to-day. This new and enormous field includes

colleges, books, musical compositions, patents, inventions and discoveries, clubs and societies of every conceivable kind, religious, educational, and reform movements, biography, art, and even science. In this new field the women having natural advantages have taken the lead, and have almost a monopoly of the subject. In most of the great newspapers there is a separate woman's department, while in many there is no such separation, but the matters which would go to it were there a classification are treated by women writers. In this realm any number of brainy American girls and women have made memorable successes, and they hold positions which are esteemed and honored by their male colleagues. In this army may be mentioned Miss Celia Kinney, of the Brooklyn Eagle, who started as a descriptive writer many years ago, and has risen to a position whose prestige and influence are almost princely. Miss Emma Trapper, of the Brooklyn Standard Union, is another tireless press work-She is a fine linguist, and on emergency has acquitted herself excellently as a foreign correspondent, as a reporter, and editor in both French and German. Mrs. Margaret Welch, of the New York Times, is probably better known from her literary successes than from her newspaper ability. She is extremely clever in fiction, and justly one of our most popular humorists. Her real lifework, however, is the daily newspaper, and in this she has a record of which any one should be proud.

Talent of this sort is to be found all over the country. In San Francisco Mrs. A. L. James, of the *Examiner*, who is best known by her penname of Annie Laurie, is one of the favorite writers of the Pacific Coast.

In Cincinnati Miss Corella Bond, of the *Times-Star*, holds a similar position. Miss Bond is a college graduate, and besides being a very versatile journalist, is also a scholarly thinker and writer upon almost every topic. In Chicago four women of great talent, who loom up above the

rest, are Miss Bertha Knobe, of the Tribune; Mrs. Margaret Sullivan. Miss Eva Brodlique, and Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of the Times-Herald. Miss Knobe has attained her position by very hard work in a very short time. She was graduated from the State College at Franklin, Ind., only five years ago. She began newspaper work, and did it so carefully and well that it was immediately accepted by editors, and shortly afterward caused some Indianapolis publishers to offer her a position upon a local publica-She did such excellent work there as to elicit the admiration of editors in other cities. She then went to Chicago, and finally became attached to the Tribune. Outside of her profession she is an earnest worker in philanthropic and educational movements, and is an active and tireless worker of the famous Civic Federation. Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, of Chicago, is so well known as a strong writer and a clear thinker, that further comment is unnecessary. holds this unique position in the Western literary world, and is deservedly regarded as one of its chief attractions. Miss Eva Brodlique is a new star in the Chicago firmament. Nature cast her in a happy mould, and a rare one. To youth, beauty, and brilliancy, she adds culture and versatility. She is a good, all-round writer, and is what every editor would appreciate, a trustworthy, well-equip-She is much more ped reporter. than this, and is also a skilful editor, reader, and critic. Her latest achievements have been in a dramatic line. Here she has displayed unusual talent in plot, humor, language, and the delineation of character. Of the many gifted young women of the land, she has about as promising a future as can be found.

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith is a Georgian, who from her youth had a strong leaning toward literature on the one side and medical science on the other. In her time there was not much room for women in either field. With a strong will, however, she was not to be dismayed, and so took ad-

vantage of every opportunity which came along. She accomplished both of her ambitions, and before she was forty years of age had become prominent in the newspaper world, and also had secured her much-coveted degree in medicine.

The extension of the magazine in the past six years has created new openings for literary toilers. Here, as in other departments of the press. women are to be found enjoying success as both contributors and editors. Of the latter class two highly distinguished names are those of Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln, the editor of the American Kitchen Magazine, and Miss Cornelia Cunningham Bedford, of the editorial staff of Table Talk. With the single exception of Thomas J. Murrey, they have no male rivals. Both Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Bedford belong to good families, and have had the advantages of a thorough education, even including the modern sciences.

Miss Bedford belongs to the old Knickerbocker blood of New York, and is a daughter of the late Professor Bedford, who was eminent in chemistry, pharmacy, and magazine literature. After being graduated from her studies she engaged in the study of cooking as a science as well



MISS CORNELIA C. BEDFORD. Editor of "Table Talk."



MISS HELENA MCCARTHY.
Of the Washington "Star."

as an art, and in order to master the topic, she took special courses in biology, physiology, physics, and chemistry. She was graduated from all these with very high honors, and in 1893 was selected as superintendent of the New York Cooking School. Upon the formation of the New York Association of Teachers of Cookery, in 1894, she was elected its president, which position she has held ever since. In her function as editor she brings to bear her voluminous knowledge and great ability, adding to it an agreeable literary style and a strong power of impressing her opinions upon her readers.

The Ladies' Home Companion has on its staff Mrs. Mary Katherine Howard. Her industry and ability have contributed largely to the great success of that popular publication.

While Washington is a city of the third class, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with municipalities of equal size as to trade, commerce, and manufactures, it has an interest of its own through being the

capital of the nation, which appeals to readers. As a consequence nearly every leading paper keeps a correspondent or editor permanently at that place. Beside this force there are others who act as correspondents for a number of papers ranging from two to twenty. While most of the Washington contingent are men, there is still a goodly following of the other sex. Among the leaders are Miss Helena McCarthy, Miss Grace Stelle, and Mrs. Isabel W. Miss McCarthy is editor of the woman's department of the Washington Star, and is also the Washington woman correspondent of the New York Mail and Express, the editor of whose bureau is that talented litterateur, Mr. John Shriver. She began her work when just out of school under the tuition of her elder brother. and has risen steadily to her present position. Miss McCarthy enjoys local celebrity on account of her matchless political influence and memory. She is said to carry some five or six thousand names in her mind of politicians, representatives, diplomats, and officials, and can give information even down to date in regard to nearly every one.

Miss Grace H. Stelle is attached to the Washington *Post*, and is one of



MISS GRACE II STELLE.
Of the Washington "Post."



MRS. ELIZABETH CHERRY HAIRE.
Of the Cincinnati "Tribune."

the youngest editors in the profession. Beside attending to the society and woman's department of the Post, she also studies and writes upon all the matters which come before the foreign legations. She is a good linguist, and in this way has made friends with many officers of the legations who are unable to use English This talent has served her fluently. in good stead, and has helped her to obtain information which might otherwise have been unattainable. versatility has made her invaluable to the great journal with which she is connected.

Mrs. Ball enjoys the distinction of having been the first woman regularly admitted to the correspondents' gallery in Washington. She is attached to the Washington Star, and is a regular correspondent of about twenty papers in various parts of the country.

In the growth of modern journalism more attention is paid to literary style and skill. The editorial writer of to-day is a *littérateur* whose work in quality and finish will generally surpass that of the average author.

As a consequence there is a growing disposition on the part of newspaper people to utilize their literary skill by indulging in authorship outside of their daily writings. Many have been very fortunate in their ventures, and have opened new careers as well as preserved their old ones. A leader among these is Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Haire, the woman editor of the Cincinnati Tribune. She is an Ohioan who began literary work as a pastime in her girlhood. It was so praised that she continued it into her married life without any thought at the time of making it a profession. In this period she poured out a volume of verse, short stories, descriptive articles, sketches, reviews, criticisms, and essavs.

Finding that what she wrote was good marketable matter, she determined to sell it, and thus entered the calling which she has since ornamented for eleven years. Her newspaper work is clean, clear-cut, and newsy. Her editorial work is liberal, and marked by sound judgment. Beyond this, however, she does much magazine writing of a high class. Her latest story, "The Last Man," was published in the New Bohemian, and made a remarkable hit. One of her



MISS BIRDELLE SWITZER.

Of the Cleveland "Plaindealer."



MRS MARION HOWARD.

prettiest poems, "The Child," has gone the rounds of the English-speaking press, and has appeared in over one thousand newspapers.

Mrs. Edith Sessions Tupper is another who has made a mark in literature as well as journalism. In her case, so varied are her talents that it is very hard to place her within the limits of any one calling. As a lecturer she is one of the best of the Eastern Lyceum; as a writer of fiction she carried off the prize of the Chicago Herald a few years ago, and as a journalist she has filled almost every position from reporter to editor.

A third is Miss Minna Irving, who has done splendid work as a poet, song-writer, fictionist, and descriptive writer. Her talent in other lines has been obscured by her fame as a verse-maker, and it is as this that she will be known to posterity as she is to the public to-day.

Slightly different has been the career of the Boston star, Emma Sheridan Fry. She is a splendid, first-class, all-round newspaper woman, but has reached fame through her talents as a playwright. Her plays have been successful, and have reaped a fortune, it is said. She is known and loved by the theatre-going public wherever English is spoken, and although she might write editorials

for the rest of her life, it will be as a brilliant dramatist that she will be known to the busy world.

Another brilliant light is attached to the Cleveland Plaindealer in the person of that gifted and versatile writer, Miss Birdelle Switzer. ten years of age she displayed a delightful gift of humor in both her conversation and her childish writings. Her fame went abroad, and at twelve she received an offer to write regularly for a weekly paper, probably the youngest person to whom this compliment was ever paid. At fourteen, while still in school, she was made the editor of the college When in her teens she bepaper. came assistant editor on a religious weekly published in Iowa. Here she obtained a thorough knowledge of newspaper work, from printing and the press-work, through proof-reading and revising, editing and makingup, and even attending to the business office of the publication. In addition to this she began to correspond with several Eastern papers. In 1891 her outside work became so great that she gave up her editorship, and finally she joined the staff of the *Plaindealer*.

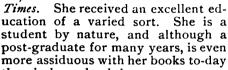
The Cleveland World has a splendid staff of women, including an edi-



MRS. EDITH TOWNSEND EVEKETT.
Of the Philadelphia "Times."

tor and several writers, among whom are Mrs. Lane and Miss Stewart.

What Miss Switzer is to Cleveland, Mrs. George Pulsifer Porter is Bangor, Me. She comes of a family which has produced many eminent journalists, such as Henry M. Simpson, of the Belfast Republican; I. C. Pulsifer, of the Boston Herald: and George Pulsifer, of the Mexico



than in her school-days.

She is a strong supporter of the woman's cause, and is one of the leaders of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs. Her literary taste found expression when a young girl. when she wrote regularly for the Ellsworth American. She is now attached to the Bangor News, the Lewiston Journal, and other papers, and is connected with the Associated Press. A woman of fine intellect and of culture is Marion Howard Brazier, better known under her pen-name of Marion Howard. Her life has been marked by indomitable will power and patient industry. Until 1889 she labored under the disadvantage of a very delicate physique, but since then , has enjoyed admirable health and strength. Her newspaper work has been extremely varied. She has travelled, and while travelling has acted as special correspondent for papers in nearly every part of the country. This business she systematized, and made into a syndicate in the years when syndicates were very popular, and realized much money from her venture. At that time she was sup-



MRS. CHARLOTTE GERMAIN.

plying as many as sixty and eighty newspapers a week with a letter. She is now a member of the staff of the Boston *Post*. Mrs. Marion Howard Brazier is prominent in woman's club matters, and revolutionary, historical, and art societies.

To Mrs. Edith Townsend Everett belongs the credit of having developed the woman's department of the Philadelphia

Times. She had every qualification for the work. A graduate with honors of the New York Normal College, she had travelled extensively in both the Old World and the Not until she had returned New. from Europe, where she spent the four years after graduation, did she begin her literary career. prospered from the beginning. stead of sending her first article to a hundred publishers and having it rejected, she sent it to one which accepted and paid for it, and asked for more. From that time on she has been a steady contributor to the great daily press. From writer she became editor, and displayed as much talent in the latter as the former position. To-day she is one of the leading literary lights of Philadelphia, and is well and favorably known to all the great newspapers of the land.

New York is rich in such fine types of women editors. Miss Mary Gay Humphreys and Mrs. Sarah Sloan, of the New York Journal; Miss Cynthia Westover, of the New York Recorder; Miss Grace Drew, of the Press; Miss Josephine Meighan, of the Advertiser; Miss O'Hagan, of the World; and Julie Opp, of Vogue, are all excellent examples of this latest development of woman in journalism. Each possesses a combina-



MISS ELIZABETH PRESTON.

tion of the qualities essential to success—namely, knowledge and judgment, education and good taste, industry, common sense, honesty, and an appreciation of news. These must unite if a lofty position is to be attained in the newspaper world.

To this list might have been added Mrs. Charlotte Germain, but she has preferred the fields of literature to those of editorial work. She has done admirable work for the New York World and other publications, but of late has given more time and attention to literary composition. Her last work, "A Woman with Good Intentions," is a powerful modern story, which has sold well and brought her much fame.

The new reform and educational movements are creating a literature of their own, with writers and editors altogether independent of newspaperdom proper. Thus in the suffrage movement Mrs. Harriett Taylor Upton has edited the proceedings, speeches, and publications of that powerful organization. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has a strong literary bureau, of whose workers Miss Elizabeth Preston may be taken as a fair type. She is the daughter of a clergyman, and a graduate of Fort Wayne College and the University of Minnesota. She is a clever speaker, lecturer, organizer, and writer, and is intensely enthusiastic in her calling.

The Ladies of the Maccabees, another new order in the Central States, also conducts a literary bureau, and has among its helpers and editors a number of women of considerable journalistic and literary talent.

Probably the best known among these is Mrs. Lelia M. Rowan, of Petoskey, Mich. She began her newspaper and literary work when a mere girl, and since then has written largely in both verse and prose. Some of her poems, such as "The Maid of All Work" and "A Song of Erie, have been used as recitations by public entertainers. Her sacred and historical dramas, written for special associations, have been highly praised by competent critics. Her work is so good that it is appreciated outside of the great order of which she is an official.

The list might be indefinitely extended, because the names cited are but a handful of the entire list. Besides this new faces are appearing in every city and new names before every reader. The age grows more intellectual and more literary. The newspaper is taking the place of the book, merely because it has adopted the knowledge and culture, the literary style and finish of the book, and brought it down to date. The daily issue of at least one thousand newspapers in the United States is a valuable book in itself, while the Sunday issues have grown so great that they have reached if not passed the limit of convenience.

The ability and culture, the industry and power demanded to produce papers of this sort cannot be exaggerated. Only able men and women are now eligible to the press. The standard grows higher, and the demands made are more exacting. Under such circumstances it is praise, indeed, for women to enter the calling, and when there to forge ahead. It is the highest evidence of female brain power, of female work power, of wo-

man's individuality that can be conceived.

Still more so is it when it is recalled that only within the memory of nearly every reader, woman's higher education was an unknown fact, and woman herself was not permitted to enter any of the learned callings.

With the present tendencies of jour nalism and of society, one may safely predict that the woman's department will increase from day to day as the years roll by, and that the number of women in journalism will rise to a much higher figure, both absolutely and relatively than it is to-day. But the women editors of to-day are the teachers of the newcomers. They are the organizers of this vast supply of talent which comes knocking at the office door!

They will pick out and train the editors of five years hence and ten years hence. They will make and influence the reporters of the coming century, and while doing all this, they will still attend to their own duties, whether these be domestic or other wise. All are but productions of laws and forces over which they have no control, but yet which move them and keep them where they are. increasing importance of the woman's world in every department of mental and moral activity means an increase of the woman's department in the daily press, and a corresponding increase in the number of newspaper women from reporters to editors. Where there are ten to-day there will be twenty to-morrow; where there



MRS LEILA M. ROWAN.

are fifty editors to-day, to-morrow there will be one hundred. So the work goes on!

It is pleasant for the critic, for the patriot, and for the lover of his fellow-men to note that the women editors of to-day are fitting representatives of both their own sex and the profession which they adorn.

As a class they will compare favorably with any other classes, male or female, in any civilized nation. They belong to the aristocracy of the republic, the aristocracy of intellect, of culture, and of upright endeavor!

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

"THE MASTER ARTIST."

OLDEN sunshine, silver moonlight; Emerald sea and azure sky. Rosy sunrise, crimson sunset, Lights that tremble, fade and die.

Fields of velvet, flower-embroidered, Crystal brook and diamond dew. Dreamy floating clouds of summer, Ever changing, ever new. Scarlet banners of the Autumn,
Winter's ermine cloak of white.
Pictures by the Master Artist,
Made for mortals' wondering sight.

William H. Gardner.

IULIA'S PRIZE.

THE Carpenters had fallen on evil days of late years, and evil All the male memtongues. bers of the family had perished in the war; Bethel, their home, had been sold from over their heads, and here they were living in the parsonage at Bevinsville, where the village could not keep a parson because it was too poor, although it was making shift to support a race-course. There was no denying the bitterer fact, either, that Julia, the youngest scion, was the chief cause of the evil tongues. It was she who had disturbed their breakfast with this announcement:

"There is to be a prize of \$500 in gold and a saddle at the next race.

grandma.''

"Don't mention that place in my

hearing, Julia."

Although Mrs. Carpenter was able to save her ears from that unpleasantness, it was different with her eyes. From the window directly in front of her, beyond the thin screen of trees, beyond the sloping garden, beyond the road, spread a broad level stretch, once the pride of the outlying lands of Bethel; now, alas! enclosed in the centre with a circular fence and dotted here and there with buildings which could be taken for nothing more than they were—stables. These buildings were a good half mile away. so Mrs. Carpenter pretended she could not see them; but indeed I do not think she used much pretence, poor lady; she saw the field always as she used to see it in her pride of life, a waving sea of golden wheat.

I think the sound of \$500 in gold very pleasant," said Julia stoutly.

"Ah-h!" the two elder ladies sigh-

ed under their breath. What wouldn't \$500 do? All their pressing little miseries and ignominies could be done away with, and some sense of independence revive for them. But they hushed the sighs quickly; they were not a complaining family.

"Some of the horses from Bethel are going to run," went on Julia.

"Nothing seems sacred any more." It was Miss Dolly who spoke dismally, remembering the former quiet atmosphere of Bethel.

"It was different, child, in your father's day; but those times are gone, and we must not think of them

too much."

"I shall always remember that Bethel was a respectable and a respected house, mother.'

"One of Ariel's colts, too, Aunt Dolly, and only two years older than my Philly. The man that bought Bethel bought her at-"

"Julia, for pity's sake!" interrupted her aunt, "where did you learn all this—this—horse-talk?"

"Oh, I've been talking to Mr. Rawlins."

"To Rawlins! To Rawlins! Now, Julia, I see you plainly disregard your grandmother's feelings and mine. What we say goes in at one ear and out at the other. From this time on I forbid you to say a word to Rawlins or anybody else connected with that place.

"It's too late, Aunt Dolly. entered my name for the run next week." She tried to keep her voice firm, but until now she had not realized what an awful deed she was about to commit. "Commit" and "deed" seemed the fitting words just

then.

They both caught their breath and stared at her. It went to her heart to see how deadly pale her poor old grandmother was. Indeed, it was a stab into the pride of that gentle heart. Iulia found herself clutching at her excuse, and began in shamefaced haste:

"Indeed, grandma, I am not doing this out of wilfulness, but it sets me wild to see you needing so much. Our rent is due, poor Philly must be fed, and I can do nothing else to make money. Aunt Dolly can teach. I am not even fit for that, nor to make anybody's clothes, nor to work in anybody's kitchen. Don't you

see, if I can get the five hundred oh, grandma!'

She got up and went around the table, but the stricken woman drew her head away from the touch, and hid her cheek in the high back of the

"Grandma," Julia began again, but this time the tremolo was too strong to hasten her words. "There really is nothing in it. It takes only a few minutes, and no one forgets that I am Miss Carpenter. And the five hundred! Why, think—"
"Sit down, Julia," her aunt said

coldly; "sit down and leave mother alone. Don't you know that we would not touch one cent of that money, even if you were headstrong enough to persist in your disgraceful

plan?"

Julia looked at her aunt. She had never thought her harsh before, but now she saw what an accentuated chin was her aunt's, and how firmly she closed her lips, unaware that her own had the same unyielding out-Her grandmother rose and went out of the room in silence.

"No-not one cent," repeated her

Julia rested her chin in her palm, and looked down at her plate. unrepentant pose vexed the elder woman, and she began again:

"I can scarcely believe when I look at you that you can entertain such an idea, such a depraved idea. Have you any conception of what races are?"

"A little better one than yours, Aunt Dolly. I used to go with Uncle Catesby."

"Uncle Catesby! Your Uncle Catesby was not a young woman."

"Blessed Uncle Catesby!" Julia sighed lightly, tracing the pattern of an ivy leaf in the table-cloth with a fork.

"Are you aware that swearing goes on there?"

"I needn't swear, Aunt Dolly," Julia said, with a laugh between irritation and amusement.

"You will hear it, though! And don't you see that the whole performance is wicked?"

"All I can see is the purse and a few minutes of Philly's fastest paces. I can't see anything beyond that, Aunt Dolly; don't ask me to."

She walked to the east window, and stood looking out toward the square white church, shadowed by its aged yellow locusts. The hillocks surrounding it were of varying degrees of cultivation, but from the window, briars, eglantine, ivy, and rose vines waved side by side.

"It is a pity you cannot;" her aunt was agitatedly opening the coffeepot, and casting preoccupied glances at the dregs. "It is a pity, because you are ruining all your chances."

"What chances?" Julia turned

"Why, your chance of marriage, for one." Her aunt was reared in the old school of maidenhood, which looked upon affection and its relations as dear and sacred, and mention of them not to be made except under stress. The flush that rose to her cheek was the protest of her schooled heart.

"My chance of marriage!" Julia spoke with some bitterness. heart was making its protest, in the modern way, aloud. "I will tell you the truth about my chance of marriage. Ever since I was seventeen I have kept that chance in mind. am telling you the truth, Aunt Dolly; for seven long years I have waited, and that, I think, is sacrifice enough to the chance. Now that I am twentyfive, I shall earn money and—ride at that race."

She did not know with what force she flung the last few words across Miss Carpenter received the table. the whole speech as a blow, and rose

saying:

"Then I can do nothing more than imitate mother, and leave you alone." At the door she turned her fine, large figure, and levelling her dark eyes at her niece, added: "I think it only right to tell you, however, that I shall ask Mr. Murdoch to speak to

This was as severe a threat as Miss Dolly could make. Few were ever known to persist in an undertaking after Mr. Murdoch had finished his exhortations.

"Then I shall have to set a trap for him:" but the door closed with a gentle bang on the words, and Julia, sitting alone, shrugged her shoulders. In spite of her philosophic shrug, her purpose grew gigantic before her eyes, and black with a thousand nameless social dangers. She half faltered; only her belief in Philly's speed and desperation at the thought of the five hundred going to any one else supported her.

" It's Philly's half-sister that is the only horse to fear," she argued. "I almost made Rawlins admit that. The man who bought Bethel owns her, and he already has hundreds of thousands. He sha'n't have mine."

But during the days that passed there were many times she faltered. The uniform, sad coldness, as of one beyond the brink, with which her aunt and grandmother regarded her. oppressed her. The thought of failure dismayed her—failure, with its consequent degradation, social lowering, disgrace to the two who loved She was clear-sighted enough to know that only a triumphant winning of the goal could justify her, and that hardly in others' eyes. Sometimes a heavy apathy would dull her blood, tempting her to keep in the beaten path. On the other hand, a circumstance or two sufficed to strengthen her resolution; but I think it was rent day that irrevocably decided her.

That morning Julia was washing dishes at the table, humming as she worked, when she heard the shrill voice of the landlady's youngest child.
"Please, ma'am, Mrs. Carpenter,

ma says could you spare her the rent this morning?"

There was a pause, during which Julia checked the rinsing of the cups to listen.

"Tell yo' ma, my dear," Mrs. Carpenter's soft old voice went on, vibrating with mortification, "that I won't be able to let her have it this morning, but perhaps-'

"She tol' me to ask," the childish treble answered, "if she couldn't have it next week?"

"Next week? I will try next week, my child." Hope was in her voice hope which ever sped elusive before the Carpenters, lighting up the fu-

Iulia listened no further, but wiped the dishes emphatically, saying,

"Philly shall run!"

Every day she managed to find a little time to practise with Philly along the pine road leading to Odrick's Corner. It was an excellent bit of ground, as level as a table, and in this dry fall weather in just the condition for trying the mare's speed. The two would come thundering down the track, the slim, bay-coated mare fairly flying, her small head stretched even with her shoulders. with ears laid flat and scarlet-lined. dilated nostril, the rider bending forward with firm hand and glowing cheeks. The dull pine stems echoed with hoof-beats, and the birds, scared at first, learned to look down calmly on the active pair. That adventurous blood of hers, her father's sailor blood, so hard to keep in quiet channels, surged with the joy of motion, and made her long ardently for the applauding crowd, the exquisite excitement of triumph.

In the easy trot homeward vivacity was still keen enough within her to cause laughter when she remembered Mr. Murdoch's Sunday visit. light sound rising clearly from the trough of the road to the negro cabins, clinging like swallows' nests to the banks, brought a brown face or two to look down upon her. She could still see the melancholy gentleman standing with the look of dismay, as he had stood after opening the conversation, non-committally with a reference to the book she held

in her hand.

"A pleasant occupation, Miss Julia; a pleasant occupation this lovely

day."
"It is extremely interesting, Mr. Murdoch.'

"Suitable Sunday reading, I hope."

"Voltaire," lifting absorbed eyes. Vol·ol-!" stuttered the astounded man. Then he walked from the room, saying in stern disgust to Miss Dolly, who waited hopefully without, "Let her go, madam; I advise you to let her go on her way !"

Julia, meanwhile, thanked her Ollendorf which enabled her to understand a word here and there on the

page.

The Bevinsville race-course was new, and showed its newness. stand was not yet painted, and you had to be careful as you leaned over the railing not to run splinters into your unwary hands. The judges' seat was new-that is, in its present capacity. For years it had served as a comfortable settee at the postoffice; now seen under the brilliant October sky in its elevated place, it had a shrinking aspect. The scales belonged to the butcher, and, rumor said, were none too trustworthy. However crude the fittings may have looked in the eyes of strangers, to the natives, as carriage after carriage turned into the enclosure, the scene was very gratifying.

The afternoon sky arched over the ground and lighted up the groups of ladies, as gay in attire as the froststricken leaves; sporting men in plaids and checks jingling with chains; youths immaculate in fine cloth and stiff hats, and an all-pervading, sunburnt, country element. Across the circle toward the tent in the centre surged a black line of men and boys. Meagre jockeys lounged just within the stable-doors chewing straws or staring back at the interested faces that looked at them over the edge of the stand. Along in front, lining the low wall that fenced the track, were gentlemen in clusters of twos and threes. Those more in touch with civilization could be distinguished by their modish garments, while the sparer figures with widerimmed hats and overcoats flung on like cloaks were men of Fairfax, pure and simple.

Although Rawlins had not divulged the secret of Philly's rider, there was an unwonted interest abroad. This may have been due to the presence of the owner of Bethel, a gentleman, it was said, who had seen most of the great racing places of the country.

When the time came for Julia to mount, she walked out of the passage with a heart beating so painfully that it seemed to her she could feel or hear nothing else. Rawlins had arranged considerately for her to come out by a little hallway through which no one else passed. As she stepped out into the slanting afternoon light all looked in surprise, and some in not a little annoyance.

The place seemed alive, horses twisting and turning under the curbing hands of their riders, men mounting, owners looking critically at a bridle or girth. There was a pause in the babble of voices, and Julia felt herself hotly under a fire of eyes. seemed an eternity before Philly, led by Jimison, appeared in the stabledoor, but the touch of the mare's satin skin and the proud air of her head reanimated her mistress. She felt the stirrup and looked to the buckles.

"Allow me," said a voice at her She turned with a shiver of apprehension, and saw a somewhat florid gentleman in pearl gray clothing politely offering to mount her.

She drew back coldly,

" Jimison always mounts me, thank you.

"I beg your pardon." He relinquished his place to Jimison, and in an instant Philly with her rider flew past him like a bird.

"That's the only thing on the whole ground for you to be afraid of, Mr. Litchfield." Rawlins indicated Philly. "That hoss couldn't help winnin'.

Mighty like my bay," the gentleman in gray answered, removing his eyes from Julia long enough to glance

at Philly's shining flanks.

"She has good cause to be, sir; she's own sister to yours out of Ariel."
"Indeed!" Mr. Litchfield was in-

"Then this is some of the terested. Bethel stock?"

'Both hoss and rider, sir.

Miss Julia Carpenter, the smahtest young lady in ten miles; I might say in the county. Lord only knows what she's goin' to bring down on her head! I don't. The two old ladies over yonder hate a race wuss than pizen, and so did the old Commodo'. But 'twuz different with Mr. Catesby, his brother, who left this colt to Miss Julia. I used to manage all Mr. Catesby's hosses."

"Over yonder? I didn't know the Bethel people were still in the county."

"Livin' right in the pahsonage behind the trees thar," said Rawlins, pointing with a callous hand. "They've rented it now for the last two years."

two years."
"Why, where's your parson?"
Mr. Litchfield shifted his position so
that he could keep an eye on Julia
while giving attention to Rawlins.

"Too po' to keep him. They sold the pahsonage some five years ago."

"Too poor!" said Mr. Litchfield with a smile of amusement; "why, it seems to me, Rawlins, that you're

pretty prosperous here."

"Oh, here," said Rawlins modestly; "you see, Mr. Litchfield, folks need a change once in a while. 'Twuz church sociables when the old Commdo' lived. This field right here used to be Bethel property. was Catesby Carpenter that lost it racin', so they say. But the others managed to lose one way or another, on niggers (never would sell any), and in the war, and so on. I might say it to you in confidence, sir, that I have good cause to think that po' young lady yonder come here to-day to ride just because they need money. But the old ladies ain't goin' to look I know it as well as my at it, sir. name's Rawlins."

On the stand Julia had captured the admiration that lurks in every Southern breast for handsome horses and women. Glances of interest and admiration were showered upon her. If wishes could bring success, her contest was an easy one, for they fell from the lips of enthusiastic youths, from the red lips of girls, in gallant phrase from men of middle age,

somewhat measured and reserved from matrons, as from those who had a private opinion on the subject. At the rail comments were freer.

"It's the old Commodore's grand-daughter, man," an onlooker was saying. "I reckon he'd turn in his grave if he was to know it."

"Shouldn't wonder," was the answer. "She's as fine a figu as her

mare. Damn pretty, too."

A flush mounted to the face of the gentleman in pearl gray, who was leaning over the wall watching Philly's antics and Philly's graceful rider. He turned around:

"Your pardon, gentlemen," he said; "you shall answer to me for any further comments on that young

ladv."

Julia mounted was a different Julia from the heavy-hearted girl who had stepped out into the field. She was in a secure seat, she knew every motion of the animal beneath her, she knew the strength in her own arm. Blood and high-hearted excitement sang in her veins, and she was every whit as impatient as the spirited mare. That glasses were levelled at her, that the male lining at the balustrade grew momentarily thicker, that comments of all sorts were made she knew, but could feel the weight of none, so fully had she entered into her work.

At last, after many false starts, the flag was down and they were really off. The lorgnettes that watched the flying figure could not watch the surging blood that rose about her temples and beat in her ears, shutting out all sounds except the thundering hoof-beats of the nearest horse. could see nothing but the brown track ahead of Philly's ears; field, fence-the thin following line inside the fence, all were invisible. On and on she swept, Philly's tiny hoofs scarcely touching the ground. Now they were rounding the homeward curve, and Julia, leaning far forward, became conscious that only one rider was ahead of her—not a full length ahead either. Philly's nose has passed her flank. It is the mare from

Bethel, Philly's sister and counter-Only a little distance lies between them and the goal, and the man is a lighter weight than she, lighter in bone and flesh, firmer in muscle. For a second Julia has a devouring envy of the thin figure, whose unwavering, outstretched arm she watches, with its steel hand and whip-cord veins. One second only, and then they thunder side by side, for a long time it seems to Julia. She is conscious that the man has glanced at her, is conscious that only a short length ahead is the stand with its brilliant, applauding crowd, and together hot-blooded determination and despair fight within her. wrenched Philly sharply to one side, rising in her stirrup and throwing her weight on the mare's shoulders, and like an arrow passed the bay on the An instant more and, inner side. amid shouts and waving of handkerchiefs, Philly flew past, a good half length ahead of the other.

When she could rein in the excited animal and turn back, it was no longer with scarlet cheeks and firm arm; she was pale and trembling, conscious that her hair was falling in a long, disordered braid about her shoulders. She slipped from her saddle at the paddock door into a pair of arms held out for her. They were pearl gray, but she did not notice it. She bent every energy to seeing that Jimison cared for Philly properly, scarcely lifting her heavy lids; glad when at last she could set

out homeward. It was a week after the races. new saddle lay in the hall just where it had been deposited, an exquisite pigskin article said those who knew all about saddles. Upstairs in Julia's jewel-box, otherwise empty, lay the \$500 minus the rent. Julia herself had been to the stable to feed Philly, over whom she had shed a few, lowspirited tears, and on coming out had stopped a minute in the clear, cold dusk to look up into the sky and draw a breath of miserable freedom. That was what it amounted to, a miserable freedom, for now that she had

freed herself from conventionality, she longed for its shelter. The glamour of the \$500 was gone; it was reduced to its pitiful proportions, and she could even count on her fingers bills which exceeded that amount. Gone, too, was the halo of her womanhood.

"I have reduced myself to the level of a jockey," she said bitterly.

As she stepped into the hall she heard her grandmother's voice:

"Julia, child, is that you?"

"Yes, grandma." She walked into the room, wondering at the interest of the tone. Mrs. Carpenter and Miss Dolly were sitting at the table looking at a card by the lamplight.

"Where have you been all this time?" went on her grandmother.

"I've just been feeding Philly,"
Julia answered in a lack-lustre tone.

"I wish you had been here. We had a caller this afternoon." She handed the card to her granddaughter. Julia read:

"Mr. James Dutton Litchfield, Bethel, Va."

"I know," said Julia under her breath, "the pearl gray man."

"A most delightful gentleman," said Miss Dolly with a smile, "we have asked him to tea next Sunday."

Julia felt both reconciliation and matchmaking in the smile, but the prospect of peace after the past wintry weeks was so cheerful, that she swallowed the matchmaking without protest.

"He spoke of you—of you and Philly," pursued Mrs. Carpenter with some pride. "He has evidently seen you somewhere riding her."

It was not a year after the races that the inhabitants of Fairfax, all those at least whose social position was such as to be favored by the Carpenters, received cards to the effect that Mrs. David Carpenter desired the honor of their presence at the marriage of her granddaughter Julia to Mr. James Dutton Litchfield.

"So run," knowingly quoted those matrons who, at the races, had reserved their opinions, "so run that you may receive the prize."

E. C. Shipman.



BOUT this time of the year, when June is young and days are fair, when the cool woodlands wave in tender green, when silvery brooks are dimpling in the sun, and limpid rivers flow softly by their verdant banks, when the lush meadow grass invites repose and fields are gay with bloom, then nature's voice calls man to rest, and then awakens all the love of nature that the human heart contains. This yearning for the country, for sylvan scenes and cooling waters, is as natural and as inevitable as the summer itself. the heated, dusty city, with crowded streets and ceaseless roar of traffic, looking out over the housetops from a humdrum office and seeing the fair June sky with its virgin clouds, just close the eyes a moment and look back to the days of childhood through the hazy past. A delicious languor steals over the senses, and then what visions rise! The little brook where we used to wade or fish for minnows with a bent pin, the old pool by the mill where the boys went swimming, the woods, whose every haunt we knew, the gnarled apple-trees in the old orchard, the bushes where the luscious blackberry grew wild and sweet, the

Fresh Air and Fishing.

BEING A DISCOURSE OF GREEN FIELDS AND

PLEASANT WATERS, TOGETHER WITH

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF SOME

FAMOUS ANGLERS.

honeysuckle, the daisies, the violets, the dogwood-trees, the Solomon's seal, the heart leaves, the old willow whose drooping branches afforded such good places to climb or sit, and, above all, the happy, care-free spirit of youth, the disregard of custom and love of life—like phantoms these all flit before the tired eyes, and sweet voices of the past call back the wanderer to nature and home. Happy is the man who can say, "Business be hanged! I'm going to play awhile. Pack up the rod and tackle. Where's my old straw hat? I'm off to the woods, to be free, to fish and dream

all day, and to rest and muse at night."

Angling, which has been the jov and recreation of so many famous men, is a custom and a practice followed from the earliest times. the Bible fish and fishers are frequently referred to. Isaiah,

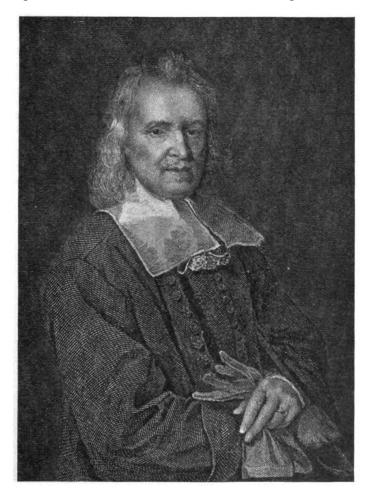


DAME JULIANA BERNERS,

who wrote "The Book of St. Albans," the first work on Angling ever published. She lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century. prophesying the plague to come upon Egypt, says: "And rivers shall be wasted and dried up, . . . and the brooks shall be emptied. . . . The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall la-

one hundred and seventh psalm, "They that occupy themselves in deep waters see the wonderful works of God."

Undoubtedly the first book ever published on angling was "The Book



IZAAK WALTON.

"I AM, SIR, A BROTHER OF THE ANGLE."

Born at Stafford in August, 1593; died December 15, 1683.

ment, and they that spread nets upon the water shall languish." In the New Testament also fishing is often chronicled. Four of the twelve apostles were simple fishermen, though they are usually spoken of as casting nets. The Prophet David said in the of St. Albans," by Dame Juliana Berners, or Barnes, a lady of a noble family and fine intellect. She was prioress of Sopwell nunnery, in Hertfordshire, near St. Albans, and the book was printed in the Abbey of St. Albans in 1486. It is odd that a



TITLE PAGE TO THE FIRST EDITION OF "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

woman should be the first to write a book on a sport which has been followed almost exclusively by men, but Dame Berners was without question a brilliant and progressive woman. She is described as an "illustrious female, endowed with superior mental and personal qualities," and she held sports of the field in highest estimation. Biographical material concerning her is scarce, and the little preserved is unauthentic. She probably saw much of life before entering the convent, for her book is not that of a recluse. The work includes chapters on Hawking, Hunting, the Blasing of Arms, and the "Treatyse on Fysshynge wyth an Angle." latter sport she appears to prefer to the others she describes, for in recommending it she says: "For, even yf he lose hook or rod, his loss is not grievous, and yf he faylle of one fysshe he may not faylle of another yf he dooth as this treatyse techyth. And yet atte the best he hath his holsom walke and mery at his ease, a sweete ayre of the sweete savour of meede fleures that makyth him hungry. And who soo woll use the game of anglynge he must ryse erly, whyche thynge is prouffytable to man in this wyse: That is to wtte—moost to the heele of his soule. For it shall cause hym to be holy and to the heele of hys body."

The book is printed in quaint old type and spelling, and is puzzled out with difficulty. She closes her "Treatyse" with this admirable advice to anglers: "When ye have a suffycyent mese [mess] ye shoulde coveyte no more at that tyme. Also ye shall besye yourselfe to nouryssh the game in all that ye maye & to destroye all such thynges as be devourers of it. And all those that done after this rule shall have the blessynge of God & St. Peter."



THE GREETING.

"YOU ARE WELL OVERTAKEN, GENTLEMEN."

Reproduced from an early edition of "The Compleat Angler."



Of course the book most known and the author most revered by fishermen and all the world, for that matter, are Izaak Walton and his "Compleat Angler," which by reason of its delightful simplicity, unimpeachable authority, chaste beauty, and pastoral interest has become a classic. and will doubtless endure as long as fish live in the sea and men enjoy pure English. Little is known of his early life, but his trade was that of a linen draper. His first marriage is supposed to have been about 1632. After the death of his first wife he married Anne Ken, sister of Bishop Ken, and with her he had a long and happy married Walton's favorite recreation was angling, in which he had always been proficient, but it is doubtful if he would have written "The Angler" if he had not begun literary work unexpectedly by writing a life of Dr. John Donne. It was the intention of Sir Henry Wotton to furnish this biography, but his untimely death

prevented, and according to his request, Walton finished the book. After this he wrote several other books, principally biographies, and in 1653 "The Angler" was printed. The book ran through five editions in Walton's lifetime, the fifth issue being accompanied by a second part, written by Charles Cotton. Sir Henry Wotton had a warm friendship for Walton, and they went on many fishing excursions together. Wotton's own fishing house was beautifully situated on the Thames.

Walton's high sense of morals is noticeable throughout his book, and in his frequent reference to the "honest" angler or friend he plainly mirrors his simple nature. D'Israeli re-



His shop was but a few doors from this house.

fers to the "Doric sweetness" of Izaak Walton, and also says regarding "The Angler": "One often sees a pretty book which is interesting to a particular class. 'The Angler' pleases everybody." Eighty years after the publication of "The Angler," the book lapsed into obscurity, but was rescued and set in circulation again at the instigation of Dr. Johnson.

Walton's estimate of his favorite pastime is nowhere more ardently expressed than in the following passage, in reply to the falconer's inquiry whether angling were worth learning, or that it really were an art:

"O Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with



CHARLES COTTON.

Walton's intimate friend and adopted son. Author of the second part of "The Compleat Angler."

an artificial fly?—a Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet I doubt not to catch a brace or two tomorrow for a friend's breakfast : doubt not therefore, Sir, but that Angling is an art, and an art worth your learning; the question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it? for Angling is somewhat like Poetry-men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be height-ened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good Angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practised it, then doubt not but that Angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself."

After convincing the falconer, who is called *Venator* throughout the book, Walton (Piscator) takes him on several fishing excursions and instructs him how to angle. Their conversation is delightful in its quaint simplicity. They often met a Milk-Woman on the way home, and Piscator would thus address her:

"God speed you, good woman! I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed; and having caught more fish than will sup myself and friend, I will bestow this upon you and your daughter, for I

use to sell none."
""Milk-W. Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we'll eat it cheerfully; and if you come this way a fishing two months hence, a-grace of God, I'll give you a syllabub of new ver-juice in a new-made hay-cock for it, and my Maudlin shall sing you one of her best ballads; for she and I both love all Anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet men. In the mean time will you drink a draught of

red cow's milk? you shall have it freely.'
"'Pisc. No, I thank you; but I pray do
us a courtesy that shall stand you and your daughter in nothing, and yet we will think ourselves still something in your debt: it is but to sing us a song that was sung by your daughter when I last passed over this mead-

ow, about eight or nine days since.'
"'Milk-W. What song was it, I pray? Was it, "Come, Shepherds, deck your Herds"? or, "As at noon Dulcina rested"? or "Phillida flouts me"? or "Chevy Chace"? or "Johnny Armstrong"? or "Troy Town"?" "Pisc. No, it is none of those: it is a song

that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

"'Milk-W. O, I know it now; you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love Anglers.



TOMB OF ANNE, WIFE OF IZAAK WALTON.

The curious inscription was written by Walton himself.

Then follows Sir John Suckling's well-known and dainty "Milk-Maid's Song," beginning:

- "Come live with me and be my love, And we will all the pleasure prove, That valleys, groves, or hills or field, Or woods and steepy mountains yield.
- "Where we will sit upon the rocks, And see the shepherds feed our flocks By shallow rivers to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.
- "And I will make thee beds of roses, And then a thousand fragrant posies; A cap of flowers and a kirtle, Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle."

After enumerating all the pastoral

pleasures, the shepherd makes his final appeal:

"If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me and be my love."

Walton was very fond of listening to songs and of singing them himself when with congenial companions in an "honest ale-He was always house." conscientious and prompt in paying his share of the bills at the inns where they would stop. On one occasion he thus admonishes his three friends: "Come, my Hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings; that so my Hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

The various recipes that Walton gives in the course of his book, as to the preparation of the fish he has just caught, are of such a tempting character as to "make the mouth water," and he usually supplements the directions with the remark, "This dish is too good for any but Anglers or very honest men."

Charles Cotton, Walton's associate, did not have the same tranquil nature, and frequently was involved in pecuniary troubles. His prose writings are chiefly translations, and his poems are commendable, but not brilliant. Once, while confined in jail, he wrote on the wall of his apartment the following lines:

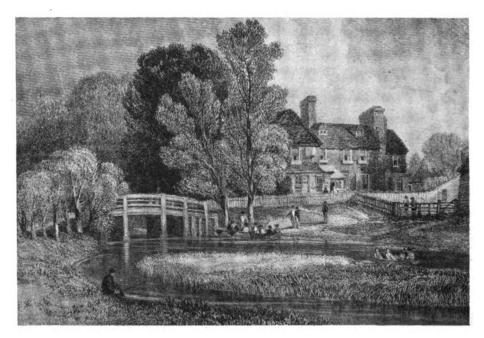
"A prison is a place of cure,
Wherein no one can thrive,
A touchstone sure to try a friend
A grave for men alive."

Sir Hunaphry Davy was an enthusiastic angler. His book, "Sal-



WALTON AND COTTON'S FISHING HOUSE ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER DOVE.

Built to perpetuate the memory of their friendship. Over the door was inscribed the motto, "Piscatoribus Sacrum," and on the keystone were interwoven the initials I. W. and C. C. The same cipher was afterward reproduced on the title-page of Cotton's part of "The Angler."



HILLYER'S BRIDGE ON THE RIVER LEA.

A place much resorted to by Walton and his brothers of the angle. In the quaint old kitchen were cooked the trout caught by them in the pools below the grassy banks.

monia," is well known. At his death he left a seal ring engraved with a trout to his friend, W. Haseldine Pepys, F.R.S., "not as a mourning ring, but to be worn in memory of the happy days they had spent by the river side."

Charles the Second probably dabbled in angling. At any rate, Lord Rochester wrote a pointed satire beginning thus:

"Methinks I see our mighty monarch stand, His pliant angle trembling in his hand."

Shakespeare, in "Much Ado About Nothing," gives one of his characters this pretty simile: "The pleasantest angling is to see the fish cut with her golden oars the silver stream." Cleopatra, waiting and longing for tidings from Anthony, exclaims:

"Give me mine angle, we'll to the river there;

My music playing far off, I will betray Tawny finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their shining jaws, and as I draw them up

I'll think them every one an Anthony, And say, 'Ah! ah! you're caught.'"

Seeing her in this mood, Charmain recalls a previous fishing excursion when Anthony was deceived into imagining himself an angler:

"Twas merry when you wagered on your angling,
When your diver did hang a salt fish on

his hook, Which he with fervency drew up."

Gay's "Rural Sports" contains many verses descriptive of catching fish, and Thomson's "Spring" from "The Seasons" likewise sings of the finny tribe darting in ambient waters. Pope, in his "Windsor Forest," refers to the "patient fisher" on the banks of some Arcadian river.

"Washington as an Angler" is the title of an interesting little book by George H. Moore, of the Ammauskeag Fishing Club. It contains extracts from the diary of our truthful President while on an outing in the vicinity of his old headquarters at Valley

Forge, in 1787. The entries are as follows:

"In compy. with M' Govern' Morris went into neighborhood of the Valley Forge, to a Widow Moore's a fishing at whose house we lodged"

(Moore Hall was an old mansion in Chester County, Pa., on the Schuylkill River.)

"Tuesday, 31st.
"Before breakfast I rode to the Valley Forge and over the whole Cantonment & works of the American army in the winter of 1777-8, and on my return to the Widow Moore's found Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morris. Spent the day there, fishing."

"Friday, Aug. 3rd." In the evening fished."

"In the morning and between breakfast and dinner fished."

The party consisted of Gouverneur Morris, of New York, penman of the Federal Constitution; Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, the financier of the Revolution, and Mrs. Robert Morris; General Philemon Dickinson, of New Jersey, and Colonel Samuel Ogden.

On the occasion of another excur-

sion made to Portsmouth, N. H., in 1789, the following entry is made:

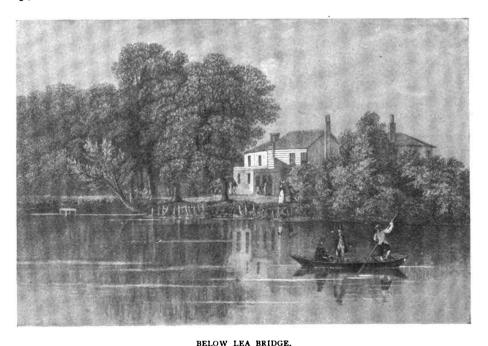
"Having lines we proceeded to the Fishing Banks a little without the harbor and fished for cod; but it not being a proper time of tide, we only caught two, with which about I o'clock we returned to town."

Who, now, can doubt the truth of the little hatchet-cherry-tree episode? Would any but an honest man admit of fishing all day and capturing a string of but two? And if the party had stopped in the village on the way home and purchased the spoil of more experienced anglers to make a fine showing, as men have been known to do, would the Father of his Country have dared to so present himself when he must afterward write a truthful account of the excursion in his diary?

In 1651 there was issued Barker's "Art of Angling," a book somewhat in the style of Walton's "Angler," but without its high moral tone and beautiful expression. In 1657, four years after the publication of the



"THE LIMPTO STREAM, THE SCALY BREED," INVITE THE ANGLER'S WAVING REED."



From the painting by T. C. Hofland.

"Angler," the same book was re-issued under the title "Barker's Delight." Another volume on the same subject, in fact with the same title, "The Art of Angling," was written by R. Brooks, M.D. This book comprised a sportsman's magazine, and contained much technical information, rules, etc. A very pretty song contained in this volume is "The Angler's Life," to be sung to the tune of "Banks of Indermay," beginning as follows:

"When vernal Airs perfume the Fields, And pleasing Views the Landfkip yields, The limpid Stream, the scaly Breed Invite the ANGLER'S waving Reed."

T. C. Hofland (1777–1839), of whom it was written that his life was blameless, his pleasures simple, and his love of nature true, compiled "The British Angler's Manual." Hofland was also an artist, and made many sketches for his book.

A very quaint old work is Oppian's Halieuticks, translated from the Greek. The first two books, arranged by Mr. Diaper, begin in the customary old-time style:

"I sing the natives of the boundless main, And tell what kinds the wat'ry depths contain.

These lines are full of odd fancies, descriptive of all varieties of fishes and imagining their loves. The second part of the Halieuticks, containing three books concerning the fishing of the ancients, is translated by John Jones, M.A., Fellow of Baliol College, Oxon.

Another writer on angling was Palmer Hackle, who modestly called his book "Hints on Angling," and whose love of the sport and nature inspired him to write a long poem, concluding thus:

"Give me, Great Father, strength and health.

A liberal heart, affections kind and free; My rod—my line—be these my pride, my wealth!

They yield me present joys, they draw my soul to Thee."

A number of angler's songs are



AN OLD ANGLER'S SONG.

published under the title "Righte Merrie Garlands for North Country Anglers," the chief authors being Thomas Doubleday, William Gill Thompson, Robert Roxby, William Andrew Chatto, and Joseph Crawhall, who is also the editor. themes are various, including jingles, jolly songs, fishers' choruses, praising favorite streams, farewell on the approach of winter, fisher's call and challenge, fisher's courtship, angler's delight, and angler's reverie. One of the songs by Mr. Crawhall is entitled "The Conqueror Worm," which is humorous. This title is the same that one of Edgar Allan Poe's most melancholy, pessimistic poems bears. That the identical caption should be given to verses so widely different in sentiment is a curious coincidence. "The Fishers' Garland" passed through many editions, beginning in 1820.

Probably the most curious book

ever printed on this subject, a private copy of which is in the Lenox Library, valued at \$150, being especially printed for its former owner, has the following odd title, characteristic of the travesty and egotism displayed throughout its pages:

"THE COMPLEATEST ANGLING BOOKE
That ever was writ,
Being done out of ye
HEBREWE
And other tongues by a
PERSON OF HONOR,"

Though no name is attached to this quaint work, the author, or translator, as he prefers to call himself, is undoubtedly Joseph Crawhall, for his monogram appears on the last page. The spirit of burlesque and humor displayed throughout this book affords considerable amusement, while



TOMBSTONE OF WALTON AT WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

as a simple curiosity the volume is remarkable. The edition referred to is printed on only one side on antique vellum, blank sheets alternating with the printed pages. The illustrations, purporting to be pictures of the ancients fishing, are extremely ludicrous and primitive in style, and the sarcastic comments on other anglers and books of like nature betray a rare sense of satirical humor.

When Walton's "Angler" was first published, the following advertisement of it was posted:

"There is published a Booke of 18 pence price called The Compleat Angler, or, The Contemplative Man's recreation; being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing. Not unworthy the Perusal. Sold by Richard Marriott in S. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet-street. 1653."

Contrast the price of 18 pence with the amount paid about a year ago for a first edition copy (of which there are now but few in existence)—viz., \$1500.

Walton gave his book such an admirably appropriate sub title, "The Contemplative Man's Recreation." What a chance for contemplation a sylvan stream presents! What opportunity for musing while the waters glide by, and the soft branches whisper overhead! Even if the amateur hold the rod all day, forgetful of bait, his time is well spent, for the fresh breeze will blow pure thoughts to his brain, and the peaceful scene inspire him with the love for nature that is akin to worship—that love which springs in every human heart, without which no man is perfect, and with which no man is wholly evil.

In leafy June, when fields are green,
And singing streams glide softly by,
When breezes brisk flit o'er the meads,
And rising lark the glad gaze leads
To cloudless and untroubled sky;
'Tis then the spirit longs for air,
And gentle sport doth all men wish:
The day is bright, the prospect fair,
Away with work! Let's go and fish.

Beatrice Sturges.



BLEAK HALL ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER LEA.

A favorite haunt of Walton and Cotton. "I have been a-fishing, and am going to Bleak Hall to my bed."

American Naval Heroes.

IV.

Thomas Truxton. Edward Preble. Captain Little. William Bainbridge. Stephen Decatur. Captain Sterritt.

A T the close of the war for independence Congress ordered all work on Government vessels to be stopped and the unfinished menof-war to be sold. Even the ships that had given such good service during the Revolution were either disposed of to shipping merchants or sold abroad to be used as privateers. In this way the entire naval establishment passed out of existence.

American merchantmen were now sailing on the high seas under a new Heretofore they had protection by displaying the royal ensign of England; now as citizens of a new republic they hoisted to the breeze the Stars and Stripes. These merchantmen were the first to point out to Congress the need of a naval force to protect them from buccaneers, at this time swarming every sea. England's commerce was protected by formidable line-of-battle ships anchored in every prominent harbor of the world, while American merchantmen were totally unprotected, and became the easy prey of pirates, especially those infesting the Mediterranean Sea sent out from the Barbary States. These semi-barbarians not only seized American merchantmen and fiscated their cargoes, but they as well imprisoned and enslaved the officers and seamen they made cap-Intelligence of these highhanded acts did not reach the homes of the brave sailors for many months, and meanwhile numbers of the captive seamen died in bondage from the cruel treatment they received at the hands of their captors.

pirates became emboldened by their successes, and, finding no armed opposition to their operations, they boldly pushed outside the Straits of Gibraltar, and there captured several American vessels bound to other than

Mediterranean ports.

Under the administration of Washington, six frigates had been commenced, and were progressing slowly under the direction of Joshua Humphrey, a skilled shipbuilder of Philadelphia. As the policy of Washington's administration was to avoid all "entangling alliances" with foreign powers, the continuous depredations on American commerce by both French and English privateers, made under pretext of seeking an enemy sheltered under the new flag, had not moved the Government from its policy of maintaining a strict neutrality in the war then going on between its old enemy and its late ally of the Revolutionary War.

When John Adams assumed the presidency the policy of the Government at once changed, and the President determined to establish a navy that should not only afford protection to American commerce, but as well command the respect of the maritime

world.

The summer of 1798 was marked by active preparations made by the newly organized department of the navy. The President had selected George Cabot as Secretary, but as he did not work in harmony with the administration, Secretary Cabot resigned after eighteen days' service, to be succeeded by Benjamin Stod-



MEDAL PRESENTED BY PRESIDENT JOHN ADAMS TO EDWARD PREBLE FOR SIGNAL BRAVERY IN THE

OPERATIONS AGAINST TRIPOLL.

dert, who had been secretary of the board of war up to 1781. It therefore fell to the duty of Secretary Stoddert to build a navy and equip it for service, both offensive and de-This new navy comprised fensive. the frigates United States, President. Constitution, and Philadelphia, each of 44 guns; the Chesapeake, Constellation, Congress, and New York, each of 36 guns; and the Boston, Essex, Adams, John Adams, and General Greene, each of 32 guns. fleet was divided into two squadrons. Commodore John Barry, with his flagship United States, commanded the first, and Thomas Truxton, with the Constellation as flagship, commanded the second squadron. Each commander had personally supervised the construction of his flagship. story of the exploits of John Barry have been told in a previous paper. No less a hero was Thomas Truxton, who was born on Long Island, February 7, 1755. He lost his father when a mere lad, and was placed under the guardianship of John Thorpe, a prominent citizen of Jamaica, L. I. When twelve years old the boy shipped on board the Pitt, bound for Bristol, England. The following year, while in a British port, he was

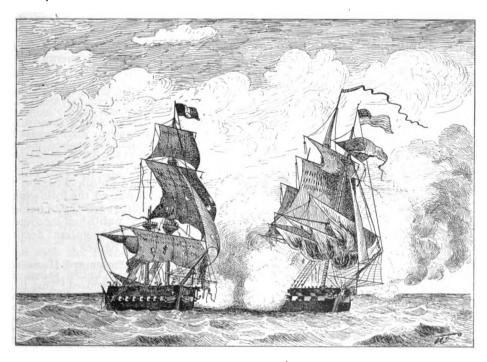
impressed on board the man-of-war Prudent. The English captain was so pleased with the young American sailor that he offered him rapid promotion, even promising a midshipman's commission. This he declined. wishing to obtain his release and return to his native land. He soon after, through the influence of some Americans in London, gained his discharge and returned to the service of his old employer. At the outbreak of the war for independence he was employed in bringing supplies to the Continental Army, when his vessel with a valuable cargo, of which he was half owner, was seized off the island of St. Christopher, confiscated, and sold, and he returned penniless to Philadelphia. He then served as second officer on the Congress, and afterward on the Independence, Mars, Commerce, and St. James. In these trying times he displayed great skill as a navigator and daring as a com-His captures were mostmander. ly of vessels much larger than his own in tonnage and armament, and his naval prizes proved to be valuable cargoes much needed by the patriot army. His first cruise as commander of the second squadron of the new naval force sent out to intercept

French privateers operating in the West Indies was signalized on February 9, 1799, when off St. Christopher's Island, by an encounter with the French frigate Insurgente, 40 guns, Captain Bureaut. In a sharply contested fight of less than an hour, during which time the guns of the Constellation swept the deck of the Insurgente with repeated and welldirected broadsides, the Insurgente struck her colors, a mere wreck of what was an hour before the proudest and best ship in the French navy. Captain Truxton, in his official report to Secretary of War Stoddert, February 10, 1700, after describing the action, says:

"... I have been much shattered in my rigging and sails, and my foretopmast rendered, from wounds, useless; you may depend the enemy is not less so. The high state of our discipline, with the gallant conduct of my officers and men, would have enabled me to have compelled a more formidable enemy to have yielded had the fortunes

of war thrown one in my way. As it is I hope the President and my country will for the present be content with a very fine frigate being added to our navy, and that, too, with the loss of only one man killed and two wounded, while the enemy had (the French surgeon reports) 52 or 53 killed and wounded. Several were found dead in the tops, etc., and thrown overboard eighteen hours after we had possession. I must not omit in this hasty detail to do justice to Monsieur Bureaut, for he defended his ship manfully, and from my raking him several times fore and aft, and being athwart his stern, ready with every gun to fire when he struck his colors, we may impute the conflict not being more bloody on our side; for had not these advantages been taken the engagement would not have ended so soon, for the Insurgente was completely officered and manned."

The total killed and wounded on the Insurgente was seventy, while the one man killed on the Constellation was a gunner, shot by Lieutenant Sterrett for leaving his quarters during action. In closing his report to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Truxton distributes the honors won



CONSTELLATION CAPTURING L'INSURGENTE.

in the fight in these considerate and generous words:

"For the honor of our nation, I must declare that it is impossible for officers and men in any service to have behaved better than my people did generally on this occasion; it must there-fore not be understood, because I have mentioned the names of a few of the principal gentlemen, those of an inferior grade in their stations are less deserving; on the contrary, to the latter I always felt most indebted for

their exertions in the hour of battle, as they have generally much less at stake than those in higher stations, and consequently less inducement to display their valor."

Captain Truxton was presented by the merchants at Lloyds with a service of plate costing £630 sterling, as an expression of their estimate of his valor in this exploit.

On February 1, 1800, when off Guadeloupe, the Constellation sighted the French frigate Vengeance, 50 guns, and immediately gave chase, which was held up to 8 P.M. of February 2, when the Vengeance opened fire from her stern and quarter guns directly at the riggings and spars of the Constellation. Captain Truxton gave orders below to hold their fire and not throw away a single charge of powder, but to take good aim directly into the hull of the enemy with round shot and grape, loading and fring as rapidly as possible. The battle at close quarters was maintained for over four hours, to beyond midnight, when the enemy's fire was completely silenced, and the ship sheered off. Three times the flag of the Vengeance had struck, but the darkness and smoke of battle prevented Captain Truxton seeing the signal of surrender, and not until he gained no response to his last broadside did he become aware of his vic-



FAC-SIMILE OF THE MEDAL VOTED TO CAPTAIN THOMAS TRUXTON.

tory. His prize, however, managed to elude his grasp, for before he could bring his sails to service the enemy was far to windward, and then it was discovered that the mainmast of the Constellation was unsupported by riggings and badly cut by the enemy's shot. The topmen had been apprised of the danger, but no order coming for relief, Mid-shipman James

Jervis and the topmen under him stuck to their post until carried to the deck with the crashing mast, meeting death in their devotion to duty. The Constellation in this fight lost 39 killed and wounded. The Vengeance reached Curaçoa in great distress. She had lost 160 men killed and wounded. In his address to his officers and crew, Captain Truxton, after explaining the cause of the escape of the enemy after being vanquished, said:

"As the commander, therefore, I feel infinite satisfaction in returning my thanks to the officers of every description, seamen, marines, and others, for the gallantry they displayed on this occasion, which, under a beneficent Providence, has enabled me to add another laurel to the American character on the records of the navy."

Congress voted Captain Truxton a gold medal, and passed the following resolutions, which are worthy of being repeated in every published account that claims to record the gallant deeds of America's naval heroes:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled: That the President of the United States be requested to present to Captain Thomas Truxton a golden medal emblematical of the late action between the United States frigate Constellation, of 38 guns, and the French ship-of-war Vengeance, of 54 guns, in testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of the gallant and good conduct in the above en-

gagement, wherein an example was exhibited by the captain, officers, sailors, and marines honorable to the American name

and instructive to its rising navy.

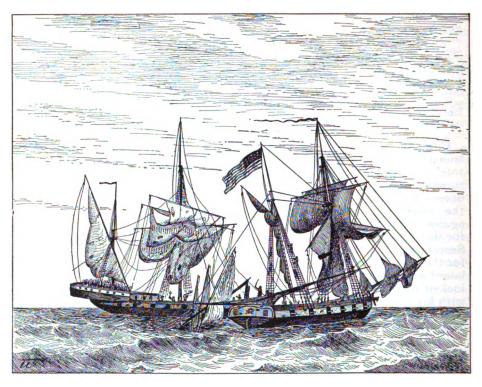
"And it is further resolved that the conduct of James Jervis, a midshipman in said frigate, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post, is deserving of the highest praise, and that the loss of so promising an officer is a subject of national regret."

Captain Truxton was the next year transferred to the President and given sole command of the West Indian squadron, with the rank of commo-In 1802 he was designated for command of the expedition against Tripoli. In his preparations for this expedition he asked the new Secretary of the Navy, Robert Smith, for the appointment of a captain on board his flagship. This request was looked upon by President Jefferson, with his extreme democratic notions, as savoring too much of an aristocratic establishment in the navy, and aware that Commodore Truxton was well acquainted with his avowed sentiment on this very subject, the President interpreted the request in the nature of a resignation, which he promptly accepted, dropping Commodore Truxton's name from the navy list. He returned to his farm in New Jersey, and afterward removed to Philadelphia, where he was elected high sheriff for two terms, He died in Philadelphia, 1816-19. May 5, 1822. Eight of his grandsons followed their illustrious grandparent in selecting the navy as a life calling, and were all educated at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

On October 12, 1800, the United States frigate Boston, Captain Little, while cruising in the West Indies, fell in with the French corvette La Berceau, 24 guns, Captain Senes. The two ships engaged in action, and in one and three quarter hours the French corvette struck her colors and surrendered to the Boston. In the engagement the Americans lost 6 killed and 8 wounded, while the French officers and crew were decimated, the lieutenant, master, boat-

swain, master gunner, and pilot being among the killed and wounded. the short fight the Boston used 2700 pounds of powder, 1500 rounds of shot, 3000 chain, double-headed, and grapeshot, besides that used by the small arms. The La Berceau was reputed to be one of the swiftest sailing corvettes in the French navy, and had in every previous attack or engagement made good use of her speed. Her captures were of valuable prizes, including rich cargoes borne in American ships, besides numerous others under the British and Portuguese flags. Captain Senes had served in the French navy for years, having been a midshipman in Count D'Estaing's fleet in the war for American inde-On boarding their prize pendence. the officers of the Boston found that the effects of their shot on the La Berceau had been to sweep her decks, cutting all her masts so effectually that they had gone by the board toward the close of the engagement. Captain Little carried his prize in triumph into Boston harbor, where the French commander and a government commissioner, a passenger on board, were paroled and allowed to sail for Barbadoes.

The end of our difficulties with France gave to our navy an opportunity to pay its respects to the Barbary States. The George Washington, Captain Bainbridge, was the only United States man-of-war in the Mediterranean Sea. Congress immediately fitted out a fleet and gave the command to Richard Dale, the heroic lieutenant under John Paul Jones, on the Bon Homme Richard, in her fight with the Serapis. Congress not having formally declared war against the Barbary States, notwithstanding the insult offered to the Government by the pasha in allowing the flagstaff of the American consulate at Tripoli to be cut down, President Adams was left without the authority to make any offensive movement, and the only duty left to Commodore Dale was to defend the American merchantmen and keep a lookout for any overt act on the part of the Tripolian



ENTERPRISE CAPTURING THE TRIPOLI.

These conditions made this expedition practically fruitless. only opportunity offering to show the saucy pirates the skill and fighting qualities of the navy of the new American power was the meeting of the Enterprise, Captain Sterritt, with the Tripolian polacca Tripoli, commanded by Mahomet Sous. The two vessels were of the same size, and they at once engaged in a fight at The Yankee craft close quarters. could sail all around the Tripoli, and succeeded in raking her fore and aft and from each quarter. The shot from the Enterprise badly cut her rigging, and she was soon helpless and at the mercy of the Americans. Thereupon the commander of the Tripoli lowered his flag, and at the same moment the gunners of the Enterprise, elated at their easy victory, rushed on deck and gave three cheers, on hearing which the Tripolians ran

up their flag and reopened the fight. They attempted to board the Enterprise, and gained the rail, simitars in hand. The Yankee crew drove them back to their own deck, and they again feigned surrender, to gain time and breath, when they renewed the attack the second time. The bluejackets then became furious and determined to give the barbarians no further quarter, but press the fight to the death. The polacca lay almost helpless from loss of her rigging. Her mizzenmast was gone, her deck was slippery with blood, and she was The commander prostrated sinking. himself on the rail and begged for quarter, at the same time casting his flag into the sea. Lieutenant Sterritt, as generous as he was gallant, ceased firing and took possession of the craft. As they could not make her a prize, the two nations not being formally at war, Sterritt ordered the

guns thrown overboard and the remaining masts cut away. In this plight what remained of the crew carried the vessel back to Tripoli. Her arrival in such a disreputable plight so incensed the pasha that he caused the Rais to be mounted on a jackass and paraded up and down the streets of the city, after which he was given 500 blows of the bastinado.

The operations of the navy in the Mediterranean Sea were at an end, and in 1801 Commodore Dale was ordered to return home with his fleet. In August, 1803, Congress declared war against the Barbary States, and fitted out a squadron consisting of the frigates Constitution, flagship, of 44 guns, Commodore Edward Preble; Philadelphia, 44 guns, Captain William Bainbridge; the brigs Argus, 18 guns; Siren, 16 guns, Lieutenant Stewart; Nautilus, 16 guns; Vixen, 16 guns; and Enterprise, 12 guns, Lieutenant Stephen Decatur. brave commander of this fleet, Edward Preble, was born at Portland, Me., August 15, 1761. He was given a good primary education, and early developed a wild and venturous spirit. To prevent his running away from home his father found a berth for the lad in a letter of marque bound for Europe. On this first voyage he gave evidence of the hardihood and courage so conspicuous in his naval career. In 1779 he sailed as midshipman on the Protector, Captain Will-During this cruise his ship engaged in a sea-fight with the English letter of marque Admiral Duff, which fell a prize to the Protector. On the second cruise the Protector was captured, and young Preble was carried with the rest of the crew prisoner to England. He was in a short time released and allowed to return to his native land. He next saw service on the sloop-of-war Winthrop, Captain Little, who as an officer of the Protector had been imprisoned with Preble, but managed to escape. While serving under Captain Little he was selected to direct the boarding of a British brig lying in the harbor at the mouth of the Penobscot River,

This he accomplished with twenty men, causing the English crew to leap overboard and swim for the shore before they had time to awaken their officers in their berths. These young Preble made prisoners and carried them with the brig safely into Boston harbor.

When the trouble between the United States and France occurred. in 1798, Preble was one of the first five lieutenants appointed by Congress. He made two cruises in the Pickering as her captain, and was then made commander of the frigate Essex. From the Essex he was transferred to the Adams, but his health failing he was obliged to retire. 1803 he was made commander of the squadron operating in the Mediterranean. He sailed in the Constitution August 13. Captain William Bainbridge had sailed in the Philadelphia in July, and on August 26 had captured the Moorish ship Mirboka, 22 guns and 110 men, having in company the American brig Celia, of Boston, which she had captured, and whose crew at that moment were prisoners in the hold of the Mirboka. Important papers were secured which disclosed the perfidy of the Emperor of Morocco. This discovery led Commodore Preble to give orders to all his fleet captains to make captive every Moorish vessel they could find. He then sailed in the Constitution to Tangier, where in the presence of the Emperor he resolutely maintained the honor and dignity of his Government. His honorable conduct so humbled the barbaric potentate that he speedily made renewals of the treaty of peace made by his father and broken by his late acts. He further ordered the release of all American prisoners and the restoration of the property captured. Commodore Preble in turn gave up the Mirboka and withdrew the orders given to his fleet captains. For his valuable services on this cruise Congress voted to Commodore Preble the thanks of the nation, and an appropriate and costly medal was presented him by the After his memorable President.

bombardment of Tripoli and release of the American prisoners, he was relieved of the command of the squadron by Commodore Barron and returned to the United States. health rapidly declined, and he died August 25, 1807, surrounded by a large circle of mourning friends, who were favored witnesses of a heroism that had gained for him renown in life and did not now forsake him as he stood on the threshold of an unknown hereafter. He lived and died a Christian hero, and made one of the triumvirate of central figures of the early navy: Jones of the Revolution: Truxton of the West Indies: and Preble of the operations against Tripoli.

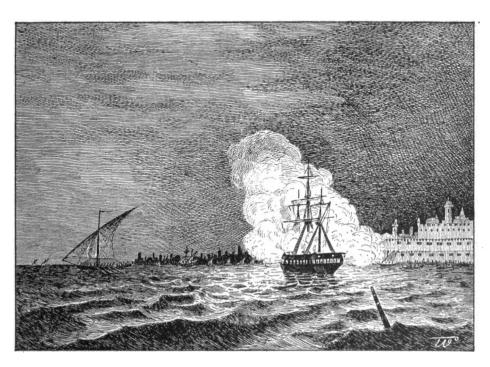
While Commodore Preble was carrying on his negotiations with the Emperor of Morocco, Captain Bainbridge, with the Philadelphia and Vixen, had proceeded to blockade the harbor of Tripoli. On giving chase to a Tripolian vessel seeking to enter the harbor, the frigate was led, in the excitement, too near the shore, and ran high on a reef of rocks, where, despite the best efforts of the captain to lighten her by cutting her anchors and throwing overboard her heavy forward guns, she stuck. then braced her yards aback and put out all her boats astern to tow her into deep water. This too, failed, and the enemy took advantage of the helpless condition of the frigate and directed all their fleet to open fire upon the luckless ship. This they the more eagerly did, as it gave them an opportunity to revenge themselves against the severe punishment and humiliation they had received on board the Tripoli at the hands of Captain Sterrift. The Philadelphia had toppled to one side as the tide receded, and her guns were thus rendered useless as against the enemy, who directed their fire against the masts and rigging. Captain Bainbridge finding all efforts to float her frigate useless, and wishing to prevent the useless sacrifice of his men, hauled down the flag. The Tripolians at once put to their boats and

rapidly rowed to the stranded frigate and crowded over her rails and They looted through her portholes. the chests and lockers and held up the officers and crew, taking from them watches, money, and any valuable trinkets or keepsakes they possessed, even stripping them of their uniform, leaving officers and men alike in their shirts and trousers 307 making up the crew were carried in this condition before the pasha. They were all imprisoned in the building used before the war as the American consulate, where the flagstaff supporting the Stars and Stripes had been cut down, which act had led to the declaration of war. The Tripolites at high tide succeeded in floating the Philadelphia, and recovering her anchors and guns, cast overboard. they had her soon fully restored and in fighting trim and anchored in the inner harbor. Commodore Preble, on learning of this condition of affairs. determined to destroy the Philadelphia as she thus lay at anchor. this end he accepted the voluntary services of Lieutenant Decatur to command the daring expedition. He disguised the Intrepid with a Tripolian rig, and accompanied by the Siren as a support and to cover his retreat, made the venture. The Philadelphia was protected by the guns of the pasha's castle and by the neighboring forts, besides being surrounded by all the galleys of the enemy's flo-Adverse winds delayed the expedition for over a week. The Intrepid, in the darkness of night, had those of her crew forced to be on deck disguised with Maltese caps, while the remainder of the men were crouched in the shadows of the bulwark or below deck. They passed the battery, gained the side of the ship, hailed the officer of the Philadelphia in his own tongue, asking for permission to run a hawser to the frigate, as they had lost their anchors in the storm, and would ride by her for the night. A breeze sprang up which drove the Intrepid about twenty yards away and directly under the guns of the Philadelphia. Decatur

maintained perfect calmness, and in a low voice ordered the boat manned to carry the hawser to the frigate. This was met by a boat from the Philadelphia sent out to help them. The ends of the respective hawsers were spliced and the boat returned. while the crew of the Philadelphia quietly hauled the hawser taut and soon brought the Intrepid alongside the Philadelphia. Then the cry "Americanos!" broke upon the stillness of the night. They were discovered. Decatur rang out the order "Board!" as he with Lieutenant Morris leaped on the deck of the Philadelphia. The crew followed. each armed with cutlass and pistol. The Tripolian crew, panic-stricken, rushed to the bow and leaped from the rail into the water. A few, more brave, offered a feeble resistance, but soon succumbed. The victorious boarders prepared the combustibles and methodically applied the match.

so the whole ship was soon in a blaze. Decatur was the last to leave the burning frigate, and swung from the rail into the rigging of the Intrepid as she veered off to escape the conflagra-All the guns of the forts at this moment were trained toward the little Intrepid, as the glare from the burning frigate lightened the harbor and discovered her position. The shot fell fore and aft and alongside, throwing up columns of spray. Only one struck the target, making a hole through her topgallant sail. wind fortunately filled her sails, and aided by the powerful arms of the rowers that propelled the oars, the Intrepid was soon out of reach of the batteries, and another chapter was added to the daring deeds of America's naval heroes. Lord Nelson, then commanding the English fleet off Toulon, characterized the exploit as the most bold and daring act of the age.''

John Howard Brown.



BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA IN THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLL.

AUNT HANNAH'S SILVER WEDDING.

T'VE been thinkin', Elviry," said Aunt Hannah, in the calm and placid voice which had smoothed so many rough places in the course of a fifty years' pilgrimage, "I've been thinkin' that it'll be twenty-five years come next Wednesday since me and your Uncle Jed was married, and if he'd a' been spared, we'd a' had a silver weddin'. I ain't never had any weddin' only the first Here Aunt Hannah dropped her knitting needles, which had been clicking cheerfully, as she sat on the front doorstep in the summer twilight, pleasantly conscious of the neat little front yard with its straight paths bordered with June roses and treehoneysuckles, and lifting her eyes to the blue hills which shut in the far horizon, she saw again Youth and Love and Hope. But the touch of old Rover's nose suddenly pressed close upon her knee, seeking a friendly hand, brought her back to earth again; and with a sigh, in which regret was tempered by contentment, Aunt Hannah turned again to Elvira, and, sure of sympathy from her favorite niece, proceeded to unfold her

"You know, Elviry," she said, "that your Uncle Jed didn't live but three years after we was married, so we couldn't have kep' an anniversary, even if't had been the fashion then. Not but I've thought of him, I guess, just as often as if we'd had a wooden weddin', and a tin one, and all the rest of 'em."

Here Aunt Hannah's needles clicked a little faster. She was thinking of some remarks that had been made when, five years after Jed's untimely death, she went to meeting one Sunday with some pink roses in her bonnet—roses which matched her cheeks very well at that time, and still matched her disposition.

"I guess they can't say much about that," said Elvira, "seeing that every one knows you might have had Deacon White or Minister Stebbins any day if you'd said the word."

'Well, well, child," said Aunt Hannah, with a conscious smile. "that's neither here nor there; but seeing's I didn't have 'em, seems to me it's ruther hard that, jest because Jed died so untimely, we shouldn't have any anniversaries like the rest of folks. He'd 'a liked 'em-he always liked company; we was of one mind about that, as we was about most things; an' I know, if he was here to-day, he'd say, 'Hannah, you jest go ahead an' have it.' And so, Elviry, I'm a-goin' to." This was said with some decision, and then, as if to forestall any possible objections, Aunt Hannah hurried on: "I haven't had any company for most four years not since your sister Lidy was married, and I give her a send-off. Of course, I've had sewin' society, and done my share in church and temperance doin's, but, somehow, it didn't seem jest the right thing for me, a widow woman, to start up and ask the neighbors, men and women folks both, to jest a party. But this is different; it seems as if Jed was sort of givin' it with me, an' if they's presents, why, I don't know of any man that ever deserved better of his neighbors than he did.

Aunt Hannah's voice faltered a little, but she had taken the first step on what she felt to be dangerous ground, and was not going to recede.

"What if they is presents, Elviry? I don't ask 'em to bring none, no more'n a bride does when she asks you to the weddin'; but I guess the bride don't live these days that wouldn't be dreadful disappointed if she didn't get none; and I own I'd be some disappointed too. I like pretty things"—Aunt Hannah's voice took a wistful tone—"an' I've never had none—only what I airnt. Jed would 'a got me all I wanted if he'd only lived; but, you see, when we was married 'twa'n't the fashion to

give weddin' presents. Why, all I had was half a dozen tea spoons your grandma give me, and a pair of claw sugar-tongs your grand-aunt Peck lef' me in her will. An' look at Lidy! Why, she had more things to start with than me an' your mother've had in all our lives. Then, if I say it as shouldn't, I've always done my share; there ain't been a bride married in Saranac Corners this twenty years that I haven't took her somethin', if 'twa'n't more'n a set of mats or a crocheted tidy, and lots of times 'twas store things. An' it does seem. though I wouldn't say it to every one, that it ain't hardly fair that. jest because I was left alone this way. I shouldn't have none of the pleasant things I might have had if I'd had all the rest. An' so, Elviry, I've made up my mind that there ain't any earthly reason why I shouldn't have a silver weddin', an' I'm a-goin' to have one."

Whatever misgivings Elvira might have felt when the project was first disclosed had melted away in the warmth of her aunt's feeling; and, knowing that the slowly matured resolves of a placid nature are hard to shake, and trusting to the real regard of the neighborhood for the kindly, helpful widow, whose social and pleasure-loving temperament had before now exposed her to the criticism of her friends without really affecting their liking, she offered no objection, and, yielding a ready assent to the plan, was soon in the midst of a delightful discussion of details, in which Aunt Hannah's too often repressed love of social functions found full expression.

Early on the following afternoon Aunt Hannah started out to give her invitations with a faint flush on her cheeks, by way of tribute to the conventional usage she might be transgressing, but with a little formula prepared, which included no explanation and permitted no comment. The invitation to be present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage with Mr. Jedidiah Rounds was as carefully worded as if she had studied it in the

pages of the "Home Manual," as she probably had; and only waiting to add that she should be "dreadful disappointed if they didn't all come," she hurried from house to house. This unwonted haste on the part of leisurely Mrs. Rounds might have made the neighbors suspect that she was a little uneasy herself as to the impression her invitations might produce, but she gave no other grounds for such a suspicion; and, indeed, when she reached home, after having made the circuit of the neighborhood. the pleasant stir of action had taken possession of her, and she set about her preparations for the great event with as untroubled a mind as if she were planning for a church "sugar party." The momentous question now was whether the "entertainment" should be confined to the elegant but unsatisfying ice-cream and sweet cake, or should boldly cater to the tastes of the stronger sex by admitting the golden doughnut and the flaky pie.

The next day was Saturday, the day when the "Corners" went to the village to do its "trading." It was well that Mrs. Rounds's invitation had been already given—that is, it was well for those who did not wish to go empty handed to a silver wedding. Who shall say that she had foreseen this difficulty, and provided for it?

It was also the day on which the sewing society met; and to-day, for the first time in many years, Mrs. Rounds was absent.

"Gittin' baked up for the silver weddin', I suppose," said thin little Miss Prindle, the village dressmaker, with a snort of disapproval. "Most ridic'lous thing I ever heerd of; why, I might as well set up to have a silver—I mean a wooden weddin' myself."

"Well, why not? Ain't you expectin' to, some time?" asked Mrs. Bascom, the minister's wife, in her most conciliatory tones.

At this Miss Prindle preened her ruffled feathers, smoothed her black alpaca apron, and ceased from further troubling for the moment, in view of

future possibilities.

"What do you s'pose Deacon White'll say to it?" asked the Widow Jenkins, giving a careless air to her question by stopping in the midst of it to shake out the garment she had

just completed.

"Es Hannah Rounds ain't troubled herself about what Deacon White's said all these years he's been a-runnin' after her, 'tain't likely she'll begin now!" responded Mrs. Abijah Rounds, who, though she was severe enough, in private, on Hannah's easygoing ways, pink roses, and pink cheeks, yet in public never forgot that she had been Abijah's brother's wife.

Mrs. Jenkins pursed her lips and was about to make a retort, when Mrs. Bascom bethought herself of asking who was Mrs. Rounds's grandmother on her mother's side, and in less than five minutes the company, led by two or three of the older women, was launched on a sea of reminiscence and genealogical discussion, in which Aunt Hannah and her party were soon lost sight of.

The men at "the store" had their say too, but they were accustomed to let their "women folks" settle matters of etiquette; so the question passed with a joke or two, mostly levelled at Deacon White, who, balanced on a bench on the little stoop that ran across the front of the store, his shoulders propped against the wall and his hat pulled well down over his eyes, received them in silence, as one who could afford to let

others laugh.

Wednesday morning Aunt Hannah was up with the dawn, and by five o'clock, when Elvira came hurrying from school, every room in the little house was not only spotless, but had received every decoration which Aunt Hannah's fertile brain could devise. "I don't know but it looks sort of foolish," she said, as she led Elvira from the summer kitchen to the parlor chamber. "What do you think?"

"I think it's just lovely," said Elvira, and Aunt Hannah beamed.

If Aunt Hannah couldn't "bank" her mantles with chrysanthemums. she had filled every fireplace, and even the kitchen sink, with asparagus boughs. Long sprays of asparagus hung from every ceiling to attract any fly that dared to venture in, and the white-and-gilt china and red Bohemian glass vases had all been carefully filled with tight bunches of many-colored flowers. But the decorations were not confined to natural flowers. Ciêpe paper lamp-shades had not yet reached the "Corners, or were considered too striking an innovation to be adopted by staid people like Aunt Hannah; but life-size parasols cunningly fashioned of pinkand-white tissue paper were suspended beneath the looking-glass in the parlor; and an elaborate pagoda framed of perforated cardboard and decorated with glass beads, which had once taken a prize at the county agricultural fair, occupied a conspicuous position on a small round black walnut table. Tidies of every size and description were pinned on every available spot; braided cloth mats, or hit-or-miss rag rugs, made islands on the painted floors, except in the parlor, where a "three-ply" laid over a liberal sprinkling of straw gave one the sensation of treading on waves; the photographs of the different members of the family in their oval blackvarnished frames, with a line of gilt beading, were draped in yellow tarletan; so was the ancient painting on velvet, done by Aunt Hannah's mother in her youth, and representing an elegant classic female weeping above a tomb. In short, everything that was possible had been done to bring the little house to the highest pitch of perfection.

Aunt Hannah herself was radiant in a steel-gray poplin, with some white lace around her neck and crossed on her ample bosom. "It was mother's lace," she told Elvira. "Mother and I favored each other, and we always picked the same patterns. I'd have liked," she continued, with a gentle sigh, "to have wore one of the dresses I had when I

was married; 'twouldn't have seemed no more'n right, considering Jed; but, goodness knows, I couldn't any more have got into it than I could a' flew."

Just then came a knock at the front door, which stood open to the summer air, and Elvira hastened to take from a little boy a box which came "with Mr. and Mrs. Bascom's compliments."

"Now, ain't that just like Mis' Bascom?" said Aunt Hannah, when the parcel was at last undone. "She does beat all; some folks might have known I wanted a parlor clock till doomsday an' they'd a' got me a album instid; but she never makes a mistake."

Indeed, in Aunt Hannah's present mood not much could come amiss; and as guests and presents arrived, each was more welcome than the other. To be sure, when Mrs. Jenkins, ostentatiously mourning in bombazine and rusty crape, arrived, bringing with her a framed worstedwork tablet bearing the legend, "To the memory of the dear Departed," worked in black, on a purple ground, Mrs. Bascom hastened to intercept it. But Aunt Hannah was floating on a sea of feeling, flowing from the blessedness of receiving, mingled with tender recollections of her youth, which bore her buoyantly over any such attempt to point the finger of scorn, and, gratefully accepting the tablet, she found room for it in the very middle of the mantel shelf, and placed a big bunch of sweet-williams beside it, remarking in an undertone to the friend nearest her that "she didn't know as many knew that his middle name was William, but so it was. Jedidiah William it stood in the Bible; but they'd always called him Jed."

Her good humor was proof against the insinuation contained in Miss Prindle's present of a black lace cap; it overflowed into delight to welcome the "elegant silver butter-dish," the pickle-dish, and spoon-holder, fashioned intricately, with a maximum of glass and a minimum of silver; it accepted gayly the gallant speeches of Deacon White, whose lagging intentions were visibly quickened by this scene of pleasant comfort and good will, though he himself had only thought fit to bring a britannia teapot with a black knob on the handle.

"Out of his store," so Mrs. Abijah commented to Elvira, "and old stock he couldn't sell off at that; for there's a dent down clost to the handle, an' I expect it leaks. Your Aunt Hannah better look out; it's pretty hard to marry for money an' work for love!"

But the evening was without a flaw for Aunt Hannah; and when, at last, the guests were gone, the dishes washed and put away, the house "red up," the presents inspected for the last time, and she and Elvira had dropped into their old places upon the doorstep for a moment's rest before going to bed, she breathed a gentle sigh as she said: "Well, Elviry, it's all over, an' I've had a real good time, too; if only your Uncle Jed could a' been here to enjoy it with me!"

Helen M. Palmer.





PORTRAIT OF MRS. WALLERSTEIN.

MRS. ADELAIDE WALLERSTEIN.

A PLEASANT illustration of the progress of the times is afforded by the number of cultured American women who have made their mark as translators. It demands a broad knowledge of language to interpret successfully the idiom of one speech into that of another; but when it comes to trans-

forming or transferring the poetry of one language into a second, the translator must be also a poet to accomplish her work in even a satisfactory manner. The great translations of our literature from foreign poets have been made by our greatest poets. Bryant's "Iliad," Bayard Taylor's "Faust," Fitzgerald's "Omar Kháy-

yam," Bulwer's "Schiller," and Longfellow's numerous masterpieces are all examples of this principle.

So with American women who have done similar work—Helen Zimmern, May Wright Sewall, Alice Heineman Southeran, Lily Curry, Louise Imogene Guiney, and the late Emma Lazarus achieved such brilliant successes in this literary field that their names will be long remembered. A new name in the roll of brilliant interpreters is that of Mrs. Adelaide Wallerstein, of New York, who in private life is Mrs. Harry Wallerstein.

She is a young woman of beauty, wealth, culture, and accomplishments,

who has long devoted her leisure time to the critical study of French literature, and who for her own amusement has put much, both prose and verse, into faultless English. Her prose translations are admirable; but as nearly all prose translations to-day are of the same class, this amounts to but little. Where Mrs. Wallerstein has made her mark and displayed evidence of rare genius is in her poetic work. She translates not alone the words and ideas, but also the coloring and the sentiment. In this respect she is to be classed with the poets and not the mere interpreters. Her latest achievement is subjoined.

THE LAKE.

By A. DE LAMARTINE.

WHILE, ever hastening to some unknown clime,
To Night Eternal journeying on our way,
Can we not once in Ocean wide of Time
Cast anchor for a day?

Dear Lake! a year has scarcely passed away!
Thy effulgent waves, which she so loved—the stone
On which she used to sit—I see to-day,
But visit them alone.

Thou moanest sadly on thy rugged tocks;
Thou breakest on thy shores in spray and sleet;
The wind is tossing high thy watery locks,
At her beloved feet.

One night—dost thou recall?—we idly strolled Along the shores thy crystal water laves!
We only heard the sound of oars which rolled
O'er thy harmonious waves.

Then suddenly, in tones to earth unknown,
In tones which charmed echo multiplied,
Her voice—how dear that voice to me had grown—
Thus spake to me aside.

O Time, arrest thy flight! and you, dear hours, Now pause once more upon your onward way; Permit us to enjoy your gentle powers On this, our happiest day. 'There are so many wretched on this earth,
Oh! hasten their lives through,
For they have known but sorrow from their birth,
Forget the happy few!

Alas! in vain your progress I would stay!
See! Time relentless ever hastens on.
I say to Night, 'Delay thy course—'tis day—Behold! the rising sun.'

"Then let us love! determined to enjoy
Both fleeting Night and Day,
There is no port for man. Time passes by,
And we, too, pass away."

Time, jealous of these moments of delight, When love is bearing us to happiness Is, cruelly, as rapid in his flight
As in disastrous days.

And can we not retain at least a trace
Of joys we lose in trouble tempest-tossed?
And Time that gives, must it also efface?
Is all forever lost?

The past forever lost! Oh, gloomy seas!
What do ye with days past? Still silent? Nay!
But speak! Will ye return the ecstasies
Which ye have snatched away?

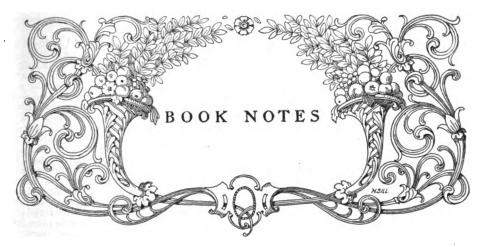
O Lake. thy grottoes cool and forests dark Time spares, until in spring they fresh appear, Preserving gentle memories to mark Our fleeting souvenir.

Oh! let it be preserved in thy repose,
Thy summer gleam; thy tossing wintry waves;
In thy dark fir, and clinging vine that grows
Above thy frowning caves;

In rustling zephyrs and in gay sunbeams; In gentle murmurs that we hear at night; In yonder star, which on thy bosom gleams

With radiance clear and bright.

So that the wind which sighed amid the reeds, And perfumes soft through air that gently moved, And everything that breathes and sees must needs Say only this—"They loved."



Frances Hodgson Burnett is a woman who has advanced to the first rank simply through the persistency of her own efforts and on account of her remarkable talent. Her reputation, which is now world-wide, rests on a firm basis of merit. As a child Mrs. Burnett was fond of scribbling. She tells of her first endeavors in "The One I Knew the Best of All." When her family removed from England to this country they lived in Knoxville, Tenn., for some years, and it was from this little Southern town that Fanny Hodgson's first manuscripts were sent out. It may be said here that some of Mrs. Burnett's earliest stories were published in The Peterson MAGAZINE, then located in Philadelphia. She was a tall, lank girl of about sixteen then, with tawny hair blown all about her face. Later, when she married Dr. Burnett, she kept up her work, and a lady who knew her at that time tells of a visit when she found Mrs. Burnett with a writing pad on her lap, scribbling away for dear life, and rocking the cradle with one foot all the time. She said she found it a very easy thing to do, for writing came as natural to her as her breath.

Zolaesque indeed is "A Love Episode," and distinctly Gallic. This master of fiction and realism has sketched to an elaborate degree the love of a sickly, imaginative child for her mother, the mother's single yielding to love's temptation, and the consequences of this dearly bought happiness. Zola's favorite theory of heredity again appears in "A Love Episode," as the mother and child are members of the Rougon-Macquart family, which figures so frequently in the author's works. Jeanne, the child, was puny and consumptive, though grief at her moth-

er's deviation did much to precipitate her death. The agony of this illness and of the miserable mother's remorse are depicted with terrible realism. Instead of closing the book at this point, however, Zola goes forward two years and marries the mother to an old suitor, which is not at all romantic—but, then, Zola is not a romanticist: he is a materialist, and presents men and women as they are. The five panoramic sketches of Paris—at sunrise, at sunset, at night, in a storm, and under the snow—are beautiful bits of florid writing, and the book is further enlivened by many dainty illustrations. "A Love Episode" has been rendered into excellent English by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.)

The publication of Mary Anderson's autobiography has again brought up the question of Sarah Bernhardt's memoirs, which have so often been announced. It goes without saying that the book would be extremely interesting; but the great actress seems to be in no hurry to have it issued, if, indeed, it has ever been written. It is announced, however, that Mme. Bernhardt is the author of a play that will be produced next season.

It is a relief in these days of sexual problem novels to come across a work so refreshingly simple and honest as "A Rogue's Daughter," by Adeline Sergeant. The story may be a trifle old fashioned, but it is exceedingly interesting, and the author tells it without any attempt at fine writing; nor does she bore the reader with descriptive matter or analysis of emotion. It is a tale of a brother and sister, the children of a rascally absconder, who have a very hard time of it until the last chapter, when everything is straightened out satisfactorily, and everybody is happy. The book is most attractively bound. (F. A. Stokes Co., New York.)

The sound of the slogan and bagpipe is becoming fearfully monotonous. Such a number of the new books have Scotland for a background, that many a reader not fond of such literature is timorous for fear a new group of gillies be sprung upon him unawares. Stevenson's works are, of course, individual, and so are Barrie's; but when the list spreads to S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, and several others, it is asking a good deal of a long-suffering public. It is a hard matter to keep up with all the dialects now in vogue, and some of the Scotch in recent books is incomprehensible. This could be borne with more fortitude if the story itself were thrilling or the characters exceptionally interesting, but the narrative is usually drawn out to an interminable degree. From further Scotch novels, kind publishers, deliver us.

One comes out of Stephen Crane's book, "The Red Badge of Courage," blinded with color, dazed with smoke, and deafened by noise. Mr. Crane belongs to the new school noise. Mr. Crane belongs to the new school of writers, but happily he is in a class all by himself. He writes vigorously and with wonderful originality. He lays on the color with a lavish hand; sometimes his armies are "blue whirls" or "waves," again they are "brown swarms;" the day "grows white;" the road is yellow; a distant roar is crimson, and the hero swears a red oath. "The Red Badge of Courage" is not a story or a romance as one might expect. Mr. or a romance, as one might expect. Mr. Crane calls it "An Episode of the Civil War," and it simply tells of a raw youth who enlisted and then was afraid he had not the nerve to fight. He runs away from the first battle, but afterward redeems himself, and becomes bravely courageous. The remarkable quality of the book is the author's ability to depict the emotions of this youth before and during battle, and to paint such vivid, realistic pictures of actual warfare. As Mr. Crane is too young a man to write from experience, the frightful details of his book must be the outcome of a very feverish imagination. The learned critics have been pleased to call it the inspiration of genius. They have probably been so dazed by the flare of color and the bewildering expressions in which Mr. Crane indulges, that they have not been able to realize that there is nothing else in the book. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Lafcadio Hearn, who has presented some of the truest pictures of Japan yet published, has adopted the Japanese name of "Y. Koijumi," and having married a native of the Flowery Kingdom, will probably remain in the Orient for some time to come.

Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality" will be a book much talked about, for it is unique in plot, unusual in style, and absorbing in interest. The same strength that characterized "Joan Lowrie" is individual with "Clorinda Wildairs," though the two women are as different as the two periods in which their lives are placed. Mrs. Burnett's latest heroine was brought up as a boy; her companions were the men of the stable; her conversation was thickly interspersed with curses—her father a drunkard, her followers rakes. She was a creature without fear, dazzling in beauty, audacious in action, and imperious in nature. She abused and beat her servants and indulged in all manner of unseemly rage until her marriage with an elderly lord. Then she became calm, dignified, and gentle. After a few years her husband died, and she showed great rever-ence for his memory. Later, when about to marry the man of her choice, a former lover threatened her, and she struck him dead. She hid the body, and the crime was never discovered. In a happy married life, which was full of good and gentle deeds, she for-got her deplorable youth, and did not regret that she had rid the world of the villain she had killed.

The book is written in the style of "Henry Esmond," but it is replete with a facility of expression and a charm of narrative that are Mrs. Burnett's own. "A Lady of Quality" is fascinating both as a character study and as a story. It has the quality of thrilling interest that compels attention from start to finish. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"In a Silent World," by the author of "Views of English Society," is the diary or autobiography of a deaf mute, a woman who renounced her lover because she believed another would more fittingly fill the high position of his wife. Then she is drowned in rescuing a little child from the sea. The chief interest in the book is the process of instruction during the youth of the heroine, her sensitive nature and the peculiar impressions she would gain, her observations and her ideas, rather than the unhappy love affair in which she is involved. The book is written in excellent English, and the several bits of descriptive matter are beautiful. The author has a profound sense of the poetic, and her touch on the sympathetic chords is irresistible. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

An historical romance of unusual strength and interest is Owen Rhoscomyl's "Battlement and Tower" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York). The tale is full of flashing sabres, gleaming armor, gallant knights, and braggart knaves. There are open rebellion, secret brawls, and hand-to-hand fights. Fair ladies are rescued, cowards defeated, and brave men honored. One of the heroes, a

hardy young Welshman, comes out of his many adventures unscathed to claim his sweetheart; but the other gallant is wounded unto death, and his lady-love dies on his breast. The romance is very pleasing, and the desperate encounters with all the heroic fighting, will stir the blood of every lover of daring deeds. The book is written in fine old English, and it is evident that Mr. Rhoscomyl has a worthy regard for his subject matter—a regard that will be echoed by every reader of "Battlement and Tower."

This is the day of the bizarre, the curious, and the incomprehensible in art and literature. A book is written in a wild, weird style, bespattered with what the author is pleased to call "color;" improbable incidents are presented, unnatural characters depicted, and grewsome scenes described; advanced views of the broadest type are given to women characters; eroticism and sensuality taint what might otherwise be a good story, and the more mystic and dense the meaning of the author is, the greater is his fame. A book by a young man hitherto unknown has created a furore among the worthy critics this season. They have proclaimed him as a genius and a wonder. The book is an indefinite and conglomerate mass of nothing at all; unusual and inane enough to catch the fleeting fancy of the critic on a still hunt for something new, but surely not worthy the adulation that has been lavished upon it by these brethren of the quill.

"Ruth Endicott's Way" is another of Lucy C. Lillie's sweet, wholesome stories for girls. It has a pure and homelike atmosphere and a high moral tone, without being preachy. Ruth was an exceptional girl, but the influence of her character and deeds will be good for every girl who reads the book (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)

* " *

Francis C. Lowell's "Joan of Arc" is a work full of the historical interest that the title indicates, and it is written in a spirited, scholarly style. The Maid of Orleans is, of course, a figure in history and romance that appeals strongly to the sympathy and admiration, and Mr. Lowell has succeeded in making his book exceedingly entertaining, both by means of the sincerity and truth with which he has depicted her character, and also by the complete and consecutive chronology of historical events from the early life and first visions of Joan up to her death. The different battles in which she was engaged, her sublime faith in the divinity of

her mission, her glorious victories, and, finally, her deplorable capture. her trial, and her martyr's death, are all related by Mr. Lowell with an authority born of research and studious care. It is a book that cannot fail to make an impression. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.)

In a remarkably short time *The Bookman* has made for itself a place in the literary world of America. It is a magazine that will be enjoyed by every person of culture, and it is almost indispensable for those who desire to keep in touch with current news of books, authors, and publishers. The great resources of Dodd, Mead & Co., who publish *The Bookman*, make it possible for the editors to obtain the very latest literary gossip both of this country and Europe, and all the matter is presented in most attractive guise.

* * *

"Jacques d'Amour" is the first and longest story in a collection of six translated from the French of Emile Zola, by William Foster Apthorp (Copeland & Day, Boston). Not one in the book is worthy of the great master of fiction; they are either stupid, trashy, morbid, or tainted with sensuality. The last story, "The Attack on the Mill," has considerable dramatic realism, but its theme is distinctly unpleasant.

**:

The Rev. George H. Hepworth has written several religious books, and his short sermons have been a feature of the Sunday Herald for some time. His latest work is entitled "The Farmer and the Lord." There is a sturdy, practical honesty about Mr. Hepworth's new book, and the "Farmer," who thinks he is an infidel, is a character for whom great sympathy is aroused. This man has gone through life protesting that he knew no God; but when his son falls and then reforms, and when his beloved daughter dies he becomes convinced that there is a Divine Providence, and ends his days in peace. The book is written in New England dialect, and the simple conversations of its characters are used to advance Mr. Hepworth's ideas of the true religion. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

* * *

"An Engagement," by Sir Robert Peel, is an entertaining storiette which might have been even better in a more abbreviated form. It is a bright little tale, however, and goes to show that a young man and woman cannot play at being in love without being touched by the little god's arrow. (The F. A, Stokes Co., New York.)



THE fourth instalments of two noteworthy historical articles appear in the June PETERSON. In "American Naval Heroes," a number of daring and successful exploits of the early Navy are recounted, illustrated with drawings from rare engravings. This series of articles is proving very popular with the readers of the Magazine. The Heroes of the Civil War will form the subject of future instalments.

PERHAPS the most interesting and authentic material yet published concerning General Robert E. Lee is that included in the life of the Commander now running in the PETERSON. Lee is the favorite hero of many a young American, while to the older generation, and especially to those who had the privilege of knowing Lee personally and serving with him, these articles will have a particular value.

THE third instalment of Frank B. Carpenter's "Reminiscences of Lincoln" in this number contains a moving instance of the President's great humanity, and it will inspire sympathy in every reader.

ESPECIALLY appropriate for summer reading is the article in this number on Izaak Walton and other famous anglers. The spirit of fresh air and rural beauty, preserved throughout the Discourse, will doubtless tempt many a lover of nature to seek green fields and pleasant waters with rod and reel. The illustrations in this article are made from rare engravings and reproductions from early editions of Walton's "Complete Angler."

THE number of women employed in editorial work has increased wonderfully in the past decade. Miss Margherita A. Hamm's article in the present issue contains an interesting account of different women editors throughout the United States.

An excellent description of J. Charles Arter's paintings is given in this number together with reproductions from some of his best works. "The Wife's Vow" is the title of a new novel, by Mrs. Martha W. Lewis, which is attracting considerable attention Further notice of the book, and a portrait of Mrs. Lewis are given elsewhere.

CONCERNING MANUSCRIPTS.

THE PETERSON MAGAZINE considers all manuscripts sent in according to their merits, and not because the writer's name may be prominent. Equal attention is paid to everything, and unavailable material is promptly returned. Good short stories are especially desired. The preference is for typewritten manuscripts, and the necessary postage should always be enclosed.

SUMMER HOMES.

Summer Homes is the title of an artistic brochure issued by the passenger department of the Central Vermont Railroad. Popular resorts among the green hills of Vermont and along the shores of Lake Champlain are described and beautifully illustrated. The section referred to offers great attractions to the tourist and pleasure-seeker, while the lover of quiet and solitude may find delightful nooks where he may rest content. The book is handsomely printed on heavy plate paper and is well worth the small sum asked for it. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crême Simon, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections. It whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batehire, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancygoods store.

An ounce of prevention is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

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QUEEN OF "COMUS," MARDI-GRAS CARNIVAL, 1895.

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No. 7.

General Robert E. Lee,*

The Soldier and the Man.

BY T. J. MACKEY,

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.

OLONEL ROBERT E. LEE'S assignment to duty as commander of the troops ordered to the Harper's Ferry arsenal ended on December 3, 1859, the day after the execution of John Brown, the brave old free State builder.

The Second Cavalry, of which Lee was then the lieutenant-colonel, had five detached companies stationed at San Antonio, Tex., and he rejoined his command soon after Christmas at that post

In a letter written to his wife from that town on June 25, 1860, he thus graphically describes the celebration of a religious holiday by its devout Roman Catholic population:

"Yesterday was St. John's Day, and the principal, or at least most visible means of adoration or worship seemed to consist in riding horses, so every Mexican, and, indeed, others who could procure a quadruped were cavorting through the streets with the thermometer over 100° in the shade, a scorching sun, and dust several inches thick. You can imagine the state of the atmosphere and suffering of the horses, if not the pleasure of the riders. As everything of the horse

tribe had to be brought into requisition to accommodate the bipeds, unbroken colts and worn-out hacks were saddled for the occasion. The plunging and kicking of the former procured excitement for, and the distress of the latter merriment to the crowd. I did not know before that St. John set so high a value upon equitation."

Lee's tour of service in Texas was uneventful in 1860, his regiment, broken into many detachments, being distributed among a number of military posts, and engaged only in preventing Indian incursions into the white settlements along the Rio Grande frontier of that State.

Yet, although there was peace upon the border, there was very great unrest in the heart of the country during that year. The cloud had gathered upon the political sky, from which was soon to break the tempest that swung the pine against the palm, and deluged the land with the red wave of internecine war.

That Lee saw the coming storm, and discerned that it was big with disaster to his country, is indicated

• Begun in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for March,

in the following letter which he wrote to his wife from Fort Mason, Tex., January 23, 1861:

"You saw by a former letter that I received from Major Nicholl, Everett's "Life of Washington" that you sent me, and enjoyed its perusal very much. How his spirit would be grieved could he see the wreck of his mighty labors! I will not, however, permit myself to believe until all ground for hope is gone that the fruit of his noble deeds will be destroyed, and that his precious advice and virtuous example will soon be forgotten by his countrymen.

"As far as I con trade".

"As far as I can judge by the papers, we are between a state of anarchy and civil war. May God avert both of those evils from us! I fear that mankind for years to come will not be sufficiently Christianized to bear the absence of restraint and force.

"I see that four States have declared themselves out of the Union, and four more apparently will follow their example. Then if the border States are dragged into the gulf of revolution, one half of the country will be arrayed against the other. I must try and be patient and await the end, for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it."

Three days later he addressed the following impressive letter to his son, G. W. Custis Lee, then a lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, and assistant professor at West Point, where, as I have mentioned, he graduated in 1854 with the first honor:

"You must study to be frank with the world. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. Live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as 'The Dark Day'—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse.

"The Connecticut Legislature was in ses-

"The Connecticut Legislature was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the Day of Judgment—had come. Some one in the consternation of the hour moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had really come he desired to be found at his post doing his duty, and he therefore moved that candles be brought so that the House could proceed with its business.

with its business.

"There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and infexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our lan-

guage! Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more and you should never do less."

On March 1, 1861, Colonel Lee arrived in Washington from his post in Texas, having been detached from his command by order of the Secretary of War, and directed to report to the lieutenant-general commanding the army.

Such an order to a colonel of cavalry, whose regiment was engaged in active service on the southwestern frontier, was quite out of the ordinary, and indicated that there were special circumstances requiring his presence at the national capital. The fact was that it was issued at the instance of General Winfield Scott, in command of the army of the United States, who desired the aid and counsel of Lee in view of the impending

The magnitude of that crisis seemed to have paralyzed the Government of the United States. The seven States that had passed ordinances of secession had on February 4, 1861, united themselves in a federal league entitled "The Confederate States of America," and war was evidently imminent unless the administration that was to come into power on March 4 consented to a dissolution of the Union, to avert such an unspeakable calamity from the country. In his horror of internecine war the generalin-chief of the army, on March 3, 1861, though as fixed in his devotion to the Union as the stars upon the blue field of the national ensign, addressed a letter to William H. Seward, in which he suggested that the United States Government should say to the seceded States, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace." But the President-elect was not of that mind. Abraham Lincoln—a name never to be uttered by the true American save with a deep sense of reverential gratitude—was duly inaugurated as President of the United States on March 4, 1861, and he held, with a steadfast conviction that knew no shadow of turning, that his chief duty was to keep the States united, and that he



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON.

IN COMMAND OF FORT SUMTER DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

should exhaust all the powers of the Government, if necessary, to effect that end.

On April 12, 1861, the flag of the United States was flying from but one solitary staff within the limits of South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, and that was the flag-staff of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor. It had been hauled down by either State or Confederate authorities from over every other United States fort and arsenal located within the geographical lines of those States.

The garrison above which it floated at Sumter was commanded by Major Robert Anderson, of the First Artillery, U. S. A., who, like the President of the United States and the President of the Confederacy, was a native of Kentucky, and consisted of 69 enlisted men and 8 officers.

It was closely invested by a Confederate force numbering about 6000 rank and file, with 30 mortars and 52 heavy siege guns bearing upon it within breaching distance, under the command of Brigadier-General G. T. Beauregard. It does not fall within the scope of this article for me to give details of the Confederate attack upon Fort Sumter. I may, however, state, with a full knowledge of Robert E. Lee's views as to that attack, that had he been in command of the investing force it would not have been

made. He was an American soldier from plume to spurs, and would never have fired upon the flag of the United States in mere wantonness and to effect a political purpose, when the military object aimed at in the establishment of his siege lines could have been effected without hazard to life or the discharge of a single gun.

That the Confederate general could have secured possession of the fort without a bombardment is made very clear by the following undeniable

facts.

General Beauregard, on the morning of April 11, sent in a flag to Major Anderson and demanded the immediate evacuation of Fort Sumter. It was a considerate as well as an entirely novel demand to make upon the commander of a fort that was completely invested, requiring as it did not its surrender, but only that it should be "evacuated." That form of demand was dictated by Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederacy, a far more sagacious man and an abler soldier than Beauregard, in pursuance of the policy to make it appear that the seceded States were not engaged in making war upon the United States, but were only seeking to relieve themselves of a warlike menace in requiring the withdrawal of the garrison of a fort whose guns dominated their principal harbor. The military enginery that encircled Fort Sumter, although presenting every feature of "grim-visaged war," was therefore to be regarded by the Government of the United States as only in the nature of a "notice to quit," although that Government was no mere tenant, but the rightful owner of the premises.

To the demand made upon him, Major Anderson sent the following

answer:

"FORT SUMTER, April 11, 1861.

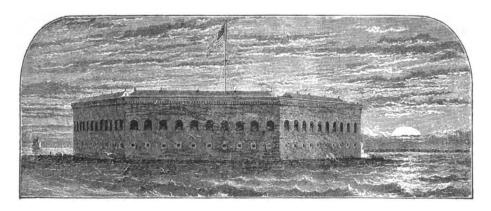
"GENERAL: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say in reply thereto, that it is a demand with which my sense of honor and my obligations to my Government prevent a compliance.

"I am, General, very respectfully,

"Major, First Artllery, U. S. A..
"Commanding."

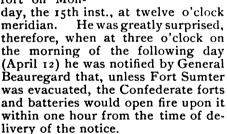
On handing that answer to the officer who bore the flag, Major Anderson expressed the hope that General Beauregard would not open fire upon the fort, and thus oblige him to respond with all his available guns, as the garrison would be compelled in any event to evacuate it within three or four days, which he would do on condition that he should be allowed to salute his colors with 50 guns, and carry them with his command to the port of New York.

On that statement being repeated to General Beauregard, he telegraphed it to President Davis at Montgomery, Ala., then the capital of the Confederacy, and was instruct-



A SUNSET VIEW OF FORT SUMTER, BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT.

ed thereupon not to open fire upon Fort Sumter, but to request Major Anderson name explicitly the day and hour on which he would evacuate it, his stipulation as to terms being acceded to. In answer to that inquiry, made under flag on the evening of April 11, he stated that unless reinforced or ordered otherwise by his Government he would evacuate the fort on Mon-



Major Anderson reiterated his refusal to evacuate the fort before exhausting his means of resistance. He instantly hoisted his flag, which, according to military usage, was hauled down at sunset, to be again run up at sunrise. At 4.27 A.M. the Confederates commenced the bombardment by firing a shell from a 10-inch Columbiad. It was a farreaching missile, as the event proved, for it opened the gates of the morning to four millions of chattel slaves.

The Confederate authorities gave as their reason for ending the truce entered into with the commander of Fort Sumter so summarily, that they had positive information of the sailing of a large naval squadron from New



GENERAL G T. BEAUREGARD

York with reinforcements and supplies for the garrison. That fact, however, did not justify the attack, for all the water approaches to Sumter were completely dominated by the Confederate batteries. and the main channel blocked by sunken hulks.

The guns mounted in those works, many of them 8-inch rifled Brooke's, Whitworth, and Arm-

strong (English), were of larger calibre and longer range than any in the United States Navy, and would have quickly reduced to mere wreckage any squadron that might attempt to force the passage of the channel.

That fact was so manifest that although three vessels of the relief squadron appeared in the offing during the bombardment of the fort, they made no effort to co-operate in The chief reason for its defence. forestalling the proposed peaceful evacuation of Fort Sumter was to precipitate Virginia from her conservative attitude into the arms of the Confederacy. On the day before the attack her State Convention, after full discussion, voted down a proposed ordinance of secession by a majority of two thirds of the body. They affirmed the right of the State to withdraw from the Union, but denied the expediency of such a measure, and held that the action of the seceded States was without justification.

The doctrine of secession—a principle of disintegration fatal to federa-



THE CAPITOL AT RICHMOND, 1861-65.

tive nationality—was firmly held and openly avowed by all the New England States. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, with the approving sanction of that State, enunciated it on the floor of Congress during the debate (January 14, 1811) on the admission of Louisiana as a State, in the following terms:

"If this bill passes it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

The subtle plan of the Confederate leaders effected the end they aimed at

The Government of the United States having been smitten hard on both cheeks, resolved at last to strike back, and President Lincoln, on April 15, the day after the evacuation of Fort Sumter, issued his proclamation calling upon the States that had not adopted ordinances of secession for 75,000 militia, to be used in recovering the forts and arsenals that had been seized by "unlawful combinations" in certain States therein

named, and to redress other wrongs inflicted upon the United States.

A requisition was made upon the State of Virginia to furnish her quota of troops under that proclamation. Being thus required to decide whether she would take her stand with or against her sister States of the South, in flagrant war, her convention on April 17, 1861, passed an ordinance of secession by a unanimous vote. It is necessary to recite these facts in order to explain Lee's delay in resigning his commission in the United States Army. Lossing, the historian, with an excess either of ignorance or malice, charges him with lingering at Washington that he might make himself master of the plans of the Government, and thus be the better enabled to foil them.

A further object of the superfluous attack upon Fort Sumter was "to fire the Southern heart," as Yancey, of Alabama, phrased it, and thus effect the union of all the slave States. Intent upon that purpose, they failed to perceive the very material fact that by the same token they would "fire" the Northern heart also. That it did do so, and with a vengeance, history

attests. The sound of the guns whose shot brought down the flag of the nation's old wars and crumbled the ramparts of Fort Sumter awoke the spirit of '76 among all the homestead hills and throughout the valleys and along the lakes and rivers of the North. The grand American outburst of patriotic devotion to the Union and the flag has no parallel in history, save perhaps in the heroic spirit with which the citizens of London rushed to arms on learning that the Spanish Armada had entered the British Channel, and an invading army was about to land upon the coast of England. I quote Lord Macaulay's graphic description of their enthusiastic rally, as fully applicable to the larger uprising of the North in 1861:

"The sentinel on Whitehall gate
Looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill
The streak of blood-red light;

"Then bugle notes, and cannon's roar
The death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry,
The royal city woke!

"At once on all her stately gates
Arose the answering fires,
At once one wild alarum clashed
From all her reeling spires;

"From all the batteries of the Tower Pealed loud the voice of fear, And all the thousand masts of Thames Sent back a louder cheer!

"And from the farthest wards was heard
The rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes
Dashed down each roaring street."

It will surprise many to learn that the patriotic exaltation of feeling that thrilled the hearts of loyal Americans throughout the North, when they learned of the attack on Fort Sumter, found a sympathetic response in the breast of Robert E. Lee.

He reprobated secession, and held the conviction that even if the right existed as among the reserved powers of a State, and was inherent in its sovereignty, it had been asserted without just cause.

I learned from General Winfield Scott, soon after the close of the war, that on April 12, when the news that Fort Sumter was being bombarded reached Washington, Colonel Lee called upon him, and in the most earnest terms condemned the action of the Confederate authorities in thus "inaugurating an offensive war against the United States," "and," said General Scott, "his concern about the matter was as profound as my own."

That Lee at that date did so declare himself to the General-in-Chief of the United States Army serves to explain the fact, otherwise inexplicable, that he was soon after tendered by President Lincoln the command of the army of the United States, although it was known to the President that as early as March 3 he had stated to General Scott, that if Virginia seceded from the Union, and the Government decided to coerce the seceding States with a military force, his sense of duty would oblige him to go with his State, as he deemed his highest allegiance would in that event be due to her, and he would never draw his sword against Virginia.

The offer was therefore made to him, not, as has been stated, to debauch his sense of honor by the tender of high rank, but under the impression that his first conviction as to his duty in the impending crisis had been changed in the progress of events and upon more mature reflec-Had President Lincoln deemed Colonel Robert E. Lee other than a stainless soldier, who held his honor above all price as the immaculate jewel of his soul, he would not have judged him worthy of being entrusted with the chief command of the army of the United States in such a grave That the Government emergency. in that supreme hour of the nation should have been most desirous that Lee should uphold the cause of the Union goes without saying, for it was well known to those in authority at Washington, that when that noble old soldier, General Winfield Scott, lay seemingly at the point of death in that city in January, 1860, he seemed to see the shadows cast before by the troubles that were coming, and expressed an earnest desire that Robert E. Lee should succeed him in command of the army.

He then said, in the presence of several of his staff officers and others: "It would be better for me to die, and for every officer of the army to die, than that the Government should lose Robert E. Lee. If a great battle were to be fought on which depended

the liberty and independence of our country, and I were called upon to name an officer of the highest ability to command our army, I would name Robert E. Lee, always Robert E. Lee."

It has been doubted by some and denied by many that President Lincoln offered Lee the command of the Union Army, but the fact has been conclusively proved. The offer was made at the headquarters of the army, known as the "Chain Building," in Washington, through Francis Preston Blair, on April 18, 1861. He was the father of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General in President Lincoln's Cabinet, and of General Francis P. Blair, who commanded the Fifteenth Army Corps on Sherman's march to the sea.

Mr. Blair was the veteran editor of that once famous journal, the Washington Globe, and had been the close friend and trusted counsellor of President Andrew Jackson. He had great influence with the Southern leaders, and it was at his instance that the Peace Conference was held in February of that year. He was also on terms of intimate friendship with Lee.

General Lee, in the following letter, dated February 25, 1868, written to Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, the great jurist who volunteered to



FRANCIS P. BLAIR,

THROUGH WHOM THE COMMAND OF THE UNION ARMY WAS OFFERED TO LEE.

defend him when he was indicted for treason by the United States Grand Jury, at Norfolk, Va., states the facts regarding that offer:

"... After listening to Mr. Blair's remarks I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating, as candidly and courteously as I could, that though opposed to secession, and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States. I went directly from

I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott, told him of the proposition that had been made to me, and my decision.

that had been made to me, and my decision.

"After reflection upon returning home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain the commission I held in the United States Army, and on the second morning thereafter I forwarded my resignation to General Scott.

"At the time I hoped that peace would be preserved; that some way would be found to save the country from the calamities of war, and I then had no other intention than to pass the remainder of my life as a private citizen.

"Two days afterward, on the invitation of the Governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond, found that the convention then in session had passed an ordinance withdrawing the State from the Union, and accepted the commission of commander of its forces which was tendered me."

It is remarkable, as appears from this letter, that Lee should still have had hopes that war would be averted, although the South had struck the first blow on the shield of the Union, where in after years the brightest blades of her chivalry were broken.

His oversanguine view may be explained by the fact that "the wish was father to the thought," and there were even then patriotic Americans in all sections who were appealing for peace. On the day after Lee's interview with Mr. Blair, however, the voices of the peacemakers were drowned by the howls of the congre-

gated cowards, who rushed by thousands through the streets of Baltimore to attack the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, then on board of a railroad train in that city *en route* to Washington.

Two members of the regiment were killed and many wounded in that attack, which was made on a day most inauspicious for the cause that their savage assailants designed to aid. It was April 19, the eighty-fifth anniversary of the wanton slaughter of patriotic Massachusetts militia by British troops at Concord.

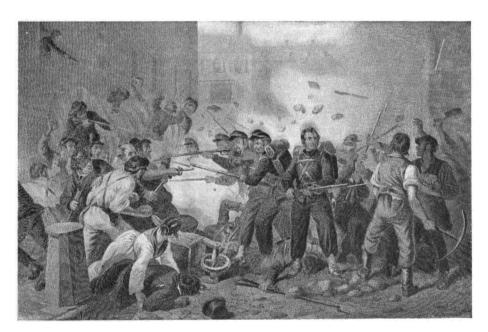
"Where once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world."

The incident illustrated the savagery that often lurks in the breast of a civilized community, ready to spring into deadly action whenever the conservative force of organized society becomes relaxed. It must have vividly recalled to Lee's recollection the tragic fate of his gallant father, Light Horse Harry of the War of the Revolution, who was

stoned to death by a Baltimore mob on July 3, 1811, while endeavoring to protect from its assault the editor of a newspaper (William Hanson, his political opponent), whose only offence was that he had on that day published an editorial containing severe strictures on President Madison's administration.

The rapid march of events at the capital and in the South admonished Colonel Lee that he might at any moment be ordered into the field, when his right to resign his commission might be questionable. The military text writers, among them General Winfield Scott, have always held that an officer of the army has the absolute right to resign his commission upon the execution of his last order.

It is worthy of note that the last order received by Colonel Robert E. Lee was issued by the War Department on March 10, 1861, assigning him to duty as a member of a board to revise the "Regulations for the Government of the United States Army," and his last act as an officer



THE SKIRMISH OF THE MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA AT BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.

of that army was to file the report of such board on April 18, 1861.

His decision not to bear any part in the apparently contemplated "invasion of the Southern States" was not founded on mere sentiment, for the matter concerned his official oath to "support and defend the Constitution of the United States."

He was aware that the President (Buchanan), the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, had on January 25 submitted the question to the Attorney-General, whether the Government of the United States had the constitutional power to use the army and navy to coerce a State, and that that officer, distinguished for his learning in the law (Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania) and of unquestionable loyalty, had placed on record his opinion that the Government had no such power under the Constitution.

With that conviction, supported by the highest authorities that were then unchallenged by any American statesman, he resigned his commission in the United States Army.

The following is a copy of his letter of resignation:

"ARLINGTON, WASHINGTON CITY, P. O.,
April 20, 1861.
"Honorable Simon Cameron, Secretary of
War:

"Sir : I have the honor to tender the resignation of my commission as colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"R. E. Lee,
"Colonel, First Cavalry."

There is deep pathos in the following letter, in which he enclosed his resignation to his old commander, General Scott, for transmittal to the Secretary of War. Scott, like Lee, was a Virginian of illustrious lineage, but, unlike him, held that his supreme allegiance was due to the nation, and saw the dusky pinions of our eagle stretch far beyond the limits of the "Old Dominion." Yet the two great soldiers were bound together by mutual ties of respect and affection, and each could have truly said to the other, down to the last hour of his life, in the words of the Psalmist: "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

"Arlington, Va., April 20, 1861.
"General: Since my interview with you on the 18th inst. I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed. During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and a most cordial friendship from my comrades.

ship from my comrades.

"To no one, general, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame shall always be dear

to me.
"Save in the defence of my native State
I desire never again to draw my sword. Be
pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for
the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me, general,

'Most truly yours,
"R. E. LEE."

In an address, delivered by the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, before the Lee Monument Association, in 1871, that venerable patriot said: "I was with General Scott when he was handed Lee's resignation, and I saw what pain it caused him. But while he regretted the step his most valuable officer had taken, he did not fail to say emphatically, over and over again, 'He has taken this step from an imperative sense of duty.'"

Two days after Lee's resignation of his commission as an officer of the United States Army he repaired to Richmond, upon the earnest request of the Governor of Virginia, and on the day of his arrival there he was nominated to the rank of major-general, and designated as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Virginia.

The nomination was at once confirmed by the Convention then in session in the State capitol, and on the following day it adopted a resolution inviting him to appear before it.

On April 23, escorted by its committee, he appeared in obedience to its summons, all the members rising to their feet as he entered the chamber. It was a profoundly impressive

spectacle as the ideal American soldier stood in calm and modest dignity before the assembly that embodied the sovereignty of the people of Virginia. All who looked upon him there saw in his benign, though firm countenance and commanding presence

"A combination and a form indeed, Where every god did seem to set his seal, To give the world assurance of a man."

The President of the Convention, in his address of welcome, said:

"Major-General Lee: In the name of the people of your native State here represented, I bid you a heartfelt welcome to this hall, in which we may yet almost hear the echo of the voices of soldiers and sages of bygone days, whose name you worthily bear, and whose blood flows in your veins. We watched with the most profound interest the triumphal march of the army led by General Winfield Scott from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico. We read of the bloodstained fields, in all of which victory perched upon our banners. We know of the unfading lustre that was shed on the American army by that campaign, and we know also what your modesty has always disclaimed, that no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor and military genius.

"Sir, we have by a unanimous vote expressed our conviction that you are at this time 'first in war!' We pray to God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your charge that it will be said of you, 'first in peace,' and when that time comes you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being first in the hearts of your countrymen.

"Yesterday your mother Virginia placed her sword in your hand, upon the implied condition that you will draw it only in defence, and in the full faith that you will fall with it in your hand rather than that the object for which it is placed there shall fail of

accomplishment."

To that address, which I have quoted only in part, General Lee responded, with deep emotion, in "words fitly spoken" as follows:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I had much preferred that your choice had fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

WHEN WE MEET AGAIN.

AST night I looked from out my door,
The slumbrous moon was past its full;
Strange shapes of clouds sailed slow before
Like voyaging ships, with sail and hull
Distinct outlined on night's broad sea,
And somehow, cloud and moon and sky,
With subtle charm, brought back to me
Another night long since gone by.

The old year languished; calm and still
The orange groves in fragrance slept;
The moon had climbed the distant hill
And o'er the world its radiance swept.
The lights shone out from windows near,
The stars came forth from heaven afar,
But what, to eyes that beamed so clear,
Were flickering lamp or twinkling star?

O night, sweet night, without the glare And dust of noon, or busy strife! When cool winds fan the brow of care, And grace and beauty hallow life. Pass not, sweet hour, too swiftly by, But may we find surcease of pain, And gaze upon that moon and sky When, soul to soul, we meet again.

O. T. Fellows.



Photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

MISS VIRA BOARDMAN, QUEEN OF "PROTEUS," 1896.

QUEENS OF THE MARDI-GRAS CARNIVAL.

I T has been well said that the three unique cities of North America are Quebec, Havana, and New Orleans, for these three have each a distinctive "atmosphere," as the French term it, which marks them as apart from other cities of the Western world. Of these New Orleans is not the least distinctive and original, and its title of the "Old French City" gives the reason for its peculiar position and charm. Founded by the earliest of the French adventurers who crossed the western ocean, through centuries of growing, push-

ing American civilization, it still retains in the names of its streets, in its architecture, its customs, and the appearance of most of its citizens the characteristics of the race to which its founders belonged. It is, with the exception of San Francisco, the one great city of the United States which has as yet not come under the influences of New York and Chicago, and is dependent upon itself, and makes its own life, uninfluenced to any considerable extent by the pushing activities of the Northern cities. San Francisco is a modern city, and

resembles New York and Chicago, but New Orleans is a strange combination of Old World and old time simplicity and primitiveness and modern American energy. Curved like a crescent along a great bend on the eastern shore of the lower Mississippi, whose mighty torrent laves its feet, it lies for nine months of the year in a land of perpetual summer. There the roses bloom in February, and summer really means only a little more heat, a little more dust, and the ripening of the orange. Within

a day's journey from its streets is Acadia—that Acadia to which, when driven from their homes on the Bay of Fundy, the early Acadians wandered, and where Evangeline searched in vain for her lover. Fanned by cool breezes from the Gulf of Mexico, which temper even its fiercest summer heats, supplied with all the products of a rich country to the north, and with abundant sea food from the near Gulf of Mexico, the happy people of New Orleans live their lives in comfort and luxury, and



Photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

MISS L. W. FAIRCHILD, QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL, 1895.



Photograph by Washburn, New Orleans.

MISS FAIRCHILD IN HER ROBES OF STATE.

twine into those lives a romance and sentiment inherited from their French ancestors, which is sadly lacking in more northern climes.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of the unique life of New Orleans to

the Northern visitor is the annual festival of Mardi-Gras, better known as the Carnival, which each recurring year takes place on the Monday and Tuesday before Ash Wednesday. The Carnival period, in fact, begins nearly a month earlier, and all through the four weeks preceding the morning which ushers in the penitential season the society world of New Orleans gives itself up to a succession of festivities, which are planned and carried out on a most elaborate and expensive scale. The story of the Carnival has been often told. It has been predicted for many years that it would soon cease to be a feature of New Orleans life, but so much civic pride there exists, and so tenacious are the residents of that city of its old traditions and customs, that each succeeding year, if possible, makes this festival more elaborate and more brilliant. Only in the cities of New Orleans and Mobile, in the United States, does the Carnival flourish, and it is safe to predict that it will continue to flourish there for a century to come, for only in those cities do the elements which can alone make a carnival successful existnamely, that light-heartedness, abandon, and lack of self - consciousness which mark the Latin races, but which are not the attributes of the Anglo-Saxon.

As the Carnival is the distinctive feature of the social life in New Orleans, so the queens of the Carnival are the distinctive features of the festival itself. During successive years, and with the multiplication of carni-



Photograph by Moore, New Orleans.

MISS ARTHÉMISE BALDWIN, QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL, 1896.

val balls, the choice of these queens, four or five in number, has come to be one of the most difficult problems in the yearly arrangements for the Carnival. This selection has to be managed with the greatest care, inasmuch as these queens have come to represent in the public mind the most representative young women, not only of New Orleans, but of the section of the South of which it is the centre, for the year in which they preside over their mimic courts. Social position, popularity, and to some extent wealth, are all factors in the problem, and the utmost secrecy is observed as to the selection of the queens until the announcement of their choice can be made. Of necessity the leading queen, who is even more than "Rex" or King of the Carnival, the central figure of the festival, becomes a prominent figure not only in New Orleans, but to some extent throughout the United States, and any society resident of the old French city who has passed middle life can recite the names of the Carnival queens since war time as children do the names of the Presidents. To preside as Rex's queen over the Carnival is the highest honor that can befall a New Orleans maiden, and women who are now grandmothers are still pointed out as the Carnival Queen of 18—.

Next in rank to the Carnival Queen, or Rex's queen, as she is generally called, is the Queen of Comus. Then come in order the Queens of Proteus, Momus, and Nereus. The Comus, Proteus, and Nereus queens are chosen by committees of the organizations of those names. So much secrecy is observed not only in the choice of the queens, but in that of the committees who select them, that it is not known outside these committees how the choice is made. In only one organization, that of Momus, does the king, Momus, himself choose his consort, for be it known that all these fair queens have consorts, who, being mere men, cut but a sorry figure compared with their charming partners. Perhaps Rex, the great king of the Carnival, may be excepted to some slight degree, but to the visitor, even his beautiful robes and the prominent position which he occupies, ruling over the city for two days as he does, pale before the beauty and the costume of his queen.

This year's Carnival was an unusually brilliant and successful one. The winter had been an exceptionally mild one, and the Carnival days, albeit in February, were blessed with the soft skies and warm airs of a Northern June. The city lay bathed for days in golden sunshine, illuminating its brilliantly decorated streets, and falling upon the vast throngs of visitors and residents gathered to witness the festivities, like a benediction. But apart from the weather and the unprecedented attendance of visitors, the queens of the Carnival were so exceptionally well chosen that they would of themselves have made it a success. Rex's queen was Miss Arthémise Baldwin, a daughter of one of the leading bankers in the city, and a tall and stately girl, chataigne in coloring, who bore herself with the utmost grace and dignity. Her gown, which was made especially in Paris, was one of the most beautiful productions imaginable of the costumer's art, and was as elaborate in material as if it had been made for the coronation of the young Czarina of Russia, while it could not have been much less in cost. In fact, the gowns worn by all these Carnival queens were so exceptionally rich and handsome as to excite the admiration and wonder of all the feminine visitors. all of them were adorned with huge Elizabethan collars studded with precious stones, for when a family has been honored by having a queen chosen from it, all the jewels of that family, even to its remote connections, are showered upon her. queen of Nereus, the new organization which came into being this year, and therefore the first in probably a long line of Nereus queens in after years, was Miss May Van Benthuysen. Her dress was of heavy white satin brocade, trimmed with pearls and



MISS MAY VAN BENTHUYSEN, QUEEN OF "NEREUS."

pearl ornaments, in keeping with her lord's watery home. Miss Van Benthuysen is tall and slight, with lovely reddish brown hair and the brown eyes and perfect skin that usually accompany that peculiar coloring of hair. Her dress was also an unusually superb one. Miss Boardman, who was the queen of Proteus, is of medium height and most perfect brunette coloring with the whitest of skins. She was more directly representative of the old Creole element of the city. Miss Emily Poitevent, the queen of Comus, is one of the most noted of New Orleans belles.

One of the most interesting features of the Carnival balls, at which these queens first promenade with their consorts and then occupy a throne at the back of the stage, in the old French Opera House, where the balls are given, is the presence of the

queens of the preceding year in their robes of that year. At the great Rex ball for the citizens Miss Lydia Fairchild, who was queen of 1895, for example, and who was one of the most charming queens the city has ever had, occupied a box with her maids of honor. At the Comus and Proteus balls the queens of 1895 occupied proscenium boxes with their maids of honor, facing the boxes in which sat the queens of this year and their maids, while on the front of the respective boxes blazed in electric lights the figures "'95" and "'96."

Thus do the Carnival queens in New Orleans represent a unique feature in American life, and if one wishes to gaze upon "a rosebud gar-den of girls," he should visit New

Orleans at Carnival time.

James B. Townsend.

LIEUTENANT PLINLIMMON'S STICK.

RS. PLINLIMMON'S front door stood wide open, and a young lady on the doorstep was peering doubtfully into the hall, with her hand on the bell-handle and with an expression of perplexity on her pretty face.

It was a bright morning in early June, and the street was a quiet one; but it was an unusual thing for Mrs. Plinlimmon's front door to stand open to any chance wayfarer, and still more unusual for no trim maid-ser-

vant to answer the bell.

Nevertheless, this young lady had rung twice without eliciting any response, and she now glanced up and down the street before giving another pull to the bell. The only persons in sight were two women standing at the end of the block, looking down the cross street as if watching for some one. Before she could make up her mind whether it was worth while to walk toward them and make inquiries about the inmates of this apparently deserted house, a boy appeared wheeling a trunk on a handbarrow; and as soon as he joined the women the whole party walked . quickly down the cross street and was soon out of sight.

The young lady pulled the bell again impatiently, and this time the welcome sound of footsteps and a closing door caused her face to resume its serenity of expression. She waited hopefully, but only a murmur of voices came through an open window near by, and at last in desperation she made a step forward and

again peered into the hall.

A card-tray stood on the hall table, and beside it reposed a stick with a curiously shaped silver handle, that attracted the young lady's notice. She was advancing to see it more clearly, when the murmur of conversation rose higher, and a plaintively querulous voice said:

"I have heard that she is a dreadful college girl. I don't know her; but I have been told she has no money, and I suppose she counts upon his fortune; but the poor fellow will just ruin his prospects by such a step."

A low reply interrupted the speaker, but the plaintive voice resumed

impatiently:

"Oh, of course she wears bloomers and rides a bicycle, and no doubt knows all the 'ologies,' but that will not make the poor boy a comfortable home or cook his dinner; and that is what she will have to do, for I am sure Aunt Hetty will alter her will as soon as she hears of this. She is coming here the day after to-morrow, and how I am to bear up before her I can't think. She is so sharp, she is sure to pry things out."

A mixture of expressions that was almost ludicrous had chased over the countenance of the listener in the hall; but she now drew back whis-

pering to herself:

"The wrong house, of course."

She stepped softly outside the door, intending to beat a noiseless retreat; but the stick, apparently resenting the intrusion, slipped from the table and fell heavily to the floor. An exclamation from the room and the sound of rapid footsteps convinced the young lady that her chance of escaping unseen was gone. With a slight shrug of annoyance she turned, and had just time to smooth her countenance, when a middle-aged lady wearing a bonnet entered the hall, and approached the open door with an expression of surprise in her keen brown eyes.

"I am afraid that I have mistaken the house," said the young visitor, with a smile that lighted up her pretty face bewitchingly. "Will you kindly tell me whether Mrs. Brown lives

here?"

"No, she does not," replied the older lady courteously; "but I think that she lives on the opposite side of the street. I will ask Mrs. Plinlim-

mon;" and she quickly returned to the room from which she had come.

The young lady bit her lips, and

muttered impatiently:

"Why didn't I say Mrs. Zerubbabel? Of course there would be a Mrs. Brown somewhere in the block."

The voices in the next room were now clearly audible, and the plaintive tones of the first speaker exclaimed:

"The front door wide open! Why, where can Jane be? Yes, there is a Mrs. Brown; but I am not quite sure which is her house. I will call Jane; she knows all the neighbors," and at the same moment a gentle, flurried little lady with soft gray curls and a white cap fluttered into the hall.

"I am so sorry that you were kept waiting at the door. My maid knows the house that you are looking for, I am sure. Oh, no trouble at all," she said, with nervous politeness, hurrying away in the midst of the assurances of the young lady, that she would on no account give her the trouble. She paused a moment to pick up the fallen stick, which she replaced with an almost caressing touch on the table.

She was gone long enough for the young visitor to have grown impatient and left, but there was something in the gentle face of the little lady that made the young girl linger for another glimpse of it.

At last Mrs. Plinlimmon returned more flurried than before, and she paused at the parlor door to exclaim:

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Opdyke, I can't find either Jane or Susan; and their clothes seem to be gone too."

"What! You don't mean to say that they have taken French leave!" said her companion, coming into the hall all alert and interested.

"Oh, no; they never could have done such a thing with Aunt Hetty coming the day after to-morrow," cried poor Mrs. Plinlimmon. "Jane wanted to be married this week, but she promised that she would put it off till after Aunt Hetty's visit."

"My dear Mrs. Plinlimmon, could you expect that any girl would post-

pone her marriage to accommodate her mistress?" said Mrs. Opdyke. "Depend upon it, she has gone off quietly to avoid any explanations or expostulations."

Mrs. Plinlimmon's gentle face wore such an expression of despairing dismay, that the young onlooker at the front door was touched, and she longed to say a word of encouragement; but at this moment the little lady recalled the stranger and turned with native courtesy, that even her distress could not make her forget, saying:

"I am sorry that I cannot direct you exactly to the house; but I am sure that Mrs. Brown lives in the next block above, and I think that it is on this side of the street."

"I am very much obliged to you," replied the young lady, with a bright smile. "No doubt I can find the house. I am sorry to give you so much trouble," and she ran quickly down the steps.

"She seems such a sweet little lady," she soliloquized as she walked rapidly up the street. "But it must have been she who made that ugly speech." A look of resentment flashed across her pretty face; but it softened as she suddenly exclaimed half aloud: "I verily believe that those women with the trunk were her servants slipping off. What a shabby trick to play her! Oh, well, it would do no good to tell her about them. Poor little soul, I wonder what she will do with that terrible Aunt Hetty, and her equally terrible will!" Then she smiled to herself and looked grave, and finally, with a little shake of her shoulders, recalled the fact that she was in the public street, and ought to regulate her countenance accordingly, instead of smiling and frowning over the troubles of people whom she had never seen before.

Meanwhile, distress and confusion reigned in Mrs. Plinlimmon's neat house. Jane had beyond a doubt taken matters into her own hands, and had stolen off to be married; and Susan, who was the cook and Jane's aunt, had probably gone with her, rather than stay and have to explain or apologize for her niece's

flight.

"Everything comes upon me at once," said Mrs. Plinlimmon, with a weak attempt at a smile, which ended in tears. "I was so upset at Tom being ordered to sea again so much sooner than we expected; and then comes this letter telling me of his engagement to this dreadful Helen Rivers, and asking me to call on her while she is in town; then Aunt Hetty's letter saying that she is coming this week; and now both servants are gone, and where on earth I am to look for others I don't know."

"You can't look for them at all today, for you have a wretched headache," said Mrs. Opdyke briskly. "Go upstairs and lie down; and I will stop at the Intelligence Office where I got my cook, and see if I can

find somebody for you."

After a feeble protest Mrs. Plinlimmon was glad to accept her friend's suggestion, and Mrs. Opdyke, whose brisk energy seemed to carry with it an assurance of success, took her de-

parture.

Mrs. Plinlimmon was a widow, and she had only taken the house in which she was now living a year before, when her son Tom came home from his last cruise. She wanted to make a home for him where she could have him all to herself; but when he unexpectedly received his sailing orders, she looked forward with dread to the long loneliness of his absence. Then came his letter announcing his engagement, and begging his mother to call upon the young lady, who was going to visit friends in her neighborhood. In great distress of mind Mrs. Plinlimmon had just decided that she might as well give up her house, as Tom would now be lost to her, when she received a letter from Miss Hetty Plinlimmon, her deceased husband's only sister, informing her of that lady's intention to make her a visit. Miss Hetty had inherited the bulk of the Plinlimmon property, and on this account was a person of no small importance among her relations, although she was dreaded for her quick tongue. She had always shown a liking for Tom, even going so far as plainly to declare to a less favored nephew her intention of making Tom her heir. But she was so peculiar and touchy, that Mrs. Plinlimmon felt that it would be very detrimental to the interests of her dear Tom, if she were to give the slightest hint that the proffered visit was not perfectly convenient and delightful to her.

"But this dreadful girl," she sighed. "I have heard of her from Laura Clashwood, and I know very well the kind of girl that Laura admires. If Aunt Hetty sees her, she will be wild. I must call at once and get the visits over before Aunt Hetty arrives. Tom's letter says that she will only be in town a few days, so I may hope that she will be gone before Aunt Hetty comes; and, after all, who knows what may happen before Tom returns from this cruise?"

Nursing this secret hope, Mrs. Plinlimmon nerved herself for the ordeal and made her call, only to learn that Miss Rivers had not yet arrived. The respite that this gave her was marred by the uncomfortable conviction that Miss Helen's visit would now probably exactly coincide with Miss Hetty's, and thus a meeting between the two would be unavoidable. This seemed bad enough; but now the sudden departure of her neat and competent servants, who had been with her ever since she took the house, proved the last straw on her load, and she felt utterly miserable and broken down.

Mrs. Opdyke's friendly efforts only succeeded in procuring a string of utterly impossible-looking girls, who kept Mrs. Plinlimmon running to the door, and crushed her with their airs and their ignorance. She hastily swallowed a cold lunch, and in the evening took a cup of tea and a biscuit, and crept to bed disheartened and weary. Of course she passed a bad night, waking at frequent intervals from uneasy dozes, to think pathetically of the possibility that the

police might have to break their way into the house in the morning only to find her dead in her bed.

At an early hour she rose, and, opening the shutters, she began to prepare for breakfast. In former years Mrs. Plinlimmon had done this and had enjoyed doing it, for she was neat and a good cook; but now it seemed a heavy tax on her strength. A ring at the bell called her to the door before she had finished getting the fire ready.

"Surely they won't begin to send me more girls at this hour !" she eiaculated as she glanced at the clock. which marked five minutes to six. She opened the door, and there stood a woman, who greeted her with the well-known formula:

"I heard that you were looking for a girl, ma'am."

The speaker was neatly dressed in a calico gown; she wore bluish spectacles, and her hair, which was a light sandy color, was brushed smoothly back from her face under a very plain bonnet.

"Do you come from the Intelligence Office?" asked Mrs. Plinlim-

"No, ma'am; I only came to town the day before yesterday, and I don't know the intelligence offices. But I saw a lot of girls coming to your door yesterday, and I thought I might as well try," replied the woman, in a slightly hesitating voice.

Mrs. Plinlimmon looked at her suspiciously for a moment, but noticing the color beginning to rise in the woman's face, she said kindly:

"Come in, and tell me what you can do.'

As they passed the hall table the silver-headed stick again fell to the floor, and the woman stooped and 1eplaced it with a quickness and care that pleased Mrs. Plinlimmon.

In answer to Mrs. Plinlimmon's questions she said that she could cook and keep a house tidy, but she could not wash or iron. Her name was Helen Dunn, and she had never lived out before.

Mrs. Plinlimmon liked her manner,

but she thought of Mrs. Opdyke's horror if she should learn that she had taken a servant unknown and unrecommended.

"How soon could you come, if I should decide to try you?" she asked

dubiously.

"I could stay now, if you wish," replied the woman, glancing at a brown paper parcel that lay in her lap. "I have clothes here that will serve me till you see if I suit.'

"Where did you say that you came

from?

"My home was in Brentford, but I haye been away a good deal lately.''

"Oh, Brentford!" said Mrs. Plinlimmon. Then after a slight hesitation she asked: "Do you know the Rivers family there?"

"There is no Rivers family there There is a Mr. and now, ma'am. Mrs. Martin, and they have a niece, a Miss Rivers; but she has been off at college for several years, I believe."

The woman's words agreed exactly with what Mrs. Plinlimmon had already learned, and there would be a chance to ask Miss Rivers about her. Catching at this faint substitute for a recommendation, she said quickly:

"Very well, you can stay, and I will now show you the kitchen and

your room."

She was feeling so weak and tired that any help was a welcome boon, and this woman pleased her. she had shown where things were to be found in the kitchen, she was going to lead the way upstairs, when the woman said:

"Hadn't I better get your breakfast first? You look tired."

The little mark of sympathy touched Mrs. Plinlimmon, and she said:

"I do feel rather faint, and breakfast will do me good. Perhaps you,

too, have not had yours?"

"I came out too early for the folks I was staying with," replied the wom-"I was afraid I might miss the place if I waited.

As she spoke she opened her parcel and took out a gingham apron and a plain cap, which she donned as soon as she had taken off her bonnet.

Then she set to work in a businesslike way that carried comfort to poor Mrs. Plinlimmon's weary soul and

body.

The breakfast was simple, and it was soon served; but it was perfect—nothing burned, nothing slopped about, and Mrs. Plinlimmon felt fifty

per cent better after it.

"I will take you upstairs now, Jane," she said, after the breakfast things were cleared away. "Oh, but your name is Helen. That is awkward; for it is my name, and I expect a visitor to-morrow who always

calls me by my name."

"You might call me Nelly," suggested the woman with a slight hesitation; but Mrs. Plinlimmon shook her head abruptly. It had been the pet name of her only little girl, who had died when three years old, and she could not use it. She looked puzzled, and the woman herself came to the rescue.

"Why not go on calling me Jane?" she said quietly. "You have already called me that several times, and you are used to it. I don't mind, and I

shall soon get used to it."

"Have I really?" exclaimed Mrs. Plinlimmon, surprised. "I did not know it. But it is true, I am used to the name; and if you can get used to it, I think it would be the best way."

About an hour later Mrs. Opdyke stopped in on her way to market.

"I thought you might like me to leave some marketing orders for you," she explained. "I am glad to see that you have a girl. She looks neat and respectable. Have you engaged another one?"

"No," replied Mrs. Plinlimmon; "and the fact is, that Jane was just saying that she could manage very well if I would put out the wash and engage a woman for half a day to do scrubbing. Indeed, she said that she would rather take lower wages and be alone."

"I don't wonder at that," said Mrs. Opdyke. "That is what always seemed to me the worst part of domestic service. A girl may get a very nice mistress, and there may be a dreadfully irritating temper in another servant, which spoils it all. If she is competent, I would let it go that way, at all events, until your vis-

itor is gone."

Mrs. Plinlimmon cheerfully accepted advice that coincided so well with her own wishes, and after thankfully availing herself of Mrs. Opdyke's offer to convey her orders to the market, she said "Good-by" to her, well pleased that there had been no inconvenient inquiries into Jane's recommendations. The correct answers about the Rivers family, which had satisfied Mrs. Plinlimmon, might not have seemed so satisfactory to Mrs. Opdyke.

The preparations for Aunt Hetty's arrival now went on briskly, and Jane helped so quietly and so effectually, that by evening all was in order, and Mrs. Plinlimmon herself felt far less tired than on the previous day, when she had done nothing but interview

applicants.

A good night's rest restored her to her usual placid and kindly frame of mind, and she was prepared to greet Aunt Hetty cheerfully; but, alas! after all her preparations a disaster occurred which she could not possibly have foreseen or prevented.

The hack containing Aunt Hetty drove up to the door. Mrs. Plinlimmon was on the steps to receive her, and at a word from her Jane ran quickly to the curb to assist her to alight. But the independent lady, hurrying to forestall any assistance, twisted her foot as she sprang from the hack, and but for Jane's strong arms she would have fallen flat on the pavement.

Mrs. Plinlimmon, seeing what had happened, quickly fetched out a chair, and having placed Aunt Hetty in it, Jane and the hackman carried her, chair and all, into the house; but the sprained foot was swelling painfully, and Aunt Hetty groaned and moaned for her own trusted doc-

"Dr. Owen, my doctor, is so good and kind!" exclaimed Mrs. Plinlim-

mon. "Oh, if I only had some one to send for him!"

"Just give me the address, and I will go," replied Jane, in a brisk, cheery voice, hardly like her own

usual hesitating tones.

"It is at the corner of Spring Street and Maplewood Avenue," replied Mrs. Plinlimmon. "It is not hard to find, for Spring Street is the third street below here, and then it is a straight road north to Maplewood Avenue, and the name is on the door. You could not miss it; but it is a long way, and no cars run near there. It is growing late now, and I believe that it is beginning to rain. Oh, how unlucky!'

"Never mind. Perhaps I can get somebody to go for me," said Jane. "The house where I stayed is not very far from here. I'll run across there and try, if you don't mind."

Mrs. Plinlimmon was only too thankful, for although she could bathe and bandage a sprained ankle, she was not equal to managing Aunt Hetty in a nervous fit; and that was what the pain and the shock would She bade evidently culminate in. Jane wrap herself in a big waterproof and take an umbrella, and she was watching her hurrying down the street before it ever occurred to her that it was a little risky thus to trust a total stranger after barely thirtysix hours' service.

"What a lecture dear Tom would give me!" she murmured. "But I am sure that she is trustworthy and honest; even he could hardly distrust her if he saw her.'

Aunt Hetty, who was beginning to work herself into a fever under the conviction that the ankle was broken, was a good deal soothed by the assurance that the doctor had been sent for, and the time passed better than Mrs. Plinlimmon had dared to hope, until Jane returned warm and breath-

"You got somebody to go for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Plinlimmon; "for you never could have gone all that way so soon. But I am afraid it will be hard to keep Miss Hetty quiet till the doctor comes, the messenger has such a long walk.'

"The messenger did not walk,"

replied Jane.

'How did he go?' inquired Mrs. Plinlimmon, surprised.

"On a bicycle," replied Jane

briefly.

"Oh," said Mrs. Plinlimmon, with a sigh of relief. "I have heard that they go very quickly."

Jane coughed, and then asked if she had not better get some tea ready

for Miss Hetty.
"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Plinlimmon, and a few hasty directions followed, the result of which was soon visible when Jane returned with a dainty tray that tempted even Aunt Hetty's fastidious taste, and caused Mrs. Plinlimmon inwardly to call down blessings on Jane's big sandy The arrival of the doctor soon after, with his kindly manner and cheery words, completely reassured the whole party, and Aunt Hetty was composed for a night's rest.

Days of tedious nursing followed this catastrophe, but Jane proved to be an excellent nurse, and with the assistance of a woman who had already before done day's work for Mrs. Plinlimmon, all went as smoothly as possible. Aunt Hetty was confined to her room, and was not the most patient of mortals under this restraint, but Mrs. Plinlimmon was conscious of a guilty feeling of relief, as she remembered that now there would be no need for any meeting between Aunt Hetty and Miss Rivers whenever that young lady should re-Tom was to sail in a turn her call. few days, and even her grief over this was a little assuaged by the thought that absence had been known to work wonders.

One day as Jane was dusting she removed the silver-headed stick from its rather awkward position on the hall table; but Mrs. Plinlimmon, coming down-stairs just afterward, noticed the change and replaced

"It is my son's stick," she said to "He forgot it, and left it Jane.

there after he said 'good-by' to me, and I like to see it there."

Jane glanced at her with an expression that Mrs. Plinlimmon almost thought was sympathetic, but the glasses were a decided bar to much expression on Jane's face. However, the stick was always carefully replaced after dusting, and was picked up without a sign of impatience, no matter how many times it rolled off the slippery surface or was dislodged by an unwary elbow.

A week passed, and Aunt Hetty was improving steadily. She had taken a fancy to Jane, and one day she even vouchsafed the remark:

'That maid of yours, Helen, is an instance of the small difference that there is between beauty and ugliness. You know if Cleopatra's nose had been another shape the fate of Rome would have been different; and if your maid's hair was a different color and her eyes were visible, I have no doubt but that she would be a pretty

"I don't think Jane ugly," remarked Mrs. Plinlimmon mildly.

"She is no beauty, at all events," replied Aunt Hetty decidedly; "but she is the most useful and sensible creature that I ever came across.

"Indeed she is," replied Mrs. Plin-limmon warmly; "and really, she has quite a nice complexion—very unusual in a woman of her age, for I

am sure she is not young."

"If some of the young society ladies had the training that these country women get," began Aunt Hetty, who was now started on a hobby, "they would be good for something. When Jane raises me I never feel the least anxiety; but as for my nieces, Clara and Gertrude, I should not think my life worth a moment's purchase if they tried to

The entrance of Jane with the twoo'clock mail put a stop to the conversation.

"If you don't need me for a little while, I'll go upstairs and tidy myself for the afternoon," she said.

'Just listen for the door-bell,"

said Mrs. Plinlimmon, who was in constant nervous expectation of Miss "But I don't Rivers's appearance. think any one will call at this hour."

Jane went upstairs, and Mrs. Plinlimmon saying, in a disappointed tone: "No letter from Tom! I thought that he would write before he sailed," began to open her letters, when the bell suddenly echoed to a sturdy pull.

"Miss Rivers" rose to her mind so quickly that she almost said the words aloud; but she jumped up nervously to call Jane. As she reached the door she met Jane running down the stairs, hurriedly adjusting her cap on her head as she went. Mrs. Plinlimmon slipped back into the room, wondering how she should meet the young lady, and feeling a distinctly cowardly desire to say, "Not at home."
Meanwhile, Jane had reached the

front door and opened it, but instead of a young lady a tall gentleman stood before her.

He gave her a surprised glance,

and then asked:

"Is Mrs. Plinlimmon at home?" "Yes, sir," came almost inaudibly from Jane's lips.

The young man stepped inside smiling and with a sudden twinkle

in his eyes, as he said:

"Just tell her that a gentleman would like to see her." He passed on to the parlor-door, but turned quickly to say: "Stop a moment; she is quite well, isn't she?"

Iane had by this time closed the front door, and in the shaded light of the hall was relieved from the embarrassment into which his surprised scrutiny had thrown her. She therefore answered with a steadier tone:

"Oh, yes, sir; perfectly well."
By George!" muttered the young man suddenly, flinging open the parlor-door to let the light from within fall more strongly on her face.

But Jane had noticed a card that had fallen from the hall table, and

she stooped for it as she said:

'Please walk in, sir.'

"Well, of all fools, I am the biggest!" muttered the young man, as

he gave his broad shoulders a shake and stepped forward across the threshold of the room; but his eyes were still turned upon Jane, and as she rose, meaning to hasten upstairs to call Mrs. Plinlimmon, and to escape the prying gaze that so much disconcerted her, an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself. The curiously twisted silver handle of the stick projected beyond the edge of the table on which it lay, and as she raised her head it fastened in the neat cap, which she had pinned on too hastily to be very secure, and slid in a style. made perfect by practice down on the floor. But this time it fell not alone. If it could not take the world with it, it at least took all that it could catch, and that included a neat cap, a sandy wig, and a pair of blue spectacles!

Mrs. Plinlimmon, alarmed by the clatter, reached the head of the stairs just in time to see a manly figure snatch her discreet and sensible Jane into its arms, and to hear a well-

known voice exclaim:

" Helen, what on earth is the mean-

ing of this masquerading?"

"Tom, my dear Tom!" she cried in utter amazement, running down so hastily that she tripped over the fallen stick, and would have fallen herself, had not Tom, with truly nautical presence of mind and quickness, flung out his right arm and gathered her into it, while he held fast his other prize with the left.

"Now, this is what I call a jolly home-coming, but I want a little explanation," he exclaimed, as he hurried them both into the parlor, and placed them on the sofa, with himself comfortably installed between them.

Mrs. Plinlimmon gazed in great bewilderment from her son to the figure beside him, of which nothing but the dress reminded her of Jane. Instead of the large, ill-shaped head and plain face that she knew, she saw a small, shapely head, with coils of dark hair wound tightly around it, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes brimful of devotion as they gazed eagerly into Tom's handsome face. Even the mouth, which in Jane's face was always primly compressed, had now suddenly become transformed, perhaps from the kisses which the audacious Tom had pressed upon it, into a veritable

Cupid's bow.

Mrs. Plinlimmon's lips quivered, and a mist of tears dimmed her sight as it flashed upon her that she was thus brought face to face with the woman who had stolen her son from her. But the dark eyes were not so absorbed in Tom that they could not see Tom's mother, and in a moment this strangely transformed creature was kneeling beside her, and a sweet voice cried:

"Oh, forgive me. I did not mean it as playing a trick, but you were in such trouble, and I thought perhaps you would like me better if you knew me better."

It was now Tom's turn to stare, and something like a frown hovered over his brow at these last words; but Mrs. Plinlimmon, for all her nervousness, was not lacking in womanly wit or womanly kindness, and she interrupted her, saying, as she stooped and kissed the girlish face upraised to hers:

"My dear, you certainly have helped me out of very great trouble, and the last week has proved to me that my son has won a treasure. Aunt Hetty will think the same as I do."

Tom, whose face had beamed at his mother's speech, now drew in his lips in a silent whistle.

"Aunt Hetty! Is she here, and has she had a finger in this wonder-

ful jumble?" he asked.

"No, indeed; she knows nothing about it," said Mrs. Plinlimmon, lowering her voice cautiously; "she is laid up with a sprained ankle, and I am afraid that she will feel cross at being left alone so long."

But Tom declared that he would not undertake to face Aunt Hetty until he knew the whole business, and

a hasty explanation followed.

"Can't we hide all this affair from her?" he asked, after he had gathered the outline of the story. "You are so good at acting, Helen, you can get into your own proper rig and make believe that you have just arrived."

"She will ask for Jane," said Helen, smiling roguishly. "You do not

realize Jane's good qualities."

"Tell her that Jane has left without warning," replied Tom, catching her hand in a close grasp as his only reply to her last saucy words. "Aunt Hetty can't bear to be humbugged—she never could; and she will be wild if she gets to know of this."

"No, no, my boy; we can't have any more acting," said his mother, shaking her head decidedly while she softly patted Helen's hand. "Aunt Hetty is probably very much irritated already, as she must have overheard our voices in the hall."

"Then," said Tom, with sailor-like frankness, "I say, let us go up and face the music at once all together. She can't devour us all at one mouthful, and perhaps numbers will dissi-

pate her wrath.'

He rose at once, and the ladies followed meekly as he strode upstairs

to Aunt Hetty's room.

That lady, instead of displaying the least irritation, held out her hand to him with perfect composure as he en-

tered, and said coolly:

"How do you do, Nephew Tom?"
Then turning her sharp eyes on Mrs.
Plinlimmon, she inquired: "Now,
Helen, pray tell me, was I right or
wrong in what I said to you less than
a half hour ago?" and she glanced
meaningly at the pretty face of the
young girl.

"Aunt Hetty," interrupted Tom, taking Helen Rivers's hand, and speaking with quiet dignity, "this young lady has done me the honor to promise to become my wife. Let me present to you Miss Helen Dunn

Rivers.''

At this point a gleam of surprise did flit across Aunt Hetty's face; but she revenged herself upon Tom by answering sharply:

"I only hope, young man, that you will now begin to try to deserve your

good luck." Then satisfied with having crushed the offender, who had been guilty of the crime of telling her something that she had not already found out for herself, she turned to Helen Rivers, and holding out her hand, said kindly: "You look much nicer, my dear, without that ugly wig. Now tell me what induced you to put it on, for you see that you cannot hoodwink me."

The delay down-stairs, which Mrs. Plinlimmon had feared would exasperate Aunt Hetty, had had just the contrary effect, for she had seen enough with her observant eves to have her curiosity excited about her sister-in-law's new maid, and she had gathered enough from the exclamations that floated up to her to piece out for herself a tolerably connected idea of what had occurred. had failed to divine the engagement of her nephew, she had guessed enough to justify her in assuming the rôle of one who had known everything all the time, and was only graciously letting others explain to her what she had already found out. Helen Rivers was quick to perceive this, and as she related how she had inadvertently discovered Mrs. Plinlimmon's domestic troubles, the old lady nodded and laughed shrewdly.

"I am a college girl," said Helen in conclusion; "but I know how to cook, and I like to do it, and I think that I can keep a house tidy, too."

A faint flush tinged Mrs. Plinlimmon's faded cheek as she recalled her words to Mrs. Opdyke on that woeful morning; but Helen never betrayed that her quick ears had caught what was not intended for them. Her revenge had been taken, and it was complete.

"It was all the fault of your stick," she afterward averred to Tom, "for if I had not recognized the stick I should have gone away. Then it fell down, and I was discovered. You know, too, it was the stick that betraved me to you."

trayed me to you."

But here Tom stopped her, and stoutly asserted that he had felt that she was near him before ever the

twisted head of the stick had dragged off the sandy wig and the spectacles; and on that point they are still of different opinions.

After Aunt Hetty had been satisfied by Helen's account, she turned to Tom to explain his unexpected appearance, and great were the rejoicings on learning that his orders had been changed, and he was to have another year of shore duty.

Of course Tom was eager to be married, and equally, of course, Mrs. Plinlimmon had again to look out for Mrs. Opdyke asked about "that nice Jane," and on learning that she had left at the end of her week, she read Mrs. Plinlimmon a friendly lecture on the danger of taking a servant without good recommendation, and congratulated her that she had not lost her silver spoons. Only the four assembled that day in Aunt Hetty's room ever knew that Tom Plinlimmon married his mother's cook.

A dark question remained for some time unsettled in Mrs. Plinlimmon's

mind; but one day she summoned . up courage to say to her son's wife:

"Have you ever ridden a bicycle, my dear?"

"Yes, frequently in the country," replied Mrs. Tom frankly, "but only once in town, and that was the evening that I went in such haste to fetch Dr. Owen for Aunt Hetty.'

Mrs. Plinlimmon gasped, but she made no further remark, and there was no apparent diminution in her affection for her daughter-in-law.

The stick can no longer be considered Tom's stick, for he has never been allowed to carry it again. hangs in Helen's room, decorated with a huge bow of ribbon, and nobody but herself and the stick know of the wrathful feelings with which she was leaving Mrs. Plinlimmon's door, had not its timely fall brought her face to face with the offender. and softened her heart to the distressed little lady whose unlucky words she had overheard.

E. Montrose

THE SECRET OF THE PINES.

H! windy pines, that sighing tell Your secrets to the upper air, Come speak to worlds of listening men— Who wonder often, what befell.

What crime was done in your dense shade? Are souls imprison'd in your bark, And crying daily, sobbing loud, That they in human form be made?

What mocking spirits in your deep Will echo every word that's said? While all your boughs in sorrow sigh And pity ask, though secrets keep.

Because the wind must blow, dost sigh? That after day, there must be night? Or that this world of men must weep, And like you, pine-trees, sob and cry?

Oh! sympathetic, sighing trees, Like you, man has his secret grief, That he must sigh to empty air, Or weep to God on bended knees.

F. L. Ward.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN CAMP.

(With Illustrations from Photographs by Pach Brothers.)

THE Seventh Regiment of New York, with its gray uniforms and white cross belts, is a familiar and popular sight in the streets of the metropolis, and on the drill floor of the big armory at Park Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, but the Seventh Regiment at work during a tour of duty at the State camp

is seen by but few.

However, it is this hard, intelligent work, enthusiastically performed for a week every two years at the State military post near Peekskill, that does much to perfect this organization of over one thousand men in the details necessary for the proper training of a body of troops. For about two hours each week for six months of the year the men are in uniform, under command and performing duty as soldiers; the remainder of the time they are private citizens, attending to their business and social affairs. But at the State camp, from one Saturday to the next, they are continuously soldiers—never out of uniform, always under command, following a strict military routine that regulates every moment.

The distinctions of rank are carefully observed, and the chums that may have dined together on Friday separate as the regiment falls in on Saturday, one to take his place as a private in the ranks, the other in command as an officer, and they do not meet again as equals until the tour is ended. In a military organization like the Seventh, where officers and enlisted men are drawn from the same circles of society, the distinctions of rank are purely military, but not the less strictly defined. Curious results sometimes follow from this combination of business, family, and military relations. For example, it caused no comment at the last camp to observe a well-known broker, a private, operating a wheelbarrow and broom with great skill and assiduity

under the superior directions of a sergeant, who in civil life occupies the position of cashier in the broker's office.

The regiment assembles at the armory on its departure for camp in time to reach the post by the Hudson River Railroad at an early hour in the afternoon. For an hour prior to assembly the armory is a busy place. Men are constantly arriving, knapsacks are being packed, uniforms and equipments are being adjusted, friends crowd in to see the regiment start, and all is seeming confusion; but prompt to the second the "assembly" rolls out on the drums, the men fall in, the great doors are thrown back, and with the band playing a favorite march, the troops move out, to return a week later with sunbrowned faces, tired legs, and an amount of military knowledge that a year of armory drills would not im-

The "specials" make short work of the forty miles' run, and the regiment detrains promptly and forms for the march to camp. Here the old member who has been to many camps breathes a sigh and shifts his knapsack, but the recruit is filled with pleasant anticipation. The camp lies on a beautiful plateau a mile away, but before it is reached a tremendous hill must be surmounted. sturdy, seasoned tramper this hill would prove no trifle; to men fresh from the city, loaded down with rifle, packed knapsack and accourrements, it makes a trying march. Moving at "route step" the hill is at last left behind, and taking fresh breath, the ranks close up, the cadence step is resumed, and with band playing and colors flying the regiment swings steadily into camp, past the troops standing in line at "present," and waiting to be relieved, up to the color line on the parade, where, after a salute to the commanding officer of the



PREPARING FOR MORNING INSPECTION.

post, the companies are dismissed to quarters.

The company streets are ten in number, running back at right angles from the color line, with fifteen tents on each side. Back of the company streets and parallel with the color line is the street for company officers, and farther back in order come the streets for the field and staff, the band and the field music. Wall tents are used in company streets, and usually have three occupants. soon as dismissed the men are assigned to quarters; and mattresses, blankets, buckets, and other camp utensils are issued, so that military housekeeping is immediately set up.

From the time of arrival the camp routine goes into operation, and guard mountings, parades, roll calls, and meals follow each other with military precision. On Sunday company and battalion drills are omitted, but otherwise the usual camp duties are followed out.

Monday morning begins the real work of the week; the programme is the same each day until Saturday. When the dawn first tinges the east, the white-tented city appears abso-

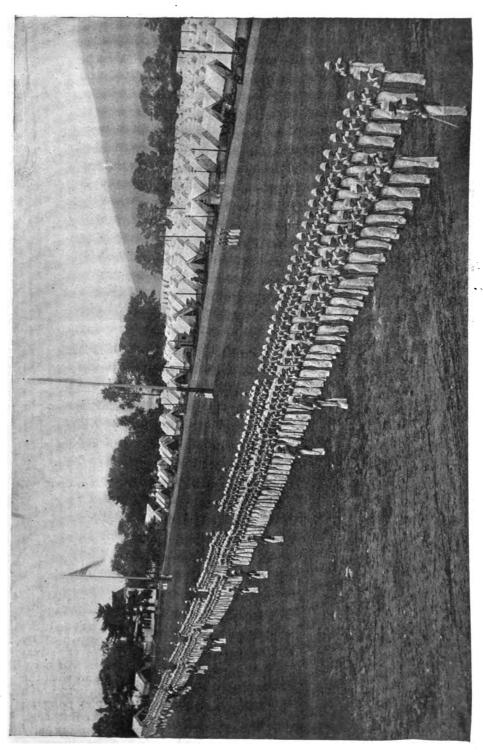
lutely deserted, except for the sentries "walking post" around its borders and the sleepy sergeant at the guard-house, who looks at the clock, and going to the adjoining tent sharply calls, "Musician of the guard!" Out turns the drummer, and being told it is time for "first call," he starts on a run for the camp to wake the "field musicians." corporals of the guard, one with the national and the other with the State colors neatly folded, and each accompanied by two men as a guard, march to the two flagstaffs on the color line, and bend the flags on the halliards ready for hoisting. At the same time out marches an artillery detachment and removes the canvas covering from the cannon standing on the edge of the bluff, load the piece, and stand at attention. Down the centre street of the camp marches the field music, consisting of twenty drummers and ten fifers, under the command of the drum-major. It is precisely five A.M., and the mountains are still shrouded in mist and the camp is as quiet as the grave. As the hand of the watch marks the hour, "boom!" goes the gun, the

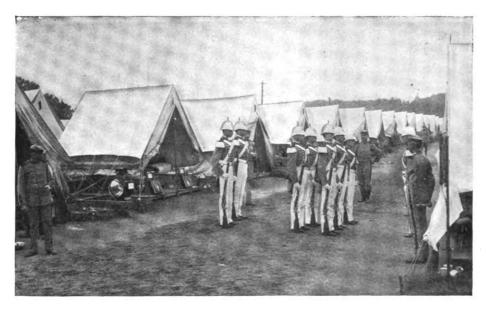
surrounding hills echoing back the sound of the discharge, the flags flutter up to the top of the staffs, crash go the drums, followed by the fifes in the call known as reveille, which ushers in the military day. transformation which follows in camp is complete. Men come running out of every tent, donning uniforms, and a murmur of voices rises from the entire camp. All is rush and hurry, for at the end of reveille, which lasts five minutes, each man must be in uniform and in ranks ready to answer roll call. As the last note of the call is sounded, "attention to roll call" commands each first sergeant, and the men answer to their names, standing rigidly at attention. The sun has not yet climbed high enough to show his face. Roll call over, the men fall out and finish their hasty toilets, while hot coffee and bread are served. At 5.45 they are again in ranks for company drill, under command of the captains until recall at seven o'clock. This early morning company drill is in "extended order," and furnishes the severest kind of exercise, being executed largely in "double time," and having a great amount of rushing forward and falling back, lying down and jumping up, and calling for the expenditure of a large number of blank cartridges.

Recall from morning drill brings no rest, for the men must immediately prepare their tents for inspection. Everything is moved from the tents into the street, the wooden floors are raised and washed, the sides and flaps of the tents are neatly rolled up, and then all the articles are returned to the tents, according to a particular and minute order; the mattresses are rolled up on the cots, the blankets folded in a certain number of folds, and each pail, candlestick, cup, and article of uniform and equipment has a particular spot where it must be placed, so that each tent



OFF DUTY-A HOT AFTERNOON.





A DETAIL FOR GUARD.

will be arranged precisely like all the others. Then the entire limits of the camp must be "policed"—that is, every burned match, every wisp of straw, every surplus pebble, must be picked up and removed, and when ready for inspection, the entire camp is literally clean and in order. Cleanliness and neatness are fundamental requirements in a correct military corps, and the "policing" of the State camp has received the unstinted praise of many distinguished soldiers. The young men of the Seventh perform their duties with the wheelbarrow, rake, and broom as cheerfully and with as much pride as they show parading down Fifth Avenue.

This daily house-cleaning is interrupted at seven o'clock by "breakfast call," when the companies fall in and march to breakfast. Here strict discipline is also observed. As each company enters the great mess hall, where the entire regiment is served at once, the men at command uncover, and taking their places by the tables, stand at attention until the officers are in their seats, when the command "be seated" is given. The meals furnished are plain, but abun-

dant in quantity and excellent in quality.

Breakfast over, the dressing of tents and the policing of the camp is continued, and at half-past eight morning guard mounting is held, when the men detailed from each company for the day guard go through that beautiful military ceremony, in which the full band participates.

At half-past nine the companies are again formed, and for two hours engage in battalion drill under command of the majors. The sun has by this time made itself felt, and the uniform, consisting of white helmets, white trousers and summer blouses, allows the men to go through the movements in comparative comfort.

While the battalions are at drill the officer of the day, accompanied by the post inspector, visits every street and examines every tent. An occasional tin cup may be found with the handle turned the wrong way, or a pair of shoes with the toes pointing west when they should point east, but otherwise the inspection is usually pronounced perfect. The discovery of a cigar stump in a street would

put the company in a state of excitement for twenty-four hours.

Recall from battalion drill at halfpast eleven is a welcome sound, for the work has been without cessation since five in the morning. Until dinner call at half-past twelve the men have no special duties, and this hour is spent in changing into fresh clothes after the heat and dust of the drill field. At dinner call the companies fall in with clean uniforms and healthy appetites.

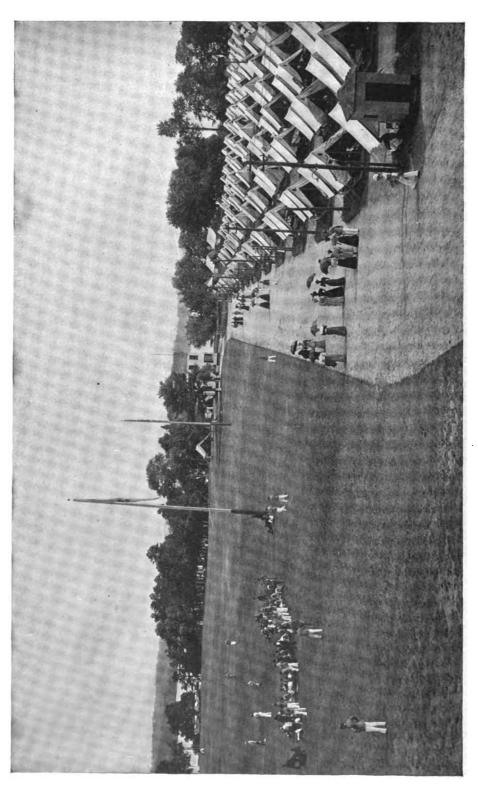
For the great majority of the men the work is now over until evening parade, and they are permitted to enjoy themselves in any reasonable manner. Fatigue and heat have no deterrent effect on the baseball enthusiasts, and the rival nines from the different companies occupy the parade ground, with a large part of the regiment as spectators. Later in the afternoon visitors begin to arrive: the summer girls for miles around drive into camp and immediately lose interest in their civilian escorts; friends from the city come by train to witness the evening guard mounting and the parade. The curiosity of the feminine contingent is unbounded. They must look into every tent and ask a hundred questions about the details of camp life. Their curiosity never goes unsatisfied.

While the afternoons are generally given up to rest and recreation, still many of the regiment have duties to perform. At one o'clock the officers meet in the colonel's quarters, where the military progress of the corps is discussed and instructions from the commanding officer are received. Next the officers from each battalion report to the major for instruction. and then the captains of companies assemble their sergeants and corporals in a school for non-commissioned officers. Frequently lectures on military topics are delivered in the afternoon by one of the regular army officers detailed to the post.

At five o'clock the night guard is mounted, and the ceremony of the morning is repeated in the presence of the visitors who line the bluff. An

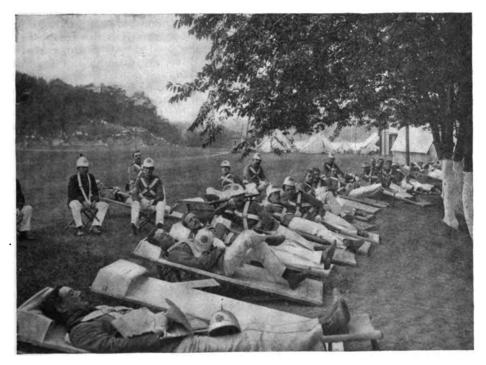


A POLICE DETAIL.



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early supper at half-past five leaves time to put on the full-dress uniform, for the most imposing ceremony of the day—evening parade. Each company forms in its street, the uniforms, arms, and equipments are critically inspected, and at "adjutant's call" the ten companies simultaneously march out on the parade ground in perfect order. Battalion lines are soon formed, then regimental line, and there stands the regiment at open plaintive note dies away the gun is fired, the colors on the staffs in charge of details from the guard, drop suddenly to the ground, and sunset is officially accomplished. The brief remaining movements of the ceremony are performed, and the officers, having marched to the front, form a group behind the colonel. The regiment forms into columns of companies, and with the band at the head comes marching around the field, in review,



AT THE GUARD TENT.

ranks, extending entirely across the front of the camp with arms at "parade rest"—a solid wall of gray and white, the rays of the setting sun reflected in the polished brasses. Not a man moves a muscle, not a head turns, as at the command "sound off" from the adjutant, the great band sweeps down the line and back to its place on the right, trooping the colors. As the music ceases the drums and fifes take up the call of retreat, followed by the bugles; as the last

each company under command of the first sergeant. On they come with perfect step and accurate alignments, as fine a disciplined body of citizen soldiers as this country can produce. As the colors pass, the colonel and his officers remove their helmets in salute, and this observance of regulations is something more than a form, for every Seventh man feels that in showing outward respect to the flag he gives sincere expression to his love of country. As the companies reach

their original positions after review, they move into column of fours, and together disappear from sight in the company street, and the great mili-

tary function is over.

The evening is devoted to pleasure. The band gives a concert in front of the colonel's quarters, little social parties are held through the camp, and the visitors linger, fascinated by the novel scene. At ten o'clock "tattoo" is sounded, after which no visitors are permitted, lights must go out, and all noise cease. At eleven the sad sweet notes of "taps" float through the camp, and the military day is ended.

Thus for six days the members of the regiment devote themselves to acquiring knowledge of the duties of the soldier. The course of instruction laid down is well carried out, and the results accomplished are most gratifying. This experience in camp not only makes the men better soldiers, but the discipline and training fit them to better discharge their full duty as citizens of the republic.

Perhaps the best estimate of the efficiency of the Seventh Regiment will be found in the words of Brevet Brigadier-General Guy V. Henry, Fifth United States Cavalry, an officer with a distinguished record, who was detailed from Washington last year to inspect and report upon the New York State camp. In his report to the War Department, and speaking of the Seventh Regiment, he says: "This command is composed of educated men, who desire to learn or receive any needed instruction, are loyal to all duty, are prompt and exact in formations and military requirements, have an esprit or pride which animates the whole regiment, which forms a unique body of citizen soldiers; a model for others to imitate, and of which the State of New York may be justly proud."

Willard C. Fisk.



COMPANY DRILL.

THE ADIRONDACKS AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

RIMSON, and green, and golden,
Against a sky of blue,
Mellowed by autumn sunlight,
God's glory shining through,
Dainty as cheek of woman,
Grand as the boundless main,
The beautiful Adirondacks
Stoop down to kiss Champlain.

Burnished like precious silver,
Restful as love divine,
Fresh as the breath of morning,
Peaceful as day's decline,
Bathing the rugged ledges
With gentle, sweet refrain,
The beautiful Adirondacks
Are kissed by Lake Champlain.

Sarah Knowles Bolton.

GOLF: THE SPORT OF THE DAY.

OLF, the most fascinating game **T** of this end of the century, numbers its votaries by the thousands and tens of thousands.

Although not quite as old as man himself, the game is ancient enough to be respectable, if not classical. As long ago as the middle of the fifteenth century we read of it, and in the British Museum there is a Flemish manuscript of 1500 or thereabouts containing the oldest known picture of golf, in which two men appear playing the game; one has a "putter" in his hand, and the other is addressing himself to his ball at the tee.

It was a favorite diversion in the time of James I.; Charles I. was devoted to the game, and was playing on the Leith Links when he heard of the Irish rebellion and returned in

haste to Holyrood.

The game derives its name from the club with which it is played— German, Kolb, and Dutch, Kolf. It is played, however, with a dozen clubs, more or less. For every stroke, as a rule, a different club is required—the spoon, putter (rhyme with butter), niblick, cleek, sand iron, and the play club; the ball, weighing about two ounces, is of gutta-percha, very hard and painted white. The course or links comprise nine or eighteen holes, situated many yards apart, often three or four hundred, and the object is to drive the ball from one hole to another with as few strokes as possible, the one winning the game who has the lowest The distance from start to finish is about three miles, a shorter course of a mile and a half sometimes being laid out for the use of the feminine members of the club.

The caddie is one of the institutions of the game; he carries your clubs in a bag, and has the right one ready to present at the right time—that is, if he is a genuine caddie—one who nascitur non fit, who holds the game in reverence and does not despise the learner, although occasionally marvelling at his misses. When accompanying you round the course he never descends to the position of the mere hireling, but constitutes himself in a non-obtrusive sense your mentor. He knows in the fullest detail the character of the ground between each Take him into your confidence, and he will give you numberless hints, the value of which is beyond computation.

He knows where the booby traps are; but if you wish to preserve his respect, not to mention your own, do not inquire the exact locality of one

and then drive into it.

When starting from each teeing ground, you will find, if you ask him, that he has certain theories as to the best method of getting on to the next green, as well as the shortest cut around a bunker.

He suggests a drive well away to right; having accomplished which, you notice a cunning way round the neck of the bunker, whereby you avoid the sandy Scylla without fear of falling into any rough grass Charybdis.

To St. Andrew's Club, Yonkers, belongs the distinction of being the oldest golf club in America. It was established eight years ago, and has

a large membership.

The club house is an old-fashioned building, one of the oldest, indeed, in Westchester County, but soon to be replaced by a handsome structure. Mr. John Reid is president, and Mr. W. D. Baldwin vice-president of the club.

Not less than a hundred acres would satisfy the St. Andrew's men, and the circuit of the nine holes is about a mile and three quarters, requiring a little more than a three-mile walk to play a regular round of eighteen holes; bunkers and hazards abound in the shape of terraces and stone

At Shinnecock Hills is one of the older golf clubs, and the only one having two courses, one for men



THE GOLF GROUNDS AT LENOX.

about three miles in length, and a shorter one for the use of the ladies. Apart from the sporty, golfy features of the links or "downs," as one more frequently hears in England, the situation is delightful and charming. A long stretch of rough or smooth grassy land by the sea forms the ideal golfing ground, and this Southampton has.

Among members of the club are ex-Judge Horace Russell, Rev. William Rainsford, D.D., who is always winning prizes at golf, Mr. H. G.

Trevor, who is another crack player, Mr. Aymar Sands, Mr. T. Gaillard Thomas, Mr. Albert Stevens, Mr. Charles T. Barney, and Мr. Hampden Robb. Among ladies who are members are Mrs. Mead, who has given several cups for prizes, Mrs. Sands, Mrs. Charles S. Brown, a player with a record, and Miss Edith Wickham.

Another well-known and charming golf organization is that at Morristown. Little less than two years old, it boasts nearly four hundred members, and most of them are members of the "400." Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly (née Vanderbilt) was the prime mover in founding the club, and other ladies associated with Mrs. Twombly are Miss Howland Ford,

Mrs. Louis Thebaud, Mrs. Marmaduke Tilden, Mrs. G. G. Frelinghuysen, Miss F. S. Hopkins, Mrs. Robert F. Ballantine, Mrs. Allston Flagg, Mrs. C. B. Mitchell, and Mrs. Tilden.



THE ST. ANDREW'S CLUB, YONKERS.

The Morristown links have been the scene of several interesting matches, and during the coming autumn the Ladies' Championship Tournament will be held here. This is the most important tournament of the vear-to the ladies. The prize offered, by Mr. Robert Cox, is a superb silver cup, valued at a thousand dollars. Every fair golfer in the country is eager to win this trophy, and during the summer there is going to be diligent prac-

tice on many a golf course with this prize as the incentive.

The star players among women are Miss Ford, the champion player of the Morristown Club; Mrs. William Shippen, who has a record of nine



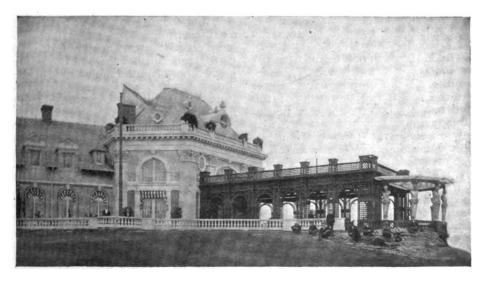
A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM AT BALTURSOL.

holes with fortyeight strokes; Miss Walker, Miss Shelton, Miss Gertrude Hoy, Mrs. Dickson, and Miss Litle, who won a match game last autumn with a score of seventy-seven strokes for the nine holes. Miss Louise Field is another crack player, who has the reputation of knowing how to escape the bad places, and to make a clean drive across bunkers and hazards.

Among younger players at the Morristown Club are Miss Elsa

Hurlburt, Miss Mollie March, Miss Fellowes, Miss Kip, Miss Laura Slade, Miss Pauline Vail, and Miss Bryce.

Rather interesting names have been given to the different holes. "The Meadow" is the long one of four hun-



THE NEWPORT CLUB HOUSE.



THE KNOLLWOOD CLUB HOUSE,

dred and fifty-eight yards, and to do it in less than a dozen strokes—a baker's dozen—is better luck than usually befalls a player. "The Blind Ditch," "Land's End," "Liliputian," "Apple Trees," "the Ideal," "the Oaks," "Hoodoo," and "Westward Ho" are the distinctive titles of other holes, and the "Punch Bowl"—a natural declivity of ground—is the hazard where one often meets his Waterloo.

The Morristown Club was founded by ladies, and until within a few months all the officers were ladies; but the recent incorporation of the club made necessary changes in the management, and the president is now Paul Revere; honorary president, Miss Nina Howland; honorary vice-president, Mrs. H. McK. Twombly. The club house is colonial and charming, with broad verandas and hospitable drawing and dining-rooms. Tea is served every afternoon in the pretty blue-and-white reception-rooms or upon the veranda, where a group of golfers and their friends can always be found, with many bicycles adorning the background, for the smart set of Morristown go in for sport and athletics with unbounded enthusiasm.

The Baltursol links, near Short Hills, are popular with the young people. The club building, an old house made over, makes no pretensions to being anything more than a comfortable rendezvous for the members, where they can have lockers and dressing-rooms and shower-baths and a grilled dinner. Indeed, grilled dinners are a feature at the Baltursol Club, and during the winter many gay groups of golfers have met in the dining-room, awaiting the preparation of their dinner over the blazing fire in the old-fashioned fireplace.

At the Lakewood Club, golf has been going on all the winter and spring, with many important matches won and lost. Such well-known people as Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, Dr. C. L. Lindley, William H. Sands, Arthur B. Claffin, James Converse, Duncan Elliott, Theodore A. Havemeyer, R. Fulton Cutting, James Park, and J. H. Parish are members of the Lakewood Club, with Robert Bage Kerr president. The modest little building used as a club house will in time be replaced by one

more worthy of the neighborhood and the members.

Although Mr. Gould is not a devoted player, he has done much to encourage the game in the way of valuable prizes. One of the recent exciting contests on the Lakewood

was a mixed foursome for a cup offered by Mr. Classin. E. R. Walker and Miss Agnes Davis played the rounds in 120; Duncan Elliott and Mrs. Clarence B. Mitchell, in 125; Dr. Kimball and Miss Alice Strong, in 109, the latter winning the cup.



MISS ESTELLE ARNOLD, ONE OF THE EXPERTS OF THE NEWPORT CLUB.

Photograph by Dupont.

links was for the Laurel-in-the-Pines cup, won after a three days' tournament by Mr. Leeds, of the Palmetto Golf Club, Aiken, S. C. Mr. Leeds played the best game ever seen on the links.

Another interesting recent event

Of course at Staten Island, that home of all sports, golf has an abiding-place, and it is going to share with tennis and cricket the affections of the pretty Staten Island girls. Tuxedo, too, has its devotees and many good players. Mr. and Mrs

Snow are fond of the sport, and ride over to the golf grounds on their wheels nearly every day. Dr. Rushmore is the captain of the club and the champion as well. He has the remarkable record of seventy-seven strokes for twice around the nine-hole course.

Up the Hudson, the Ardsley Club, with its new club house costing not far from \$35,000, and the Knollwood Club, at Elmsford, are going to see some interesting games this season.

Newport took up golf two years ago, and, of course, a club house was built. It was not wholly completed until the end of last season, but it is a superb building, probably one of the most delightful and best appointed club houses in the world. All the swells and the heavy swells who make Newport their rendezvous are going to provide themselves with the smartest of golf costumes. The women will wear fetching frocks in which scarlet is greatly en evidence, and the men will have tweed suits of knickerbockers, Glengarry caps, thick wool-



." DICKIE" PETERS, OF THE LAKEWOOD CLUB, AND HIS CADDIE.



MRS. BURKE-ROCHE.
Photograph by Dupont.

functions will take place there. A golf breakfast given to one's intimate friends, and spread forth on the "satyr piazza," a bicycle meet by moonlight, and frequent dances in the beautiful ball-room, so well adapted for displaying to advantage a woman's gowns and diamonds, will be attractive to the summer habitués.

Outdoor sports occupy the attention of cottagers at Lenox to a great degree. Tennis, archery, and boating were the favorite games until last year or the year before, when they were relegated to second place and golf reigned triumphantly. The most important event in the golfing world was the International Tournament which came off in September at Lenox. Most interesting and exciting was the play for the cup offered at a match open to young women. There

were twelve young and charming maidens who took part, among the number Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, Miss Virginia Fair, who is as clever at golfing as at cycling, Miss Ethel Phelps-

Stokes, Miss Carrie Webb, Miss Frances Brayton Ives, and Miss Lila Sloane, who won the prize.

A repetition of the interest of last year is expected in August, when an requiring such a vast number of acres; naturally only people possessed of lordly estates can expect to possess private links.

Mr. George Vanderbilt will prob-



MISS ESTELLE DOREMUS.

Photograph by Dupont.

open golf tournament takes place. In addition to the club grounds the Phelps-Stokes have a private links at Shadow Brook.

Private links will never become common in this country, the game ably number a golf course among the attractions of Biltmore, and Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt intends to lay out a course at his country home, Hyde Park-on-Hudson. Mr. Astor has links at Ferncliffe, and Mr. Rudyard Kip-



THE CLUB HEADQUARTERS AT TUXEDO.

ling plays the game on his own grounds at Brattleboro.

Mrs. di Zerega, mother of Lady Frankland, had golf grounds laid out last year at Island Hall, West Chester, under the supervision of her son-in-law, Sir Frederick Frankland, and here all the smart set of that part of the country meet to play golf.

Dr. Seward Webb is another owner of broad acres, who has devoted a number of them to the game, and at Shelburne Falls, Vt., one of the diversions at which his house parties may find entertainment is golf.

The prowess displayed by women on the golf links is rather remarkable; all along the line they win records and renown.

At Knollwood, for instance, Mrs. Paul G. Thebaud plays fine golf. With a score of 93 she won a handsome silver cup at the club handicap match, and at the Westchester Country Club Tournament she captured the cup presented by Mrs. Willie Sands. Mr. Thebaud is vice-president of the Knollwood Club, and equally as enthusiastic on the subject of golf as Mrs. Thebaud. A cup

played for at one of the tournaments was presented by him.

Mrs. Charles S. Brown is another champion. She won high honors not long ago on the Meadowbrook links. Her score for the eighteen holes was 132, making the woman's record for the links. Among the ladies taking part in the game were many good players, Mrs. William Shippen, Miss N. C. Sargent, Miss Howland Ford, Mrs. Arthur Turnure, Miss Anna Sands, Miss Bird, and Mrs. W. B. Thomas among the number. Miss Sargent's score was the next best, and with it she captured the gold medal; to Mrs. Thomas, with a score of 141, fell the silver medal.

Upon another occasion Miss Anna Sands walked off with the honors on the Meadowbrook links, other contestants being such clever players as Mrs. James Kernochan and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Kennedy. At Newport also Miss Sands had the good net score of 79, a tie with Mrs. August Belmont, who was fresh from a victory on the Shinnecock Links.

Mr. Theodore Havemeyer has presented several cups for the ladies'

Miss

breakfast at the Newport

Club, which

will be mod-

elled after a

hunt break-

EstelleDore-

mus, who is

also so clev-

er at many

fast.

matches at Newport.
One was captured by his daughter, Mrs. W.
Butler Duncan. Mrs.
Astor, Miss Marie Winthrop, Miss Blight, and Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, of the Blook-

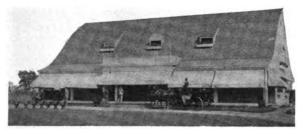
at Newport.

line Club, are among the best players

also a good player, and one of the

unique entertainments which she is planning for the summer is a golf

Mrs. Burke-Roche is



THE MORRISTOWN CLUB HOUSE.

things, is an expert golfer. Another beautiful and capable player in the Newport Club is Miss Estelle Arnold. At Ardsley one of the clever wielders of the "putter" and the "mashie" is Miss Helen Gould.

Stanley Beresford.

THE MOURNING DOVE.

OWN in the meadow where bluebells are tossing,
Over the ridge where the cottonwoods grow,
Under the hedges that border the wheat-field,
List to the monody, plaintive and low:
"Cooing—cooing—for whom do I coo?
O, my lost Love, I am cooing for you!"

Robins are singing their holiday carols,
Bluebirds are piping their tenderest lays,
Thrushes are tuning their harps in the willows,
Bobolinks trill in the strangest of ways.
"Cooing—cooing—for whom do I coo?
O, my lost Love, I am cooing for you!"

Sweet is the breath of the blossoming clover,
Soft are the breezes when laden with dew,
Gentle the touch of the winds that are playing
Over the waters of changeable hue.
"Cooing—cooing—for whom do I coo?
O, my lost Love, I am cooing for you!"

Who can reply to the spirit of sadness
Born in the woodland, the bower and brush,
Beating its wings on the windows of Heaven,
Still, with sweet hope and imagining flush?
"Cooing—cooing—for whom do I coo?
O, my lost Love, I am cooing for you!"

Some time the portals above us will open,
And the sweet angels will gladly respond.
Hope will receive the reward that is waiting,
Bathe its fleet pinions in light from beyond
"Cooing—cooing—for whom do I coo?
O, my lost Love, I am cooing for you!"

O. W. Kinne.

NEW FAVORITES OF THE PARIS STAGE.

THE French stage has always been noted for the remarkable beauty and talent of its actresses, and perhaps at no time in its history has this been more true than at the present day.

Beauty is essential to an actress, more perhaps than to women in any other walk of life. It does not in itself ensure success on the stage, but it contributes largely to that much-desired end. No woman entirely devoid of good looks can hope to attract the public favor, unless, indeed, she possesses that divine spark called genius, which often enables a positively plain woman to appear actually beautiful. Duse is a homely woman, at times she is downright ugly. Her

features are coarse and heavy, her mouth is large, and she is dowdy and ungraceful in appearance. Yet he who saw her in "Camille," as she sits at Armand's feet listening with rapt expression to the love that is to redeem her, will not be unwilling to say that at that moment she appears positively beautiful.

But, alas! genius is vouchsafed to the elect only, and those less fortunate women who have it not have to rely more on their personal appearance than on their histrionic The avtalent. actress is perfectly conscious of this, and seeks by every er to enhance and preserve the beauty nature may have bestowed upon her.

In France there are to be found more beautiful women than elsewhere, for the reason the theatre in that country attracts a greater number of the better class of women than it does here. The theatre and its people monopolize a generous share of the public attention, and the keen interest taken by the French public in the stage, and the extraordinary publicity given to the players, have naturally attracted a large number of ambitious women of good families to adopt the stage as a profession, and often it is less money they seek before the footlights than a reputation and that elusive goal—Fame.

The Paris public is fickle. It soon tires of its favorites. Five vears is about the length of the reign of those it has wooed and crown-New faces, new talents, new methods come, and the old queens neglected. Réiane became famous about five years ago. They still go to see her, but not as they did formerly. Jane Hading, Rosa Brück, Mlle. Weber, Julia Depoix, Mlle. Duhamel, De Marsy, Bartet, Mlle. Mlle. Brandes, Mlle. Darlaud, and the othersall belong to the past. Sarah Bernhardt, of course, does not count. She is not taken



means in her pow- mlle. Jahne, of the théâtre du gymnase.

very

seriously



MLLE, SELWICK, OF THE FOLIES DRAMATIQUE.

nowadays in Paris. The provincial people and the foreigners go to see her, but in the eyes of the end of the century Parisian she is vieux jeu. Reichemberg, the forty-five year-old ingénue of the Théâtre Français, retains her popularity, owing no doubt to her great and incontestable personal charm. A few years ago none of the actresses of the Français was more

popular than Blanche Pierson. At that time she was rightly considered the most beautiful woman on the French stage. So beautiful was she, that the members of a club known as the blondes' club—an organization of swells, each of whom took a solemn oath to love blonde women only—elected her their queen. It was of Pierson that the late Alexandre Du-



MLLE, SIDLEY, OF THE THÉÂTRE DES NOUVEAUTÉS.

mas wrote, concerning her performance of his character *Camille*: "She played the part as it was never played before; with truer feeling and nearer to my own conception."

of new favorites Paris has had many lately. We all recall the phenomenal success of Yvette Guilbert, the ballad singer, who, after starving in a garret on a few francs a month,

rose on the tide of popular ravor until she was earning more than fifteen thousand francs a week, and found herself entertained and courted by royalty. The success of Yvette Guilbert was not a fad. She is one of the most talented women this century has produced, and her equal has never been seen on the stage. Her impersonations, her wonderfully hu-



MLLE FRÉMONT.

man pathetic voice, were simply marvellous. There have been other public crazes in Paris, however, that are less easy to account for. A year ago all Paris went wild over a young woman who had attracted attention by wearing her hair in an odd and original style. I refer to Mlle. de Merode, whose portraits showing this queer attire have been spread broadcast over the world. There was nothing particular about Mlle. de Merode. She is plain, even homely, and her figure is plainer than her face. She was a dancer at the Opera House, but her dancing was not remarkable —in fact, she did not possess conspic-

uous talent in any direction. All she could do was to invent odd hair dresses. Her hair is black and long, and she wore it parted in the middle and hanging down each side in large festoons like the Madonna. She seldom wore a hat, and when she appeared in any public place this novel head-dress naturally attracted attention, and so Mlle. de Merode became famous. Later the King of the Belgians took a fancy to her, and her fortune was made. But poor Mlle. de Merode has now gone the way of all Paris favorites. She is almost forgotten.

Among the latest favorites on the

stage is Mlle. Jahne, a portrait of whom appears in this article. Mlle. Jahne, who is now one of the most prominent members of the Théâtre du Gymnase company, made her debut at the Théâtre de l'Odeon in 1884. Since that time she has been identified with the production of a great number of successful plays. She was a member of the Théâtre du Vaudeville company from 1891 to 1892, and was then induced to go to the Gymnase, where she has met with great success.

Mlle. Selwick is another young woman to whom fortune has been kind. She has only been before the footlights a few months, and yet has already scored more triumphs than many women with three times her experience. Mlle. Selwick enjoys the dubious honor of having attracted

the attention of the Prince of Wales. Mlle. Frémont, also pictured here, is a newcomer on the stage. She comes of an old aristocratic family, and became an actress against the consent of her family. It is said that she is a very virtuous woman—a rarity on the French stage—lives in perfect seclusion, and has repelled some of the most brilliant offers. She is a clever comedienne, and is now writing a play which a manager has agreed to produce next year.

Mlle. Sidley has a face which should ensure her fortune, and her beauty has certainly been an important factor in her professional career. She made her debut two years ago at the Théâtre du Palais Royal, and was soon remarked for the versatility of her talent. She is a very graceful

dancer also.

Charles Haumont.

PEACE.

IVE from the cares that curse this life, release!"
Cried one who toiled through woes, with sobbing breath;
A shape loomed dark before him: "Art thou Peace?"
"Yea; but to wise men I am known as Death."

William Francis Barnard,

"FAITH."

N thro' the dark, with steadfast hand,
Through Sorrow's gloomy border-land,
Thou leadest us to shining day.
And are we faint, thou cheerest us,
And do we cry, thou hearest us,
And teacheth us the while to pray.

Though weak our steps, we do not fall.
Thou, loving, watchest over all,
And helpest us along the road.
And as life's shadow-time we near,
Thou driest every bitter tear,
And tak'st from us our heavy load.

William H. Gardner.



HIS is the time of year when the theatres are deserted and the open-air entertainments are in full swing. The roof gardens, all of which are now open, contribute largely to make city life endurable in summer. They are pleasant lounging places, and afford a welcome change from the overheated pavements be-This year there will be more aërial gardens than ever. Hammerstein has opened a magnificent one at Olympia, and a novel feature of this is that it is roofed over so that the visitors will not be forced indoors in the event of a shower. It is also understood that Mr. Hammerstein will try the experiment of giving light opera on the roof, instead of the usual variety entertainment, which, at its best, is not very elevating.

The managers say that the public does not desire to be elevated otherwise than by an elevator, but seeks idle amusement pure and simple. This is probably true enough, but are all these variety "artists" amusing? Could we not dispense very well with the cornet soloist and the gentleman with the trained cats? Should we not be happier if that orchestra had more regard for harmony, and if the dispensers of the brass instruments put less enthusiasm into their work? I, for one, think we should.

Koster and Bial's, as usual, will be one of the favorite roof gardens this summer. The programme provided here is usually good, and it has the reputation of being one of the coolest gardens in the city, possibly owing to its exposure on all sides. Casino roof garden, separated this year from the regular theatre, also presents a formidable list of attractions, and Proctor's roof garden, on Fifty-eighth Street, the Madison Square Garden, and the American roof garden likewise come in for a goodly share of the public patronage.

Two Italian artists, by a curious coincidence, were amusing metropolitan play-goers at the same time recently. Fregoli was at Olympia and Biondi at Koster and Bial's. Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Bial deserve credit for their enterprise in bringing these men to America, for both are certainly original and inter-They are character esting artists. impersonators, and the latter is a pupil of the former. Their performances-which are practically the same -consist in presenting a little play or charade, with numerous characters, all of which the artist impersonates himself. There is nothing particularly attractive in the little play, which is childish in the extreme, but the performance is interesting, some think remarkable, in view of the as-



MRS. EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y

tonishing rapidity with which the impersonator changes his "make-up," in order to enact the six or eight rôles in the piece. This wonderful agility in changing costume and wig, a matter perhaps more of practice than of genius, seems to be the most remarkable feature of these Italian performances, as otherwise there is little that calls for favorable comment.

* *

The special all-star dramatic company made so much money with the "Rivals" during their recent tour, that the experiment will be repeated next spring, the pro gramme being changed to "The School for Scan-dal." It is hardly likely, however, that the promoters will do so well again, for the performances will no longer have the attraction of novelty. The allstar cast, in fact, threatens to become of every-day occurrence, and directly it does, of course, it will cease to have drawing power. These dramatic ventures which partake so much of the circus are, moreover, antagonistic to the highest dramatic art. It is not as if the respective members of the company sank their individualities and became plain Smiths and Robinsons, content to interpret Sheridan to the best of their ability. Far from this. It is Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Crane, who vie with each other in securing the centre of the stage, and whose names are printed on the playbills in bigger type than the immortal author's. And this, explains the management, is for a

good reason. It is not out of disrespect to Mr. Sheridan, but to please the public who patronize the box-office. Our public of to-day goes to see the players, not the play. Shakespeare's well-known dictum, "The play's the thing," has evidently not the endorsement of fin de siècle theatre-

goers. If these star players only gave ideal performances of the famous comedies we should welcome the casting of the plays by so many celebrated actors, but we must be frank and confess they do not. Sheridan has often been better interpreted by obscure players than it was by these magnates of the theatrical world.

What applies to the legitimate stage applies equally well to grand opera. It is the present absurd system of paying extravagant prices for singers' services that brought about the re- is not the best Mr. Hopper has procent bankruptcy of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. To pay a singer \$1600 a performance is not only idiotic, but criminal, not on the part of the managers, who simply supply the demand, but on the part of our millionaires, who encourage the system by paying fantastic prices for their boxes and seats. Think of what \$1600 means! Thousands and thousands of good Americans are happy to make that much in a year, but Jean de Reszké or Madame Calvé can What make it in a couple of hours. is more, they do not spend the money here, but take it out of the country. We actually lose \$1,000,000 a year by paying these absurdly high prices to singers. Why are these prices paid? Simply for names, not for voices. Granted that Jean de Reszké is the finest tenor living, and is worth even more than he actually receives, is it necessary that our managers should employ the services of such an expensive artist? There are plenty of tenors in France and Italy who would sing for one tenth part of what De Reszké gets, and who could give just as much pleasure to those who go to the Opera to enjoy opera for itself. They do not pay these extravagant prices abroad, yet the Abbey and Grau productions could not compare, from the point of view of artistic ensemble, with the productions of opera in the great Continental centres. It is indisputable that while the productions at the Metropolitan Opera House were remarkable for the big names in

the cast, the minor details of each production were sadly neglected, particularly with regard to the chorus and the ballet. It is the same with our opera-goers as with our playgoers. They go to see the singers, not to listen to the opera.

De Wolf Hopper has not spared money in order to make his new opera bouffe, "El Capitan," a gorgeous spectacle. It is certainly that. The costumes are magnificent, the scenery is beautiful. The opera itself



MISS SADIE MARTINOT. Photograph by Kellie, Boston.

duced, but it affords good entertainment and furnishes the star with plenty of opportunities, which is perhaps as much as we can expect in these days, when good librettos are so scarce. The book of "El Capitan" was written by Charles Klein, a young dramatist who has come to the front in a remarkably short space of time.

He has invented an ingenious and interesting story, the scene of which is laid in Peru in no one knows what year. Don Errico, the viceroy, is forced by the Revolutionists to resign in favor of his predecessor. An arrant coward at heart, Don Errico flees from his enemies and disguises himself as El Capitan, a formidable fire-



GERTRUDE RIVERS.

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by J. Schloss, N. Y.



Photograph (copyright, 1896) by J. Schloss, N. Y.

eater, who is daily expected by the insurgents. Pozzo, the lord chamberlain, has been denounced to the insurgents by Don Errico as the fugitive viceroy, and the troubles of the rotund Pozzo, a part capitally played by Alfred Klein, a brother of the dramatist, are very amusing. Estrelda (Edna Wallace Hopper), daughter of one of the insurgent chiefs, falls in love with El Capitan, thus embarrassing him greatly, as he has a wife already, and a shrew at that. All these numerous complications lead

to humorous situations, but finally everything is straightened, and *El Capitan* is once more happy. The music score, composed by Sousa, the well-known bandmaster, is lively and inspiriting, most of it being written in march time. There are also several effective songs in the opera. Diminutive Edna Wallace, a new portrait of whom appears here, has not much to do, but she looks exceedingly dainty, and her saucy, defiant air is highly diverting. Mr. Hopper, as usual, keeps his audiences con-



MAUD ADAMS.

From photograph by Falk.

stantly amused, and delivers his lines with his customary unction. The opera is drawing very large audiences every night, and will probably remain at the Broadway all summer.

* *

In a few years Maud Adams has advanced from a player of small rôles to the prominent position of leading woman in the John Drew company. Miss Adams is an actress of rare daintiness and charm and her acting is as delicate as her physical appearance. She is delightful in high comedy; and in her latest part—that of the neglected wife in "The Squire of Dames"—she displayed unexpected emotional strength.

"Marguerite," the spectacular opera-ballet, which has been running at the Olympia Music Hall for

several months, is the product of Oscar Hammerstein's fertile brain. Mr. Hammerstein wrote both the music and libretto of the opera, devised many of the different dances, and says he even composed the scenery. It is a beautiful production, and many of the dancing sets are decidedly original. One of the most effective is "The Village Wedding," with its quaint costumes of many years ago. This is the only set which has a leader. The little fiddler who plays while the wedding party executes a graceful dance is Miss Lucile Sturges, whose dainty figure and pretty face are familiar to all who have seen this opera-ballet. She is only sixteen years old, and has been seen in several similar productions. Mr. Hammerstein will have a part for her in the new opera he is writing.

Miss Sadie Martinot, who has just finished a joint starring tour with Aubrey Boucicault, will go to Australia as leading woman for the Nat Goodwin company. Miss Martinot was a great favorite in the old Casino days, and has since then appeared in numerous productions both in comedy and emotional rôles. Miss Martinot is not only a clever actress, but excels in literature and music.

Sarah Bernhardt says that if she returns to America for another tour she will manage herself. That is to say, she will engage some one at so much a week to attend to her business affairs, instead of farming herself out to Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau as heretofore, and this step, it is said, was determined upon long before that firm failed. I have never been able to comprehend why actors of international fame like Bernhardt and Irving need managing. Their names alone procure them the best booking throughout the country, and they do not need the endorsement of an important managerial firm as do Réjane, Coquelin, or Mounét Sully, whose

success here is largely a matter of speculation. The difference to the star is, of course, considerable, for while a business manager can be procured for a modest salary, a big manager shares in the receipts, and takes from the star thousands of dollars. The only apparent advantage to the star in being under the wing of a big manager is that the latter is usually willing to give the artist a guarantee, but Irving and Bernhardt do not need guarantees. Theatre-goers flock to see their performances in the same spirit in which they go to the circus.

Georgia Cayvan will open her first starring tour at Palmer's Theatre early in September, with a new play by an English author. It was an-



MISS LUCILE STURGES.

Photograph by Hall, N. Y.

nounced some time ago that her opening piece would be a play by Giacosa, the Italian dramatist who wrote "The Lady of Challant" for Sarah Bernhardt, but it appears now that Signor Giacosa has not yet delivered his manuscript, and so his comedy will not be produced until later. Miss Cayvan has not been seen on the stage since she left the Lyceum The-

atre two seasons ago. She was leading woman at that popular house, and was identified with most of its successes. Miss Cayvan has a sympathetic personality, a good stage presence, some emotional power, and she enjoys considerable popularity among theatre-goers. Fewer qualities than these have sufficed to make a successful theatrical star.

A. Hornblow.

THE MISSES MARGARET AND ANNA ROBINSON.

Photograph by Schloss.

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THE WOMEN OF UTAH.

HE majestic commonwealth of Utah has been appropriately styled by one of our prose poets the mountain-walled treasury of the gods. Roughly speaking, it occupies the crest of the American Continent. Its confines are the Rockies and the Sierras, and its territory is the great basin of Salt Lake. Below its surface it contains inexhaustible treasures. Gold and silver, copper and lead, quicksilver and platinum, tin and zinc, nickel and iron, coal and lignite, oil and natural gas have been deposited there by a kind nature for the future wants of man. Salt and borax, sulphur and arsenic, slate and building-stone, fire-clay and porcelain-clay, statuary marble and massive onyx, chalcedony and agate, precious and semi-precious stones are to be found in marvellous profusion.

The mountain peaks precipitate the moisture from the atmosphere and send numberless brooks of pure, cold water down every hill-side into the great lake in the centre of the basin. A soil of matchless fertility brings forth rich crops and nourishes orchards and vineyards, groves and forests of surpassing beauty. Herds and flocks add beauty to the fields, railroad tracks connect every community, and make the commonwealth

a compact whole.

Human industry is everywhere, and the noise of the furnace and the engine, of machinery and human labor is never silent. Everywhere there are communities happy and prosperous, beautiful homes, well-appointed schools and institutes, handsome churches, libraries, asylums, and hospitals, and all the paraphernalia of the highest civilization.

Though the youngest of all the States, it has already surpassed others in population, industry, wealth, intelligence, and public morality. Illiteracy is almost unknown, as are pauperism, slums, and the criminal classes. Its climate is favorable to

the highest physical and mental development, and its resources are sufficient to support in comfort a population larger than that of many European kingdoms. Every citizen can read and write; every citizen takes part in the social and industrial machinery which have built Utah up to its present power and greatness; women vote and hold office the same as men, and society is free from those terrible and disheartening contrasts which are so ominous a characteristic of the older communities of the Central and Eastern States. a picture of which every American may be proud. As the latest product of American institutions, it is more eloquent in its praise of the great republic than any book or statistical essay could ever be. It demonstrates that with liberty, independence, and unspeakable wealth there can be a high development of the noblest manhood and womanhood.

Utah has no long historic past. has no centuries to which it can look back with pride or sorrow. Its life has been of to-day. It was unknown fifty years ago. In January, in the year of our Lord 1847, it was a bodeful desert far up in the eternal mountains. Its scant population consisted of the rattlesnake and the jack rabbit, the owl and vulture, the mountain goat and grizzly, the mountain lion and the buffalo. Even to the savage Indian it was an inhospitable territory. Its streams and lakes sparkled beneath the sun. The crystal rocks and ores glittered in the mountain-sides. The small vegetation grew upon the Beyond this there was river-banks. almost nothing.

It was in the summer of that year that the Mormons, under the wise and heroic leadership of Brigham Young, unfurled the American banner, and settled on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. To-day we can look back at those troublous times without prejudice ourselves and with-



MRS. MARGARET A. CAINE.

MRS. EMMELINE B. WELLS.

MRS. MARILLA DANIELS.

out arousing prejudice on the part of others. We may realize the stern manhood, the unfaltering courage, the infinite patience and perseverance of that little army of men and women who went from New York to Missouri, from Missouri to Illinois, and from Illinois across fifteen hundred miles of desert to find a peace and liberty which were denied to them by their own brothers and fellow-citizens.

It is not necessary to go back to the Spanish Inquisition to illustrate fanaticism and intolerance. It is not necessary to revert to the persecution of the witches in Massachusetts, or of the Quakers in New England; we have far better examples in the treatment of the Mormons by the people of New York, Missouri, and Illinois.

They were robbed, maimed, tortured, and shot down like wild beasts. Their women were outraged, and their little children were made the targets of the rifles and revolvers of American mobs. It will not do to bring up the exploded excuse or palliation that this infamous conduct was provoked by the teaching of polyg-Long before that doctrine had been promulgated by the Mormon prophets these cruelties and outrages had become so common as to be a standing joke in the minds of the vicious and depraved. It was the old spirit of intolerance, the old

spirit of sanctimonious hypocrisy which made men object to the promulgation of a new and strange belief, and to the establishment of a church which might forsooth compete or interfere with their own.

Let us be grateful that those days are over forever, and that the busy world is gradually learning that broad charity which was taught by "The Man of Sorrows" nearly nineteen centuries ago. No other immigration could ever have conquered the mountain commonwealth. It needed men and women of iron mould, of indomitable will, and of tireless industry. It needed men and women who either voluntarily or through a social or ecclesiastical organization could cooperate and devote all their energies to a common cause. Thus it was that those who tilled the few fertile fields supported for one season or more those who were bringing water from far-off mountains and building canals, reservoirs, and ditches, which would make the desert blossom like the rose. Thus it was that the farmer in the field, the manufacturer in his works, the miner in the mines, the merchant in the store, put aside each day a percentage of his earnings for the general good—a percentage for the organization, a percentage for the diffusion of intelligence, and a percentage for the assisting and relief of those who had not been so well favored in the daily struggle for existence.

With such ideals before them in daily life, there was necessarily little waste of human energy. Men and women who think and work in such a manner have neither time nor inclination for idle amusement or purposeless indolence, and still less for dissipation or the gratification of lower desires. It was a hard life at first, lt in-

volved self-abnegation, and often exhausting toil, but ere a single decade had gone by the great basin had been transformed. Where there had been miles of salt marshes of no value to either man or beast, where there had been square leagues of sandy plain and gravelly slope, there were now fields and meadows which gave two crops a year, there were avenues of fruit and shade trees, there was an agricultural wealth greater than that of any other portion of the American Continent. Every citizen owned property in his own right. The church, which was also the government, was rich beyond belief. was no poverty. There were no There were no criminals. tramps. Converts, who came in by thousands,



MRS. ANNIE C. WOODBURY.

were taken in hand by the residents, trained, cultivated, and rapidly transformed into good citizens, and soon thereafter into thrifty and successful members of the community. As this stage was reached, as the fear of hunger and of want passed away, the desire for intellectual food, for artistic food began to clamor for satisfaction. In response thereto secondary organizations

began to form whose object was the mental, moral, social, and spiritual

amelioration of the people.

In the first stage of the history of Utah, which was physical and material, the men had done the larger portion of the work. The women had done as well as they could, but it had been in the ratio of the physical strength of the sexes-three for the man and two for the woman. But in the second stage, where the labor was mental and spiritual, there the ratio was more than reversed. Women took the lead, women controlled the organizations which were building a new race, and women put forth the operative energy. The ratio in this field apparently varied from two to one, up to three to one, in favor of women.



MRS. BLLA W. HYDE.

MRS. SARAH J. CANNON.

MRS. ANNIE T. HYDE.



MRS, MARIA WILCOX.

MRS. ELMIRA TAYLOR.

ELLIS R. SHIPP, M.D.

It is impossible to describe fully the extent and value of this wonderful work of the women of Utah within the limits of a magazine article. It began in the decade 1847-57, and has kept on with ever-increasing power and thoroughness. The mere list of the charities and philanthropies, the societies and clubs of that territory will show the lines along which effort has been directed, and will give at the same time a fair notion of the variety and excellence of what has been and is being accomplished. dominant elements in these organizations are philanthropic and intellectual. In the National Woman's Relief Society, which was started before the community had gone to Utah, the general motive is philanthropic, charitable, and educational. It has to-day over four hundred branches and thirty thousand members. Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association is twenty-seven years old, with thirty-nine organizations in Salt Lake County, and more than that number in other parts of Utah and the West, and a membership approaching three thousand.

The Woman's Suffrage Association, now inert, as it has fulfilled its mission, was organized in every part of the territory, and was so powerful, that when the question was submitted to the men at the ballot-box, they voted for female enfranchisement by

a vote of more than two to one. The Deseret Hospital Association consists exclusively of women, and nearly all the committeemen, surgeons, and other officials are drawn from the same sex. The Hospital of the Holy Cross, a Catholic institution, is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who carry on a second or branch establishment at Silver Reed, and are in charge of the Union Pacific Hospital at Ogden. The Presbyterian women have home and foreign missionary societies and women's aid societies. The women of the Baptist faith have likewise aid societies and missionary societies. The Presbyterians have an orphans' home, a day nursery, and a number of kindergar-There is a Young Ladies' Aid Society and a Ladies' Aid Society drawn from the Mormons. There is a Phillips Benevolent Society, which is intended for the benefit of the poor The Methodist women and sick. have no less than four well-organized philanthropic associations. Hebrew women of Utah have a benevolent society consisting entirely of their own sex. The Congregational Church have a benevolent league, and the Christian Church another.

There is a Ladies' Auxiliary to the Young Men's Christian Association with a very successful organization and a beneficent union composed of

women belonging to the Spiritualistic The Needlework Guild of Church. America has branches at Salt Lake City and other points. The women of Ogden have a charitable organization of great power and influence. In addition to all these there are the numerous so-called primary associations of Salt Lake County, some fortythree in number, with an enrolled membership of more than three thou-There is a Woman's Medical Association, consisting of practising female physicians, which is a noted influence for good. The National Council of Women is organized in the State, as are the King's Daughters, the Purity Alliance, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has a very large following, the Young Woman's Christian Association, the International Peace Union, the Women's Relief Corps, the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, and various national patriotic societies.

The mere numerical magnitude of these organizations becomes evident when it is remembered that the entire population of Utah is about two hundred and fifty thousand, of whom ninety-seven thousand are females, and only forty thousand are female adults. In other words, 95 per cent of the women of Utah are thoroughly organized in associations of a purely altruistic character. This surpasses any record in any other community or in the history of Christian civiliza-It is an ideal carrying out of the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the application of the principles of democracy to all of the relations of daily life. Necessarily the major part of the labor of the many clubs and societies is expended at home. The Utah people are profound be-lievers in the truth of the old adage that "Charity begins at home." A small proportion, nevertheless a large amount, is devoted to surrounding States and Territories, and another portion to distant lands with which the people of Utah have either historical, religious, or social relations. Thus they carry on evangelical and

educational work in Germany, Russia, Finland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland, the Sandwich Islands, Samoa, and other island communities in the South Pacific and Indian oceans.

Of the hundreds of women who lead in these works of good it is difficult to pick out particular leaders. Each does her best, each excels in some particular direction, and each succeeds in her own field. Some are distinguished for oratory, others for literary power, others have a genius for persuasion, and still others for pedagogy. Some are fine executors and some admirable organizers. A number have a gift of tongue, speaking several languages fluently, and another group are eminent for their proficiency in the sciences and many other professions. The tendency for many years in Utah has been to give the fullest scope to the natural bent of the individual, where here in the East we still carry out the old-fashioned foolish theory of educating men and women alike, just as if they were similar moulds to be filled with the same amount of educational fluid. The Utah leaders have acted upon the much more scientific German system of learning the natural talents of the individual, and then of educating him or her so as to get the greatest development and benefit of those tal-

Many of these distinguished women have achieved a national name, especially those who have been chosen by their State to serve as delegates in the conventions of national associa-Their appearance at first was a surprise to those delegates from the East and South, who had never visited Utah or were not informed in regard to its social condition. people had expected representatives of no high order, much less of a thorough education and literary or professional training. It was, therefore, a surprise as well as a pleasure when they found that the Utah delegates were on an intellectual par with the ablest women in the convention, and in many instances were far superior



MRS. MARY ISABELLA HORNE.

to delegates selected carelessly by the women of other parts of the country. A familiar face in the suffrage convention has been that of Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, editor of the Woman's Exponent. A clear and a logical speaker, a self-possessed parliamentarian, she is an able representative for any community or interest in a large deliberative body. Her forte is in committee work, in which she shows rare administrative skill.

Another eminent delegate to these national councils is Mrs. F. S. Richards, who is singularly attractive, physically as well as mentally, and who, no matter how numerous the congress, is sure to be found in its front ranks before the proceedings are half over. A faithful student, she has a memory which enables her to call up any fact which she has studied, and makes her a powerful advocate for the cause she espouses and a formidable antagonist to any measure which she may oppose. She is a very stylish woman, and in a hall or other public place would be taken for a social leader rather than the head-worker in all kinds of philanthropic associations.

Another representative woman, who has held many offices of honor and has served as a delegate to councils and assemblies, is Mrs. Annie Taylor

Hyde, who is a Salt Lake citizen by birth as well as by residence. Her chief work has been along educational lines, in which field she is a recognized authority. She received an excellent training herself, and studied as a post graduate course the language and literature of both France and Germany. She became impressed in her study years with the theories then new, but which to-day are expressed in a modern or optional curriculum of all the first-class universities. She introduced those ideas into Utah, and has seen them gradually adopted by the people of that

Another star in the educational movement of Utah is Mrs. Elmira S. Taylor, who is a New Yorker by birth and of good New England descent. She started life as a teacher in a collegiate institution, in which calling she made her mark. In Utah her ability in this respect brought her into prominence and made her an officer in several associations with literary or intellectual objects. She passed rapidly from one position to a higher, until she became the general president of all the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations. These societies are about four hundred in number, and have a membership of fifteen thousand.

If the person who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a public benefactor, a high meed of praise must be paid to Mrs. Anne Cannon Woodbury. She is of English birth, but has resided in this country ever since she was a little child. She is an assiduous worker in the societies, but beyond this has great practical skill in other fields. She was one of the first to introduce bee culture and silk culture into that part of the Union. She attacked the problem in a calm, scientific manner, and tried many experiments with different varieties of bees and of cocoons before she could determine which were the best types to suit the climate, the thin air, the bright sunlight, and the vegetable condition of their surroundings. Thanks to her



MRS. EMMA S. WOODRUFF.

R. B. PRATT, M.D.

MRS. LYDIA D. ALDER.

patient toil, both of the fields which she worked in have been well developed and are a source of wealth to the people of her community.

A full-blooded daughter of New England, whose ancestors fought in the Revolution and still further back crossed the ocean in the Mayflower, is Mrs. Minerva White Snow. She has distinguished herself in many ways, having been a leader in the educational work, an officer in many philanthropic societies, and a pleasing speaker in the cause of political equality. She is best known, however, to the people of the Southwest by her years of persevering work in experimenting with the soil of Southern Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona. She was among that brilliant group of men and women who demonstrated that much of the desert land in the centre of the Continent needed but a little water to become as fertile as any other district, and more important still, that the climate in that part of the Union was well adapted for the raising of oranges, olives, figs, dates, guavas, alligator pears, and other tropical and sub-tropical fruits. By taking advantage of the different zones of heat and moisture, between the hot, depressed valley and the cool, often cold, summit of high hills, she showed that it was possible to have strawberries not for a few weeks, as

is the case in the smoother territory of the Central and Middle States, but for several months. Her ideas have been adopted in Utah and also in California with extraordinary success.

Mrs. Margaret A. Caine, a young and handsome matron of Salt Lake City, made herself celebrated at the World's Fair in Chicago by the splendid exhibit which she displayed of the products of the State, and more especially of silk culture, as well as by her great personal ability. She is essentially a progressive and practical woman, who has already made a difficult calling a commercial as well as a scientific success.

A philanthropic office which has been developed in Utah is that of a relief missionary. The idea is simple and practical, and consists in relieving physical wants and curing physical ailments before attempting to do mental or moral good. Much of the sin and shame of life comes from poverty and starvation. Much can be cured and much prevented by putting an end to these terrible facts. This is the province of the relief missionary, and a typical one is Mrs. Elizabeth J. F. Stevenson, who has prosecuted her work not only under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, but in many lands and among many people.

Among the people of Utah, one of

the most prominent women is Mrs. Zina D. N. Young. She has passed her seventy-fifth year, and, as her excellent portrait shows, is still comparatively young in appearance, and is as strong and active as when she was thirty years of age. She is a direct descendant of the Dimocks, of New England, who come from Sir Edward Dimock, the champion of Queen Elizabeth. She was one of the founders of the Na-

tional Woman's Relief Society, and was largely instrumental in building it up from a mere club to be one of the largest associations west of the Mississippi. She is a person of inexhaustible energy, being an officer in over a dozen societies, a horticulturist of skill, and a medical lecturer of popularity. She is one of the best orators in the Far West.

A daughter of the sunny South is Mrs. Bathsheba W. Smith, who is a vice-president of the National Woman's Relief Society. She is an organizer of comprehensive judgment, and one of the most popular officials in that powerful organization.

A very active worker is Mrs. Mary W. John, of Provo. She is the head of the Relief Society in Utah County, an officer of the National Organization, a vice-president of the Suffrage Association, a successful silk grower and spinner, an instructor in the Young Ladies' Improvement Association, and an interesting lecturer upon theology and comparative religions.

A colleague of Mrs. John, and a person of equal energy, is Mrs. Marilla J. M. Daniells. She has devoted the best part of her life to the teaching of young women and of children.



MRS. Z. D. N. YOUNG.

In this field she has been very successful, and so won the esteem of the people of the community, that in 1892 she was appointed a representative of Utah to the Colum-Exposition. She has served with distinction at the Triennial Session of the National Council of Women 1895. Before suffrage was granted to her sex she was a leader in the State Woman Suffrage Association.

Mrs. Lydia D. Alder, one of the

bright lights of Salt Lake City, is of English birth, but has been in America since infancy. She is essentially a literary and intellectual woman. She went late to school, but displayed such a talent for study that she passed through the primary and grammar departments of the public schools when only fifteen, and was admitted to the High School before she was sixteen. In her studies she had a great love for the classics and the modern languages. Shortly after her school-days she married, and almost after marriage she began her philanthropic work by teaching poor little children. During the war she acted as a nurse under the Sanitary Commission, and since the war she has been an active participant in all the philanthropic work of her city.

One of the veteran workers of Utah is Mrs. Mary Isabella Horne, who is now nearly eighty years old. Besides being an active worker in philanthropy and education, Mrs. Horne has made a special study of hospitals and of co-operation as the basic factor of industrialism. She communicated her views to her friends and acquaintances, and by degrees built up a large and influential following. The result was the formation of the Deseret

Hospital, of which she was elected the executive chairman, and thereafter the formation of the Women's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, of which she was made president. She is a fine speaker, and has been sent as a delegate to numerous conventions. Her latest honor in that line occurred last fall, when she was sent from Salt Lake County to the first Democratic convention in the State.

Social rather than literary prominence characterizes Mrs. Sarah Jane Cannon. She is the wife of ex-Delegate George Q. Cannon and the mother of Frank J. Cannon, one of the senators of her State. This has made her a notable figure in Washington society and other great social centres. In Salt Lake she is identified with the charitable and educational societies of her own district, and with the never-ending work which is done by every active churchmember.

Equally famous is Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball, who though in her seventy-eighth year is still one of the most active women in her State. She is essentially an executive. She has taken part in the formation of most of the societies of Utah, and has been an officer in a large number of them. She was the first to advocate the accumulation of wealth and the owning of property by the Woman's Relief

Society, and in 1868 laid the cornerstone of the first Woman's Relief Society building. It was the first of its kind in the civilized world. Mrs. Kimball has been a delegate to the conventions of the National Suffrage Association, the Women's Congresses at Chicago, and at the National Council of Women. She is an entertaining speaker and an impressive writer.

Mrs. Margaret Y. Taylor is a talented woman, who through her energy and practical benevolence in association work rose to be vice-president of the General Board of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. Her work has been excellent, but not of a kind to attract

public notice.

One of the heroic characters in the history of Utah is Mrs. Mary Ellis Lambert. She is a sister of George Q. Cannon, formerly delegate of the Territory to the National Government. Like him, she inherited a powerful physique, a keen intelligence, and a broad judgment from her parents, which brought her into prominence from the time of young womanhood. In the fierce persecution of the Latter-day Saints she displayed a fearlessness and a devotion which have rendered her immortal in her own sect. Nothing could daunt her serene courage or cause her to turn back from what she thought was right. In crossing the



MRS. MARGARET TAYLOR.

MRS. SARAH W KIMBALL.

MRS. MARY ELLIS LAMBERT.



MRS. CLARA C. CANNON.

MRS. MARY PITCHFORTH.

MRS. JULIA C. HOWE.

plains she upheld the weak and ailing, and in the first five hard years in the settlement of Salt Lake she was the good spirit of this community. She has ten children living, and fiftynine grandchildren and great-grandchildren. All of these have been successful in life, and all are fine types of physical and spiritual excellence. In addition to bringing up this great family, Mrs. Lambert has been a moving power in the various organizations of the territory, and a stout and untiring advocate of education for men and for women both.

Mrs. Mary A. Burnham Freeze may be said to represent the patriotic and colonial spirit of the mountain State. She is a granddaughter of Major Burnham, of Washington's staff, and a descendant of the New England Burnhams, whose lineage goes back to 1200. Her intelligence, sagacity, and zeal made her leader of her sex from the first. She rose rapidly and became the presiding officer of the Mutual Improvement Association, and has held that position for twentyfive years. She has been president of the Salt Lake Association for twenty years, and has been an officer in the Relief Society for a similar period, and is a member or an officer in many other organizations.

Deserving of more than passing notice is Mrs. Ella W. Hyde, who

more than any one else introduced the kindergarten into her commonwealth. Its prosperity and success are now matters of public notoriety. Kindergartens are everywhere, and their official body, the Kindergarten Association, claims her as one of its directors. She is a secretary of the Utah Woman's Press Club and a prominent member in nearly every association which has for its main object the interests and the advancement of woman.

Any society should succeed in which there is a general or universal effort to teach the children morality, good behavior, refinement, and kindness. This is a special feature of life in Utah, and is conducted by numerous groups of benevolent women called Primary Associations. One of the chief workers in this cause is Mrs. Julia C. Howe, who has long been a leader and an officer in the organization as well as its central committee.

The head of the Society of the Latter-Day Saints is of course its president, Wilford Woodruff, and in the woman's world the same position to a certain extent is held by his charming wife, Mrs. Emma S. Woodruff. Besides attending to her many social and official duties, she finds time to act as president of the Relief Society and an officer of several other benevolent unions.

Two valued workers are Mrs. Mary A. P. Hyde and Mrs. Maria W. Wil-Mrs. Hyde is another one of that remarkable group who seemed proof against the ravages of time, being almost in hereighty-first year, while her distinguished coworker is ten years her junior. Both are women of liberal education, who have travelled extensively, and who take an unfailing interest in all cur-

rent events. They are both officers in the Relief and Improvement societies, and thoroughly enjoy a well-

deserved popularity.

A keen business woman, a tireless church worker, and an earnest supporter of the common school and the high school is Mrs. Susan Grant, of Davis Stake (Davis County), Utah. The community when she began her work was very poor, and contained quite a number of foreigners more or less unfamiliar with English. Here she has passed her life, and as the result can point out a large community where every member can read, write, and give a just opinion upon local, national, and international affairs; where there is no poverty, and where the relief societies, of which she has



MRS. MARY A B. FREEZE.

been the head for many years, are wealthy enough to take care of the entire population in the event of some tremendous catastrophe for an entire twelvemonth.

Mrs. Mary Pitchforth is the accomplished president of the Relief Society of Juab County, having started in the lowest rank and filled successfully and successively every position in the order up to the high one she now occupies.

The professional world is well represented by Dr. Ellis R. Shipp, who is a physician and surgeon of high standing, a talented poet and prose writer, and a citizen of great public spirit and patriotism. She was born in Iowa and received an excellent education, which culminated in her taking her degree of M.D. in the Woman's Medical College of Phila-Ambitious in her calling, she twice left her practice, when she could afford it, to do post-graduate work in the great hospitals of New York and Philadelphia. In her spare time she has given evidences of considerable lyrical genius, of a talent for sketching and painting, and of a more than ordinary musical ability.

Another famous professional is Dr.



MRS. MARY JOHN.

MRS. B. W. SMITH.

MRS. SUSAN GRANT.

Romania B. Pratt, of Salt Lake City. She was graduated from the Woman's Medical College, of Philadelphia, and studied special branches in the hospitals and infirmaries of the leading cities. She is the resident physician of the Deseret Hospital. Like Dr. Shipp, she is a member of the Woman's Press Club, and enjoys a large practice and a larger popularity.

Mrs. Clara C. Cannon, of Salt Lake City, is the wife of Mr. Angus Cannon, who is President of Zion County. She is counsellor of the Primary Associations of the Church and of the

Relief Society.

This brief enumeration will suffice to indicate the varied talents and accomplishments of the Utah women. Their course in life has made them self-reliant, self-centred, and self-re-Instead of unsexing them, specting. as so many foolish theorists talk of in faltering accents, it has made them more womanly and more domestic. No matter what their faith, Mormon or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, their independence has but rounded out their nature and made them better wives and better mothers, as it has made them better women.

As may have been noticed, each one of the list has secured a husband, and in most instances has won the love of a good man by the attractions and charms which this independence and development have produced. Far from competing with men, they

enable the latter to do more and better work. Through their wonderful organization they prevent or cure ignorance and poverty, want, and even evil. This frees the community from the expense and waste, the loss and disgrace of a numerous body of police, of courts and jails, of poorhouses and workhouses, of charity commissions and charity hospitals, and thus have secured a saving which cannot be mentioned in dollars and cents. By diffusing education, a desire for study, and the love of reading, they have made their community happier, more orderly, better behaved, and more attractive. The tenementhouse has not yet appeared in their cities, nor do the unemployed threaten the peace and security of a district or a manufacturing interest. They have increased the agricultural and horticultural resources of the State, they have augmented its industries, they have enlarged its wealth, and in thus doing have put their civilization in advance of that of older and prouder commonwealths!

Utah may well be proud of its scenery, the most majestic upon the American Continent; of its resources, which seem to outvie those of imperial Ind; of its phenomenal progress in the past fifty years, but most of all may it be proud of its daughters, who have made it a model State for the admiration of the world!

Margherita Arlina Hamm.



TWO MICE AT PLAY.

SHE stopped half way down the path from the gate to the road, and turned around. "You'll go right over and get Maria Prouty, won't you?" she said to the woman at the gate.

"You go along, M'randy," returned the second woman a little testily; "go along; you'll lose your

car.'

Miranda turned again and hastened away as fast as her broad hips would allow, while the woman at the gate watched until away up the Capisic road she saw the white top of the car flash in the sunshine. It dipped out of sight into the hollow, and when it reappeared a quarter of a mile beyond, she knew Miranda was on it going to the city; then she made her way up the road. "M'ria Prouty," she whispered scornfully as she turned in at Mrs. Noah Dyer's door. "There was somethin' said 'bout M'ria Prouty; but I knew she was calc'latin' to go to Gorham to-day, so I thought I'd get you, Sarah," she explained, as she told her errand. "We ain't kept house together for a good many years, have we?" she said affectionately. She felt pleased and important. Mrs. Dyer was pleased, too, to be invited.

"Where's M'randy gone?" she asked as she bustled about, putting milk into the shed for the cat and trying the fastening of the window

behind the sink.

"Why, her husband's to work on one of the hotels down to Peak's Island, and she went down to see him. His cousin, Frank Haley, 's got a cottage down there, and she's going to stay all night. There, there, Sarah, nobody can't get in here, Joe's house's so close by, and the young ones running 'round all the time."

Mrs. Dyer murmured something about not being used to leaving the house all day, as she tried the cellar door the third time, and then the two old women went out. Mrs. Dyer hid the key under the doorstep, and they started down the road.

"M'randy ain't much for goin', is she?" asked Mrs. Dyer as they

trudged along.

Miss Nelson laughed. "No, she can't get time. She's a great case to take care of everything. She looks after Eli as if he was a child, and I s'pose I'm an awful sight of care."

" You ?"

"La, yes, I know," returned Miss Nelson briskly. "I've heard young folks talk before now 'bout the work old folks make, but it's my mind they make most of it themselves in the talkin' about it. I didn't go cold, nor hungry, nor naked before Eli an' M'randy come here four years ago. I ain't ever been sorry, take everything together, that I asked 'em to come; but I tell you what 'tis, Sarah, there's times I get tired bein' looked out for so much."

Miss Nelson had unlocked her door and ushered Mrs. Dyer into the house while she talked. She urged her to make herself "right to home—for 'tis my home," she added, "though sometimes it seems as if I should fly to have somebody else in my pantry, and goin up an down suller without a word to me. Of course it's all right," she continued hastily, "but anybody hates, to give up, I don't

care who it is."

Mrs. Dyer dropped into a well-cushioned rocking-chair by a sunny window and sighed. "It's 'bout what everybody has to come to," she said dolefully. "But there's one thing: there ain't no children to be stavin' out your things."

The hostess was lighting a fire in the cooking-stove, and there was a little pause before she replied.

"Well, sometimes I can't help wishin' there was. There's that 'flowin' blue' set of mother's. I've actually waked up in the night and wondered what would become of it after I was gone. Why, I've got so nervous about it I'd have to get up and light a match, and go and see if 'twas all there before I could drop off

to sleep again.'

"Well, there," said Mrs. Dyer, "I'm kind o' glad to know I ain't the only one that lays awake thinkin' about things, or perhaps I should say that I dreamt about 'em. You remember that little back stairway, Fanny, in the old house that was burnt, crooked an' dark as could be, an' how mother come to her death by it? Stepped on the cat, you know, an' fell. She lived a week, but she never sensed anything. Well, I allus calc'lated I sh'd go the same way. Made up my mind to it; an' now it's gone I feelwell-" Mrs. Dyer stopped rather confused. "I do' know as anybody had ought to speak about bein' disappointed about how they're goin' to die; but you know how kind o' lost you feel when what you've always had is took away. I've dreamt about them old stairs till seems 's if I could walk right up an' down 'em. I was born in the old house, an' both my boys, an' my father an' mother an' husband all died there."

Mrs. Dyer looked out over the sunny fields, and her second sigh was

deeper than the first.

Miss Nelson turned up a damper in the stove and took a wing from the mantel to sweep up a chip she had

"You ain't ever give the old dishes to M'randy, then?" interrupted Mrs. Dyer, turning toward her as she be-

gan to speak.

"Well, I guess not," said Miss Nelson energetically. "Where would they go in time but to Eli's folks? Not that I know any hurt of his relations"—Miss Nelson spoke as if she would gladly remember that some of them were in convict dress, but failing to do so she added, "but they're strangers to me," as if that fault covered lack of other sins.

"P'raps there wouldn't be nothin' to worry about if there was children," suggested Mrs. Dyer, mindful of the five in her son's house. "I don't

never take a minute's peace when the boys is in my parlor. Boys is jest like windmills—their arms an' legs seems to be flyin' round first this way an' then t'other, an' you can't tell which it's goin' to be a minute beforehand. And children ain't brought up as they used to be neither, Fanny."

But Miss Nelson's mind was fixed on present pleasures now that the fire was roaring up the shining stove funnel. She remembered she wanted to make an apple-pie for dinner. "There's a plenty in the house," she said as she and Mrs. Dyer went into the garden to pick up "windfalls," but I like an apple-pie with a dash of molasses in it. M'randy's tried to make 'em; but, la, they don't taste no more like mother's than huckleberries tastes like turnips."

"There's all the difference in the world in mixin' an' bakin'," said Mrs. Dyer sagely; "an' sometimes I think the bakin's the biggest job o'

the whole."

It was delightful in the sunny garden, and the old friends wandered from one corner to the other in great content. Miss Nelson said if Miranda was at home she shouldn't dare to be out bareheaded, but "the sun felt good on her bald spot, and she wa'n't one mite afraid of getting cold.' Unconsciously she dropped one corner of her apron and scattered apples all the way from the cucumber vines that hadn't done much—she thought Eli planted 'em too thick—to the currant bushes, already dropping an occasional yellow leaf on the path, while Dyer peacefully meandered along, chewing a sage-leaf, and smelling a bit of southernwood she held in her hand. Miss Nelson stopped to mourn over the tomato plants. She was afraid Eli took advantage of her sprained ankle in the spring to put them in a new place. I believe I should 'a put 'em in the old place," she said, "if I'd known they wouldn't bear. I do like to know where things be. Then three years ago they got some new kind o' squash seed, an' I told 'em right out last year, says I, 'I ain't seen a decent squash since we lost the seed of that kind I got over to Cousin Lucas's. I don't hold to buyin' seed out of a store. It's a good deal better to get some that somebody's tried and knows about. This year they never planted any; but I sh'd die if I didn't speak my mind once in a while."

They had walked along, while Miss Nelson was talking, by the tall beanpoles, the delicate vine tendrils beckoning frantically from the tops for further support, and by the borders of nasturtiums and portulacas; they had stopped to see if the grapes gave signs of ripening, and to peer up into the boughs of the crabapple-tree where the little crimson globes hung almost ready for gathering, and around to the gate again. The hostess was surprised to find it so late when they got into the kitchen, and she set Mrs. Dyer to peeling the few "round-tops" she managed to bring in, while she hastened with the pie-

When Miranda reached Peak's Island she found Eli had gone to Harpswell, and after dinner she took a boat back to the city, relieved that she would not have to be gone all night. She was waiting in the station for the Westbrook car when Rose Milliken came in with:

"Why, Mrs. Soule, I heard you'd gone off to stay all night. I was up to your house after dinner, and I tell you there's great works going on. Joe Dyer's mother's there—"

"Old Mrs. Dyer!" gasped Miran-

da.

"And they're boiling molasses to make gingersnaps. Your Aunt Fanny looked up at me cute's a kitten, and says she, 'When the cat's away the mice'll play, you know.' There's my car. Good-by."

Miranda stood by the window, seeing only her immaculate kitchen with Mrs. Dyer and Aunt Fanny "plowing about," as she thought, in it. Her heart ached. Mrs. Dyer was older than Aunt Fanny, and Miranda held her housekeeping in light esteem. "And I took so much pains

to leave everything cooked. I'd a made snaps if I'd 'a once thought she wanted 'em,'' she said in self-pity, as the tears came. A shabby old woman with a big basket tottered by the window, and, looking at her, Miranda vaguely wondered if Aunt Fanny really enjoyed being alone a little while and making those snaps herself. She gave herself what she called "a good tutoring" in the next five minutes, then she stepped briskly out on Congress Street. "I'm going over to South Portland and stay with Julia Pratt all night," she said resolutely. "If Aunt Fanny is having a good time I'll just let her have it.

It was a tremendous sacrifice for Miranda, and it was too bad Aunt Fanny remained ignorant of it, for night found her far more tired than she would have owned. No hints could induce Mrs. Dyer to roll the gingersnaps thin and wafer-like, and Miss Nelson packed them into a tin pail to send to the Dyer children when their grandmother should go home. Mrs. Dyer proved timid, too, at night, and insisted upon sleeping with her hostess, much to Aunt Fanny's annoyance.

"You see, I always have one of the little girls come in to sleep with me," the old lady said as she unpinned her front-piece and took out her teeth. "And then Lyddy Ann has a rope tied 'round her bedpost and t'other end 'round mine through the winder, and we have three sleigh-bells on the ends of the rope so we can joggle 'em if anything happens."

Miss Nelson scorned all such works. She told herself a dozen times in the night, as she beat and turned her pillow, she would rather stay alone than listen to Mrs. Dyer's snores, for in spite of that good woman's fears, she slept like a log until morning came and found Aunt Fanny heavy-eyed and a little cross from much lying awake. She had a cold, too, that she knew came from going out bareheaded, and a cold that is known to be a punishment for deliberate foolishness is not easy to bear. Breakfast and dinner were burdens; but Mrs. Dyer

cheerfully accepted all the apple-pie that was left after dinner. Miss Nelson covered her desire to conceal it from Miranda by sending it to the children; but the children's grandmother assured her they "never should see hide nor hair of it."

"It's been a real treat to me," she said, "to eat such vittles, for it don't seem worth while to fuss much jest for myself, and Lyddy Ann ain't what I call a great housekeeper. She's partic'lar to have her table look nice every day, but she don't keep no fruit cake nor nice cookies put away. I know, for I've been all through the house when she was gone, an' I never see a thing. Now, I jest used to set my boys down anywhere with a piece o' bread an' butter or some doughnuts; but I allus had somethin' nice put away for comp'ny vittles."

Aunt Fanny owned that Miranda was a pretty good housekeeper, though "no better'n she ought to be with nobody to make a mite o' dirt nor put her out an atom." How fervently she hoped she succeeded in

cleaning up all the molasses that boiled over on the stove!

After Mrs. Dyer was gone she went into the kitchen again and scraped the top of the stove with an old knife. She even bent over the stove and sniffed several times, for "my eyesight ain't what it was, but I ain't knowing to any failing in my smell-

ers," she said grimly.

Miranda came out on the fiveo'clock car, as glad to get home as Aunt Fanny was to see her; but they only said "How d'ye do" like two bashful girls, as they really were. Indeed, Miss Nelson made a great effort when she mentioned at supper that Mrs. Dyer had stayed with her, and that she hadn't slept well, while Miranda gained another victory over herself by saying cheerfully she s'posed they had a fine time keeping house, they were such old friends, and she never mentioned the streak of molasses she found burned on the back of the stove where it had meanly run down from the top and escaped bothAunt Fanny's spectacles and nose.

Annie M. L. Hawes.

THE SOUL'S LOVE.

'EN as the stars that gem the turquoise dome,
And lend their mellow lustre to the Night,
Must fade and vanish when the king of day
Appears in all his majesty and might,
So must the love of heart and body pale
Before immortal love of soul for soul;
And as the mind is master of the man,
And guides his footsteps to a higher goal,
So is the soul the master of the heart;
At its command the passions fade away,
Or lie in chains subjective to its will,
Within the prison of the mortal clay;
While human love uprising from the sod,
Transfigured with the soul, mounts nearer God.

Lillian Barker.





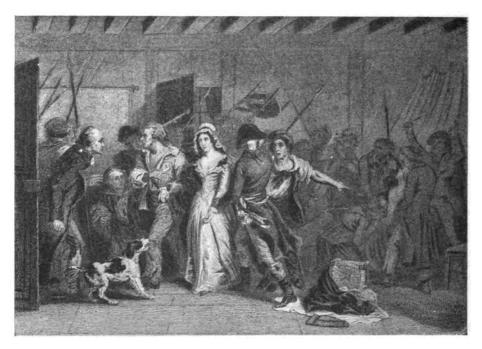
CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

After the painting by Riccardi. This portrait accords perfectly with the descriptions of Mile. de Corday, even to "menton fourchu."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY—AN ECHO OF JULY, 1793.

RANCE is rich in heroic women
—perhaps it can boast more than
any other nation. Certain it is
that their shining deeds stand out in
bold relief against the dark background of crime and horror which so
often encompassed that fair country.
Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday are
indeed rare heroines, and while the
one was inspired to her work by divine means, the other answered the
call of humanity and the promptings
of her own sense of right and freedom. Joan of Arc followed the

"voices;" she was directed, warned, and counselled each day by the heavenly band which first incited her, but Charlotte Corday had no aid, no advice, no supporters. Out of her own girlish mind, secretly and with prayer, she conceived the idea of her awful deed. Alone she made her preparations, alone she journeyed on her fateful mission, alone she met the tyrant and dealt the blow, alone she stood before the tribunal, and alone she went to the guillotine to expiate her sublime patriotism.



THE DEATH OF MARAT.

Like Joan of Arc, Charlotte Corday was utterly unselfish; love of country Her father, sisters, absorbed her. and brothers she held in tender and dutiful affection, but for herself she had no thought or fear. When she refused to drink to the king's health, she said, "My refusal can only injure me," and she afterward wrote to 'Madame de Maromme, "No one will lose in losing me." She seemed to feel from her early childhood that a great destiny awaited her; that she would be of service to her country; that, like Judith, she would "do a thing which shall go throughout all generations to the children of our nation." Referring to a proposed flight to England, she says, "God holds us here for other destinies."

Charlotte Corday, or, to give her full name, Marie Anne Charlotte de Corday d'Armont, was born July 27, 1768, in the province of Normandy at St. Saturnin. She was of a noble family, although her father, Jacques François de Corday d'Armont, was greatly impoverished. He was only

a small landed proprietor, yet the distinction of his blood and his high character impelled respect from the neighboring peasants and citizens. Influenced by the new social philosophy which was making itself felt throughout France at that time, Jacques de Corday promulgated a number of pamphlets against despotism and for a freer life. Madame de Corday died while her children were young, and owing to his reduced circumstances, the father was forced to part with the little ones. In her earlier years Charlotte was taught by her uncle, the Abbé de Corday, and later she attended convent school, where she imbibed more of the ideas which combined to form her purpose. Charlotte's youth was a solitary one. Lamartine wrote of her as "almost running wild," and working in the garden at her father's home. At the convent her natural piety and enthusiasm were strongly developed, and when she left the institution she was brimming over with new ideas of freedom. At this time her father was

poorer than before, and she went to live with an aunt, Madame de Bretteville, at Caen. Her intensely romantic disposition was increased by the reading she indulged in. Corneille, her ancestor, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Plutarch were her favorite authors; the latter especially pleased her, and she used to long for an opportunity to commit some striking and noble deed worthy of the old Romans she so admired. She read and walked and meditated alone, making but few friends, although she was much remarked because of her beauty and She had not only a clasbrilliancy. sic education, but was accomplished in music and art, while her personality was fascinating, her conversation both wise and witty, and her face of unusual loveliness. Whether her maiden affection was given to any particular one, she kept secret, but it is known that she had an aversion to marriage, probably because she wished to execute her mission alone, and by herself take the consequences, which she must have known would Her numerous porbe inevitable. traits bear out the descriptions of her great beauty, "of much grace and dignity, oval face, deep gray eyes, transparent complexion, thick, brown curling hair confined beneath her lace cap." So gifted and so beautiful, what might she not have lived for had she not sacrificed herself on the altar of her unbounded patriotism! But the atmosphere in which she had been reared was too strong to be withstood, and her studies on politics, combined with her Roman notions of honor and virtue, helped to fan the flame within her ardent Tales of Marat and Robespierre, of fair Paris bathed in blood, of the arch-fiend's call for heads, of the active knife, of the terrible orgies of crime that centred round the "People's Friend" stirred all her fiery patriotism, and when the Girondists, fleeing from the fury of Marat, pursued by the Jacobins, took refuge in Caen, she attended the meetings of the overthrown party and heard them speak. But even then she limited

her association with them to listening to their discourses, for she consulted no one. She perceived, however, that the Girondists could accomplish nothing in Normandy; and knowing her friends, perchance relatives, to be in danger of ignominious death, realizing the atrocious nature of the triumvirate which ruled France. shrinking in horror from the coarse vulgarity and insatiable bloodthirstiness of Marat, this maid of beauty, refinement, and gentle birth resolved to make her way to Paris to strike the blow which would deliver her country out of the hand of the tyrant. She went about the work with great secrecy and caution. Her mien and manner were grave and serious at this time. Her aunt found her alone and in tears. Charlotte said: "I weep over the misfortunes of my country. . . . While Marat lives no



KILLING OF MARAT BY CORDAY. From a rare contemporary print,



CHARLOTTE CORDAY. FROM THE PAINTING BY DAVID.

one can be sure of a day's existence." At this time also she read with great attention the Book of Judith, and her aunt found marked the passage concerning Judith's great beauty, which aided her to captivate and slay Holofernes. Like Judith, too, Charlotte might have said, "Enquire ye not of mine act, for I will not declare it unto ye till the thing be finished that I do." That Charlotte had long meditated her act is made plain by the fact that she procured her passport in April, before the fall of the Girondists, which was May 31, 1793, al though she did not make use of it

until July. The usual description ran thus: "Let pass Citoyenne Marie Anne Charlotte de Corday d'Armont, aged twenty-four years, five feet, one inch in height, chestnut hair and eyebrows, gray eyes, high forehead, long nose, medium mouth, chin round and indented, oval face."

While making preparations for her departure Charlotte was unusually tender toward her aunt, and on July 7, 1793, she visited Argenton to bid farewell to her father and sister, who were staying there at the time. The authenticity of this has been disputed, but it is most unlikely that Charlotte,

knowing that her mission must result fatally to herself, would have set out without once again seeing her father and sister, for whom she entertained a deep affection. The story goes that she told her father and aunt she intended joining the refugee emigrants in England, for, of course, she did not dare, even had she been so inclined, to confide her intention to those who loved her, and who would try to dissuade her, and who might possibly be implicated in her trial when the work she had set herself was finished. Her last day at Caen was filled with kind attention to her aunt and friends. She distributed all her possessions and her precious books, with the exception of a single volume of Plutarch, which she retained until the last, even gaining courage and inspiration from its noble heroes while confined in the Con-

ciergerie. Early in the morning of July 9 Charlotte left her aunt's house and made her way to the diligence for Paris. The last person to whom she spoke at Caen was the carpenter's son, Louis Lunel. to whom she gave her portfolio and crayon, saying she would need them no more, and kissing him good-by. Then she calmly took her place in the carriage and rolled away from the old life, away from her girlhood's home, away from her aunt and friends. toward Paris, suffering Paris-Paris, the home of Marat, whence she carried death, and where death awaited her.

What emotions must have possessed her, what hopes and fears must have conflicted within her woman's heart during this journey! Yet she conducted herself with the same quiet, dignified demeanor which characterized her entire life. She made no

advances to her fellow-passengers. and to those who addressed her she replied evasively. Her beauty and noble bearing naturally attracted attention, and one susceptible youth in the car was so impressed that he proposed marriage to her then and there. She smilingly refused to reveal herself, and said that a time would come when all should know her. On July 11 she arrived in Paris, and rested two days before attempting to see Marat. She had debated with herself whether to strike Robespierre or Marat, and had decided that the latter was more cruel, more dangerous to France, and that when he was dead peace would come to the troubled country. 'Peace' seems to have been her paramount desire throughout her entire career. After she had killed Marat and had been imprisoned her mind was at rest, and "she enjoyed a



JEAN PAUL MARAT

"THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND."



CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

From the painting by Müller. This is the only portrait in which the expression is not serene.

delicious peace." She had intended to strike Marat on July 14, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, when he had intended to take part in a public celebration and parade; but hearing that his illness would prevent his presence, she determined to seek his house.

On the second day of her stay in Paris she wrote thus to Marat:

"Citizen, I have just arrived from Caen. Your love for your native place doubtless makes you desirous of learning the events which have occurred in that part of the republic. I shall call at your residence in about an hour; have the goodness to receive me and to give me a brief interview. I will put you in a condition to render great service to France."

After sending this letter she made

a call upon the "People's Friend," who lived in a dilapidated house in the Rue des Cordeliers. She was refused admission. Undaunted, she wrote again, promising to reveal important political secrets, and appealing to the sympathy of Marat, saying that she was pursued by enemies of the republic. Then she called a second time, to be repulsed once more. On July 13, about dusk, she went again, and this time she seemed to feel she would gain entrance, for she dressed with unusual care, like Judith, arraying herself in her best attire for the performance of the deed which should live throughout all generations. woman at the door was not inclined to admit her, but Marat, from within, hearing Charlotte's voice announcing that she had come from Caen, remembered the letters, and sent word that she enter. Charlotte was conducted to the inner chamber, where Marat was sitting in his bath writing on a board laid

across its edges, which served him as a desk. The room was dirty, almost bare of furniture, the floor littered with copies of his paper, L'Ami du Peuple. The citizen affected great poverty; it was best for his purpose to do so, and indeed his quarters were squalid in the extreme. was usually a crowd of followers about his house, and he employed several women servants. Even in the horrible illness which was killing him he was active in his murderous work. Daily lists of victims for the guillotine were issued. His chief dread of death was that then he could cause no more executions-drink no more blood. Vicious, degraded, and savage in mind, loathsome almost to pu-

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trefaction in body, tyrannical and ferocious in his rule—such was the man into whose presence Charlotte Corday was ushered. Just what passed between the two at this meeting is not exactly known. She spoke to

and manner must have convinced her at once that he was indeed the vile creature of report, and his murderous declaration concerning her friends was the last necessary link in the chain of horrible crimes that dragged



THE LAST TOILETTE OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

From the painting by E. M. Ward, in which Sanson, the executioner, is clipping her beautiful hair. Hauer, the artist, has just had the last sitting. The mystic sadness and purity in her face, the delicate and graceful pose of the hands, the sympathetic attitude of the artist, are the best features of this painting.

him of Caen, where dwelt the fallen Girondists. He asked their names, and she mentioned several. "It is well," he said. "Within a week they shall all be guillotined." This was enough. His repulsive appearance

him down to death. The words had scarcely grown cold on his lips when from her bosom there flashed a bright blade. Her arm rose and fell with terrible force; the knife was buried in his heart. She had done the thing

which should go throughout all gen-Then she drew out the dagerations. ger and cast it at his feet. He cried out for help, and the women rushed into the room, shrieking in terror. Charlotte made no attempt to escape. They lifted the "People's Friend" out of his bath and laid him on his bed, but he did not speak again, and almost instantly expired. The furious women turned to Charlotte, struck her down with a chair, trampled on her, and cursed her. A great mob collected, excitement was at fever heat, people shouted that Marat had been murdered, and the news spread like wildfire. The gens d'arme arrived and conveyed her to the prison of the Abbaye. Her only remark was, "I have done my task; let others do theirs.'

With difficulty was the mob prevented from attacking her then and there. Charlotte fainted during the general mêlée, but it was from the sickening horror of the sight. Her courage never failed her. Taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal, she gloried in her act, and when asked what she had to say to the indictment which was read to her, she replied, "Nothing, but that I have succeeded." Her advocate, Chaveau de la Garde, who was also the defender of Madame Roland and of Marie Antoinette, desired at first to plead insanity, but Charlotte would not permit it. She said the only defence worthy of her was the avowal of her act, and her bearing throughout the trial and to the end was dignified and The Commissary of Police questioned her as to her motive. "To prevent a civil war," she replied.

'' Who are your accomplices ?''

"I have none."

"What did you hate in Marat?"

" His crimes."

"Do you think you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"No; but now that he is dead, the

rest may fear."

Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, observed that she must be practised in crime to know how to strike such a sure blow.

Charlotte thrilled with indignation. "The monster takes me for an assassin!" she exclaimed.

Her trial was short and could have had but one result, for the people were full of grief for Marat, building altars to him, offering prayers for his memory, and glorifying his bloody lust. There was but one decision, one cry: "À la guillotine!"

Charlotte thanked her defender, De la Garde, warmly, saying that as her property was confiscated she would do him the honor of allowing him to pay what debts she owed in

the prison.

At her own request the artist Hauer was allowed to finish at the Conciergerie the portrait which he began in court the first day of her trial. These last days were occupied by reading her cherished Plutarch, writing to her father and to the Girondists at To her father and sister she sent loving messages, craving pardon for "having disposed of her existence without permission," and bidding him rejoice at her death, inasmuch as she died for a noble cause, and reminding him of the verse of Corneille, their ancestor, "The crime and not the scaffold causes shame."

To her accusers she said: "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a Republican long before the Revolution. . . . I considered that so many brave men need not come to Paris for the head of one man. He deserved not so much honor; the hand of a woman was enough. Paris they cannot understand how a useless woman, who could have been of no good, could sacrifice herself to save her country. May peace be established as soon as I desire.' A folded paper found in her dress contained an appeal to "Frenchmen friendly to laws and peace," calling upon them to rise for the redemption of That she had realized her France. path in life would not be smooth is proved by her written statement that a vivid imagination and sensitive heart promised a stormy life, and I pray those who regret me to consider this and rejoice at it."

There is no doubt that she considered her deed noble, although she never sought to glorify herself. Her entire identity was submerged in her She thought her deed would deliver France—for this reason it was right that she should perform it; the intention was heroic, even though the means might be called criminal. Everything was sacrificed on the altar of her patriotism. She was willing -glad to die, if by so doing she could serve France. Madame Roland called her a heroine worthy of a better age. Lamartine called her the "Angel of Assassination" and the "Jeanne D'Arc of the Revolution." Poets sang of her, posterity honored her.

From her prison she wrote that she anticipated happiness after death with Brutus in the Elysian Fields. As Brutus stabbed Cæsar for the good of Rome, so did Corday kill Marat

for the good of France.

As Charlotte Corday brought dig-

nity to everything she did, she ennobled the scaffold by her bearing thereon. the executioner came to her cell to call her, the artist, Hauer, sat there at work, and she was conversing quietly with When she saw the him. crimsonrobe and the shears that Sanson carried, she exclaimed: "What, already?" She herself cut off a long lock of her beautiful hair and gave it to Hauer, and allowed the executioner to clip the The vivid crimson rest. robe invested her with a strange, weird beauty. While it was being adjusted she remarked: "The toilette of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality."

To the priest who came to attend her in the cell, she said: "I thank those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry.

The blood I have spilt and my own which I am about to shed are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eter-Then she was led to the tumbril. At first sight the mob hooted at her, and as the cart rolled away a thunderstorm broke over the city. But as the sun shone through the clouds and the air cleared, so did the derision of the people change to admiration for her beauty and noble bearing. Men took off their hats as she passed, and women wept for the sad fate of one so young and fair. The sun was setting when they reached the scaffold. As she stood in the ruddy light, with her calm beauty undisturbed in the presence of death, a murmur of admiration ran through the assembled crowd. There stood near the steps of the guillotine a young German, Adam Lux by name, who went mad for love of Charlotte at the sight. She gave herself without hesitation to the executioner, and



CHARLOTTE CORDAY ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.



CORA URQUHART POTTER AS CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

The only actress now playing the part, and whose dramatic version of the French heroine's life follows closely the historical facts. Mrs. Potter's Charlotte Corday is a performance ideal in conception and execution—a combination of rare physical and spiritual beauty, exquisite pathos, and noble patriotism.

in an instant the axe fell. The human brute on the scaffold lifted the lovely head and struck the face a blow with his open hand. Report says the pale cheek blushed at the insult. Whether this were so, or whether the flush was caused by the reflected sun is not known, but this act of fiendish barbarity was not in accordance with the mood of the mob.

At this date, July 17, 1793, Charlotte lacked but a few days of being

twenty-five years of age. She was buried in the Madeleine, and afterward removed to the cemetery Montparnasse. Adam Lux, the young German, who first beheld and loved her on the scaffold, published a few days after her death a pamphlet glorifying her name, and proposing a statue for her to be inscribed "Greater than Brutus." He was eager to die for her, which wish was gratified not long after she perished, for he

was sent to the scaffold, rejoicing that he met death for her sake.

It was well for Charlotte that she could not see the dreadful days that followed her death: the Tribunal more bloody than ever, the execution of the Twenty-two, the exaltation of Marat, the many patriots who paid for his death with their lives. The "peace" which she thought to bring to France was yet afar off. Marat was gone, but there were other broth-

ers of the guillotine, and under Robespierre and Duchesne infamy thrived anew. The leader of the Girondists, to whom she brought death instead of deliverance, exclaimed, "She kills, but she teaches us how to die!"

And yet "while our colder reasons condemn, our warmer hearts excuse. We are free, granting her error, to forgive its mistaken motive, free to admire her unselfish devotion and the sublimity of her end."

Beatrice Sturges.

TRANSFORMED.

MAS in the purple-flow'ring month we met,
And I had gathered fleur-de-lis for her;
And sought the dim wood where the fern leaves stir
To find an orchis, fringed and sweet and wet;
These in her simple joy she coyly set
Among her tresses; but I knew her not;
Some passing wind a sylph or nymph had brought.

And ere I sighed or spoke a vain regret, She led me to a green and shadowy grove, Where fallow-deer, large-eyed, did shyly rove; And on a bank of thyme we two did sit; Words were forgotten; in her wide blue eyes I read some symbol language, though my wit Had passed away. I dwelt in Paradise.

John Stuart Thomson.



"THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND" IN A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

American Naval Heroes.

V.

James Lawrence. Stephen Decatur. Isaac Hull. James Biddle.

John Rodgers.

William Bainbridge.

NGLAND had gained for her navy imperishable renown and made herself master of the sea. With the aid of the naval forces of the United States she had humbled the flag of France; Lord Howe had, under the cross of St. George, won splendid victories off Ushant; Sir John Jervis had upheld the royal ensign at Cape St. Vincent; and the great Nelson, on the Nile and at Trafalgar, had checked the proud ambition of Napoleon and destroyed the combined navies of France and These wonderful sea-fights were not hand-to-hand duels between rival ships, but a mustering of immense armadas of from 30 to 60 lineof-battle ships carrying each an armament of from 50 to 120 guns, and on the larger vessels a crew comprising over 1000 men. These operations called for the service of skilled seamen, and as the early successes of the navy of the new American republic had won for her sailors a reputation as navigators and fighting men second to none in the world, England naturally turned to the United States But sailors who had for recruits. won glory fighting under the Stars and Stripes were loth to serve their old enemy, and this led England to take measures to impress the unwary seamen in her service whether they would or not. The excuse of seeking deserters or royal subjects of the king, temporarily in the merchant service of America, gave a color to their right. But when avowed American subjects were seized, not only on

merchant vessels, but when American men-of-war were subjected to the indignity of inspection as to the nationality of their crews, the whole people were aroused, and when it became known that several thousand American sailors were unwillingly serving in the royal navy under impressment, the Government determined to put a stop to the outrage. Commodore Rodgers was directed to patrol the coast with the frigate President, and warn off any intruding English manof-war detected in this business. The British frigate Guerriere had, while off Sandy Hook and within sight of the forts defending the harbor of New York, impressed a young American sailor, forcibly taking him from a coasting vessel, and Rodgers determined to punish her for the imperti-In the darkness he came up nence. with a British sail, and under the belief that it was the Guerriere, he gave chase and soon vanquished the vessel, which proved to be the Little Belt, a British sloop-of-war. In the encounter the Little Belt lost 9 killed and 20 wounded, while the President had one boy slightly wounded. This overt act on the part of the American Navy rekindled the war spirit so long smothered by the conservative inaction of the older members of Congress, and the young men of that body resolved that the country should no longer submit to foreign aggression. On June 18, 1812, Congress declared war against Great Britain, which act was followed on June 19 by a proclamation from the President making the

act of Congress effective. The need of a sufficient navy at once became The Navy Department apparent. had expended the money appropriated by Congress in building 176 small gunboats suitable for shallow water, and suggested as useful in the Tripolian war where the larger frigates could not enter the harbor. But now they were to meet the royal navy of England, comprising 230 line ofbattle ships and over 600 frigates and smaller vessels. The forethought of Washington had provided the few frigates now available, but there were only 6 of them and 12 smaller ships and brigs. The 176 gunboats could be used only in defensive warfare, and the money expended for them would have built and equipped 8 firstclass frigates. The young nation did not hesitate to meet the foe, unequal as was the contest, although the older members of her national legislature still hesitated. If she lacked the ships, she had the men, officers and seamen, ready to take the chances. Her naval commanders had been selected by Jefferson and trained by Preble, and all had been, as boys and men, under fire.

The first squadron to set sail weighed anchor in New York Harbor, June 21, 1812, under command of Commodore John Rodgers, with the President as flagship. The United States, Captain Stephen Decatur, and the Congress, Captain Smith, were the only other frigates. Captain James Lawrence commanded the brig Hornet, and Captain Sinclair the brig Their orders were to intercept a fleet of 100 British merchantmen from Jamaica bound to England under convoy of British men-of-war. The President was the first to discover the fleet, and on the morning of June 22 Rodgers hailed the British frigate Belvidere, and immediately gave chase, exchanging a broadside and then using her bow chase-guns. So closely was the Englishman pressed that they cut away their anchors and threw overboard their boats and water casks. The pursuit was kept up to the very coasts of England, and



HORATIO (LORD) NELSON, OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

only given up when the fleet entered the English Channel. Rodgers brought home to Boston six prizes as the result of a ten weeks' cruise.

The Constitution, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, with Lieutenant Charles Morris as second officer, was ordered from Annapolis to New York, July 5, 1812. This frigate had been designated by British sailors as a "bundle of pine boards under a bit of striped bunting," but these very sailors were soon to meet her under conditions that would command their respect, if not their admiration. While on her way to New York the Constitution encountered a formidable English squadron, made up of two frigates, a line-of-battle ship, a brig, and a schooner, under Commodore Broke. The entire squadron gave chase, but after two days the Constitution managed to escape, having by skill in navigation, continuous labor on the part of her officers and crew, and unflagging courage under the most adverse conditions, worked the ship out of the clutches of the entire squadron.



COMMODORE ISAAC HULL.

This exploit was heralded all over the world, and gained for our navy additional renown. In a public letter, posted in the Exchange Coffee House, Boston, into which port the Constitution put for rest, Captain Hull disclaimed personal merit, and generously accorded to his subordinates the credit usually absorbed by the commanding officer. He said:

"Captain Hull, finding that his friends in Boston are correctly informed of the situation when chased by the British squadron off New York, and that they are good enough to give him more credit for having escaped it than he ought to claim, takes this opportunity of requesting them to transfer their good wishes to Lieutenant Morris and the other brave officers and the crew under his command, for their very great exertions and prompt attention to his orders while the enemy were in chase. Captain Hull has great pleasure in saying that, notwithstanding the length of the chase, and the officers and crew being deprived of sleep and allowed but little refreshment during the time, not a murmur was heard to escape them."

This exploit excited the wonder of the enemy and the admiration and gratitude of the American nation. The hero of the hour was born in Derby, Conn., March 9, 1775. His father was an officer in the army under Washington, and his uncle, General William Hull, was in the same

Following the inclination service. of the average New England youth, Isaac went to sea as a cabin boy when fourteen years old, and at nineteen commanded a ship. In March, 1798, he entered the United States Navy as a lieutenant on board the Constitu-In 1804 he served as master on board the Argus, and engaged in the Tripolian expedition, distinguishing himself at the storming of Tripoli and the reduction of Deccan. 1806 he was advanced to a captaincy, and in 1811 to the command of the While in the harbor Constitution. of Portsmouth, England, he was threatened by English search officers, but instead of submitting to their demands he at once prepared his ship for action, and would have fired upon the Englishman, notwithstanding the peaceful relations that had not yet been broken between the two countries, had not the British officer desisted in his purpose. After his celebrated chase by the British squadron he remained inactive at Boston, until tiring of waiting for orders, he sailed without them, and on August 19 fell in with the British frigate Guerriere, 49 guns, Captain Dacres. After several hours' manœuvring, Captain Hull, in a half hour's severe fighting, captured the Guerriere, he having in that time reduced a splendid ship to a dismantled hulk, so badly wounded that the next day he was obliged to take Captain Dacres and his men on board the Constitution, while he scuttled and fired the prize wreck, which, after illuminating the expanse of the ocean as from a funeral pile, soon found a grave in the deep Atlantic.

The killed and wounded on the Guerriere numbered 79, while those on the Constitution were but 14. In the engagement Lieutenant Charles Morris was shot through the body by a bullet from the musket of a marine, while he was endeavoring to lash the bowsprit of the Guerriere to the toprail of the Constitution. Every mast and spar of the Guerriere had been shot away, her colors being fastened to the stump of the mizzenmast. On the Constitution the Stars and Stripes

in a well-balanced sea-fight was hailed

with joy, and the Constitution took to herself a new name, "Old Ironsides,"

by which she was known ever there-

after. Congress voted \$50,000 as a re-

ward to be distributed among the offi-

cers and crew. To Captain Hull Con-

gress gave a gold medal, and the citi-

zens of Philadelphia a service of

plate. The several States vied with each other in honoring the officers and crew of "Old Ironsides." After

the war Captain Hull served on the

Naval Board, commanded the navy

yards at Boston, Portsmouth, and

Washington, and was in charge of

at the foretop masthead was shot away, when one of the crew went aloft and lashed it so securely that it could not be lowered except with the mast itself. In his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Hull says: "From the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman not a look of fear was seen. They all went into action giving three cheers, and requested to be laid alongside the enemy." In his official letter Captain Dacres characterized the conduct of Captain Hull as "that of a brave enemy; the greatest care being taken to prevent the men losing the slightest article, and the greatest attention

the Mediterranean and Pacific fleets. est article, and the greatest attention being paid to the wounded." He died in Philadelphia, February This first vic-The next success to follow the captory of the war ture of the Guerriere, and one which will ever stand on record without a parallel among the victories of the American Navy, fell to the credit of the captain and crew of the United States sloop-of-war Wasp. She left the Delaware, October 13, 1812, under command of Captain Jacob Jones. When five days out she fell in with the British sloopof-war Frolic, 22 guns. Captain Whin-THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE GUERRIERE AND CONSTITUTION, QNE OF THE MOST NOTABLE IN THE ANNALS QF NAVAL WARFARE.



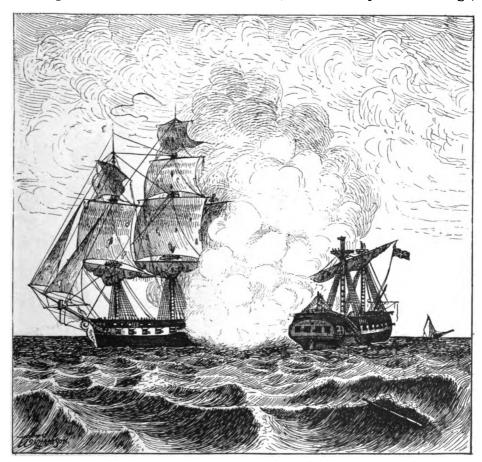
JOHN JERVIS, EARL OF ST. VINCENT, OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

yates, convoying six large merchant ships bound from Honduras for Eng-The merchantmen under press of sail escaped, leaving the Wasp and Frolic to contest single-handed for supremacy. A few minutes after the first broadsides had been exchanged the maintopmast of the Wasp was shot away, leaving the maintopsail-yard across the larboard fore and foretopsail braces, rendering her head yards unmanageable during the remainder of the action. Her gaff and mizzen-topgallantsail were also shot away. The sea was rough, and the muzzles of the guns of the Wasp were frequently dipping the water. Her gunners reserved their fire until the side of the ship was going down, and thus brought the effect of her shot on or below the deck of the Frolic. The Englishmen, on the contrary, fired their broadside as the ship was rising, and hence the destruction to the rigging of the Wasp. A spirited fire was kept up on both sides, which resulted in effectually stripping the Wasp of all her spars and rigging, leaving the masts unsupported and in immediate danger of going by the board. In order to avoid this additional calamity, and to prevent the escape of the Frolic, Captain Jones determined to board the enemy and thus decide the contest. He thereupon ran down upon her, the Frolic striking the American vessel between the main and mizzen riggings, immediately over the heads of Captain Jones and Lieutenant Biddle, who stood together on deck near the cap-The position gave the Americans the opportunity to rake the Englishmen, which was promptly done, and at so close quarters that the men in reloading found their ramrods in contact with the sides of the Frolic. The effect of the broadside was startling, as soon after discovered. Before an order to repeat the dose could be given, a brave sailor had sprung, cutlass in hand, to the deck of the Frolic, closely followed by Lieutenant Biddle, and as they gained the forecastle they discovered but a solitary seaman at the wheel and three The captain and officers on deck. his lieutenants promptly threw down their swords in token of surrender, and seeing the British flag still flying, Lieutenant Biddle jumped into the rigging and hauled it down. It was now just forty-five minutes since the first gun had fired, and not 20 of the entire crew of the Frolic were capable of any duty. Both upper and berth decks were covered with the dead and dying, and to add to the horror the masts and spars fell and augmented the suffering of those yet alive. The losses on the Frolic were 30 killed and 50 wounded, and on the Wasp 5 men killed and 5 wounded. Lieutenant Biddle was given charge of the Frolic, with directions to proceed to Charleston or some other Southern port for repairs, while Captain Jones intended to continue his cruise with the Wasp. Just as the vessels parted a British frigate, the Poictiere, Captain Beresford, appeared and fired a shot over the Frol-He then overtook the Wasp, which in her disabled condition was unable to escape. Returning, he secured the Frolic, and carried both vessels to Bermuda, where he released

the officers and crew on parole. Upon returning to the United States, Captain Jones was awarded a gold medal by Congress, and a silver medal was presented to each of the other officers. The Government also directed \$25,000 to be distributed among the officers and crew, and the several States passed congratulatory resolutions and made to the officers valuable gifts of swords and plate. Captain Jones was appointed to the command of the Macedonian, a 38-gun frigate, just captured from the British by Decatur. Lieutenant Biddle was made master commandant, and placed in charge of the gunboat flotilla in the Delaware River.

This gallant naval hero was born in

Philadelphia, Pa., February 18, 1783, son of Charles Biddle, the eminent patriot, who gave to his sons, James and Edward, a college education at the University of Pennsylvania, and they both entered the navy as midshipmen in 1800, and made their first voyage in the frigate President under Captain Truxton. Edward died on this cruise, and his body was brought home by his brother. James next served on the frigate Philadelphia, and was on her during her disastrous experience in the harbor of Tripoli, and with Captain Bainbridge was imprisoned for nineteen months in the vile dungeon at that place. In 1805 peace with Tripoli effected their 1elease, and with Captain Bainbridge,



THE UNITED STATES AND MACEDONIAN.



COMMODORE JAMES BIDDLE.

Biddle returned to the United States. In 1811 he was made lieutenant under Bainbridge on the frigate President, and went with that ship to France on a diplomatic mission. He then joined the sloop-of-war Wasp, under Captain Jones, as first lieutenant, and was engaged in the sanguinary fight with the Frolic. As commander of the sloop-of-war Hornet, 18 guns, he had a twenty-two minutes' fight with the British brig Penguin, resulting in the total defeat of the brig, which was scuttled and abandoned. During this engagement he received a severe wound in the neck. Continuing his cruise he fell in with a British lineof-battle ship, which gave him a close chase. By dint of superior seamanship and the sacrifice of his guns, which he threw overboard, he managed to escape, bringing his ship safely into Congress voted him a gold medal, and the State of New York gave him a state dinner, while the city of New York presented him a service of silver plate. A court of inquiry, convened at his own request, acquitted him of all blame in the matter of sacrificing his armament in order to save his ship, and the court highly commended his judgment and skill. In 1817 he took possession of

the Territory of Oregon in the name of the United States, and in 1826 represented the Government in negotiating a commercial treaty with Turkey. While governor of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, 1838-42, he suggested to Secretary of the Navy Paulding the advisability of sending to him the unemployed midshipmen for instruction, and this movement was the foundation of the naval In 1845 he negotiated the first treaty with China, and afterward landed in Japan. During the Mexican War he was in command of the California coast. He died in Philadelphia, October 1, 1848.

William Bainbridge, who came in for a large share of the honors won by the American navy, was born in



WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE

Princeton, N. J., May 7, 1774, a descendant in the sixth generation of Sir Aithur Bainbridge, of England. At thirteen he enlisted in the merchant marine service, and at nineteen was master of a ship. In 1796, while in command of the ship Hope, from Bordeaux to St. Thomas, he was attacked by an English schooner armed with 8 guns and a crew of 30 men. He had on the Hope four 9-pounders and only o men. Bainbridge returned the fire of the Englishman, and kept it up so incessantly that the schooner soon struck her colors. Instead of taking her as a prize he hailed the captain and sent him off with the injunction to "go about his business and report to his masters that if they wanted his ship they must send a greater force to take her and a more skilful commander." Soon after one of his seamen was impressed by an English

razee, and the very next merchantman Captain Bainbridge met he brought Service Republication Algier the Otto

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE WASP AND FROLIC.

to, boarded, and took out of her crew the best seaman she had on board, directing the English captain to report that William Bainbridge had taken one of His Majesty's subjects in retaliation for a seaman taken from the American ship Hope by Lieutenant Norton of the Indefatigable.

In 1798 he was commissioned lieutenant commandant of the United States schooner Retaliation, and was soon after captured by the French frigates Volontier and Insurgent and carried to Guadaloupe, where the schooner was restored to him by the governor, and in her he carried to the United States a number of American prisoners whose release he effected through the kindness of the governor. His report to Congress of the treatment of American prisoners there caused the passage of the "Retaliation Act." He was promoted master commandant of the United States brig Norfolk, 18 guns, and in her reported to Commodore C. R. Perry, of the West Indian squadron. While in that service he captured the French ship Republican, and destroyed several other vessels. He sailed for Algiers in May, 1800, in command of the United States frigate George Washington, and was made by the Dey of Algiers bearer of an embassador to the Ottoman Porte and the custodian

> of presents from the Dev to the Sultan. While on this mission he paved the way for the first treaty between the United States and Turkey. In May, 1801, he commanded the Essex in Commodore Richard Dale's expedition to the Mediterranean. In 1803 he superintended the construction of the Syren and Vixen, and on May 20, 1803, sailed in command of the United States frigate Philadelphia of Commodore Preble's squadron for the Mediterranean to cruise against Tripolian corsairs. Here he was captured,



STEPHEN DECATUR.

and imprisoned nineteen months. Upon his release he engaged in the merchant service until 1812, when he was given command of the Constitution upon the return of Hull with the frigate from his successful encounter with the Guerriere. His squadron, made up of the Constitution as flagship, the Essex, Captain David Porter, and the Hornet, Captain James Lawrence, parted company December 26, 1812, when off St. Salvador, and three days later the Constitution, when off the coast of Brazil, fell in with the British frigate Java, 49 guns and 400 men. The two frigates engaged in a spirited sea fight lasting one hour and fifty-five minutes, at the end of which time the Java was completely dismantled, and to avoid an impending broadside which would rake her fore and aft, she struck her colors to the American. Her loss was 60 killed and 101 wounded, including a mortal wound to her commander. The Constitution lost 9 killed and 25 Commodore Bainbridge wounded. was struck twice during the engage-The wounded were removed to the Constitution, together with the prisoners, and what remained of a proud British frigate of a few hours before was blown up and destroyed,

He landed his prisoners, numbering 351 souls, at San Salvador, and paroled the active participants in the fight, providing amply for the care of the wounded. Upon his return to the United States he was received with every demonstration of joy and esteem, and Congress voted \$50,000 and its thanks to the commodore, his officers and crew, and caused a gold medal to be cast for Commodore Bainbridge and a silver one for each of the officers. Bainbridge afterward commanded the Charlestown Navy Yard, laid the keel of the line-of-battle-ship Independence, and commanded the squadron that sailed to settle the disturbances in Algiers in 1815. In 1819 he commanded the new lineof-battle-ship Columbus in her cruise in the Mediterranean, and in 1821 fitted out the ship-of-the-line North Carolina. He acted as second to Decatur in his duel with Barron, in which meeting Decatur lost his life. He died in Philadelphia July 25, 1833.

Captain James Lawrence, who had acted as first officer on the Enterprise during the bombardment of Tripoli,



DAVID PORTER,

was in 1808 made first lieutenant on the frigate Constitution, and promoted captain of the Vixen, being successively transferred to the Wasp, Argus, and Hornet. On the latter vessel he was one of the captains making up Commodore Bainbridge's squadron. When off the coast of Brazil the Hornet became separated from the fleet and soon fell in with the British brig Resolution, which he captured with \$25,000 in treasure which she carried. His prize he found a dull sailer, and after removing the prisoners and treasure to the Hornet, he burned the brig. He next encountered the British ship Peacock, and after a spirited fight of fifteen minutes the enemy struck her colors, being literally cut to pieces, and hoisted an ensign union down as a signal of distress. Her mainmast went by the board, and she had six feet of water in her hold. The boats of the Hornet were dispatched to take

off the wounded, and after plugging the shot holes below the water-line and throwing her guns overboard to lighten her, the prisoners were removed. In spite of all the efforts of the crew of the Hornet, the Peacock sunk, carrying down 13 of her crew and 3 of the rescuers from the Hor The captain and 4 men were found dead on her deck, and 32 wounded had been removed to the Hornet, while that vessel lost only I man killed and 2 slightly wounded. Captain Lawrence received the thanks of Congress, and the officers and crew the usual medals and appropriation of money. On June 1, 1803, Captain Lawrence, in command of the United States frigate Chesapeake, accepted the challenge of Captain



JAMES LAWRENCE.
"Don't give up the ship."

Broke, of the English frigate Snannon, to meet him outside Boston Harbor. Captain Lawrence had the same day met an open mutiny from the crew, all new to him, who demanded their pay, and the same morning their friends from the city, including both men and women, who had encouraged their discontent and held high carnival for many hours, were ordered ashore. It was with this crew, utterly disregarding discipline and possessed of a spirit of insubordination, that the brave Lawrence undertook to meet the Shannon, with a much heavier armament, larger ship, and a crew in good training and under strict discipline. On the discharge of the first broadside, White, the sailing master, was killed, Captain Lawrence



NAPOLEON.

received a severe wound, but insisted on remaining on the quarter-deck, and Lieutenant Ludlow was also severely wounded. A few minutes after Lawrence received a ball from the maintop of the Shannon and was carried below. On passing the gangway he perceived the hopeless condition of the Chesapeake, but cried out, "Don't surrender the ship." On reach-

ing the ward-room, as he lay in excruciating pain, perceiving the noise above had ceased, he ordered the surgeon to go on deck and tell the officers to fight on to the last and never strike the colors. "They shall wave," said he, "while I live;" but the enemy had already possession of the ship. Captain Lawrence died after suffering the most distressing pain for four days, and 61 of his officers and men joined with him the "great majority," while 83 were wounded, including Lieutenants Ludlow and Ballard. On the Shannon 26 were killed and 57 wounded, including Captain Broke. His memorable words became the motto of the navy, and have been more effective to secure his immortality than monuments of brass or pillars of granite. On the quarterdeck of the Constitution, the ship in which he gained his promotion, the legend was written in bold letters, where it will remain as long as "Old Ironsides" holds together; and the granite sarcophagus that marks his last resting-place in Trinity Church yard, New York City, where naval heroes for all generations will gain inspiration as they read the record of his exploits there briefly given, with the date of his death, also bears the legend:

"Don't give up the ship."

John Howard Brown.

PEACE.*

N this historic ground grim war held sway,
The earth shook with the cannons' thundering;
Yet nowhere does the lark more sweetly sing
His Heaven-taught melody.
No grassy covert hides his pretty nest—
Yon rusting gun a secret holds, and he,
Perched near his brooding mate, pours forth the glee
That fills his tiny breast.

J. Torrey Connor.

^{*} Half hidden by clambering vines and forgotten, doubtless, these many years, a cannon lay rusting on a Southern battle-field. In the very mouth of this grim "dog of war" a lark had builded.

JULIET'S CONVERSION.

BEN, whar you' shoes? Ain' you dress yourse'f yit? Hit's plumb twelve o'clock, an' you been up to de white folks's house an' all roun' de place, an' ain' had no shoes on. What you mean, a 'sgracin' your wife dat-a-way?"

"'Pears like dey's lost dis mawnin', Julie; I cain't fin' 'em nowheres,'' answered the old negro, first meeting and then avoiding the glance of his

angry wife.

Juliet, a yellow-visaged, sharp-faced, and sharper-voiced woman of half her husband's years, bestowed a contemptuous sniff on her cringing spouse, and entered the cabin, where, for a few minutes, the sounds of a vigorous search were heard.

Something like a grin overspread the old man's face, and a ghost of a chuckle came from his throat; but it fell still-born from his lips, for Juliet suddenly reappeared, and, pointing dramatically to the interior of the

cabin, sternly demanded:

"Fin' dem shoes!" Uncle Eben, with painful deliberation and a look of shamed confusion on his face, entered the house, closely followed by Juliet, whose keen eyes were never taken from the old man for an instant till, after fumbling halfheartedly in a dozen impossible places, and finding his wife still obdurate, he produced the shoes from between the mattresses of the bed, where he had This secreted them in the morning. confirmed Juliet's suspicions that Eben had been resorting to subterfuge, and moved her beyond speech. She glowered over the old man while he jammed his feet into the shoes; and then began with quick, nervous movements to kindle a fire and prepare the midday meal.

Uncle Eben, having dressed his feet, clumped hurriedly out of the house, glancing furtively over his shoulder as he went, as if fearful that Juliet would recall him. Once outside, he edged round the far corner

of the cabin, and took up a position in a chair which he tilted back against the wall. This was a favorite retreat of his. It was sunny, and was far enough removed from the cabin door to sift out considerable of the asperity in his wife's voice when she shouted at him.

Poor Eben had found his second marriage disturbing, to say the least. Overlooking a gap of thirty years in age, and a difference of several shades in color, he had married a big, ignorant, city-bred mulatto woman, who, having imbibed some notions of the proprieties from the white families for whom she had worked in the city, made enemies on the plantation by public exhibitions of her senseless prejudice against everything that was different from metropolitan life.

Roused by the sharp voice of his wife from the slumber into which he had fallen, Eben stumbled into the house and sat down to a meal that proceeded for some time in silence. When Eben spoke, it was to say:

"I 'lowed maybe we'd hab some co'n braid now, Julie, when it's gittin' so col'. 'Pears like I need sumpin' mo'n dis yer white braid to keep my ole bones wa'm."

In sharp contrast to the old man's conciliatory tones came the coldly sarcastic answer of his wife.

"Co'n braid! On dis yer table?" and she touched with a long, skinny finger the dirty oil cloth that covered the family board. "No, sah, Mistah Eben Johnsing. I ain' been raised on hog feed, an' I ain' gwine to hab none ob it on dis table. You gwine eat dat braid dah, ef you eats any 'tall;" then added, as Eben reached weakly for the plate of rock-like biscuits: "Huh! You ol' plantation niggahs act like you ain' got no likin' fur nothin' decent folks eats."

This anti-corn bread theory of Juliet's was another of her cruelties practised on Eben in the name of "decency."

After the meal was done Eben tried vainly to go to sleep again in his chair outside; but the autumn air made him restless, and he resolved to take a walk.

The frosts of autumn had fallen. and trees were shedding their leaves. On one side of him as he walked, the cotton-pickers were idling up and down the long rows, leisurely plucking the last of the season's fluffy bolls, while from a field on the opposite side came the sound of wheels snapping through dry corn stalks, and the thump of yellow ears as they were

thrown into the wagon.

"De leaves am a-yallerin', an' de 'simmons am a-softenin','' said Uncle Eben to himself. "Dis de time ob yeah to go 'possum huntin'. Wisht I had a good ole 'possum dinnah oncet mo' befo' I die. 'Pears like Julie mout cook one oncet foh me. Just oncet," he repeated softly, while something like a tear found its way down his withered cheek. But with Juliet's pronounced aversion to "'possum dinnahs," such visions were better out of his head, and the old man knew it. Persimmons, however, were well within the range of human possibilities. He could see, away down in the hollow, the tops of a small clump of persimmon trees. Twenty minutes later he climbed stiffly over the pasture fence and stood beneath the trees. Just then the grass rustled, and Vic, a young hound pup of his acquaintance, came crawling to him. She seemed exhausted, and an attempt to bark a feeble greeting ended in a hoarse croak.

"Ho, now, Vicky; what de mattah wid you? Look lak you been run-

nin' all night.'

Vicky wagged her tail and edged off through the grass, begging him, in dog language, to follow her.

"Now whut de mattah wid dat dawg, you reckon, Eben Johnsing? S'posen she got sumpin' treed roun' yer; right in dis 'simmon patch, maybe," the old man mused; then added firmly: "Don't make no diffunce if she hab; you jes' let her alone. You gwine git yo'se'f plumb into trouble."

This last was wise counsel the old man gave himself. "Reckon I mout jes' see whut's de mattah wid dis dawg," he added, giving way to temptation. A few steps brought him to the end of the clump of trees. was there with another dog equally tired and bedraggled, both looking up into the last tree in the group, their hoarse, coughing barks sounding faintly. Eben looked up too, and nearly fell over in his surprise.

"Oh, golly!" he cried, clasping his hands in ecstasy. On a long, slender branch, well in the top of the tree, hung a large 'possum. He swung from a limb by his tail, watching the newcomer on the scene out of his little black eyes with evident in-

"Fo' Hebben's sake! Dem dawgs mus' a-treed dat 'possum down yet las' night, an' been ba'kin' roun' 'im all day, an' nobody ain' come to cotch 'im," and Uncle Eben almost wept at the thought that the dogs were near to giving up and leaving the precious game to escape. Then came a perplexing question.

"How I gwine git 'im?" he asked, standing with both hands uplifted as if expecting the little beast to fall into his arms while he considered.

Just then he heard voices, and saw, a little way off, Miss Mattie, daughter of Colonel Barnes, owner of the plantation on which Eben had lived, bond and free, for fifty years. She was approaching the persimmon patch in company with a young lady friend from the city, who was visiting her, and a negro boy, carrying a large tin pail, followed at a respectful distance.

"Why, Uncle Eben, you here!" said Miss Mattie, in feigned surprise, as she came upon him. "An awkward situation, indeed, for one who is on the sick-list; suffering from rheumatism, yet a mile from the house

gathering persimmons!"

Eben could only bow guiltily and follow Miss Mattie's eyes, to where they rested on his hat lying on the ground half-emptied of persimmons, the fruit scattered around it, just as

he dropped it when he saw the 'pos-

"And. why-e-e-e 'possum hunting, Eben! I never thought it of you, and she pointed to the tree-top, where the grinning possum swung to and fro in the wind. Uncle Eben smiled deprecatingly and attempted a sheepish chuckle. He thought Miss Mattie was only joking with him, but she looked so stern that he began to grow restless.

"Now, Miss Mattie, you knows Uncle Eben ain' come a-huntin'." he

said, reproachfully.

"Do I? How should I know it, pray?" and she twitched an evelid for her companion's benefit, then looked more severely at Eben. Nat-

urally he felt hurt.

"Co'se you knows it, honey," he said, a little huskily. "I jes' tell you de blessed Gospel truf dis minute, Miss Mattie. De frosty air an' de sunshine dis aternoon, mixed, jes' make my ole sperrits puff plumb up, an' my laigs jes' keep a-walkin' me out in de fiel' till I seed dese 'simmon-trees, an' de women a-pickin' cotton, an' de han's a-breakin' co'n. an' de leaves a-yallerin' an' a-yallerin'. An' my ole bones jes' begin ter ginger up a little, an' I say: 'Now you look-a-heah, Eben Johnsing! You gittin' long in de fall ob de yeah Yo' leaves am a-yallerin', yo'se'f. an' dis worl' got 'bout de las' cottonpickin' it eber gwine git outen you, 'n' if you wants some o' dem 'simmons an' yo' laigs kin car'r you down dere whur dey is, you kin jes' hab 'em—dat whut you kin. An' heah I is, Miss Mattie, but I 'clar 'fo' de good Lawd, I nebbah tought 'bout 'possum ony oncet, an' I quit tinkin' 'bout it mighty quick, becaze dey's some tings am denied to dis pusson under dese times and succumstances. One ob dem tings am—'

And Uncle Eben's eyes turned toward the suspended 'possum, but his tongue stopped. He gazed irresolutely a moment, then turned to Miss Mattie again with a peculiar light in

his eye.
"I 'clar to gracious, Miss Mattie.

I ain' gwine say dat 'possum ain' I cain't do it—I cain't. dawgs treed him. I didn't hunt for no 'possum, but I foun' him. an' I 'bleeged to hab him. De Lawd sen' de quail to de children in de wilderness because He wanted 'em to hab sumpin' to eat. Dis chile been atrablin' in de wilderness ob fashionable eatin' so long, he nigh 'bout perished out, an' de Lawd done sen' me I 'bleeged ter take dat 'possum. him, ain't I, Miss Mattie?"

And the old man's eves blazed while he reached frantically toward the 'possum with one hand, and extended the other appealingly in the

direction of Miss Mattie.

"Forgive me, Eben, for joking. Of course that's your 'possum, and you shall have him. Here, Wes, shin up that tree and get the 'possum."

Wes grinned a grin that almost divided his countenance, and in a few minutes was shaking the limb from which the 'possum' swung, while Eben directed operations from below. Soon a broken limb, an angrily hissing 'possum, and a very black negro boy, shaking with hysterical laughter, came rolling, sliding, and tumbling down together.

"Ha! ha! he! he!" laughed Uncle Eben, as he diddled the animal up and down by the tail. Then he stopped short. A look of perplexity, which speedily shaded into sadness, came over his face, while he regarded the 'possum doubtfully for a moment.

Whut I gwine do wid him, Miss Mattie? I cain't take him home." There were tears in the old man's voice, and an appealing look was on

his face.

"Dear old Eben, you do want a 'possum dinner, don't you?" asked Miss Mattie kindly.

"I does for a fac', Miss Mattie," and Eben studied the situation with

great gravity.

"Well, Eben," said the young lady, after thinking a moment, "you shall have a 'possum dinner. To-morrow night Maysie shall make you a big dinner in the cook house, and all your friends will be there."

Eben's black face lighted up wonderfully, then clouded once more, as he thought of Juliet and what she would say.

Miss Mattie understood. "Oh, never mind about Juliet," she said. "She'll come and have a good time,

too; I'll see to that."

Eben's spirits straightway puffed themselves up again, and he turned his attention once more to his catch.

"I gwine car'r dis gemmen to de house myse'f, Miss Mattie," he said.

"Of course, and tell everybody you caught him."

"Co'se I did. I cotched him myse'f in you' pa's 'simmon patch."

And Eben deposited the 'possum in a barrel in the cook house and went home, while Miss Mattie arranged for some of the negroes to go on a big 'possum hunt that night, in order to provide plenty of meat for Eben's dinner.

Eben dreamed through the next forenoon in ecstasy; but when noon arrived, and Miss Mattie had not been near to bridge over Juliet's objections, he resolved to take the matter into his own hands. The midday meal had just been completed, and they were still at the table.

"Julie," he began in his most pleading tones. Juliet was on her guard in an instant. She had heard too many pleas for "off-color" practices couched in those tones not to scent

what was coming now.

"Wal, whut you want?" she snapped. Eben flinched a little, but went on: "Julie, I gittin mighty ole. You reck'nize dat fac', doan you?"

"I does."

"Well, I ain' gwine be heah much

longah, is I?"

"Lak to know whar you gwine?"
"I lak to know dat myse'f," said
Eben thoughtfully. "Reckon I
gwine where all de good black folks
goes."

"Heah, Eben, whut you talkin'

'bout?''

"' Bout whar I gwine."

" When ?"

"When I dies, an' dis sinful body am gone all to smash."

"Wal, now, you shet up dat. Dat question ain't catamount wid you jes' now. You bettah l'arn how to lib in dis worl 'fo' you talks 'bout gwine into de next."

"Da's it, Julie; da's it. I been tinkin' 'bout I been long time in dis worl', an' ain' nebbah l'arned 'zackly what you says I ort. I ain't 'nyin' dat, Julie, but dis what I say. I cain't lib much longah, an' I cain't l'arn much mo'. De good Lawd kin teach me mo' ob Paradise in fifteen seconds dan I kin l'arn heah if I gits to be a hundred yeahs old—Julie, cain't I hab dat 'possum?''

"What 'possum?" and Juliet's amber-tinted nose went into the air and sniffed contemptuously. "What 'possum, you ole fool?" Then she added with sudden interest: "Dey ain't no

'possum 'roun' yere?"

Eben paid no attention to his wife's interrogatories, but in his embarrassment shifted uneasily in his chair, while his eyes roved around the room. A horrible suspicion entered Juliet's mind

"Eben, answer me."

"Answer whut?"

" My question."

"You ain't axed me no question."
"I is."

"You ain't. I axed dat question myse'f. I axed you, cain't I hab dat 'possum?"

"What 'possum, Eben Johnsing?"
"De one I cotched," answered
Eben, more guiltily than ever.

"Eben, foh de good Lawd's sake! is you got a 'possum hid 'roun' dis

yere house?"

Juliet was the picture of fright. Gathering her skirts about her, she raised her feet from the floor and cried out anxiously, while she stole frightened glances around the room. Yes, Juliet, whose sharp tongue might put a regiment of soldiers to flight, would scream at sight of a mouse, and was nearly thrown into hysterics at thought of a live 'possum wandering about the house and tripping up on her toes.

Eben was not a little amazed at the turn events had taken; but his crafty

nature was aroused. He fixed his eyes on a basket of unironed clothes in a corner, as though it might be a place of concealment for forty 'possums.

"Eben, answer my question." This in tones as pleading as those in which Eben had begun the interview.

"You answer my question," he said flatly.

"What question?"

"Kin I hab dat 'possum?"

"To eat?" she fairly shrieked.

"Yaas, Julie."
"No, you cain't."

Eben looked resignedly at the clothes basket, not failing to notice that Juliet's eyes were following his.

"Eben, whar is dat 'possum?"
"Kin I hab him if I tol' you whar

he is ?'

Juliet gazed in a terrified way at the clothes basket, clenching and unclenching her hands, while her foolish fears and more foolish prejudices warred with each other. Slowly her face grew resolute.

"You kin."
I kin?"

"Yes, sah, you kin. Eben Johnsing, whar am dat 'possum?"

"In a bar'l up to Miss Mattie's

house."

It was well for Eben that there came a faint rap at the door just then, and while Juliet was admitting Miss Mattie—for it was she—Eben wisely decamped through another door.

"It's all right, Eben," Miss Mattie said, a few minutes later as she passed him. "Juliet will come with you."

Within the cabin, Juliet was in a high state of excitement. She could not tell how she came to accept with such profuse thanks Miss Mattie's invitation, but only knew that in some polite way she had been outdone, and had promised to take Uncle Eben that night to what Miss Mattie had styled "an old-fashioned dinner." She was wise enough to connect Eben's 'possum with Miss Mattie's "old-fashioned dinner," and therefrom drew most unpleasant inferences.

Just at dark Juliet and Eben en-

tered the circle of light that beamed out from under the door of the cook house, which was a one-100m building, twenty by forty feet in size, standing a few feet in the rear of the Barnes mansion. In ordinary days it was a common kitchen, although of unusual size, in which Maysie, the cook, reigned supreme; but to-night, when Juliet and Eben knocked at the door, and Miss Mattie herself admitted them, the scene was changed. The long table in the centre was covered with a white cloth. Around it in solemn dignity sat a dozen couples, the men attired in sombre black of varying degrees of rustiness, the women in gowns of every hue and texture, from Maysie's black silk, a cast-off of Mrs. Barnes, to the calico of gorgeous hue and marvellous pattern worn by Lizzie, the young wife of Thomas Bram, plantation foreman.

Juliet entered first. The waiting guests recognized her; then, as if uncertain of the greeting she would accord them, averted their eyes.

"Friends," said Miss Mattie, "here are Juliet and Eben. You are all acquainted, I think." The company looked at Juliet again, as Miss Mattie spoke, and Juliet—what else could she do—bowed, marshalled her hard features into an expression approaching cordiality, and said:

"Good ebenin', frien's."

Eben was already bowing right and left, recognizing his friends one by one, from Cæsar Bynum, who "cum out from Carliny same yeah I did," down to Thomas and his young wife.

"Now, Juliet, Thomas and Lizzie are going to do the honors for me to-night. I want you to sit here, Eben, on this side next to Thomas, and you here, Juliet. I wish you all a very pleasant evening." And Miss Mattie was gone.

Juliet was horror stricken as she looked around the table.

What were those small, skin-bare, nut-brown things, stuffed almost to bursting, some floating in oceans of gravy, some standing up to their knees in boiled hominy, with roasted sweet potatoes in their mouths and

chinquapins for eyes? Ugh! They looked for all the world like stuffed cats, and the one nearest leered at

her in a ghastly way.

Mountains of corn bread and pyramids of potatoes were at either end and along the middle of the table. There were great bowls of buttermilk and steaming dishes of boiled rice. Lizzie was pouring the coffee and Thomas was carving. She watched in horrible suspense, while the plates were heaped high and passed from hand to hand down the line. How eager were the faces, yet how quietly each guest sat and waited till all should be served! Could she eat it, Juliet thought. Could she? These rude plantation folk, whose manners and customs she had inveighed against so bitterly, actuated by a kind of native politeness, seemed so considerate in their deportment, that she hesitated to hurt their feelings by any exhibition of prudishness, no matter how distasteful might be the other course. Then the crisis came.

"What pa't ob de 'possum does you prefer, Miss Johnsing?" asked Thomas politely, pausing with carv-

ing knife suspended.

Juliet hesitated. Could she take it? And if so, did 'possums have a wish-bone, or a liver, or any other especially toothsome part?

"I ain't peticlar, Mistah Bram; jes' gib me a good bit ob de gravy."

Eben checked himself in an impulse to exclaim, "Oh, golly!" and Thomas handed her a liberal portion of the meat adrift in a sea of gravy. But Juliet paused with the first mouthful on her fork. It smelled good, but it was not "decent." It looked good, but it was to her an unclean thing. Everybody was watching her; not a mouthful would be eaten till she began. As unconcernedly as might be, she raised the fork and deposited its contents, where it did not take long to decide that one of the good things of life was 'possum and gravy.

With good eating comes good cheer; with good cheer come bright jokes, keen repartee, and merry laughter; and Juliet, first dignified, then respectful, finally yielded to the mellowing influences of the hour, and had her share in the sociability

of the evening.

When the feast was over and the table had been pushed to one side, the doors were thrown open, and the whole motley crowd of plantation hands flocked in to dance. Then careful Juliet gathered Eben up, much against his will, and took him

"Good-by, Miss Johnsing," Maysie had said to Juliet as she left; "I hope you has enjoyed yourself."

"I tank you kindly; I has, I has,"

Juliet answered.

Eben was silent all through the journey home. Would Juliet's change of heart last, was the question he was

puzzling his mind over.

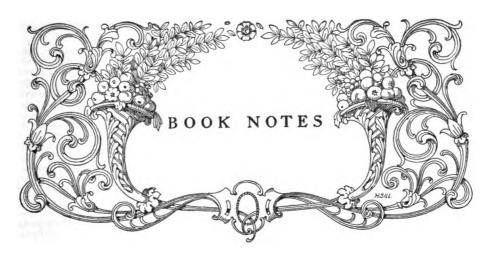
The next morning for breakfast Eben ate hot corn bread. It was not as good as Maysie made, but it promised well for the first attempt. Eben lived in a state of continual delight during the coming week. He was constantly discovering new relaxations in the rigor of Juliet's discipline and rules of life.

"Eben," said Juliet deliberately one morning at breakfast, "does you 'spec' if you was to go ober to dem 'simmon-trees, dat you could git a—a—'possum?''

And Eben answered his wife, and got up and went out of the house to his chair in the sun and ejaculated, "Oh, golly!"

Clarke Macfarlane.





"A Flash of Summer," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is a fair type of the conventional English novel. The author calls it the story of a simple woman's life; both the tale and the telling of it are simple, and for that very reason are refreshing, after the great quantity of modern slush the English novelist is now producing. Mrs. Clifford disclaims any attempt to portray an "advanced woman;" but her heroine, though a timid character, throws off the yoke of galling matrimony, and seeks a peaceful existence alone. The single "flash of summer" in the poor thing's life is cut short by the death of the man she loves and the reappearance of her dog of a husband. Rather than return to the latter, she drowns herself. The book is both interesting and sympathetic. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

A sorely tried man was Norman Grain—young, ardent, upright and honorable himself, betrayed into a marriage with a mere girl, weak in character, and with an insatiable taste for drink. Her mother, after the fashion of many doting parents, hid the secret and forbade the bride's disclosure of it, thinking it "all for the best." After a year's happiness Norman found it out. Magdalen Ponsonby, their friend, a woman of noble nature and unflinching loyalty, stood by the miserable husband and wretched wife, raising each from the depths of despair and degradation even when her compassion for Norman had deepened into love. When his wife was irretrievably lost to him and her better self Norman still protected and sustained her, so great was his endurance and so complete the pure influence of Magdalen. He even gave his life for this helpless drunkard of a wife—was killed attempting to rescue her from a burning house, while she was safe and out of harm's way all the time. "It was a useless expenditure of courage, of strength, of life," says the author. "But," she adds, "there are so many useless expenditures in life, are there not?"

Such is the tale of "A Pitiless Passion," by Ella MacMahon: a portrait of a noble man and a noble woman, and of a weak, childish woman, a victim of intoxication, brought on by the use of stimulants in her sickly childhood. There is some light comedy scattered through the book; the dialogue is facile and the analysis thoughtful, while the tragic ending, the sacrifice of a superior life for an unworthy one, is perhaps the best disposition that could be made of the unhappy man in the circumstances; but it is a fearful pity all the same. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

"One Thousand and One Anecdotes," compiled by Alfred H. Miles (Thomas Whittaker, New York), includes stories of famous wits and noted personages, adventures, repartee, children's sayings—in fact, anecdotes on every subject and from every source. They are nearly all good, and the volume will serve to while away much time pleasantly. In the chapter on animals appears the following illustration of Hibernian humor:

"Up one of the long hills of Wicklow a mare was drawing a heavy load of travellers. The driver walked by her side, encouraging her as she slowly toiled on. Presently he went to the back of the car, opened the door and slammed it to again, and a few minutes later he repeated the process. The travellers angrily inquired what he meant. 'Whisht,' he whispered, 'don't spake so loud-she'll overhear us. 'Who?' 'The mare. Spake low,' he continued, 'sure I'm desavin' the craytur! Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of ye is gettin' down to walk up the hill, and that raises her sperrits.'"

"Armenian Poems" (Roberts Bros., Boston), rendered into English verse by Alice Stone Blackwell, are interesting because they are about the first translations from the Armenian language to give us an adequate idea of the literature of that country, and also for the reason that they contain much intrinsic merit. Poetic instinct and inspiration is the same in any land, and the rescue of these poems from Eastern obscurity is a

most worthy action. The patriotic spirit manifested in many of the verses and the pathetic appeals to the Sultan for aid or liberty are specially good, while many of the others are full of delicate fancy. It is to be hoped that the sympathy which this book must arouse will result in some material benefit to the oppressed and stricken Armenians.

The following are extracts from some of

the most characteristic poems:

"The peasant sows, but never reaps;
He hungers evermore;
He eats his bread in bitterness,
And tastes of anguish sore.
Lo! tears and blood together
Drop from his pallid face;
And these are our own brothers, Of our own blood and race.

-Redros Tourian.

"The lips of the Christ-child are like to twin

The lips of the Christ-child are like to twin leaves;
They let roses fall when He smiles tenderly.
The tears of the Christ-child are pearls when He grieves;
The eyes of the Christ-child are deep as the sea.
Like pomegranate grains are the dimples He hath,

And clustering lilies spring up in His path.' -Saint Gregory of Narek.

Among the present surplus of fœtid fiction "Tom Grogan" stands out clean and shining as the evening star. It is the best work F. Hopkinson Smith has ever done. When we say best, we mean strongest and most dramatic. In "Colonel Carter" and the various short stories, which are really random sketches from an artist's book, he displayed a delicacy of touch and a charm of narration that made these little books delightful; but "Tom Grogan" was written with a strong arm, and is full of vigor. It is said that the character and the story are taken from real Certain it is that Mr. Smith writes with an assurance which seems born of experience, and when one reflects that his own business is that of a civil engineer, one can see how he might have met and known this woman contractor, Tom Grogan, strong and fearless as a man, tender and gentle as a woman. It is a splendid book, one to read again and again. "Tom" is not the only good character in it. Carl is a fine example of sturdy masculine strength and honor; Granpop is a true old gentleman; Jennie is a sweet bit of femininity, and the other characters—the rascally McGaw, Duffy, the walking delegate, and Quigg—are all racy character sketches drawn with a firm, fine hand, bristling with life and unexaggerated. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.)

In "Venezuela" William Eleroy Curtis has written a book that will entertain any reader. It is not a heavy volume, dealing exclusively with recent political matters, but a general dissertation on the country, its customs, and its people. Mr. Curtis begins by giving a short history of Venezuela, its discovery, settlement, etc.; then follow chapters on the government, different patriots, rebels, and rulers. The general characteristics of the race, their society, religion, agriculture, newspapers, and amusements are all related in an entertaining and easy style, the narrative being enlivened with numerous anecdotes and incidents. Mr. Curtis knows his subject intimately, and he imparts to the reader much of the pleasure that he evidently felt in the writing of the book. An appendix contains the text of the Message of the President and all correspondence with the British Government relative to the Venezuelan Boundary Line controversy. (Harpers, New York.)

"Official, Diplomatic, and Social Etiquette of Washington," by Katherine Elwes Thomas, is, as its name implies, a little book for the guidance of the uninitiated moving in high circles at the Capital. Miss Thomas's work is full of valuable hints and rules for the correct code of manners and form in every particular, and it will doubtless serve its purpose admirably, for it bears the stamp of experience and authority, and is recommended by Mrs. John A. Logan. (The Cassell Pub. Co., New York.)

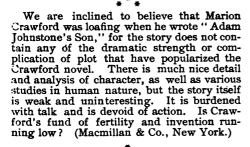
"The Parson's Proxy," by Kate W. Hamilton, is a bright little tale of life in the Southern backwoods. The minister of the country settlement is injured by a blow from one of the natives, who, realizing afterward that the fight was not "on the squar'," determined to take the pulpit during the parson's illness. His complete conversion and refor-mation form the basis of a delightfully honest and rugged character study. The proxy" not only exerts his strong influence in the parson's behalf, but eventually gives his own life to save the man he once injured. A minor love interest lends romance to Miss Hamilton's entertaining story. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.)

The poems of Orelia Key Bell, published by the Rodgers Co., Philadelphia, contain a great deal of sentiment and allusions meant for personal friends, who, of course, find them more interesting than does the general reader. The general character of Miss Bell's work is enthusiastic; some of her rhymes are extraordinary; her metre, style, and rhythm are peculiar to herself. She is probably sincere, but is much inclined to gush, and for this reason a little of her work goes a long way. * * *

Just why "Clara Hopgood" should have been written by Mark Rutherford is not clear, and why Dodd, Mead & Co. should have published it is another mystery. The story is totally lacking in interest and sympathy; the woman whose name is given to the book is a subordinate character, and the deliberate manner in which her sister's experience is detailed is anything but agreeable. There is nothing light or entertaining in the story, nor is there anything deeply analytic, as might be expected from the subject. All in all, it is a most unsatisfactory book.

John Kendrick Bangs is a writer of clever farce and bright, snappy dialogue. His characters are up to date,

his plots ingenious and well developed. Of the four short farces published by Harper & Bros., "The Bicyclers" will be especially enjoyed by those interested in this sport. "A Dramatic Evening" and "The Fatal Message" are extremely funny satires on amateur theatrical performances. "A Proposal under Difficulties" also contains much humor. There is so much action and technique in these little plays that they would serve the stage admirably, and they afford a great deal of amusement to the reader.



"A Woman of Sense" and "A Hair-Powder Plot" are two little French plays translated into excellent English by Alfred Hennequin, Ph.D. Neither of the plays is especially interesting or clever, but Professor Hennequin's work is well done, and a number of grammatical and idiomatic notes make the book valuable for students. 'William R. Jenkins, New York.)

All players of the game of golf, which has become such a popular sport, will find a great deal to interest and instruct in Lockyer and Rutherford's "Rules of Golf," published by Macmillan & Co. This work is a handbook for the guidance of beginners, and also contains the laws of the game known and referred to as the St. Andrew's Rules.

This code is universally acknowledged as



From "The Bicyclers."—Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.

authoritative, and in addition to its publication in this little book, there also appear various appendices, records of championship, direction of tournaments, etc., which are all valuable to the player.

Scotch stories and scenes are growing in popularity. S.R. Crockett's dialect and character sketches are rich and racy of the soil

from which they sprung, and the central figure in his "Cleg Kelly" is a most fascinating, audacious little rascal, and his adventures are numerous and amusing. There is a very fresh, wholesome atmosphere in "Cleg Kelly," the characters are human, the humor spontaneous, if a little coarse, and the incident so varied that at some points the main thread of the story is almost lost. Mr. Crockett creates almost as many characters as are usual in a Dickens novel, but each person is distinct and individual. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

* * *

The only noteworthy thing about "Garrison Tales from Tonquin," by James O'Neill, is the cover, which is a most remarkable combination of multi-colored stripes and curlicues. The stories are soldiers' yarns of adventure in the Orient. They are by turn stupid, horrible, grotesque, and weird, and they are utterly devoid of the romance necessary to every good story. (Copeland, Day & Co., Boston, Mass.)

"The Supply at Saint Agatha's," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's new book, is written in that mysterious style which she assumes at times. There is no story—simply a silhouette, and a vague silhouette at that. "Saint Agatha's," of course, is a church, and the "Supply" is the minister who filled the vacant pulpit for one Sunday only. The identity of this personage is not disclosed; he comes, without introduction, in place of the man who was expected, and after the service he vanishes apparently into thin air. The slight sketch is written in a rather hysterical fashion; its meaning is obscure; its point is lacking, and the several illustrations are a detriment. The only decided thing about the book is the binding, which is very (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New artistic. York.)



THE July PETERSON is especially notable for the number and beauty of its illustrations. Each article is made more attractive by means of reproductions from handsome photographs or engravings. The types of Southern beauty will be remarked not only for the perfection and regularity of feature, but for the charming dignity for which the women of the South are famous,

An article in the present number which will attract considerable attention is that on the camping out of the Seventh Regiment at Peekskill. It is at this place that all the State militia take their turn at training, and the pictures given in the course of the article show the soldier boys in various stages of work and amusement. As the matter is written up by a Captain of the Seventh, it has additional value, for its authority is unimpeachable, and it will be read with pleasure by the vast number of people personally or generally interested.

The period of United States history just previous to the breaking out of the Civil War was one fraught with intense excitement and concern. The leaders of different parties and all those occupying official positions of prominence were brought into strong public view. It was a critical time in the life of General Robert E. Lee, and the true history of his decision to command the Southern army is given in Judge Mackey's fifth instalment of the new "Life of Lee." All students of American history will take particular interest in this part of the series.

UTAH is a wonderful State in many respects, and one of its most remarkable qualities is the number of energetic and intelligent women it boasts, women who are working independently in lines of business hitherto undeveloped, and whose success may serve as an inspiration to other women in sister states. Miss M. A. Hamm, who prepared the article on the women of Utah, spent six months among them, so she is well qualified to write entertainingly and authoritatively on the subject.

One hundred and three years ago this July, France was thrown into wild turmoil by the deed of a beautiful and noble girl, who acted upon the impulses of her ardent patriotism. She thought to deliver her country from the hand of a tyrant, but instead she brought new danger to her fellow-citizens. The story of Charlotte Corday is one which will live for generations. It is told anew in the current issue, and a number of portraits of exceptional beauty are presented.

AMERICAN NAVAL HEROES, a subject in which no other publication is dealing, has grown to be a looked-for feature of the PETERSON. The recountal of these early deeds of valor is especially graphic in the present instalment, and many portraits and sketches are given to embellish the text.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crême Simon, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections. It whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Batehire, Paris; Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancygoods store.

SICKNESS among children is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

One of the features of the Peterson for August will be a comprehensive and exhaustive article on the subject of Coast Defences. This is a matter of national importance at the present time, and the forthcoming article will claim the attention of all thoughtful people. A number of fine illustrations will accompany the article, which is written by one in the Government employ, which naturally insures its accuracy.

IVORY SOAP is one of the best possible toilet articles for the hot weather. Pure, cool, and invigorating, it refreshes the skin delightfully, and is an important adjunct of the midsummer bath. Its economy is one of its greatest virtues.



The Old Spinet.

It is slim and trim and spare,
Like the slender Lady Clare
In the gowns they used to wear,
Long ago.
And it stands there in the gloom
Of the gabled attic room,
Like a ghost whose vacant tomb
None may know.

I can see the lady's hands,
White as lilies, as she stands,
Strumming fragments of Durand's
On the keys;
And I hear the thin, sweet strain
Of the Plymouth hymns again,
Like the sob of windless rain
In the trees!

She would play the minuet
For the stately-stepping se;
While the glowing dancers met,
Hands and hearts.
Did the old-time spinet care,
If Don Cupid unaware
Pricked the breasts of brave and fair
With his darts?





Now the spiders with their floss Up and down the keyboard cross, And the strings are dull as dross— Once so bright! No one cares to touch the keys— Stain'd old yellow ivories— Save the ghosts some dreamer sees In the night!

JAMES BUCKHAM.



THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

Perry transferring the flag from the sinking Lawrence to the Niagara. During this stormy passage the hero stood upright in the little boat, in the midst of shot and shell, and was unharmed. (See article "American Naval Heroes," page 852.)

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THE

PETERSON MAGAZINE

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AUGUST, 1896.

No. 8.

UNITED STATES COAST DEFENCES.

EACOAST defences have never received the attention at the hands of the people of the United States that their importance warrant. At the close of the Civil War the ravages made by shot and shell were hastily and cheaply repaired, and it was not until threatened with trouble from abroad that the question of defences began to receive any serious consideration. The threatened war requiring us to be more offensive than defensive, naturally drew our attention first to the navy, and thus being the first to receive attention it has naturally had a stronger hold on Congress and received a greater share of the military appropriations, thereby keeping the matter of coast defence from before the public, and resulting in a lack of appreciation of its importance and necessity.

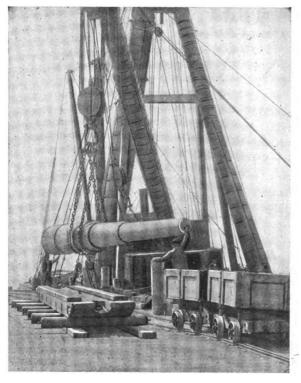
The United States Navy is an important factor in the defence of our country, but if compared with permanent seacoast fortifications it will undoubtedly hold second place.

Because Great Britain has such an enormous sea power and holds supremacy on the ocean, is it, therefore, necessary that we adopt England as our standard, or devote all our efforts to securing a navy competent to contend with hers? Because Germany's chief attention is concentrated on the strength and discipline of her army, is it, therefore, necessary to adopt her as our standard of strength for land forces? It is unnecessary that we follow the lines of either, but it is necessary that we have a strong and proper system of defence and fully utilize the appro-priations to the best advantage in securing it. The question arises then, What is to the best advantage?

Great Bitain is an empire; her colonies are scattered over both hemispheres; her commerce extends to every quarter of the globe. Each colony is dependent upon the others for support; this necessitates a great foreign traffic and a correspondingly large commercial marine. Thus she



TWO IO-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUNS AT SANDY HOOK PROVING-GROUND, PROVED, AND READY FOR SHIPMENT.



LANDING 12-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED CANNON AT THE ARMY PROVING-GROUND, AT SANDY HOOK, N. J., FOR TEST.

requires a navy proportionally large to protect both this marine and the scattered colonies. The foreign possessions of Germany are few, if any, when compared with those of Great Britain. With the exception of a very small seacoast, she is entirely surrounded by foreign powers of a more or less aggressive nature. Hence it is that she devotes her attention more to the development of her army than to that of her navy. Thus we see each of these nations carefully defending itself according to the situa-tion. The United States may almost be regarded as a continent in themselves. They have an Atlantic seaboard of over 3000 miles, without taking into consideration the extent of gulf coast on the south. Bordering on the Pacific is a coast line of nearly 5000 miles. Both on the eastern and western coasts we are over 3000 miles

distant from any power that would necessitate the enlarging of our army if we were called upon to defend ourselves.

On our seacoast there are at least thirty ports which demand, as an absolute necessity, the most modern means of protection, together with seventy others which also demand protection to a smaller extent. It is these great cities situated on our seacoast that hold the welfare of our country at stake. Nearly ten years ago Samuel J. Tilden wrote to Carlisle showing that in twelve United States seaports the property exposed to destruction by hostile fleets amounted in value to \$5,000,000,000, and this property has probably since then increased one quarter in value.

The greater part of our foreign traffic is carried on in foreign vessels, while our coastwise commerce, although enormous, in case of war could be easily car-

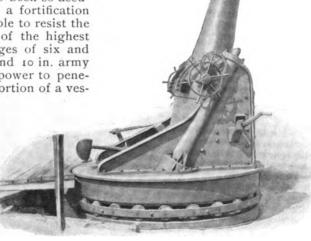
ried on by rail. The United States in time of war could be entirely independent of other countries for supplies of any importance or for general maintenance. These facts show that we would have no commerce requiring protection by the navy. We have no colonies to protect. Thus, our only need of ships is to represent us as a nation and to give what little protection is necessary to American subjects abroad. Our present navy is fully large enough to accomplish any work of this kind if called upon; and any additional money spent at the present time for an increase in the number of these vessels is that much less toward seacoast fortifications as a more perfect and necessary means of defence.

Let us suppose one of our largest ports to be protected by naval vessels with no other support, and that

they suddenly find themselves confronted by an opposing fleet. The foreign fleet would congregate all its forces at one point, and would thus be more powerful than our own, which must be necessarily scattered to protect the other important points along the coast. Defeat would be inevita-The port would soon fall into the hands of the enemy. Tremendous indemnities could be exacted, which would not only increase the enemy's power of aggression, but cripple our own power of resistance. But what would the enemy's chances be if an attempt was made to enter one of our ports against a heavy fire from fortifications protecting the channel? Realizing the effectiveness of land guns, the enemy would necessarily keep at as long range as possible, thus not only diminishing its power of offence, but increasing that of our own defence. With the range of fire thus extended, the secondary battery on board a ship is practically useless. There is also more of a certainty of aim on land than on water. The constant rolling and motion of the vessel takes away the great accuracy of fire possessed by the heavy guns mounted on land. The penetrative power of all guns has been so accurately calculated that a fortification may be constructed able to resist the shot from navy guns of the highest power. Even at ranges of six and eight miles the 8-in. and 10 in. army guns have sufficient power to penetrate the unarmored portion of a ves-

sel with very effective result, while at ranges of two, three, and four miles the most heavily protected parts of the vessel are in the same danger as the unprotected parts at ranges of six and eight miles. Early attempts were made to completely cover the battleship with armor protection; but finding this impossible, this armor has been gradually reduced to the water-line and the protection of heavy Thus, only about one quarter of the ship is protected. The attempt of a fleet to bombard one of our ports properly protected with gun and mortar batteries would be practically ineffective. The shells fired from these mortars may be made to carry safely explosives in charges as high as 100 lbs. at least five miles, and a single shot would be enough to destroy completely any type of protected navy vessel. The high-angled fire from this style of gun is more effective than the shot from a high-power rifle. The penetrative power of this mortar is about seven inches in the best steel used for deck plates, and its angle of fire is such as to make the projectile strike the deck of the vessel, the armor of which is usually 21/3 in. thick, and in a few cases as high as 41 in. thick, thus showing what little protection is rendered by these deck plates against the heavy land batteries.

The modern fortification for mortars generally contains a battery of sixteen guns mounted in pits, each



12-INCH MORTAR MOUNTED ON SERVICE-CARRIAGE. WITH A CHARGE OF 105 POUNDS OF BROWN PRISMATIC POWDER, THIS FIRES A 1000-POUND STEEL DECK-PIERCING PROJECTILE LOADED WITH 100 POUNDS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE.



MOUNTING 12-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED CANNON ON ONE OF OUR SEACOAST FORTIFICATIONS.

holding four. These mortars may be fired either singly or in groups of from two to sixteen. From the 12-in. type of mortar, mounted on a Gordon mortar carriage, a record of ten rounds in twenty-one minutes seven seconds was obtained, the mortar being sponged out after each round. Allowing three batteries for the protection of one of our largest poits, we would have a fire of 4500 rounds per hour, besides the fire from the heavy 10-in. and 12-in. gun batteries. With this steady rain of deck-piercing shells, carrying high explosives, a single shell being enough to disable or completely destroy a battleship, the opposing fleet is unquestionably at a great disadvantage. As has been previously shown, it is necessary for a fleet, in attacking a fortification, to preserve a range of fire as extended as possible. This, however, not only reduces its own power of offence, but enlarges that of the land battery, as the penetrative power of the projectile increases with range in mortar or high angled fire, but decreases with range in low-angled or life fire. Thus, the land battery has the advantage at either long or short range; but especially at long range, as the energy and direction of recoil are so severe from a mortar as to render it impossible to mount one on a navy vessel of any type or draught.

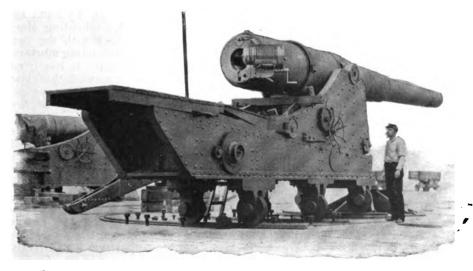
Coast fortifications are the best means of defence for the United States; but assuming that the navy is a better means, it would be necessary to strongly fortify our harbors as a place of refuge for vessels that might be overmatched, others that are disabled, and as coaling stations and depots of supply. If there were no harbor of defence, our vessels would be exposed to capture, and if captured, would be utilized as agents against ourselves. Again, we see the absolute necessity for fortifications; and even if the navy should be adopted as the supreme means of defence,

it certainly would not long hold this supremacy without the land fortifications to support and protect it.

There need be no argument as to whether a defence is needed or not, for that is now an accepted fact, as well as that such a system should be adopted as would insure the greatest safety regardless of expense. But expense is a very important factor, especially in the eyes of Congress, and a slight comparison between the two systems will be interesting.

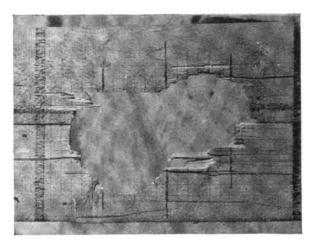
The United States battleship Indiana, recently completed, is one of three vessels authorized to be built by Congress, June 30, 1891. Her complete armament consists of four 13-in., eight 8-in., and four 6-in. rifles, with the secondary battery of twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, and four Gatling guns. This secondary battery has been shown to be of no utility against fortifications. The contract price for the hull and machinery alone of this battleship was \$3,020,ooo, besides the extra amount paid for every quarter of a knot gained above the speed required by contract. The Fortifications Board, in its estimate of cost of the different fortifications, put Baltimore ninth on the list of twenty-seven ports most requiring

defence. It estimated the entire cost of the several fortifications necessary for the defence of this port, together with their complete armament, submarine mines, etc., at \$2,184,000. The heavy armament of the Indiana was shown to consist of 16 heavy guns, the cost of which was not included in the \$3,020,000. The armament for the fortifications of Baltimore. included in the \$2,184,000, consists of 31 heavy guns. From this we see that the total cost of several fortifications fully armed and sufficient to protect one of our largest ports is about two thirds the cost of one battleship without her armament, and only able to carry about one half the number of heavy guns constituting the land battery. One effective shot could render this vessel useless; the land fortifications would be almost impreg-The cost of maintenance of land works is trifling when compared with the great expenses incurred in keeping vessels in order and repair. and ready for action. Besides the innumerable minor expenses may be mentioned that of dry docking, in which the vessel has to undergo a most severe and rigid overhauling after its return from any cruise at a cost varying from \$10,000 to \$20,000.



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLE MOUNTED ON PROOF-CARRIAGE, SHOWING BREECH MECHANISM.

The cost of repairing a fortification after contest would exceed this amount but slightly. The life of these vessels is uncertain. many of them being unable to contend with storms at sea as well as an old-type merchantman. Fortifications



RESULT OF THREE SUCCESSIVE SHOTS FIRED FROM 8-INCH
BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED GUN AT RANGE OF ONE
MILE, SHOWING ACCURACY OF FIRE.

can be rebuilt and remodelled to a greater advantage than the ship. This can be proved by the fact that many of the older forts are being held to be remodelled and strengthened, and utilized as mounts for high-power guns, thus rendering great assistance to the more modern fortifications erected near them. A few of the old navy vessels are now in use as marine and recruiting stations, but the majority are being sold for scrap iron and are practically out of existence.

It is without doubt that the system of coast defence is the proper protection for the United States, and that to put our leading ports at once into a condition of defence is the duty of the hour.

Within the last twenty years the United States Army has shown a greater advancement in her engines and implements of war than the armies of any of the older European countries, and this is entirely due to the fact that the officers in whose hands this important work has been placed have been fully competent to perform it. It has shown a peculiar hesitancy in adopting any devices of foreign invention; but this hesitancy being used to advantage has been followed by a great advance beyond the

results obtained abroad. This is particularly noticeable in our heavy guns. It was long after the breechloading system was used by the foreign a1mies that it was adopted by the United States; but this delay was utilized in carefully studying

the different systems, and resulted in our securing as fine, if not a much finer breech mechanism for our guns than that adopted by any other country, and in our having no superiors as gun-builders. The same may be said for the carriages and mounts for these heavy guns—that they are not surpassed or even equalled by those adopted by the foreign powers.

The heavy guns adopted for our coast defence consist of the 8-in., 10-in., and 12-in. breech-loading steel rifled cannon, together with the two types of 12-in. breech-loading mortars. From the best authority it has been shown that no other guns of this class used by the foreign powers have exhibited such great accuracy of fire under the same conditions.

The prevailing opinion among the general public is that the largest and most powerful of these ponderous weapons of war are used for the longest range fire, and against the attack of an opposing fleet while at the greatest distance from the land fortifications, while the guns of less power are used for short range and close attack. This supposition is directly contrary to the true system of using these heavy guns. For long-range fire, in annoying an approaching fleet

by a steady rain of projectiles, thus greatly hindering and even preventing its progress, the 8-in. and 10-in. guns are used; while for close attack, where accuracy of fire is certain and the massive steel projectile will have its powerful smashing effect, the ponderous 12 in. gun is used.

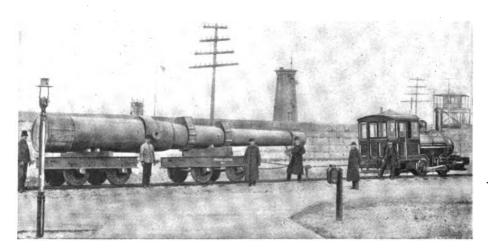
The same steady progress has been made with the ammunition as with the other necessities of defence. cent tests with armor plates and caststeel projectiles have shown the projectile to undoubtedly hold first place, no plate being yet produced fully able to withstand the projectile without being rendered practically useless for defence after the second or third round. The penetrative power of projectiles is increasing in a much greater ratio than the strength and resistance of armor plates. In recent tests with 13½-in. cast-steel plates the projectile has passed completely through this mass of steel, and on recovery has been found to be in as good a condition as when ready for loading, and after rebanding has been again used for test.

The helpless condition of our coast defences resulted in the appointment

by the President of a joint board of army and navy officers and civilians, presided over by the Secretary of War. This was under the provision of an act of Congress approved March 3, 1885. The Board was appointed for the purpose of making a most careful and thorough examination of all the ports along the coast, and to determine which ones most urgently needed defence, and the kind and character best adapted to each. The Board very creditably conducted the work for which it was appointed, and in its report recommended that the sum of \$93,448,800 be appropriated by Congress for land defences and their armament. Within the last ten years, through the energy of the Engineers' Department, plans for a most elaborate and complete system of defence have been prepared within the limits of the amount called for by the Board; through the study and perseverance of the Ordnance Department the army has on hand ready for mount, with others being manufactured, the most modern heavy guns and their mountings, surpassing both in general mechanism and accuracy the heavy ordnance now used for



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED GUN MOUNTED ON MINIMUM PORT CASEMATE CARRIAGE.



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED GUN RECEIVED AT SANDY HOOK PROVING-GROUND FOR TEST.

coast defence by the foreign powers. Through the apparent lack of appreciation of the situation on the part of Congress, however, the completion of the works necessary for the defence and dignity of our country is held at stake.

The delay in securing the necessary funds may be partially due to the individual selfishness of the members of Congress. The fact that each congressman takes no particular interest in a matter which he feels will be of special advantage to some other State than the one he represents accounts for the slow progress of our fortifications; while the navy vessels, being of no special advantage to any one State, receive the greater part of what little interest is given to this matter at all.

Without in the slightest degree affecting the vast resources of this wealthy nation, the sum of \$100,000,000 could be appropriated by Congress and so utilized by the army that within ten years our seaports could be so completely and advantageously fortified that they would be able to withstand a fleet of any size from any foreign power or number of foreign powers combined. For this purpose

the sum of \$100,000,000 should be immediately appropriated in yearly allotments of \$10,000,000, and turned over to a Board of army officers, which would be responsible for its proper disposition. This would insure the steady progress of our coast defences; it would supply continuous work to all the largest private iron steel works and foundries throughout the .United States, together with the large army establishments at Watervliet and Watertown arsenals; it would give steady employment to labor, and generally increase prosperity throughout the country. These considerations, together with the fact that sea-coast fortifications are the best means of defence for this country, should dispel all lack of interest in the subject and insure a rapid progress toward their completion.

With the funds that have thus far been appropriated, these fortifications have progressed fairly, but in a more or less unmethodical way, owing to the slowness and interruptions in receiving the necessary funds.

The Board, in stating at what ports fortifications or other defences are most urgently required, presented a

list of which the following are the first ten, arranged in order of urgency:

New York. Ne San Francisco. Phi Boston. Wa The Lake Ports. Bal Hampton Roads. Por

New Orleans. Philadelphia. Washington. Baltimore. Portland, Me.

These ports are not arranged exclusively in order of commercial importance, as attention is given to their facility for defending certain sites and the period of time this task might demand. Thus, Savannah, Baltimore, Washington, and a few others belong to a class where, in a great emergency, obstructions might be improvised capable of temporarily obstructing the approach of a hostile fleet.

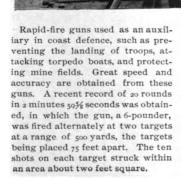
The fortifications in which these heavy guns are mounted are divided into four classes—turrets, armored caseinates, barbette batteries, and

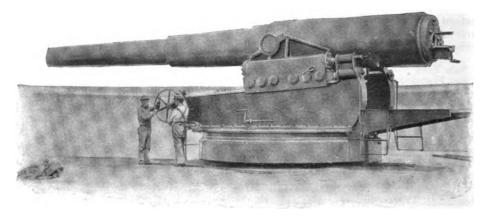
mortar batteries.

Turrets may be described as fortifications in which the most powerful guns are mounted, being protected on all sides, including overhead, by heavy armor plates. These fortifications are generally cylindrical in form, and as a rule are made to revolve, thus permitting the gun to be fired in any direction. Two guns are generally mounted in one turret, which is provided with port-holes, through which the muzzle of the gun projects. As before stated, they are used only for the heaviest guns and short-range firing, which insures great accuracy and destructive effect against an enemy compelled to close attack by the position of the channel approaches.

Casemates provide front and overhead cover, and in some cases rear cover, and are made of either iron or concrete covered with sand. These defences are stationary, and are provided with special carriages by which

> elevation and direction can be given to the gunthrough a very small opening or port. The guns constituting the battery of a casemate are generally of a greater number than those of the turret, although the purpose of both of these land defences is practically the same. They are used for heavy guns at short,





12-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED CANNON MOUNTED ON GUN-LIFT CARRIAGE. WEIGHT OF GUN, 127,680 POUNDS; CHARGE, 480 POUNDS OF BROWN PRISMATIC POWDER; FIRES A CAST-STEEL PROJECTILE OF 1,000 POUNDS WEIGHT; EXTREME RANGE OF FIRE, 12 MILES.

though somewhat longer range than the turret battery, and do not generally occupy such an exposed position.

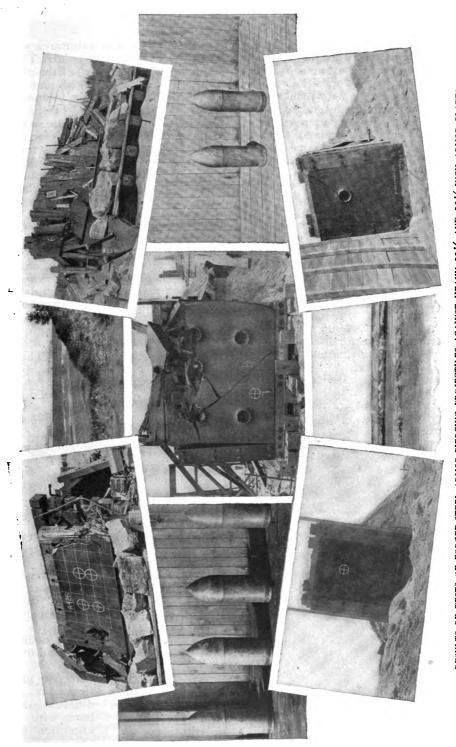
Barbette batteries are those in which cover in front only is provided by means of a parapet or breastwork over which the gun is fired. It is generally made of concrete covered with sand, which latter is used to a great extent in the construction of land defences on account of its great power of resistance. For high sites (250 feet or over above the water-level) low parapets with non-disappearing carriages are used; for comparatively low sites high parapets, to afford protection to the detachment

of gunners in loading, with the disappearing gun carriage is used. This carriage is a marvel of ingenuity, and one of the greatest developments in coast defence. Barbettes are used for the smaller seacoast guns (8-in. and 10-in.) and where extreme range of fire is desired.

An outline description of the mortar battery has already been given; but we will not pass over this important means of defence without a few words in regard to the system by which the mortars are manipulated in action. On account of their position in deep pits surrounded by thick walls of concrete and sand, it is impossible for the vessel or fleet to be

The following list shows the calibre, kind, and number of heavy guns and mortars for the shore batteries necessary for the proper protection of the ten ports mentioned an page 775:

	110 ton 16 in.	So ton 14 in.	50 ton 12 in.	27 ton 10 in.	13 ton 8 in.	Mortar 12 in.
New York	18	2	40	20	15	144
San Francisco	10	4	20	71	5	128
Boston	8		10	15	10	132
Lake Ports	• •	• •	· • •			• • • •
Hampton Roads	4		10	20		16
New Orleans		••	20		10	
Philadelphia	• •		10	5	5	16
Washington			7	6	• • •	
Baltimore			5	5	5	16
Portland, Me			20	10	10	48



The armor before being struck by the projectiles is shown in the left-hand corners; the effect of the projectiles is shown at the right. The condition of the projectiles after firing is sufficient evidence that an ordinary battleship stands but little chance against the heavy guns of a coast fortification. RESULTS OF TESTS OF FORGED-STEEL ARMOR-PIERCING PROJECTILES AGAINST HEAVY II AND 131/4-INCH ARMOR PLATES.

seen from the mortar. The necessary sighting is therefore accomplished by means of a very accurate instrument called a range and position finder, placed and protected at a point on the fortification where the enemy can be plainly seen. The exact position of the vessel being determined, the necessary angles of elevation and direction for each mortar are quickly determined by an instrument called a

The mortars. relocater. having thus been given their proper direction and elevation, are fired by electricity, singly or in groups, at the command of the officer in charge. These important scientific instruments just mentioned are inventions of officers of the United States Army.

Although these fortifi-

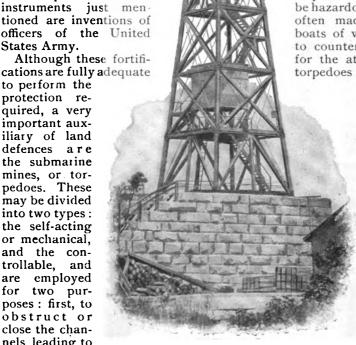
to perform the protection required, a very important auxiliary of land defences are the submarine mines, or torpedoes. These may be divided into two types: the self-acting or mechanical, and the controllable, and are employed for two purposes: first, to obstruct or close the channels leading to important military establishments harbors of refuge, large cities, etc., so that the opposing fleet may not run by the batteries of defence; second,

to render perilous the water area within range of the objective point. These mines cover a large area of the channel, and are so arranged and disposed that the intervals in one line are protected or covered by the line next in rear. These mines are so constructed that by means of electrical appliances, any or all of the torpedoes constituting it may be exploded at the will of the operator stationed

> at the fortification on shore. Such complete control is had of them that a friendly vessel may be allowed to pass over with absolute safety; but by the simple turn of a switch the attempt of an enemy's vessel to follow would be hazardous. Attempts are often made by unarmored boats of very light draught to countermine or grapple for the attachments of the This is torpedoes at night.

by prevented batteries of powerful rapidfire guns assisted by special shore batteries which may be so arranged with electrical connections as to cause explosion on the attempt of the enemy to meddle with them. Powerful search-lights are also an important factor in protecting mine fields.

The fortifications and other means of defence are identical for the different harbors, with the exception that the number of guns constitut-



SEARCH-LIGHT MOUNTED ON TOWER AT THE SANDY HOOK PROVING-GROUND.

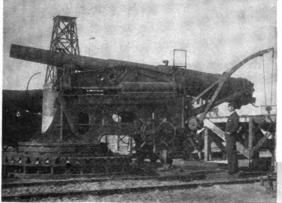
Used to expose the attempts of the enemy to remove torpedoes by countermining, cutting electric cables, etc.; also used for detecting the movements of the enemy's war-ships, and for signalling to distant fortifications. With this search-light a message was sent, by means of long and short flashes, to the signal station on the Exchange Building, New York City, a distance of 18 miles, where it was distinctly read. This search-light is the most powerful in the United States, having a candle power of 200,000,000.

ing a battery varies according to the size and importance of the point protected; and while one may require a large number of its heavy guns to be mounted on disappearing carriages, another may need the majority of its guns mounted on non-disappearing carriages,* these points depending largely on the general topography of the surrounding country.

At both entrances to New York Harbor large 12-in. mortar batteries are under progress of construction. One of these batteries is situated at Sandy Hook, where has also been constructed and very successfully tested a gun-lift battery for two 12-in. guns. No better situation could be desired for the position of a battery for the protection of New York than

at this point. Complete control is had of the main channel of the bay, which runs within one half to three quarters of a mile of the battery, and with the assistance of other defences planned for this point, together with fortifications proposed to be built on Long Island, it will be impossible for any vessel to enter either the upper or lower bays of New York. The situation of these fortifications is such as to place New York and the surrounding cities beyond all range of fire from any navy fleet attempting bombardment or siege. A battery of six 10-in. guns mounted on disappearing carriages has been recently completed at Fort Hamilton on Staten Island. Some progress has been made at San Francisco, but very little as compared

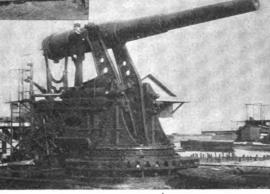
to what is actually needed. Several high-power rifled guns and mortars, together with three pneumatic dynamite guns, have been mounted at this port; but if we compare this with the number of heavy guns necessary for its protection, we may judge what little progress has been made toward the proper defence of San Francisco.



LOADING POSITION.

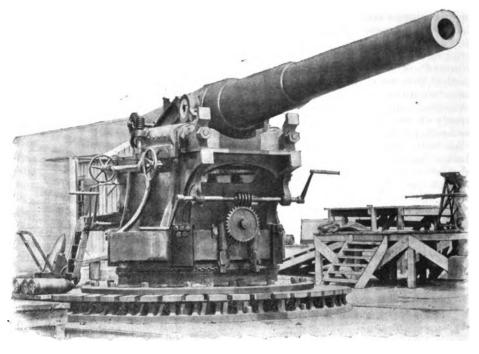
8-inch breech-loading steel rifled gun mounted on Buffington-Crozier disappearing gun-carriage. A part of the energy of recoil, generated by the discharge, forces the gun into loading position. A portion of this energy being stored up is utilized to again raise the gun, by means of the counterweight, into the firing position. The gun and men manipulating it are under cover of the parapet during the preparation for firing, and a small portion of the gun only is exposed at dis-

charge. In a recent test with this gun and carriage, ten rounds were fired in 14 minutes 42 seconds. No record



FIRING POSITION.

equal to this has been obtained from any seacoast carriage adopted abroad. This carriage was invented by Colonel A. R. Buffington and Captain William Crozier, both distinguished officers in the Ordnance Department, United States Army.



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLED GUN MOUNTED ON BARBETTE CARRIAGE.

We have at present no defences at all in Puget Sound, situated close to Vancouver Island, which the British have shown no lack of pains in fortifying. It is a disgrace to our country. The dispute now going on with Great Britain in regard to the Alaska boundary means a serious encroachment, if we submit, upon our northwestern domains. At Puget Sound is the great Port Orchard dry dock. Situated on the Sound are the cities of Tacoma, Seattle, and Port Town-These are important as coaling stations, and in case of war could be utilized for this purpose to advantage by the enemy as well as by ourselves. The high bluffs around Puget Sound afford excellent positions for heavy batteries, which should be immediately built. Disappearing-gun batteries are under construction at Portland, Boston, Washington, and Hampton Roads. It was only at one session previous to the last that estimates were submitted to Congress for continuing the work at the above-mentioned ports, together with Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, but they failed to arouse any action.

Recent manœuvres in England have shown that even the powerful navy of Great Britain is entirely inadequate to defend the British coast against a minor foreign fleet. It is far more necessary that our own main reliance for defence should be upon the highpower guns and system of coast defences as called for in the general outline by the Board of Fortifications.

Frank Heath, Ir.



MY SEASONS.

I.

WHEN Dolly's eyes are full of smiles,
They gaze at me with witching wiles;
And oftentimes to me they bring
A thousand hints of gentle Spring,
And flower scents and blossoms gay
Seem scattered on my joyous way.

H.

When Dolly's eyes gaze into mine With glances tender and divine, And seem to whisper "I love thee!" My heart leaps up, and then to me The merry birds of Summer sing, Fulfilling Spring's sweet promising.

III.

When Dolly turns her azure eyes a Away from mine, to my surprise Drear Autumn breezes o'er me blow, Foretaste of chilling Winter's snow—The leafless trees seem sad and sere: So, too, alas! my heart is drear.

IV.

When Dolly's eyes gaze not at me, And angry gleams in them I see, Within my soul blow wintry storms, No sun my chilly heart then warms, For Dolly's eyes are my sunlight; Without her all is dark as night.

v.

But after Winter comes the May, With hints of Summer day by day; Fair Summer speaks of Autumn drear, Then Winter. So with Dolly dear: Every emotion in her lies— She tells my seasons from her eyes.

Mary F. M. Nixon.

General Robert E. Lee,*

The Soldier and the Man.

BY T. J. MACKEY,

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.

THE current belief that Robert E.
Lee resigned his commission as
colonel in the United States
Army to enter the army of the Confederate States is not warranted by
the facts. He was a soldier from spur
to plume, but he was also a citizen,
and he was confronted by an emergency that called him to consider his
duty in both relations.

His civic identity was defined by his citizenship in Virginia, and as her citizen he was designated upon the cadet roster at West Point and in each of the seven successive commissions that he held in the army of the United States. On the day following that upon which the State of Virginia adopted an ordinance of secession he had declined, as stated in a former article, the command of the army of the United States, tendered him by President Lincoln.

Having decided in the forum of his conscience that he would violate his duty as a citizen by drawing his sword against his State, it was repugnant to his sense of honor as a soldier that he should continue to hold his commission with the mental reservation that he would refuse to obey any order of his military commander that required him to perform an act of war against Virginia.

It would have been gross inconsistency in him, however, contradicting his oft-repeated declaration, if, on resigning his commission, he had entered the Confederate service, for his State had not then given its adhesion to the Confederacy, and he regarded

the bombardment of Fort Sumter as a wanton act of aggression, perpetrated as it was in the face of the assurance given by the commander of the fort that he would be obliged, from the exhaustion of his supplies, to evacuate it within four days. Neither his judgment nor his heart approved that act; and he lamented it especially because it had the effect of transferring the issue between the seceded States and the Government of the United States from the forum of argument to the arena of arms, unless the United States consented to its own dishonor (an event which he never contemplated), and was willing to be branded as the poltroon of the nations, and to stand through all time pilloried in history-

"A mark for every passing blast Of scorn to whistle through."

The firing upon the flag had the instant effect of converting the Constitution of the United States into ancient history for the time being. No exposition of that instrument, however lucid and profound, would have been a fitting response to the guns that rained their blazing shells into Fort Sumter.

In view of the impending conflict, Lee regarded the private station as the post of honor for him, and as alone consonant with his feelings. He shrank with strong repugnance from the thought of lifting his hand against the flag whose folds were radiant with beams of glory which the soldierly deeds of his illustrious fa-

^{*} Begun in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for March.

ther and his own brilliant military services had flung upon them. It was, at the same time, inconceivable to him that under any circumstances he could be prevailed upon to sheathe his sword in the breast of his mother-State. That such were his real sentiments is made apparent by the following letter addressed by him to his brother, Sydney Smith Lee, then a captain in the United States Navy,

form. To save me from such a position, and to prevent the necessity of resigning under orders, I had to act at once and before I could see you again on the subject, as I had wished. I am now a private citizen, and have no other ambition than to remain at home. Save in the defence of my native State I have no desire ever again to draw my sword. I send you my warmest love.

Your affectionate brother, R. E. Lee.

To his sister, the wife of Judge



FORTRAIT OF ROBERT E. LEE IN 1862.
From a photograph by Miley, Lexington, Va.

stationed at the Washington Navy Yard:

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

My Dear Brother Smith: The question which was the subject of my earnest conversation with you on the 18th inst. has in my own mind been decided. After the most anxious inquiry as to the correct course for me to pursue, I concluded to resign, and sent in my resignation this morning. I wished to wait until the ordinance of secession should be acted on by the people of Virginia; but war seems to have commenced, and I am liable at any time to be ordered on duty which I could not conscientiously per-

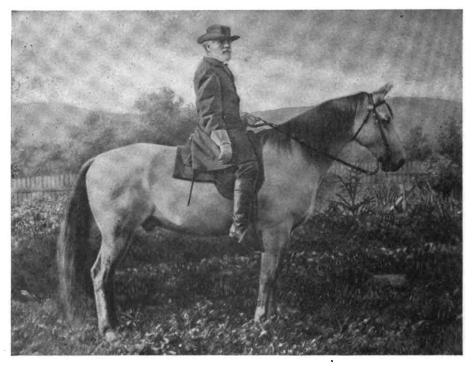
Marshall, of Baltimore, a devoted Union woman, whose son served with distinction in the United States Army throughout the war, he wrote on the same day:

"We are now in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia has been drawn after a long struggle. Although I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for a redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had

to meet the question whether I should take

part against my native State.
"With all my devotion to the Union and feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State—with the sincere hope that my poor services will never be required—I trust that I may conferred upon him by the Governor of the State.

It was the highest rank known to our military service, and might well have gratified his soldierly ambition; and yet, as was noted by many at the time, although he was a most courtly gentleman, and far removed from any spirit of self-exaltation, he failed to



LEE ON HIS WAR-HORSE "TRAVELLER," SAID TO BE THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH OF LEE ON HORSEBACK EVER MADE.

never be called upon to draw my sword. I know you will blame me; but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. May God guard and protect you and yours, and pour upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother.

I was present at the State capitol in Richmond when, on April 24, 1861, Colonel Robert E. Lee appeared before the convention, in compliance with its request, and accepted the appointment of Major-General and Commander of the forces of Virginia,

return thanks to the convention for his appointment as general-in-chief, which that body had just confirmed by its unanimous vote. His noble countenance, where middle age had set its signet, while it left his commanding form as erect as in the morning of his manhood, was marked with an expression of mingled sadness and resignation.

It was not the countenance of a soldier whose brow was laurelled amid the shouts of an applauding people, but rather that of a stately victim standing near the altar and willingly crowned for sacrifice. I have since thought that as he stood there beneath the dome of Virginia's capitol, and received from her hands the sword that was destined to point the way to victory on so many stricken fields, he saw the mirror of the future reflecting him, as the commander of an army advancing in battle line under a strange ensign, upon the soil where Washington was born, against the flag of the Great Republic that Washington founded.

I heard at that time in Richmond words of bitter hate and scorning uttered against those officers of the United States Army and Navy who, though of Southern birth, had declared themselves for the Union.

Conspicuous among those denounced as traitors to their States were General Winfield Scott and George H. Thomas, of Virginia, Commodores Farragut, of Tennessee, Drayton and Shubrick, of South Carolina, and Major Robert Anderson, of Kentucky.

General Lee did not share that feeling of fierce sectional intolerance, but heartily accorded to the officers thus execrated for wielding their swords in behalf of the Union against the States of their nativity the same high sense of duty that governed him in his own decision to obey the mandate of his State. Indeed, as shown by the following letter, addressed to his wife on May 13, 1861, he would have held his own son blameless and still treading the path of duty in all the chastity of a soldier's honor, if, unheeding his father's example, he had decided to stand by the flag of the United States. She was still at Arlington, and his son Custis on duty at Washington as a lieutenant in the United States Corps of Engineers when he thus wrote her from Richmond:

"Do not put faith in rumors of adjustment; I see no prospect of it. It cannot be, while passions on both sides are so infuriated. Make your plans for several years of war. If Virginia is invaded, which appears to be designed, the main routes through the country will in all probability be infested and passage interrupted. I agree with you in thinking that the inflammatory articles in the papers do us much harm. I object particularly to those in the Southern papers, as I wish them to take a firm, dignified course, free from bravado and boasting. The times are indeed calamitous. The brightness of God's countenance seems turned from us, and His mercy stopped in its blissful current. It may not always be so dark, and He may in time pardon our sins and take us under his protection. Tell Custis he must consult his own judgment, reason, and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example. If I have done wrong let him do better. The present is a momentous question, which every man must settle for himself and upon principle."

On May 20 the people of Virginia, by a vote of 150,000 to 20,000, ratified the ordinance of secession, and on the same day a regiment of her troops, by the direct command of the Governor of the State, took possession of the United States Navy Yard at Norfolk a few hours after the Federal authorities had abandoned it, and captured there 2000 unmounted cannon. days later the State entered the Confederacy, and on May 24, 1861, the tempest that was to swing the pine against the palm through four years of internecine war broke over her bor-On that day the United States troops to the number of 10,000 crossed to the south side of the Potomac and took possession of Alexandria, capturing a company of Virginia cavalry commanded by Captain William Ball. The New York Zouaves, a regiment composed entirely of firemen of that city, were the first troops to enter the town. Ephraim E. Ellsworth, their colonel, observing a Confederate flag flying over a hotel known as the Mansion House, resolved to capture it, although informed that James Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, on raising it, had declared his purpose to kill any man who attempted to haul it Colonel Ellsworth ascended to the roof of the building with two of his men and secured the flag; but as he was descending the stairway, Jackson, stepping out of his room at the second landing, fired upon him with a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot, killing him instantly.



COLONEL E. E. ELLSWORTH, THE FIRST UNION SOLDIER KILLED IN THE WAR.

He then fired the second barrel at Corporal Frank P. Brownell, who dodged the charge, and at the same instant shot Jackson in the forehead with his rifle and bayoneted him as he was falling.

Ellsworth was a most accomplished officer, of fine soldierly presence, and possessed of attractive qualities as a man that endeared him to all his associates. He was a native of Saratoga, N. Y., and although but twenty-four years of age, was a recognized master of infantry tactics, and especially of the Zouave drill with the sword-bayonet exercise, of which he had given public exhibitions in Chicago and New York. His death, which came to him in the line of his duty, was a source of personal grief to President

Lincoln; for when he was on his journey to Washington to be inaugurated, and there was good reason to believe that an attempt would be made to assassinate him at Baltimore, Ellsworth commanded his small civilian escort.

Although the Virginia authorities were in nowise responsible for Jackson's desperate deed, and General Lee openly condemned it, the loyal men of the North saw in Ellsworth's tragic and undeserved fate the fall of a noble victim, the first fruit of treason's bloody harvest, and it served to intensify their hate of the cause symbolized by the flag that his slayer upheld.

On May 29 the President of the Confederate States arrived in Rich-

mond with his Cabinet—that city having been designated as the Confederate capital. The two presidents, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, were both natives of Kentucky, the one having been born in Christian and the other in Hardin, adjacent counties, in the central part of that State.

In Lincoln's boyhood his parents moved to Indiana; and when he had nearly reached manhood the wandering household located finally on a few acres of land in Illinois. Though he was born and reared beneath the lowly eaves that shelter the sons and daughters of toil, whose hands of horn and tan and rough-shod feet

mark the burden bearers whose hard way of life runs uphill, he never fostered a spirit of class antagonism among those of his own humble sphere who came to own his leadership. His was that broad spirit of philanthropy which earnestly strives to lift the lowest up, and yet would not drag the highest down.

Jefferson Davis was reared under far happier auspices; there was no chill penury in his environment to freeze "the genial current of the soul.' Educated at West Point, he achieved brilliant distinction as a soldier in the war with Mexico, was afterward made Secretary of War-a post which he filled with unexampled efficiency, and served as a United States Senator from Mississippi, vacating his seat upon the secession of that State in January, 1861.

On June 8 Virginia transferred all her military force to the Confederacy; and Lee, although retaining his rank of Major-General conferred by his State, was left unassigned to any command. The political leaders of the cotton belt, who wielded the controlling influence in the military and civil administration of the Confed-

erate States, viewed him with disfavor, as a man coldly conservative, and a soldier who limited his ardor and gave his devotion to Virginia alone.

That such estimate of him was correct, and that the cause for which those leaders had precipitated flagrant war inspired no enthusiasm in the breast of the peerless soldier whom history now proclaims, and the whole country attests, was "the noblest Roman of them all," is shown by the following letter, which he wrote to his wife from Richmond on June 9, 1861:

"You may be aware that the Confederate Government is established here. Yesterday



JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

I turned over to it the command of the military and naval forces of the State, in accordance with the proclamation of the Governor under an agreement between the State and the Confederate States. I do not know what my position will be. I should like to retire to private life, so that I could be with you and the children; but if I can be of service to the State or her cause I must continue.

I am sorry to learn that you are anxious and uneasy about passing events. not change or hinder them, and it is not the part of wisdom to be annoyed by them. In this time of great suffering to the State and country our private distresses must be borne with resignation, and we must not aggravate them by repining, trusting to a kind and merciful God to overrule them for our good."

General Lee, upon the transfer of Virginia's troops to the Confederacy, became the military adviser of the Governor, and was also charged with the duty of selecting the defensive lines for the State. He designated as the first position Manassas Junction, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, rightly divining that Richmond would be the objective point of the Federal Army then being massed in the vicinity of Washington, and that it would move on that line of approach. As is well known, the Confederates, commanded by General Beauregard, won a victory there on July 21, 1861, over the army commanded by General Irwin MacDowell.

The Union troops on that field maintained the ancient renown of American volunteers, and their defeat was due not to the want of soldierly qualities on their part, but to grave tactical errors on the part of their commanding general, who wasted his forces by attacking in detail, and finally ordered a retreat when he should have reinforced with his reserves, which would have enabled him without doubt to crush the Confederate left centre and secure a decisive victory. General Joseph E. Johnston, who stood as a military commander an eagle's flight above Beauregard, and was on the field, but declined to assume command, having arrived just before the battle, expressed the opinion after the war that, if Beauregard's plan had been carried out at Bull Run the Confederates would surely have suffered a disastrous defeat, and those of them who did not fall on the field would either have been dispersed or marched as

prisoners to Washington.

About ten days after that battle General Lee was ordered to assume command of the Confederate forces in West Virginia, consisting of but little more than two brigades, commanded respectively by Generals Henry A. Wise and John B. Floyd, aggregating about 6500 effectives.

Shortly prior to that assignment, which practically put him in a species of military coventry, he was appointed a general in the Confederate Army, but was outranked in date of commission by Samuel Cooper, of Pennsylvania, the adjutant-general of the army, and Albert Sidney Johnston, of Texas, who was of Connecticut parentage, though born in Kentucky.

It was a strange thing to happen under the constellation of the Southern cross, that the ranking general of the Southern Army should have been a Northern man. So too was Gorgas, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau; Pemberton, Chief of Artillery; Ripley, who opened fire upon Sumter with the guns of Fort Moultrie; Lovell, who commanded at New Orleans; Gustavus W. Smith, the senior majorgeneral, and there were many others of Northern birth filling both military and civil stations under the Confederacy.

They were all in sentiment as Southern as the tropic sun, I presume, upon the same principle that when a Christian turns Turk he wears a taller turban than the born Moham-Shortly after General Lee arrived at his post he wrote the following letter to his wife from the little town of Huntersville, under date of August 4, 1861:

"I reached here yesterday to visit this portion of the army. The points from which we can be attacked are numerous and the enemy's means unlimited, so we must always be on the alert. It is very difficult to get our people, unaccustomed to the necessities of war, to comprehend and promptly execute the measures required for the occasion. General Johnson, of Georgia, commands on the Monterey line; General Lor-



GENERAL W. S. ROSECRANS.

ing on this line, and General Wise, supported by General Floyd, on the Kanawha line. The soldiers everywhere are sick. The measles are prevalent throughout the whole army. You know the disease leaves unpleasant results, and attacks the lungs, etc., especially in camp, where the accommodations for the sick are poor. I travelled from Staunton on horseback. A part of the road I travelled over in the summer of 1840 on my return to St. Louis after bringing you home. If any man had told me then that the next time I travelled that road I would be on my present errand I should have supposed him insane.

"I enjoyed the mountains as I rode along. The views were magnificent. The valleys so peaceful, the scenery so beautiful. What a glorious world Almighty God has given us! How thankless and ungrateful we are!"

General W. S. Rosecrans, the commander of the Federal Army in West Virginia, was a field captain of a very high order, and, like Lee, a skilful engineer, who well knew how to avail himself of every advantage offered by the topography of that region for defensive operations. Although bold and enterprising, he was yet a discreet soldier; and while outnumbering his adversaries nearly two to one, he knew the hazard of attacking a force commanded by such a master of the art of war as Lee, who could meet the attack from behind a rampart of rocks.

Hence he kept his army aligned hard by the eagles' nests, bastioned by the mountain range, and invited from his foe the assault that he dared not make himself. The Southern press became restive at Lee's failure to "drive the Yankee horde," as they



GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

termed the Union soldiery, from the "sacred soil of Virginia." While Lee accorded to that press due merit for having caused the war, he doubted its ability to conduct it. He believed that for effectual military service the sword is mightier than the pen, even though it exposes the man who wields it to greater danger than befalls the knight of the plume.

He was silent under the censure of the newspapers, making no public defence of his course, and thus referred to it in a letter to his wife dated October 7, 1861:

"I am sorry, as you say, that the movements of the armies cannot keep pace with the expectations of editors of papers. I know that they can regulate matters satisfactory to themselves on paper. I wish they could do so in the field. No one wishes them more success than I do, and I would be happy to see them have full swing. General Floyd has three editors on his staff. I hope something will be done to please them."

In the following letter, dated October 8, also written to his wife from Big Sewell Mountain, where he had advanced his lines to within a mile of the Federal position, he notices the retreat of Rosecrans, and at the same time shows his practical benevolence by his kind concern for the comfort of his negro servants:

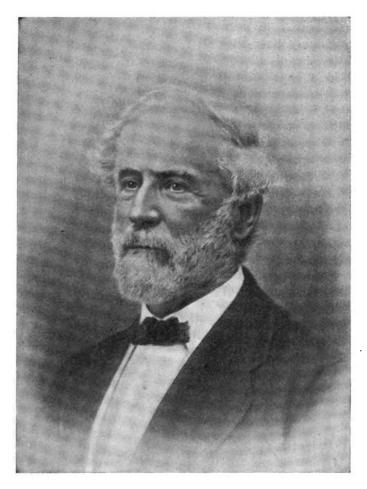
"The enemy was threatening an attack until Saturday night, when, under cover of darkness and our usual mountain mist, he suddenly withdrew. Your letter with the socks was handed to me when I was preparing to follow. As I found Perry in desperate need, I bestowed a couple of pairs on him as a present from you; the others I have put in my trunk, and suppose they will fall to the lot of Meredith, into the state of whose hose I have not yet inquired. Should any sick soldier require them first he shall have them, but Meredith will have no one

near to supply him but me, and will naturally expect that attention."

The great soldier was evidently more concerned about placing his two humble servitors on a proper footing than about his own standing

General Lee, at a later day, referring to his West Virginia campaign, said:

"I could have fought a battle there, and I am satisfied that I would have won a victory. But the nature of the country was



PORTRAIT OF LEE TAKEN WHILE PRESIDENT OF THE WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

with the press, that clamored for his removal from command.

He was soon after recalled to Richmond and assigned to duty as the military adviser of President Davis, who alone of all the Southern leaders saw in Lee the chief hope of final triumph for the arms of the Confederacy.

such that it would have been a barren victory, and I would rather sacrifice my military reputation and quietly rest under this unjust censure than to sacrifice uselessly the life of a single one of my men."

The monument erected by the wise Athenians to Time was inscribed "To Him who vindicates," and time soon vindicated Lee's title to be

ranked as the foremost soldier of his

age.

On the morning of May 30, 1862, a Federal army 125,000 strong stood aligned within five miles of the Confederate capital. Major-General George B. McClellan, its commander, bore upon his plumes the prestige of victory, for in June of the preceding year he had won the battle of Rich Mountain in West Virginia, where he defeated a Confederate force of 4000, commanded by Brigadier-General Robert S. Garnett, and captured 600 prisoners.

That was the first success achieved by the arms of the Union, and Mc-Clellan, upon the retirement of General Scott in October, was appointed to succeed him as General-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, and specially assigned to the command of the Army of the Potomac, which, under his administration, had been brought to the highest state of discipline. He was called the "Young Napoleon," having been so styled first by a patriotic Northern journalist, who had that title at his disposal. With the true Napoleonic spirit he wrote on August 9, 1861:

"I would cheerfully take the Dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the country is saved.*

* "McClellan's Own Story," p. 85.

And a little later:

"I will carry this thing on en grand and crush the rebels in one campaign."

Like Napoleon, too, he resented any inquiries as to his plans by the civil authorities. When President Lincoln sought him to allay the fears that burdened his great soul as to the fate of the Union, that seemed to hang in deadly balance, McClellan concealed himself in the house of a friend to avoid being interviewed by his commander-in-chief. He wrote:

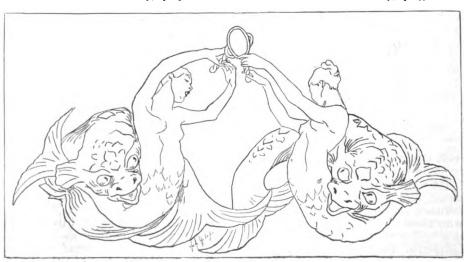
"I am compelled to dodge all enemies in the shape of browsing presidents. I am thwarted and deceived by these incapables at every turn."*

With a military chief so conscious of his primacy in the art of war, it is not to be wondered at that the brass band at his headquarters announced his arrival before Richmond with that stirring martial air

"See the conquering hero comes."

The Confederate Army that confronted him on that May day numbered but 62,000 men of all arms. They were the solid walls of Richmond, and, unlike those that girded about the city of Jericho, they would not "fall down flat at the blowing of the trumpet," however mighty the lungs of the "blower."

* " McClellan's Own Story," p. 177.





MISS CHARLOTTE WIEHE.

PROMINENT WOMEN OF THE DANISH CAPITAL.

'HE Denmark of to-day is but a small fraction of the extensive and powerful realm that during the Middle Ages, and, for that matter, a good while later, owed allegiance to the Danish king. But it has made up for its loss of political grandeur by developing a richly and ever-increasing civilization. Copenhagen, which, with its suburbs included, holds close up toward half a million people, yields to no city of the same size, and equals more than one of larger compass in point of cul-Thus music and the drama ture. have reached a remarkably high standing; and it is well known in the artistic world abroad that it pays to visit the Danish capital. Melba sang in Copenhagen, Sarah Bernhardt acted there, before New York had ever greeted either of them on its ground, and this winter Duse played there to crowded houses at American prices.

But of far more lasting value to the

Danish people is it that they have succeeded, by dint of great perseverance and many sacrifices, in building up a school of music and acting, as well as of the other arts, distinctly their own. A name like that of the late Niels W. Gade, for instance, is known by music lovers all over the world.

In Copenhagen, as everywhere nowadays, women have of late come to the fore in the support of and interest for the fine arts, and Queen Louisa herself has long been known as not only an enthusiastic patroness of music, but as a performer on the piano of no mean ability. She has imparted her taste to her daughters; and to this day, when the queen is well on in the seventies, she can play her part of a duet better than many younger people.

The Princess of Wales, King Christian's and Queen Louisa's eldest daughter, is still regarded one of their own by the Danish people—and



PRINCESS MARIE OF ORLEANS.

so are her sisters, the Duchess Thyra, of Cumberland, and the Russian Dowager Empress Dagmar, whose late husband spent probably the only truly peaceful and happy hours of his harassed life at Fredensborg, the quiet country-seat of King Christian. For the last ten years, however, the old king's daughters have had a dangerous rival for popularity in the Princess Marie of Orleans, the wife of their youngest brother, Prince Valdemar. Even the American press has been reached by stories of this clever woman's eccentricities; but the fol-

lowing, as characteristic as it is authentic, has never been made public on this side of the Atlantic:

When, a few years ago, the aged royal couple were to celebrate their golden wedding, a Copenhagen book-seller, whose enterprise was on a par with his loyalty, humbly begged permission to publish an album with portraits of all the members of the royal house, each with name and motto attached in faithful reproduction of his or her handwriting. The request was graciously granted, and the happy publisher soon found himself in pos-

session of an ample collection of sentences like: "In God I trust," "For God and country," "Steadfast and true," etc. The Danish royal family is a large one, and, like most public characters, its members to a man profess elevating principles. However, into the midst of all this virtue, noble if a trifle commonplace, shot, like a sharp and merry whistle interrupting a sermon, the following line from Princess Maile:

"Let them growl at me! To me it is only fun!"

It was well known at the time that certain older and staider royalties frowned upon the young French princess' vagaries, which, be it said at once and once for all, are at times rather startling, but perfectly harmless, and at bottom good-natured. The idea, for instance, of a princess having an anchor tattooed, on her arm because her husband is an officer in the navy, could not help shocking a good many people. But Princess Marie continued living up to the principle she had publicly proclaimed in the "Golden Wedding Album," visiting all the fires in Copenhagen, treating the firemen to sandwiches and various invigorating drinks, giving cosy little suppers to the naval officers, petting them and her husband, while neglecting all the ladies of the court, having her picture taken in the firemen's helmet and coat, indulging in an occasional ride on the engine of a train instead of sitting in state in the royal car, and so on.

Of late Princess Marie's health has not been altogether satisfactory, and, as a consequence, the people of Copenhagen have not seen her quite as frequently as they would like; yet now and then she may be observed walking through the streets, one of her little sons on either hand. The other day she visited the fish market, had long talks with the fisherwomen, who made their glistening eels gyrate around their baskets and the big live lobsters crawl along the flagstones, to the manifest and equal delight of the royal mother and her sons.

Frieda Schytte-her artist name is

Frieda Scota—the beautiful young girl whose picture is here reproduced, has not lacked encouragement from the ladies of the Danish Court, but by this time she is probably somewhat blase in regard to royal admiration. It has been poured over her wherever she has gone, and she has something to show for it—a pile of costly rings, bracelets, and other ornaments given to her by emperors, kings, and queens from almost all European countries. It was to her that Emperor William addressed the compliment: "Your music is so fascinating that one need only close one's eyes to imagine one were listening to the harmony of the spheres. Nevertheless, I prefer to keep my eyes open."

It is only just to state that even were Miss Schytte less beautiful, her success as a violinist would be as great as at present it actually is. She is a genuine artist, with not only a highly developed technique, but also



MISS FRIEDA SCHYTTE.



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND PRINCESS MARIE WITH THE LATTER'S CHILDREN.

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those precious gifts that no training can supply—original conception and individual temperament. She is, indeed, one of those beings at whose cradle all good fairies seem to have stood. She comes of a rich and distinguished family, her father being the owner of a handsome country

individuality has not been displayed in public.

Copenhagen is rich in pretty women, and, naturally, not a few of them take to the stage. Besides the Royal Theatre—which is a State institution, and whose actors, if they give satisfaction, remain there for life and are



MRS. EMMA NIELSEN.

place—a château, as the French would call it—in one of the most beautiful parts of Denmark, near the sea. Here she spends the summer, swimming, riding horseback, driving, indulging, in short, in all kinds of wholesome sport, the while not forgetting her music, practising both on the violin and the piano—for she plays the latter instrument too, and is a good deal of a singer as well, although as yet this side of her artistic

pensioned by the State when old age or infirmity compels them to retire—there are three more theatres at Copenhagen, all with stock companies, and each of them boasting of more than one strikingly handsome actress. It is, however, well-nigh generally admitted that Mrs. Emma Nielsen, of the Royal Theatre, deserves the crown as the handsomest woman on the Danish stage. She is also an actress of talent, especially successful when

impersonating brilliant society women, with a touch of the flirt. *Lady Teazle* was one of her much-admired parts.

Less beautiful, but a far greater actress, is Mrs. Betty Hennings. She

emphatically declared this as their conviction. It is a pity that, without an exception, her pictures give but a poor idea of the subtle but irresistible fascination of her by no means regular but refined and telling counte-



MRS. BETTY HENNINGS.

is, indeed, not only the leading actress of her country, but one of the best of the age. Not only her compatriots, but distinguished foreign critics like Edward Hanslick, of Vienna, Hugues le Roux and Paul Ginisty, of Paris, and William Archer, of London, have

nance, with the strange blue eyes, at once girlishly innocent and profoundly intelligent. She was the first *Nora* in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and to this day probably all in all the best. Chiefly through her wonderful acting the play has been made very popular

in Copenhagen; and only this winter, when it was announced that after a rest of a few years it was again to be performed, all the tickets were sold at double prices long before the first night. She is said to have played force in a manner probably nowhere else paralleled. It here stands her in good stead that, before becoming the foremost actress of the royal stage, she was its leading ballerina; but only an artist of true genius could make



MISS ODA NIELSEN.

better than ever, and, as usual, to have brought down the house with her tarantelle. It is, indeed, a sight well worth witnessing when Mrs. Hennings, with her small but perfect. figure, throws herself into the wild Italian dance, combining grace and

the dance so expressive of the inward agony that at the time is torturing *Nora*. Eleonora Duse, by the way, omits the dance altogether.

Of other parts with which Mrs. Hennings' name is identified may here be mentioned: Agnes in Mo-



MISS ABRAHAMS.

lière's "School for Women," Toinette in Madame de Girardin's "Lady Tartufe"—a truly marvellous per-formance of a character so testing that it used to be, and perhaps still is, part of the entrance examinations for the Théâtre Français; Hedvig in Ibsen's "A Wild Duck," Marguerite in Goethe's "Faust," Ophelia in "Hamlet," and a number of Danish characters, to a great extent written expressly for her. One of these is the princess in the fairy-tale play, "Once Upon a Time," by the greatest living Danish poet, Holger Drach-mann, whose novel, "Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone," is just now meeting with such favorable comment in the American press. The accompanying picture is from a scene in

"Once Upon a Time," where, late in the night, the princess is watching with her ladies in her bedroom, full of suspense as to by what device her shrewd and bold suitor will try to penetrate into the castle.

A colleague and rival of Mrs. Hennings is the versatile Oda Nielsen, who, before she found a home at the Royal Theatre, had unparalleled successes in such heterogeneous parts as Frou Frou, Dora (in "Diplomacy"), and that Mamzelle Nitouche whom both Judic and Lotta made so fascinating to Americans, and whom Her Ladyship May Yohe is at present vainly endeavoring to galvanize into a semblance of life before thin London audiences. Mrs. Nielsen is a woman of rare intelligence, who when at her best strikingly recalls a prominent American actiess of to-day -Minnie Maddern Fiske.

Among the leading actresses of other Copenhagen theatres are Miss Abrahams, the daughter of Denmark's Lester Wallack, and herself a brilliant aitist, whose success as Madame



MISS EMMA BLAD.

Sans Gêne was as great as it was merited; Charlotte Wiehe, who has played both the melancholy Camille and the gay Niniche, but whose specialty is French pantomime, in which she even inspired the famous Parisian playwight, Henry Becque, to a poem

and very good ones at that. One that has already more than once carried off great honors in this capacity is Mrs. Emma Gad, whose portrait, unfortunately, cannot be procured for publication. She comes of old patrician stock, and is married to a com-



MRS. ANNA LARSEN.

in her honor; Miss Emma Blad, Mrs. Anna Larsen, and many others whom lack of space prevents me from mentioning.

But it is not only as actresses that women are prominent on the Danish stage; some of them write plays too, modore in the Danish navy. Thus by her social position she is especially well fitted for the task she seems to have made it her aim to accomplish to give, in vivid dramatic pictures, a series of faithful representations of the life of the higher Danish classes, In what remains so far her best-constructed play, "A Silver Wedding," and in the equally entertaining though technically less perfect "True as Gold," she has drawn a whole gallery of modern Danish characters, exhibiting their follies in a dialogue full of animation and wit, permeated with a satire that generally touches its victims lightly, yet occasionally does not refrain from a sharp cut.

"I am so sorry!" somebody remarks to a self-satisfied parson. "I have been told you have recently been ill." To which the worthy man replies unctuously: "Thank God, no; it was my wife!"

It is not impossible that, cleverly translated, "A Silver Wedding" might be a success on the American stage.

Joakim Reinhard.



BADSTUEN (THE BATHROOM.)

A FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT OF THE ROYAL DANISH LADIES.

THE PARTRIDGE.

OB white!" he sings from rain-wet clover,
"Bob white!" 'neath pink hedge roses sweet,
Bob white!" along the old gray fences,
"White!" through the yellow waving wheat.

"Bob white!" he calls adown the pathway, Afar from where his brooding mate
Sits near the snow-bloomed elder bushes,
"White!" calls he early, calls he late.

"White!" soft she answers, well contented To echo back his shrill delight; She sings of coming little birdies, He whistles of the sunshine bright.

F. L. Ward.

THE GENIUS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

SOME one has said that the difference between genius and talent is that talent only succeeds in pleasing one generation, while genius makes its impress on all time. If this definition be correct, and it seems to be a happy one, William Hogarth, the subject of this paper, is well entitled to be called a genius, for his wonderful pictures are as much admired at the present day as they were when he first painted them.

The life of one of the greatest artists, or rather authors, England has ever produced was remarkably uneventful. He was born in London in 1697, of poor parents, his father being an impecunious literary hack. He 1eceived an ordinary school education, and displayed from an early age greater taste for drawing than for the study of books. While still a child he is said to have shown a precocious talent for mimicry. By his own desire he was apprenticed to a silverplate engraver, and, after serving his time, he set up in business for himself. But his ambition soared higher

silver-plate than engraving. He began to study the engraving of copper plate, and, feeling his deficiency in technical training, he joined an art school. His first employment was the engraving of arms and shop bills, and later he designed plates for booksellers. 1724 he published his first plate, a clever satire on contemporary follies, which he entitled "Masquerades and Operas, and two years later he made twelve large engravings to illustrate Butler's "Hudibras." These pictures are considered his best work. Hogarth, however, was not content to merely illustrate the works of others. He sought success in the higher paths of creative work.

In 1729 he contracted a clandestine marriage with a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, his former art master, and from that time until 1733, when he completed the first of the great series of moral paintings which made him famous, he executed a large number of engravings for masquerade tickets and also some paintings in oil.

But it was his moral compositions that were to bring him enduring fame and to rank him among the greatest and most original geniuses the world has ever known. It is doubtful what Hogarth's primary object was in undertaking these story pictures, for before the compositions met with the success that awaited them their reception by the public must have been largely a matter of speculation. It is possible that it was the novelty of

the idea that appealed most to the artist. He himself has remarked: "I wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage. I have endeavored to treat my subject as a dramatic writer. My picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show." His first composition, titled "The Har-Progress," lot's was immediately



PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH.

From the painting by himself, showing his favorite dog, and the famous line of beauty on the palette.



PLATE I.-THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

This shows the young heir, Rakewell, newly arrived from college, upon the death of his father, a miser. Eager to ascertain the extent of his possessions, he has caused the old wardrobe to be wrenched open. The strong chests are unlocked and the bags of gold thrown out on the floor. A scrap of candle stuck on the mantelpiece, the miserable contents of the dusty wardrobe, the old boots, rusty swords, the famished cat, etc., point to the character of the defunct miser. The young heir is having himself measured for a suit of clothes, and while this is being done he is arguing with a young woman whom he has betrayed and who is begging him to marry her. He holds out his hand offering gold, while the attorney, seated right behind him, seizes the opportunity to rob him.

successful. It portrayed eloquently in six scenes the miserable life of a common prostitute, starting with the first temptation, and taking her to the horrible end. The subject was treated in the severe moral spirit of the age in which Hogarth lived, every detail in the pictures emphasizing pitilessly the fate which awaits those who sin against chastity. Hogarth's reputation was now made. Hundreds of fashionable people subscribed for engravings of the pictures; and Sir James Thornhill, who had hitherto refused to acknowledge his son-in-law, was now only too proud to do so publicly.

The remarkable success which

"The Harlot's Progress" had met with prompted Hogarth to continue in the same direction, and a few months later he produced "The Rake's Progress," a vivid story without words of the reckless career of a spendthrift and libertine from the moment he comes into his fortune to the moment he dies in rags, deserted by all his alleged friends. Although this composition was not as favorably received by the public as the work which had preceded it, "The Rake's Progress," the original engravings of which are reproduced in this paper, must be considered one of the finest of the great painter's works. The figure of the desperate libertine in the



PLATE II.-THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Rakewell is now steeped in all the dissipations of fashionable life. He is surrounded by French barbers, French tailors, poets, and parasites of all kinds. On his knees before him is a jockey supporting a silver bowl, that one of his horses is supposed to have won. On a chair on the left a professor of music is seated, waiting to give his pupil a lesson. The pictures of two fighting cocks on the wall show that he has acquired a taste for the brutal pastime of cock-fighting, and between the two birds is a picture representing the Judgment of Paris.

Plate III. carries the observer still further in Rakewell's career. He is seen engaged in one of his evening amusements. After having dissipated wildly around town and beaten the night watchman, he is in a state of bestial intoxication in one of the rooms of a public house. He is being robbed of his watch by one of the girls, who dexterously conveys her plunder to an accomplice standing behind his chair. The general state of disorder, the fallen furniture, the broken mirrors, and the table strewn with glasses and bottles indicate the orgies that have been going on. Two of his female companions are quarrelling. One of them is spouting wine in the face of her antagonist, who, grasping a knife, swears vengeance for the insult. Behind them is another girl placing a lighted candle against the map of the world, though she should expire in its flames. To crown the whole, a blind harpist and trumpeter are introduced for the purpose of accompanying the ragged girl, who is singing an indecent song. The absolute trueness to life of the morbid details of this picture forbid its publication here.

gambling-house, the scenes in the debtor's prison and in the madhouse are admirably done, and full of allusive suggestion and covert humor.

"The Rake's Progress" was followed by several works in series: "Marriage à la Mode," "Industry and Idleness," "The Stages of Cruelty," etc. The most famous of the

single compositions include "Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn," of which Walpole declared "for wit and imagination, without any other end, the best of all the painter's works;" "The Distressed Poet," painfully composing a poem on riches in his garret; "The Enraged Musician," fulminating from his window upon a



PLATE IV .- THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Misfortunes begin to befall Rakewell. He is arrested by a bailiff while going in full dress to Court. While the sheriff's officer is seizing his prey, the lamplighter above carelessly spills his oil on the spend-thrift's head and a young urchin makes a prize of his gold-headed cane. The same young woman whom Rakewell has betrayed is seen again here. From the bandbox falling by her side she has evidently become a milliner, and still loving Rakewell, she offers her purse for the release of her betrayer. In the background is seen St. James' Palace.

discordant orchestra of knife-grinders, milk-girls, ballad-singers, and other noises of a city street; "The Cockpit Royal," etc.

These, and indeed most of Hogarth's works, are moral sermons. They expose and satirize all the vices and follies of his day, and so powerfully that his pictures never failed to convey the lesson that was intended.

Every little detail in his compositions has some meaning, and is a factor in the great drama of human manners. In truth, the amount of detail in each of Hogarth's pictures is wonderful. The more one examines them the better one appreciates the picture's full significance, and the better one comprehends the admiration which Hogarth's work inspires.

After his success with his moral

pictures, Hogarth turned his attention to portrait painting. He executed one of the actor Garrick as Richard the Third, for which he received £, 200, which was more than any English artist had ever received for a portrait up to that time. In 1745 Hogarth painted the characteristic portrait of himself and his pug dog Trump, which is now in the National Gallery in London and which is reproduced here. In the left-hand corner of the portrait is a palette on which is a serpentine line with the words "The line of beauty and of grace." The hieroglyphic aroused considerable curiosity; and to explain it Hogarth wrote his famous essay entitled "Analysis of Beauty," a treatise to fix the fluctuating ideas of taste, and having for pretext the



PLATE V.-THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

As his difficulties increase, Rakewell is now seen driven to the necessity of marrying a one-eyed old woman, whom he detests, as an expedient for recruiting his lost fortune. While the ceremony is taking place the same young woman who released him from the sheriff, accompanied by her child and mother, is endeavoring to enter the church and prevent the completion of the ceremony. They are opposed by the old pew-opener, whose character is cleverly portrayed by her bunch of keys waving in the air. Attention should also be given to the church, which exhibits every appearance of rapid decay. The creed is torn, the commandments are cracked in the middle, and particularly near the Tenth Commandment, which says: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife"—a prohibition, as Ireland pointed out, which was hardly necessary under the circumstances. It will also be noticed that the poor-box in the corner is covered by cobwebs, all of which has its meaning.

precept attributed to Michael Angelo that a figure should always be "pyramidal, serpent-like, and multiplied by one, two, and three." The publication of this essay was the most unfortunate thing Hogarth could have undertaken. It was made the subject of endless ridicule and caricature, all of which humiliated the artist keenly. Other disappointments were also in store for him. He received an order for a painting from Sir Richard Grosvenor; but as the picture on its completion was adversely criticised, Sir Richard refused to take it. It was finally sold after the painter's death

for 56 guineas, and at last found its way to the National Gallery.

The artist took this treatment keenly, and this and other quarrels which embittered his last years no doubt hastened his end. He died on October 26, 1764, in his sixty-eighth year. He was buried in Chiswick, beneath a plain but neat mausoleum, the front of which is decorated in bas relief with the comic mask, a wreath of laurel, resting sticks, pencils, and a palette, together with a book entitled "Analysis of Beauty." It also bears the following inscription, written by his friend Garrick:



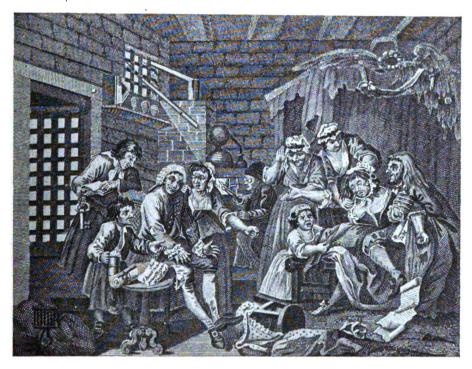
PLATE VI.-THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

His rich wife's fortune has enabled Rukewell to make one more effort at the gaming-table. We see him, after he has lost his last stake, on his knees in a desperate state of mind, uttering the direst imprecations on his folly. On his right hand sits a highwayman, who is so dejected at having lost what he had acquired at the risk of his life, that he does not observe the boy, who is calling to him to take a glass of water. It will be noticed that the fireplace is grated to prevent accidents which might otherwise arise from the disorderly conduct of the company. At the small table on the left sits a loser, to whom one of the gamblers offers a note. Behind this figure sits a person in mourning, apparently in the agony of repentance. Beyond the latter is another loser furiously aiming a blow with his sword at the winner. In the background two fraudulent gamesters are sharing the spoils of the evening. Another is sweeping off the table with the produce of his success. Every one is so busily occupied that they do not notice the fire which is bursting out from the upper part of the apartment. If it were not for the opportune arrival of the watchman, they would all probably perish in the flames.

- "Farewell, great painter of mankind,
 Who reached the noblest point of art;
 Whose pictured morals charmed the mind,
 And through the eye correct the heart.
- "If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
 If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
 If neither move thee, turn away,
 For Hogarth's honored dust lies here."

In personal appearance Hogarth is described as a blue-eyed, honest, combative little man, thoroughly English in his prejudices and antipathies, susceptible to flattery, and sensitive, like most satirists. He was a good friend,

but a bad enemy. He was unpopular with the painters of his day, owing, doubtless, to his hostility to the art canons of his time. In art he was a protectionist, and he waged a bitter warfare against the "third-rate copies of third-rate artists—the shiploads of manufactured dead Christs, holy families, and Madonnas"—which were being constantly put upon the market, to the detriment and exclusion of native art. It was this unpopularity, no doubt, which prevented the recognition of his merits as a



Rakewell is now an inmate of the debtor's prison. He has not a coat to his back, he is destitute of money, and without a friend in the world. His wife is furiously reproaching him for his perfidy in having deceived her and spent her money. On the table at his side lies a play, just returned from the manager of the theatre, with a note stating that "it will not do." To add to his distress, the poor young woman whom he had deserted comes to see him with the hope of mitigating his sorrows, but overpowered by the sight of such misery she faints away. Amid the confusion which naturally ensues, the rapacious turnkey demands his prison fees, while the publican's boy refuses to leave the tankard of ale without being paid for it. Among the persons assisting the fainting mother is an antiquated figure, whose squalid appearance shows him to have been for a long time an inmate of the prison. In the background is an alchemist so intently occupied in pursuit of the philosopher's stone as to be utterly unmoved by the scene which passes before him.

painter by his contemporaries—for time has reversed the verdict and recognized Hogarth as an excellent painter, remarkable both for his coloring and for his strength of composition. It was not, however, as a painter or as an engraver that Hogarth won immortality, but as a satirist and humorist. In the strength and dramatic power of his compositions, in the imagination and fancy, in the skill with which he has reflected human wickedness and folly, he has never been equalled. It is, indeed, as an author rather than as a painter that his work should be considered. His true place is side by side with the great masters and satirists of liter-

ature—Dickens, Cervantes, Molière, and Thackeray.

Among Hogarth's most famous single comic pieces is one entitled "The Gates of Calais;" and in connection with this picture an amusing incident is told. Shortly after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle Hogarth went over to France, and, during his residence in that country, he expressed the most marked disapprobation of everything he saw. Regardless of the advice of a friend, who entreated him to be more cautious in his public remarks, he treated the gentleman who offered the advice as a pusillanimous wretch, unworthy of residence in a free country, and made him the butt of ridi-



This is the last stage of the rake's progress, and in it Hogarth has conjured up as horrid a scene as human imagination could well conceive. The spendthrift is in a state of hopeless insanity, lacerating himself with his own hands, and chained by the leg to prevent him from doing any mischief to others. Yet even when reduced to this fearful condition, his faithful mistress is seen by his side. A few steps away is a despairing wretch imploring heaven for mercy. His brain has been crazed with superstition, as may be inferred from the cross leaning near him and the picture of three saints fixed over his head. Behind our hero is an astronomer drawing lines upon the wall, in order to find out the longitude, and a little below him is another gazing through a roll of paper as a substitute for a telescope. In the cell next him is a mock monarch issuing his commands in a right royal manner. On the left is a self-made pope fulminating his excommunications against heretics. Below him is a mad musician scraping discordant notes on his violin. But all this commotion makes no impression on the person sitting on the stairs. He is evidently crazed by love and so intently meditating on the beauties of his charmer that he does not regard the snarling cur that is barking at his feet. The group is completed by a crazy tailor in the centre. His hat is decorated in a variety of patterns. In the background are two young women who have come to visit the madhouse out of morbid curiosity.

cule for several evenings afterward. At length this pleasantry was completely extinguished by an adventure which befell the artist at Calais. While sketching the gate of that city he was arrested as a spy and carried before the commandant, who told him that if the treaty of peace had not actually been signed, he should have been obliged to hang him on the ramparts. He was committed a prisoner

to the care of his landlord, M. Grandsire, on his promising that Hogarth should not go out of the house till he was about to embark for England. Two guards were appointed to convey him on shipboard; nor did they quit him until he was three miles from the shore. They then spun him around like a top on the deck and told him he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage.

E. Burton Stewart.



Our managers are curiously imitative. Directly one makes a success with a certain style of play all his fellow-managers immediately follow suit with pieces of the same description. The success of "Trilby" brought forward "Bohemia," and of dramatizations of other well-known books this past season there has been no end. We have had stage versions of Anthony Hope's romance, "The Prisoner of Zenda;" Mrs. Train's novel, "A Social Highwayman;" Dostoievsky's masterly psychological study,

"Crime and Punishment;" Edward Townsend's sketch of Bowery manners, "Chimmie Fadden;" Mark Twain's curious " Pudd'ntale, Wilson," head and several others. This sudden popularity of the novel for stage purposes indicates not only to what extent our managers are groping in the dark, eager to grasp at anything that promises to catch the public fancy, but it indicates also how few plays of merit are being written. Neither the French nor the English dramatists are producing any plays that are likely to live in dramatic literature; and in Germany, which gives better promise of producing a really great play than any other country, even Gerhardt Hauptmann recently scored a bad failure " Florian with his new comedy, Geyer." In our own country matters are no better. Bronson Howard, the veteran author of "The Banker's Daughter," "The Henri-

etta," and a score of other successful plays, after working for two years at a new comedy, confessed recently that he was dissatisfied with it and refused to have it produced. The coming season, however, is full of promise. large number of new plays by David Belasco, Augustus Thomas, Henry Guy Carleton, Sidney Rosenfeld, Edward E. Kidder, Charles Klein, Edward Paulton, and others of our



MISS EMILY BANCKER.



MISS MARIE DRESSLER. Photograph by Dupont.

best dramatists will be produced, and among them perhaps we shall find at least one that will bring lasting glory to its author.

Next year the stage will show nearly as many dramatizations of well-known books as were seen last season. E. H. Sothern will be seen in an adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme;" Minnie Maddern Fiske will present a dramatic version of "Tess of the D'Urbevilles," by Thomas Hardy; Georgia Cayvan will enact the heroine in a dramatization of Anthony Hope's novel, "Mr. Witts' Widows;" and Charles Frohman announces a stage version of J. M. Barrie's famous book, "The Little Minister." I wonder whom Mr. Frohman will entrust with the rôle of Babbie, the beautiful semi-sav-

age girl, half a fine lady, half a wild gypsy, who fascinates Gavin? Very few women on the stage would suit the part. Virginia Harned and Katherine Grey would both be good; and certainly no one could look the part nor act it better than Madeleine Bouton, a new portrait of whom in character, taken by Messrs. Pach, is reproduced in this department. Miss Bouton has great personal charm and a natural intelligence far above the average. She is, moreover, gifted with emotional power which those who have only seen her in comedy would hardly give her credit for.

The theatrical season will open early. As Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau have made satisfactory arrangements with their creditors, that firm will continue in possession of the Metropolitan Opera House, and they announce another season of French and Italian opera with the usual high-priced European stars. Palmer's will open in September, and on October 5, Georgia Cayvan will make her first appearance as a star at this house, presenting W. R. Walker's new comedy, "Mary Pennington, Spinster." Daly's Theatre will be opened with the first production in America of the Japanese operetta "The Geisha," which, to all accounts, has been successful in London. The usual Shakespearian revival will follow, "Henry IV." being the bill.

The Empire will open on August 31, John Drew presenting a dramatic version of Stanley Weyman's romantic story, "Under the Red Robe." Olga Nethersole will follow, to stay until Christmas, when the stock company will return. Among the new plays to be produced by the stock company is a dramatization of Paul Bourget's novel, "A Tragic Idyll." At the Broadway, Jefferson de Angelis will appear in Englander and Smith's new operetta, "The Caliph." This will be followed by "Brian Boru," an opera by Julian Edwards and Stanislaus Stange, and

sung by the Whitney Opera Company. In February, De Wolf Hopper will return with "El Capitan," and following him, the Bostonians will produce a new opera.

* *

The Casino will continue to present "In Gay New York" all summer.

bouffe, "The Mandarin," will be produced at the Herald Square Theatre in September. Chevalier and his company will appear at the Garrick in September for four weeks, and they will be followed by George Edwardes' English company in a new farce comedy entitled "In Town." Richard Mansfield will then play an



EMMA JUCH (MRS. FRANCIS WELLMANN.)
Photograph by Dupont.

When the piece fails to draw it will be replaced by something else. In November, R. A. Barnet's spectacular piece, "Jack and the Beanstalk," is booked at that house, and in February, Lillian Russell will appear in a new opera for a season of six weeks. She, in turn, will be followed by Della Fox. Reginald De Koven's and Harry B. Smith's new opera

engagement of one month. John Hare, the English actor, will also be seen here in revivals of Robertson's comedies.

E. H. Sothern, as usual, will open the season at the Lyceum, presenting a new romantic play entitled "An Enemy to the King." After his engagement, the regular stock company will return. Hoyt's will open in September with Bisson's farce, "The Liar." A dramatization of A. C. Gunter's novel, "A Florida Enchantment," will follow, and after this a new farce by Mr. Hoyt. The new Murray Hill Theatre, situated at the

lin Fyles will follow, and then comes W. H. Crane with a new play by Martha Morton.

* *

A clever young actress who has not been seen in New York for several years is Miss Emily Bancker, former-



MISS MADELEINE BOUTON.
Photograph by Pach.

corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-first Street, will be opened by the Bostonians on October 1. The Fifth Avenue will open on August 31 with the new musical comedy by J. Cheever Goodwin and Woolson Morse, entitled "Lost, Strayed or Stolen." A new comedy by Frank-

ly leading lady at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Bancker has been touring the past few seasons in the farce, "Our Flat," and, according to all reports, is a successful star. She is a handsome woman, and is credited with considerable versatility. This season she may come to the metropo-

lis and present an entirely new and emotional play, which is now being written for her. be featured in the production of "The Liar" at Hoyt's Theatre.

* * *

Miss Katherine Florence's marriage to Mr. Fritz Williams was an imporGladys Wallis enjoys with Maxine Elliot the distinction of being the most-photographed woman on the



From photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

tant event in theatrical circles during the past month. Both bride and bridegroom were for a long time popular members of the Lyceum stock company, and were identified with all the important productions at that theatre. Next season they will stage. No one can wonder at that, for Miss Wallis is certainly a beauty. The portrait we publish of her this month resembles one of the pictures of the old Italian masters in the proud pose of the head and the clever and artistic arrangement of the draperies.

Miss Wallis is now a member of John Drew's company. She has given up her starring tours for the present.

That capital comedian and public favorite, W. J. Lemoyne, will be seen

stock company. He is a fine old actor, possessing considerable versatility and a generous fund of real and irresistible humor.

* * Augustin Daly certainly seems to



MISS PAULINE FRENCH.
From photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

in September in the cast supporting Maurice Barrymore in his new play, "Roaring Dick and Co." Mr. Lemoyne for many years was one of the most popular members of the Lyceum

have the pick of all the new dramatic talent. Each season he brings out several new actresses—women of real ability, who soon win recognition on the stage. Among his débutantes next



season will be Pauline French, a young California girl of exceptional beauty, and a portrait of whom appears on the cover of this issue. Miss French is a stranger in the East, but is well known in San Fiancisco, where she was a favorite in society. She

stately girl, inclining toward the brunette, and yet fair enough to be styled a blonde. Her features are clearly cut, and she has wonderful dark-brown eyes, as well as a most charming speech and manner, and the grace and carriage of a queen.



MISS CORA TANNER, Photograph by Dupont,

made her stage debut at an important open-air performance of "As you Like It," playing Celia to Rose Coghlan's Rosalind, and attracted the attention of the critics by the remarkable intelligence of her performance and by her own personal charm. She is a tall.

Al. Hayman, the new lessee of the theatre lately known as Abbey's, is to be congratulated on the successful close of the negotiations which have made him manager of one of the handsomest playhouses in the metropolis. Mr. Hayman has been a

well-known figure in theatricals for many years, particularly on the Pacific Coast, where he controls the best theatres, and where he made all his money, but up to now he has not had a theatre in New York. It will be, I believe, Mr. Hayman's policy to book

lieve that he will call it Hayman's Theatre.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether Colonel Henry Mapleson is acting wisely in attempting a season of Ital-



MISS GRACE HENDERSON.

Photograph by Dupont.

the best European attractions at his new theatre, and the house will probably be run on the same plan as under the Abbey régime. People are wondering at the time these lines are written what name Mr. Hayman will give the house. I have reason to be-

ian opera at the Academy of Music in opposition to Abbey and Grau. Firstly, the Academy is too far down-town nowadays; and, secondly, it is probable that Abbey and Grau will be able to secure all the best-known singers. And, of course, our opera lovers

would not cross the street to listen to an unknown singer, no matter how well he sang.

* *

The Robinson sisters—Margaret and Anna—have been engaged by the American Theatrical Syndicate for its productions next season. Both

sisters are exceptionally pretty, and will be remembered for their work in the "Governor of Kentucky," W. H. Crane's new play, in which they played the New York twins. The photograph of Miss Anna Robinson reproduced here was recently taken by Schloss of this city.

Arthur Hornblow,



MISS ANNA ROBINSON.
From photograph (copyright, 1896) by Schloss, N. Y.

AS TOLD TO HERSELF.

MAY r.—I am burdened with frightfully old-fashioned parents; they howl with derision at my collection of posters; mother would rather knead dough than read Verlaine; neither of them rides a wheel; mother is perfectly happy with housekeeping, and father loves her so much that he stays at home evenings looking disgracefully contented with everything his dear eyes light upon—except myself; but I am up to-date and never contented—Contentment and New Woman are not

synonyms for a minute. Naturally, my parents can't appreciate my feelings; they say I have everything to make a girl happy; but they don't know what is under my hat-ideals, ideas, aspirations that the gilded dome down-town wouldn't touch. Parents, home, friends, clothes, food, money, mundane joys all to snate the senses and chain one's soul to earth. My soul is a rainbow-chaser, and I won't be happy. I want my room repapered. I am writing there now, and I am awfully tired of these blue-tinted walls, with birds flying all over the ceiling—fiftysix birds in all, of as many colors and shapes; I know them by heart after my illness last winter. I saw the dearest poster yesterday! How I wish I could buy enough of them to paper this den of mine. It—the poster -had a lot of the cutest bright green devils hopping over a black and red background; in the distance was a purple cow with a bow of orange ribbon on one of its sad-colored horns; it has haunted me all night-it and the box of chocolates Jack sent me yesterday. Now, I wonder why luncheon isn't ready? I do hope the soft-shell crabs came in time. I adore them on toast!

Later.—I have just learned through bitter experience that it is best to write one's dearest ideals in one's journal. I told Jane Dartabout of my original way to have a linen dress made, and she actually materialized my idea before my month's allowance reached me, I was furious. It's so the world over-the sluggish-minded preying upon the brilliant-witted. When I told her as politely as I could that she had cribbed my design, she laughed in her toothy way (her teeth are really fine, though, and I don't blame her for showing them), and said that if I cared to consult this month's Paris Modiste I would see a colored plate exactly like my idea. Verily, originality seems an impossibility in dressing one's self. Jack's coming to dinner to-night. I think I'll wear my pink dimity-funny, isn't it, Jack can't say dimity? He always calls it my pink divinity.

Monday Morning.—I'm all out of breath. I have just broken my cutglass atomizer, and I had to run all the way down-stairs to let my small brother say "damn" for me. Dear boy! I always let him do it. He dotes on it. I am thankful yesterday was Sunday.

May 7, Morning.—We returned last evening from a coaching party up the Hudson to Jane's cousin's home. Such a charming ivy-grown place! We are all going up again Decoration Day to stay over Sunday. Jack was awfully glad to see me. He was here when I came home.

to. 30 P.M.—As I was in my room this evening reading something on comparative philology for the club to-morrow, Mary brought me Mr. Ailsbury's card—the man I liked so much at the coaching party. He is a big fellow—a lawyer ought to have a commanding presence—with the most original ideas, just like mine. We're awfully congenial. I played the banjo for him, and we talked French—some. He believes in platonic friendship between man and woman,

and he loves posters, which Jack doesn't. I can't help comparing the two men, and I can't help wishing that Jack were a little more up-to-date. Dear old Jack! How sweet it was of him to leave when he found Mr. Ailsbury here! He hates the banjo, though, and he doesn't understand much French, so maybe he wasn't enjoying himself as much as we were.

Sunday.—Jack walked home from church with me to-day, and I thought I would be a good fellow and ask him to dinner. Although Jack isn't a good talker he's a fine listener—he never interrupts, because he has no "views" to air. He likes what I say, and laughs at me immensely at the right time. I am beginning to feel like a dummy jury before Mr. Ailsbury.

Friday, May 29.—I've made a discovery—a great discovery. Oh, heart of mine, what an X-ray has been thrown upon you! Ideals, aspirations, ideas, conceit, egotism, all covering up the only natural thing in you—love! Well, I'm stunned! Jack loves me, and until he asked me if I didn't care for him a little, it never occurred to me to think about really loving anything so mundane as a man.

I learned to mix bread this morning, and it's lots of fun to make fists into the dough, just like a punchingbag. I'm not going to my physical culture class this afternoon.

Decoration Day.—It has just poured all day—a good excuse for not going on that stupid coaching party. Jack brought up my engagement ring to-

day—such a stunning one! A band of five emeralds surrounded by diamonds. How conscious an engagement ring makes one's hand! I seem all finger! How it sparkles! Dear old Jack, how happy he has made me!

June 3.—My room is being re-decorated, but not with those bedevilled posters, because Jack hates posters. How sweet the room will look! The walls will be tinted pale coral pink, and there'll be the sweetest frieze of cupids pulling one another along by garlands of pink wild roses.

I was telling Jane Dartabout yesterday just how my new white satin will be made. Poor Jane! She says there's no danger of her copying that. She intends to die a bachelor, and she says her mission in life is to enlarge woman's sphere. This cant and rant about enlarging woman's sphere! Mine has just been enlarged so tremendously that I feel actually lost in it—for don't I love Jack, and doesn't Jack love me?

June 20, very A.M.—I'm not a bit sleepy, although it's only six o'clock. This is my twentieth birthday, but I don't feel one day over sixteen. Jack was thirty last week, and I do hope he feels as indecently young as I do. This is our wedding day, too. I hope with all my heart and soul that my sphere will always be large enough to prevent our bumping heads. There's too much marital head-bumping nowadays, but there will not be in my family, please God! Dear mamma! We understand each other now.

Elizabeth Barton Pitman.







ROBERT E. PATTISON.

stanch Democrat in nature as well as in politics is Rob-ert E. Patti son, of Pennsylvania. The follow. ing incident. characteristic of his independent and democratic nature, is related: It was on the occa-sion of some political meeting or celebration at Harrisburg,

and Mr. Pattison was to make a speech. A carriage met him at the station, but he refused to ride, saying that carriages were for people who could not walk. As Governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Pattison became very popular throughout the State, and should he choose to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination, he would have a strong following. No definite announcement has been made by him as yet regarding his political ambitions, but the Chicago Convention will soon settle matters. In the city of Philadelphia Mr. Pattison is, of course, an eminent and strongly influential citizen. He is president of the Chestnut Street National Bank, a pillar in the Methodist Church. and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Church Extension. Mr. Pattison is still a comparatively young man, and whatever may be the result of the Democratic nomination and election, he has a broad future in the field of politics.

If the Republican administration goes into effect next March, social leadership at Washington will doubtless fall to the lot of the Vice President's wife. Mrs. McKinley has been an invalid for years; and although her health is better now than it has been in a long time, she will probably not be equal to the strain of the social obligations which devolve upon the first lady in the land. It is

well known, also, that Mrs. McKinley is averse to society; and it is said that when, some years ago, she was called upon to take active part in social affairs in Washington for two weeks, she remarked that she would not care to undertake like duties again. Mrs. Hobart, wife of the Republican nominee for Vice-President, is a brilliant and beautiful woman, well used to society, and it is to her that social Washington will look for a leader. Mrs. McKinley, despite her quiet, retired life, has hosts of friends, and is especially beloved by the children of her acquaintance on account of her gentle and sympathetic disposition. One of her favorite pastimes is knitting socks, which she distributes among her little friends. Her own two children died while young. Perhaps it is for this reason as well as for her delicate health that Mr. McKinley has always been such a devoted and solicitous husband. Although unable to take any active part in her husband's affairs, Mrs. McKinley is intensely interested in his political progress, and has always been an inspiration to him in his work. She was an intimate friend of the first Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

The name of "Farmer Dunn" is known to thousands of people as "the man who makes the weather;" but as he is such a modest and unassuming individual, little is ever heard of him in private life. Mr. Dunn,

whose proper title is Local Forecast Official, has been in charge of the New York Weather Bureau about twelve years, and in that time he has turned out a tremen-· dous amount of weather. The great blizzard struck the town under his auspi-ces, and he has also treated us to all manner of storms, droughts. hurricanes, and hot spells. Those



MRS. MCKINLEY.



"FARMER" DUNN, W. P. Photograph by Rockwood.

indicates Mephistophelian delight in rainy Fourths and stormy Christmases will see by the accompanying portrait that he looks as though he much preferred the rare days of June that Lóweli writes about. From his good natured face it would seem that Mr. Dunn had basked in considcrable sunshine

who imagine that

Mr. Dunn is a gen-

tleman whose face

while up in his little eyrie on top of the Manhattan Life Building, where he sees the weather coming afar off, and we believe that he's not

such a bad sort of fellow after all. Mr. Dunn was born in Brooklyn about forty years ago, and graduated from the public schools of that city. He then entered the Signal Service, as the Weather Bureau was called at that time, and, after passing the required examination, was assigned to duty at New York City. In turn he has acted in the guise of prophet at Denver, New Orleans (in which city he found a wife), Cincinnati, and Washington. For meritorious work at Cincinnati during the great flood in 1884 he was promoted, and shortly afterward placed in charge of the station at New York City, where he has remained ever since.

has remained ever since. The title of "Farmer" was given to Mr. Dunn by the New York newspapers when the Weather Bureau was transferred from the War to the Agricultural Department, in 1893.

The bicycle, like all popular objects, has its enemies. Among its strongest antagonists is Miss Charlotte Smith, President of the Woman's Rescue League, an organization that operates for the reclamation of fallen women. Miss Smith has recently been in Washington working very hard in her efforts to obtain legislation for the protection of the class she befriends, and is devoted to the idea of bettering their condition. As President of the Woman's Rescue League, she now intends to exert all her energies against the female bicyclist; in fact, a national crusade has already been inaugurated. The note of war is sounded in a circular which she has recently issued and which contains several remarkably strong statements. For instance, it is asserted that if a halt in

the bicycle craze is not called soon, 75 per cent of the cyclists will be an army of invalids within the next ten years, and that bicycling by women has, more than any other medium, helped to swell the ranks of reckless girls who finally drift into the standing army of outcast women, and it is

army of outcast women, and it is "Resolved, That the Women's Rescue League petition all true women and clergymen to aid in denouncing the present bicycle craze by women as indecent and vulgar."

Although, as is usually the case with reformers, Miss Smith holds such very decided, not to say rabid, views on the female bicyclist, there is a certain amount of truth in what she says regarding the evil effects of bicycling on women's health and modesty. It is, however, a matter for individual consideration; and although some objectionable people may ride the wheel, there are many more who find innocent and profitable enjoyment in the pastime; while to denounce as "vulgar and indecent" every woman bicyclist is little short of ridiculous, and such

a method of campaign cannot reasonably be expected to bring about the salvation of wayward

women.

MISS CHARLOTTE SMITH. Photograph by Rockwood.

Dr. Merritt F. Hulburd, of Wilmington, Del., has the reputation of being one of the finest orators in the Methodist ranks. He was for a number of years pastor of the Spring Garden Methodist Church of Philadelphia, one of the oldest and largest congregations in that city, and not only made a wide reputation for himself as a preacher, but also as a pastor. He was a great favorite with his parishioners; and it was only on

the expiration of his allotted term of years as pastor that he was permitted to leave Spring Garden Church. Dr. Hulburd was one of the General

Conference delegates. He always appears in regulation evening dress in the pulpit-in this respect standing almost alone among his breth-ren. This innovation, which at first attracted much attention and some unfavorable criticism, has now be-come well liked by his congregation; and it is not probable that any of his hearers would ask him to resume the ordinary frock coat



M, F. HULBURD, D.D.



GARRET A. HOBART, ESQ.

generally affected by Methodist pastors.

Garret A. Hobart, who has one chance in two of being our next Vice - President, is one of the most notable men in New Jersey. He is of middle age, well versed in political questions, and was not by any means a candidate of the last resort. His views

resort. His views on gold are public property, and leave no doubt in the minds of the people as to his support of a sound currency and single gold standard. In his speech accept-

standard. In his speech accepting the nomination, made July 7, Mr. Hobart intimated that in his opinion "protection" was a secondary issue, although it is said that McKinley's plan is to relegate the currency question to second place. Mr. Hobart has a bright family, and their presence in Washington would be a distinct acquisition to the social circles of the national capital.

Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote many books, but that which made her fame and did more to attract universal attention than any other book of the period was "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It came at a time when the ques-

tion of anti-slavery was being greatly agitated in the North, and the influence of the book undoubtedly precipitated sectional feeling into decided action. Even at this day—forty-five years after its first publication—the book is still read and its dramatization still presented by travelling players. It has been translated into twenty-seven languages, and its circulation has extended into the millions.

Mrs. Stowe was one of the eight children of the Rev. J. Lyman Beecher, and was born at Litchfield, Conn., on June 14, 1812. Her sister, Catherine Beecher, founded the famous Hartford Female Seminary, and to this school at the age of twelve the embryo authoress was sent. At this time she wrote a composition entitled "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" which was a remarkable production for one so young.

It was in 1832, while her father was president of the Lane Theological Seminary, of Cincinnati, that Mrs. Stowe met her husband. They were married in 1836. During

her residence in Ohio she had many opportunities to learn of the conditions of slavery, as many fugitive negroes on the way to Canada escaped from Kentucky and passed through Cincinnati. It was doubtless this knowledge acting upon her sympathies and sense of justice that prompted her to write the book which was to have a world-wide

reputation.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" first appeared as a serial in the National Era. It did not attract much attention in this form, as the magazine had a limited circulation; but when published as a book, ten thousand copies were sold in a few days. After a visit to Europe, Mrs. Stowe published "Sunny Memories in Foreign Lands." Her next work was "Dred: a Tale of the Dismal Swamp" (1856), reissued later as "Nina Gordon." "The Minister's Wooing" was a popular success, as were also "Pink and White Tyranny," "My Wife and I," and its sequel. "We and Our Neighbors." Other

Gordon." "The Minister's Wooing" was a popular success, as were also "Pink and White Tyranny," "My Wife and I," and its sequel, "We and Our Neighbors." Other books were "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," "Oldtown Folks," "Palmetto Leaves," "Betty's Bright Idea," and "Footprints of the Master." For the past seven years Mrs. Stowe's health and mind have been failing. The actual cause of her death was congestion of the brain. She left two daughters and one son.

William Adolphe Bouguereau is best known in this country for his famous "Nymphs and Satyr," which hangs in the Hoffman House café. This masterpiece of art has excited so much admiration on the one hand and censure on the other,

that it has come to be one of the sights of New York. Although Bouguereau has executed many handsome paintings, this is undoubtedly the finest. His specialty is the portrayal of the female form, and his flesh tints

are unexcelled by any living artist. In France, he is considered leading artist of his line. Although quite an old man, Bouguereau Μ. was married recently to Miss Elizabeth Gardner, a New England girl who has been studying art in Paris. She was a clever pupil; but the master saw more than talent in her, for he made her his wife.



M. BOUGUEREAU.



MRS. STOWE.

WOMEN REPUBLICANS.

HE formation of the Woman's Republican Club is one of the new facts of the present decade, and one which is eloquent of the social and political changes which are going on in the American commonwealth. It belongs to the same category as the formation of woman's clubs of other classes and the development and extension of the higher education of women. By careless writers and thinkers it has been confounded with the suffrage movement, but with this it has but little in common.

No matter what may have been the motives of its founders, it has grown into an institution of considerable popularity, whose features are partly patriotic, partly political, but chiefly educational. It probably came into being in response to the question which every citizen, male or female, puts at times: "Why am I a Republican?" or "Why am I a Democrat?" Why are people Republicans and Democrats? What are the differences between the two parties, and what are the differing tendencies which every now and then express themselves in the form of State and national political issues?

To answer these questions properly demands study and research. To become thoroughly familiar with the political development of the United States demands a knowledge of history, a careful consideration of men and events, deep reading, and wise debating.

This to a large extent sums up the purpose and the work of the Woman's Republican Club in every part of the country. There are, of course, minor differences here and there. Some of the Eastern clubs are almost purely educational and theoretical, while some of the Western ones are altogether practical. Yet in the main they are very much alike, so that a New York member would be at home in a Denver club, and vice versā. The honor of starting the movement,

though claimed by many people, certainly belongs to Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, a woman of remarkable talent, energy, and judgment. To these qualities she added the experience and the executive ability gained in other fields, without which she probably would have not had the success she has enjoyed from the first. Mrs. Foster is of New England birth and ancestry. She was born in Lowell, Mass., November 3, 1840. She was educated in Lima, N. Y., where she displayed more than ordinary capacity in literature, logic, and oratory. She removed to Iowa, where, in 1869, she was married to E. C. Foster, a prominent lawyer of that State.

She took a warm interest in her husband's profession, and erelong began the study of law in her own behalf. Preferring to thoroughly master the technical part of the profession, she did not present heiself for examination for the bar until 1872, when she passed the ordeal with flying colors, and was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court, being the first woman to practise before that distinguished tribunal.

In the beginning she practised law on her own account, but afterward she formed a paitnership with her husband, the firm transacting a large and lucrative business. In 1873-74, when the temperance crusade started in the West, she became an ardent advocate of its principles; and, thanks to her forensic training, was soon recognized as a leading officer and orator of the movement. She must certainly have evoked a deep indignation and fierce enmity on the part of her opponents, because, as her work became known, she was made the recipient of annoving and threatening letters, and finally her house and all the treasures it contained were burned by incendiaries. This did not daunt her courage, but made her even more outspoken in her warfare against intemperance. She became one of the



MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER

leaders of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and rose to be one of its national officers. During these years she spoke in hundreds of places, and studied the subject of temperance and temperance work in both this country and abroad.

During all these years she was a very enthusiastic Republican. In her experience as a public woman she encountered many intelligent women, who shared the same views as herself, and many others who were eager for political information in order to be able to talk and think intelligently upon current events. This led her to the formation of the National Woman's Republican Association, of which the was elected and is still president; Mis. Thomas Chace, of Rhode Island, is secretary; and Miss Helen Varick Boswell, of New York, is treasurer. The association is about five years old, and from a mere handful of women has now thousands of enrolled members. In New York City alone it has three clubs, while around election time it has had as high as thirty campaign associations. It has clubs and members to-day in nearly every part of the Eastern, Middle, Cential, and Western States. In its work it follows a very simple system. It picks out a district—preferably one in the city—or if it be the country, in the thickly populated neighborhood. Here an organizer starts a temporary organization, and with the officers elected maps out a plan of study and of work.

These plans vary greatly. agree simply in supplying that which the members of the club most desire, in giving a pleasant social tone and character to meetings, and in having some general course of reading, of lectures, or of classes which shall thoroughly inform the members upon all the leading topics and questions of the political world. It is interesting to note what the women of our country desire to study in matters of this sort. One common subject is parliamentary law and procedure. Besides the knowledge which is gained by experience in all corporate bodies, many of the clubs form special classes under a competent instructor and take a course of from five to a dozen lessons. Another

popular subject is the history of the political parties in the United States. Starting with the Whigs and Tories before the Revolution; the Revolutionists and Loyalists during the long war for liberty; the Federalists and Anti-Federalists; the Federalists and Republicans; the Whigs and Democrats; the Free Soil and Abolition parties; the Greenback and Socialist movement, and the Populists and Prohibitionists. Another interesting course is in municipal government, American and foreign. A fourth is the study of the orations and addresses by the political leaders in the past one hundred years. Still another is the history of American Besides these are such topics as voting and representation, including the open vote, the ballot and the Australian ballot, the voting machine, minority representation and proportional representation; legislation and political action, including the referendum, the initiative, the prohibition of special legislation, and constitutional limitation and reform; interstate commerce; locomotion and transportation; the government ownership of railways, telegraphs and telephones; bureaus of labor and statistics; boards of health, State, national and international; treaties; extradition; international arbitration, American history, American literature and American antiquities. These include nearly all the topics upon which the women's Republican clubs in this country have been and are working, and give a fair idea of the scope and achievements of the organizations. In general the clubs meet weekly or bi-weekly and listen to a programme that has been ar-• ranged in advance, sometimes even months before. On some occasions it is a lecture by some author, editor, statesman, or high official; ofttimes it is a round robin in which a subject is treated by five or ten short papers; frequently it is a debate upon some person of current interest, and sometimes it is a discussion by a number of appointed members of some important topic or problem.

Under this head of current topics many of the clubs go outside of the purely American field. This was illustrated in 1895 by able discussions upon the China-Japan War; the French invasion of Madagascar; the Venezuelan problem; and in 1896 of the Transvaal question; the partition of the Indo-Chinese peninsula; the Armenian tortures; the Cuban insurrection, and the Italian war in Abyssinia.

In each of these cases the speaker of the day was a woman or a man who had lived in the land, discussed and knew its language, people, customs, literature, and history. Among the text-books used have been Jefferson's and Cushing's "Manual;" Fiske's "Civil Government;" Shaw's " Municipal Governments;" Tocqueville, Bryce, Holske and Story on the Constitution; Herbert Spencer on sociology; D. G. Thomson on ethics; Gunton on finance; Benton and Blaine's works on Congress; the "History of Political Parties;" Dra-per's "Future Civil Policy in the United States," and Bancroft, Lathrop, Parkman, Irving, Greeley, Draper, Abbot, Fiske, Stickney, and other great writers upon American



MRS. CLARENCE BURNS.

history. The list of books used by all the clubs during the past eighteen months would make a very complete working library of about five hundred volumes.

So large has been the demand in many cases for these works that the publishers have noticed the increased sales of specific books.

In all instances these clubs establish a rule of making their meetings

agreeable socially. The practice is to hold the regular meeting in some large and attractive hall and special or exceptional meetings in the parlors of the members' residences.

Distinguished guests and visitors are the general rule, and in numerous cases teas, collations, and even banquets are given by the clubs.

The result of this system is to attract many women who would not care to expend their time upon a dull and prosaic meeting, and who, after they once become interested in the regular work, retain a mild but durable enthusiasm for the success of

their organization.

In New York City the movement has attained quite noteworthy propor-There are at present three clubs or auxiliaries which meet regularly the year round. These are the West End, the Chelsea, and the Business Women's Auxiliary. During the campaign there are branches among the Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians, Greeks, Scandinavians, and Germans, to which not only women but also men are admitted. In 1895, for example, the New York clubs formed classes in which their members instructed foreign voters respecting the nature and use of the Australian ballot, the nature of the issues to be voted upon, and the meaning and character of the various offices and candidates to be voted for.

In both years in New York the clubs conducted coffee-stands and



MISS CORNELIA S. ROBINSON.

election luncheons, so that those who were compelled by business to vote in the early morning could be warmed and refreshed by hot food and drink.

In Colorado, the women's clubs go to even greater lengths, and keep registers of the voters, maintain a carriage service for sick and infirm electors, and conduct canvasses from house to house.

The most important work ever done in the East by these clubs was in 1894, when they took a leading part in the campaign against Tammany Hall. This movement was started by Miss Helen Varick Boswell, and was enthusiastically taken up by hundreds of patriotic Republican women. far as city politics are concerned, they made common cause with the Anti-Tammany Democrats, and long before election-day had clubs and branches in every ward of the metropolis. They made a house-tohouse, store-to-store canvass of voters, and succeeded in inducing several thousand men to register and vote who had not exercised the right of suffrage for several years. In this work they were joined by the colored women's Republican clubs-two in number-whose members saw and talked personally with every Afro-American in New York City.

The leaders of the woman's Republican movement are all women of ability, many of them college graduates, and most of them tireless executives, fearless campaigners and excellent oratois. The commander-in-chief, of this public-spirited army is Miss Helen Varick Boswell. She is a Marylander by birth and is of old colonial descent. She is young, pretty, bright, and wonderfully energetic. She writes and speaks well, and, like all true political leaders, takes no vacations, and allows nothing to remain undone necessary to the success of her cause. Miss Boswell is primarily an organizer, and as such holds her present position.

Mrs. Jane Pierce is a New York literary woman of New England descent. She is effective in administration, upon the platform, and with the pen. She is also an active club woman and possesses an immense acquaintanceship in the metropolis.

The West End Auxiliary has a famous leader in the person of Mrs. Clarence Burns. Imagine a young woman, tall, beautiful, superbly proportioned, dignified in appearance, and elegant in carriage, and you have a good picture of Mrs. Burns. She is a thorough parliamentarian, a fine speaker, and possesses a voice admirably suited for forensic uses. Under such leadership it is but natural that brilliant and accomplished women should flock together. This has been the experience of the West End Auxiliary, which is now one of the most distinguished of the many Republican clubs of the country.

Its officers, besides Mrs. Burns, who is the President, are Mrs. I. G. Wentz, Vice-President; Mrs. James Fairman, Second Vice-President; Miss Cornelia S. Robinson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. May Banks Stacey, Corresponding Secretary; and Mrs. Harry Wallerstein, Treasurer. Mrs. Fairman is also one of the leaders of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of several first-class literary societies. Mrs. Wallerstein is a prominent club woman, and is a life member of the Professional Woman's League, and a late addition to the Vassar Students' Aid

Society. Mrs. Robinson is a popular writer and lecturer upon social economics and political science.

The general tone of the club may be gathered from a brief perusal of its

work in the preceding year. Among the addresses delivered and the topics of discussions held were: "The Post-Office," by Mrs. Isabel F. Norton; "Woman's Part in the Republic," Dr. Eloise Church; "Patriotic Teaching in our Schools," Mrs. Florence F. Corey; "Primaries and Primary Elections," Dr. Huldah B. Gunn; "Nominating Conventions," Mis. Pierce; "Woman in Politics. Mrs. Florence R. Kirkwood; "Socialism," Miss America Phillipps; "Attitude of the State toward Criminals." Mrs. Madeleine D. Morton: "Financial Legislation," Miss Sarah Warren Keiler: "Pauperism and Legislation," Dr. Isabel Church; "A Century's Progress of Women," Mrs. Ida Jeffries Goodfriend; "Women as Patriots," Mrs. S. A. Webster; The Press and Politics," Mrs. Kate M. Bostwick; "The Separation of State and Municipal Adminstration," Mrs. C. S. Robinson; "The Story of the Stars and Stripes," Miss Jennie Wilder; "Co-operation in Correctional Work," Mrs. Hattie Skeels; "Household Economics," Mrs. Conroy; "Registration and Voting," Miss Boswell. The importance of the subjects was in nearly every instance equalled by the excellence of the papers and the thoroughness of the formal discussion. The Venezuelan boundary was very ably treated by Miss Louise Stevens, who passed many years of her life in that land studying its people, geology, and resources. Mrs. Mary Frances Stetson, the eminent littérateur, appeared at many of the meetings. Mrs. Jennie T. Bogle is

T. Bogle is another leading character in the West End League. She is an Ohio woman, who was graduated with honois from Otterbein University, Ohio, in 1883, and from the



MISS LOUISE STEVENS.



MRS. MARY FRANCES STETSON.

Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania in 1886. She is a scholarly speaker. M1s. Madeleine Morton is a distinguished worker in the Women's Relief Corps and the Society for Political Study, and quite a host of other philanthropic associations.

Other active and public-spirited members are Louise Gordon Thompson, Mrs. A. T. Foxwell, Mrs. Rufus Hamm, Miss Ada Bleecker Winne, Mrs. Margaret Ravenhill, Miss Evalina Fairman, Miss Nellie Fairman, Mrs. Trafton, Miss Meyers, Miss Stacey, Mrs. Alexander Brown.

Mrs. Rufus Hamm is a descendant of the famous English family of Spencers, and is both a fine writer and a good speaker upon social topics.

A rival and at the same time a colleague of the West End is the Chelsea, whose two foremost members are Mrs. E. G. Swinne and Mrs. Florence Kirkwood. Each has held the presidential chair of the club and proven herself a skilled and tactful

executive. Each is a woman of fine appearance and ripe knowledge. Their success is something of which they may be well proud. When they started the Chelsea they had only a few members, and for quite a time it seemed extremely difficult to increase the number, but by patience and untiring personal effort they secured first one and then another, and made the programmes so interesting that they attracted strangers, and thus by degrees they built up the club to its present flourishing condition. Among their comrades are Mrs. Edward Stroud and Mrs. Georgiana Pell.

A good illustration of the progressive spirit exhibited by these organizations is shown in the fact that during the summer months, when most of the members take themselves away from the city to their country-seats, by the seashore, or in the mountains, the clubs, instead of adjourning, consolidate, and give programmes of enhanced interest in order to countervail the enervating influence of the summer heat.

The Business Women's Auxiliaries have been in existence nearly two years now, and in numerical strength have on several occasions passed all their sister organizations. The business women of New York take a deep interest in legislation, particularly that of the nation, and realize with great acuteness the intimate relations existing between legislation and commercial prosperity.

At the same time most of them are too busy to devote as much attention to their clubs as are the members of other organizations. The result is that during ten months of the year the attendance is comparatively small, while during the two months of the campaign it jumps up to very extensive dimensions. During the struggle against Tammany the business women are said to have enrolled themselves more than three thousand in number on the Republican side. The leaders of these clubs are Mrs. Kathrene Lane, a very eloquent and logical speaker and a popular and persuasive worker; Miss Mary Kelly,

who is a favorite campaign orator; and Miss Goetz, who has devoted much time to the study of the city's public institutions and to the evils of the municipal administration.

The clubs, taken together, have won the good will and affection of the Republican Party in New York City without incurring any particular ill will from the Democrats. On the contrary, their unfailing courtesy, especially during the campaign, the educational method which they pursue throughout the year, the patriotism and public spirit which mark their conduct, and the kindness and generosity they display in offering refreshments to all voters on electionday have won the admiration and even the friendship of many of the Democratic politicians. Thus, for example, the soup kitchens conducted by Mrs. Mary F. Hall and her friends on election-day, 1895, were thrown open to all men regardless of party, and during the voting hours, and also the early hours before the polls were opened, supplied over one thousand voters with hot coffee, soup, and sandwiches. The kindness was highly appreciated, and the polling-places in the neighborhood of the kitchens were models all day for propriety and good behavior. As every observer has noticed, there has been a decided improvement of late years in both the manners and morals of election-day. A drunken man is now very rare, and the brawl is almost unknown.

Men who can afford the time put on a good toilet when they attend the polls, and exercise a very complete surveillance over those social elements where disorder usually arises. How far this is due to the presence of the members of the women's Republican clubs with their badges, how far it is due to the use of their coffee and soup in place of fiery alcoholic stimulants, and how far it is due to the general improvement in society, it is difficult to determine. Probably all of these causes have been instrumental in bringing about the excellent effect noticed.

Another result has been the awaken-

ing of the politicians to the fact that there is a new force and a new factor in his world which he must take into consideration. He has already begun to estimate the value of the woman influence, and in New York City puts it at five thousand votes in ordinary years and eight thousand in Presidential contests. This estimate is probably not far from the truth; and even were they half as large they would speak volumes of the silent moral influence of the clubs.

If they are so strong to day, what will they not be five or ten years hence, when the membership has increased five or tenfold? In the study of that influence even the enemies of the movement have admitted its general correctness and wisdom. In one or two instances the emotions may have been allowed excessive sway, but in nearly every case the action of the women in picking out objectionable candidates was ratified by the community and also by the press.

The good done to the members themselves cannot be overestimated. The clubs have been a post-graduate college to the members, and have given them an education which made them the peers, and in some exam-



MRS. FLORENCE KIRKWOOD.

ples the superiors of their husbands and brothers. No one, for example, can be a member of the West End Auxiliary and attend to her duties without obtaining a very thorough knowledge of American history and political science. Only in colleges is such training usually given; so that the West End members and those of the other clubs are much better posted than the average non-collegiate. The consequence of this state of affairs is seen in the number of women who first join these clubs, and after a season become so imbued with the spirit

of study that they enter other and more advanced societies. In this way the women's Republican clubs are becoming a training school for the purely literary, patriotic, and scientific clubs and societies.

In this diffusion of higher knowledge the Republican clubs deserve well of the entire community, and will undoubtedly keep on an ever-increasing power in the formation of public opinion, in the selection of candidates, and the administration of government.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

UNDOING A TRAGEDY.*

'DNA was little more than a baby when her father was buried in the snow slide on Dick's Mountain, but she remembered very clearly all there was about it to rememberthe long winter in Denver after her father kissed them good-by; her mother's anxious fears after the snows blocked the trails and the letters stopped coming; the black cloud of sorrow that wrapped itself about them when the spring brought news of the terrible avalanche on Dick's Mountain. She remembered her mother's cry when they told her that the body could not be found; that the slide had cut away a great slice of the mountain-side, leaving no trace of the "Little Edna" mine or its owners. Then there was a journey from Colorado to this little shut in village of Foxley in the Berkshire Hills; a flight prompted by her mother's repulsive horror of the grim Rockies, and directed by a grief-sharpened longing for the old home in New England.

Here they had dwelt in peace, living on the savings set apart by her father in his professional days, in lieu of life insurance. That was all, save that now the money was nearly gone, and the last winter had dug hollows in her mother's cheeks and left her with a cough. Edna knew little of the world beyond Foxley, but the

shadow of that early sorrow had made her wise and strong; so she held out willing hands for the burden which she knew would presently come upon her

"Something has got to be done, little mother," she said cheerily, one day when they had been talking of the uncertain future; "we're into the last five hundred in the savings bank, and we mustn't sit here and eat up our chance of going where I can earn more."

"You, child! How can you earn money?"

"That remains to be seen. If we lived in a city I might earn it as you did."

Mrs. Craigie had been a stenographer in her girlhood, and she had taught Edna the art with some dim forecast of a future in which her daughter might have to earn her own living; but now she shook her head despondently.

"It's not so easy, Edna, dear; you don't know anything about business, and I'm afraid you couldn't get work. I've only been able to teach you to write good English, and that's only one little corner of a stenographer's trade nowadays."

"But you succeeded," Edna insisted.
Mrs. Craigie smiled, but the tears
came when she remembered how she
had succeeded.

^{*} Copyright, 1895, by Francis Lynde.

"Yes, dear; after I had tried and failed in half a dozen places your father hired me and became a patient, loving schoolmaster to the girl who didn't know even the beginnings of her work."

But the beautiful well-spring of youthful courage bubbled free and clear in Edna's heart, and she was not

to be daunted.

"I know all about that, motherkin; but it doesn't discourage me one bit. Shorthand is my one accomplishment, and we've just got to make it pay. I can learn, but I can't teach; I can play and sing a little, but I couldn't tell any one else how to do either to save my life."

"I'm sure I don't see how you are going to begin," said Mrs. Craigie.

"I can't begin here. We must go to some city where I can find work."

"A city! Oh, Edna dear, what could two lone women do in a great city?"

city?"

"That is just what I mean to find out," said Edna resolutely; "and now that point is settled, where shall

we go?"

Now, Edna had long since made up her mind on this point also, being helped to her decision by the advice of wise old Dr. Bradford; but she thought it best to lead up to the subject by littles.

"I'm sure I don't know, dear. I dread the thought of leaving this quiet place to go anywhere," replied

her mother.

"I know you do, and so do I; but it has to be done. Now, what would

you say to-Denver?"

"Oh, no, no, Edna! anywhere but there! I couldn't bear to go back there, where I couldn't look out without seeing those dreadful snow-covered mountains! You don't know what you ask, child."

Whereupon Edna, who was forewarned, and so forearmed, drew a hassock to her mother's knee and sat down to demonstrate that she knew very well what it was she asked. And while she pleaded and argued, she kept in mind that kindly but earnest sentence of the doctor's advice: "Get

your mother to go to a higher and dryer climate, or I won't be answerable for the consequences."

So she persisted and begged, painting in cheerful colors a picture of the life they might live in the cosy cottage they would find in one of the suburbs of the bustling Western city. Then she spoke of the fine courage with which she could take up the struggle as the bread-winner, if only the dread and worry laid upon her because of her mother's ill health were removed.

Mrs. Craigie listened and objected, but more feebly as Edna went on. "If you had chosen one of the nearer cities, dear, I wouldn't say a word," she said at last; "but Denver—why are you so eager to go West, Edna?"

"Because it's in my blood, I suppose. You say father felt the drawing long before he gave up to it, and perhaps I have inherited it. And then there is another reason—"

She paused before giving it speech, and her mother said: "Well, go on, dear."

"It's this, and I've thought about it so many times: we shall be so much nearer father's grave." Her voice sank, and her gaze went westward across the hills framed by the open window. "It's so dreadfully far away now; and I can't even imagine what it looks like. Some day I want to stand on Dick's Mountain and look down upon the place. Oh, mother, please say you'll go!"

Mrs. Craigie said neither yes nor no, but that was because the sobs came so thick and fast that there was no room for words. Yet in the end Edna gained her point; and two weeks later mother and daughter made their farewell calls in Foxley and turned their faces westward.

After their arrival in Denver all things, save one, went well with them and in strict accordance with Edna's rose-colored plans. Their household goods came in due time, and most miraculously unbroken; the cosy cottage was found and taken, and a busy fortnight went by while they were getting settled in the new home.

And, best of all, Mrs. Craigie's cough left her almost at once, and the clean mountain air seemed to put new life into her from the first day.

Because of these blessings Edna started out with a light heart to search for work, and here the single exception began to make itself grimly apparent. Day after day she went from office to office, going out with fresh courage in the morning only to come home weary and disheartened at night. Lack of business experience was the common objection; no one wanted a stenographer who knew

only the art itself.

Mr. Talcott told her this one day when she had stumbled into his office in one of the great blocks, being drawn thereto by the firm name, "Craigie & Talcott," on the glass He advised her to try some other line-teaching, or library work, or what not. And when she caught at the latter suggestion he told her that his partner, Mr. Craigie, was interested in the public library, and so might help her if she would call again when he was in. She promised to do so, but in the mean time she kept up the search for a place in which she could use her one accomplishment, failing everywhere as usual.

"Nothing yet, Edna dear?" asked her mother, when she came in one evening after a particularly trying

Nothing yet, little mother," she answered bravely, strangling the impulse to bury her face in her mother's lap for a soul-easing burst "Nothing yet; but this of tears. can't last always. Some of these fine mornings some one will take me, in spite of my ignorance, and then we'll look back at these days and wonder how we could have been so faithless."

"It must come pretty soon, mustn't it, dear?" asked Mrs. Craigie, who had given over the small bank ac-

count to the self-reliant girl.

"Oh, there's time enough," said Edna, with more cheerfulness than the pitifully small balance warranted. "We sha'n't starve yet awhile; and I must find something before long.

Did you look over the 'Want' column in the paper?"

"Not this morning."

Edna got up to look for the paper. and found it under a pile of freshly basted garments on the sewing-machine. She knew in a moment what these meant, and began to scold to save herself from crying.

"You're a naughty little mother to take advantage of me that way; and it must be stopped, stopped, stopped! I won't have you taking in sewing while I have two good hands and a

pair of eyes!"

"But, Edna dear-

"But me no buts-I won't have it, and that's all there is about it! You're just to take care of yourself and get well and strong. Now let's see who wants a first-class shorthand writer who doesn't know beans about law papers or general correspondence," and she settled herself to skim the advertisements.

For a few minutes the restless little clock on the mantel had the silence all to itself; then she burst out:

" Listen to this:

"' WANTED: as an amanuensis, a stenographer to prepare printer's copy. Must have good knowledge of English. 216 Page Street, mornings or evenings.'

"Isn't that the very thing? I don't know anything but English more's the pity. I wonder where Page Street is?"

A glance at the map showed it to be a thoroughfare in their own suburb; and Edna would not eat until she had answered the advertisement. Number 216 was a modest house, standing well back in a grove of cottonwoods; and a middle-aged gentleman with iron-gray hair and beard and kindly eyes welcomed her.

"You've come to answer my little plea for help, haven't you?" he asked, putting her quickly at ease with his

gentle familiarity.

"Yes; I saw the advertisement,

"One question first, if you please. "What business experience have you

Edna's face fell at the familiar question, but she answered it frankly: "I don't know anything at all about

"Good!" said the gentleman, rubbing his hands together. "The next thing you'll be telling me is that you didn't learn shorthand in the schools.'

"I didn't," said Edna dubiously.

" My mother taught me."

"Better yet; this promises well. I've had fifteen applicants so far in answer to my little call, and every one of them knew both too much and too little for my purpose-too much business and too little English, you know. Just come here to the typewriter and copy this page of manuscript for me. Make it word for word, and be careful to have it appear exactly as you think it should look in print."

He saw her seated at the typewriter. showed her where to find the blank paper, and then made the test easier by leaving the room while she wrote. When he came back the page was neatly copied, and he examined it closely.

"I congratulate you," he said, with a playful twinkle in his eyes; "you really know something about punctuation and paragraphing. Now, if my poor fortune can compass it, you shall come to me.'

Then followed a little talk about terms, and an immediate engagement; and Edna went home with her feet barely touching the pavements. The dreadful Rubicon was crossed. She had work—work with easy hours and under a master who appeared to be kindliness itself; just such a man, she thought, as she had pictured him when reading his stories in the magazines.

There was much thankful rejoicing in the cosy cottage that night, and the next morning Edna went to her work in the pleasant study in Page Street with no heavier care than a small fear that she might not fill the requirements after all.

The fear was baseless, as time proved, and they got along famously together after the first few halting days. Mr. Penworthy was always kind and patient, and only once had she seen a shadow creep into the dark eves. It was when she told him her name.

"It is the name of a very dear friend of mine," he explained; "one whose sorrows I shall some day give to those who will weep with him.

"In a story?" she asked.

"Yes, in a story," he said; and after Edna had taken down many stories for him she often wondered if any one of them told the troubles of this poor gentleman whose name was the same as her own.

One morning, after she had been three months with Mr. Penworthy. she entered the study and found him rummaging among a lot of faded memoranda.

"I am minded to write a tragedy to-day if I can find my notes," said, smiling up at her pleasantly.

Are you equal to it?"

"If you don't get me all wrought up by telling me that it's true, as you did when I was writing that story last week," she replied.

"Then we'll pretend it isn't true," he said gravely. "Are you ready?"

She nodded.

"The title is, 'A Double Tragedy." Then he began to dictate, and before long Edna found her fingers trembling strangely as they flew over the keys of the typewriter. There was good cause. The story was growing, sentence by sentence, into a thinly disguised history of the tragedy that had made her fatherless. She kept up bravely until the narrative reached a scene where the two men cowered in the timber-arched tunnel, listening awestruck to the increasing roar of the approaching avalanche, and then she broke down.

Mr. Penworthy was walking up and down the room, as was his habit when dictating; but he stopped abruptly at what seemed to be a spontaneous tribute to his gifts as a story-teller.

"Here, here! this won't do!" he said cheerily; "you must remember we were to pretend that it's merely a fairy tale.'

Edna wiped her eves and braced herself to go on. "I forgot it for a minute," she said; and then the walk and the flying fingers went on to-

gether.

If the first half of the story was wonderful, the latter half was marvellous. It told how the two men, protected by the heavy timbers of the tunnel aich, were swept to the bottom of the gulch; how, after hours of almost hopeless toil, they burrowed their way out to light and life; how they were half frozen in crossing the range to a remote camp, from which they were not released until the spring thaws opened a trail across the moun-Then it went on to tell how one of them hastened back to Denver to seek his wife and child, only to find that one little week before they had been killed in a railway wreck while on their way to the old home in the East.

At this point in the story Edna could control herself no longer. She sprang to her feet with her eyes swim-

ming and her cheeks aflame.

"It's true! it's true-all but the very last!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Penworthy, don't tell me that you made it up as you went along. I couldn't bear that !"

The author stopped and looked down upon her in mild surprise. "Why do you say that, Miss Craigie?" he asked quietly.

"Because it is the story of my father. We weren't on the train that was wrecked; that was a day ahead of us!"

"But the names, my dear childthe names were given in the list of the killed!" said Mr. Penworthy, dropping into his chair and beginning to share her agitation.

"I can't help that," protested Edna excitedly. "We're not dead; we're alive; we're here. Where is

my father?"

Mr. Penworthy ran out of the 100m without answering her, and presently she heard the ringing of the telephone in the hall. Then she sank into a chair and listened breathlessly to the audible half of the conversation.

"Hello-I want Craigie & Talcott -is that you, Craigie?—this is Penworthy-get into a carriage and come here as quick as ever the wheels will turn-do you get that?-all rightdon't lose a minute—good-by.

In a moment Mr. Penwoithy was

back in the study.

"Go you home quickly, my dear, and prepare your mother," he said. "It will take him fifteen minutes to get here, and that's all the time you'll have. Run, and I'll bring him to

vou as soon as he comes."

Having been a witness of what happened at the cosy cottage twenty minutes later, Mr. Penworthy could tell you all about it if he chose; how Mrs. Craigie tried to sob and talk at the same time; how Edna hugged the bearded man, who was so unlike and yet so like her father's picture; how Thomas Craigie, fluent lawyer that he was, could find no words big enough to hold his emotions, and so kept saying, "Thank God! thank God!" over and over again.

All these things happened and many more; and it was the author who finally brought them back to co-

herency.

"It's all right for you, Tom; but it's a little hard on me," he said. "It has spoiled the best story I've written in a year.''

"Indeed it hasn't!" exclaimed "Just go on and finish it the way it turned out;" but Mr. Pen-

worthy shook his head.

"I can't. It's been a tragedy for me all these years, and I could never make anything else of it; but that's the way with you human people, you spoil more stories than you make, and that's not a few.'

Whereupon Mr. Penworthy went home and wrote a wondrous tale about a young girl who brought great happiness to all concerned because she must needs go to a far country to be near her father's grave.

Francis Lynde.





ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN, PIAZZA DI SAN PIETRO.

A GLIMPSE OF ST. PETER'S.

OME presents much that is old and rich and rare, but the cathedral of St. Peter's is its crowning glory. Of mediæval birth, facing a square of noble area, where fountains splash and the tall Egyptian obelisk rears its slender pinnacle, St. Peter's stands, and stretching out a great embracing circle of colonnades, casting down an imposing flight of marble steps, wedded to the Vatican, crowned with its wondrous dome, it defies the past and chal-lenges the future. The sun beats down on the white stones in fierce rays, the only shade the narrow strip that is cast from the slender obelisk; and as the weary pilgrim gazes across the dazzling expanse between him and the church, he turns with a sigh of relief to the grateful wilderness of columns at the side of the piazza, elected, as the inscription tells us, "for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge and for a covert from storm and from rain."

Before this imposing structure our thoughts revert to the early traditions and history of the spot; the

humble oratory ordained by St. Peter himself in the early part of the Christian era; the church erected years later on the same site by Constantine the Great, who labored among the workmen, carrying away with his own hands twelve baskets of earth in honor of the twelve apostles he revered; the dust of St. Peter, at this time re-entombed in a shrine of silver and bronze; finally the long stretch of nearly two centuries that elapsed as the present cathedral grew to form and beauty, its enormous expense met by those baneful Indulgences whose sale caused rent and reformation throughout the land. As we draw aside the great leathern curtain the interior breaks upon our view with surprising radiance. We wander up the long nave amid columns of glistening marble, tombs and monuments of famous design, past chapels and altais of gorgeous splendor, up to that shrine where a circle of eightysix lamps is always burning. Above is the great dome, with the enormous mosaics of the four evangelists, that dome which seems to ever expand and still recede as the eye gazes.



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S-ALTAR IN THE DISTANCE.

a surpassing monument is St. Peter's! For long years gathering from the quarry its costly marble; from the mine its silver, gold, and precious stones; ravishing many a temple and distant city of their treasure; claiming from the peasant his meagre pittance; offering to architect and artist imperishable fame; enshrining with glory the reign of many a successive pope; through long years it slowly reared these massive walls, and inscribed within its splendid dome (in Latin), "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

The great statue of St. Peter excites the utmost veneration from the true Catholic. Part of the foot is entirely worn away by the pressure of thousands of lips, even little children being lifted in order to obtain this beneficial touch. Gregory II. is reported as saying, "When I entered this temple of the Prince of Apostles

and contemplated his image, I was filled with such emotion that tears rolled down my cheeks like rain." A long train of confessionals bearing inscriptions in the different languages of the globe invite the sojourner, from the East or West, North or South, to enter and be shriven. The great cathedral welcomes rich and poor: the Roman matron in her velvets, the Roman peasant boy in his rags, kneel alike before the gorgeous shrine of pope or saint.

Protestants at first feel some hesitancy in passing between a devotee and the object of his devotions, who, however, is apparently unconcerned, sending his prayers across long distances, around or over many an intervening object to his favorite saint. We lose all sense of measurement in this vast edifice. Is it possible that the Pantheon can be swung in its dome; that the pen St. Luke is holding is in reality seven feet long; that the angels in the baptistery are "enor-

mous giants, the doves colossal birds of prey''? In St. Peter's we can wander until we are tired. Service is chanted in an adjoining chapel, but not until we are quite close is the sound distinguished.

To ascend the dome we mount up

unremitting guard over Clement's ponderous tomb are dwarfed into the indistinguishable. Having attained the roof, the more ambitious can climb the iron staircase leading to the ball, which is capable of containing sixteen persons.



THE ALTAR IN ST. PETER'S.

by an easy winding incline, stopping at the galleries to look down on the great church and the mere dots of human beings moving below. From this height how insignificant seems the magnificent altar and the heroic statues! Those massive lions keeping Formerly Easter at St. Peter's was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. Then crowds filled the broad piazza—soldiers in brilliant uniform with gleaming helmets, the nobleman in his carriage, peasants from the Campagna, pilgrims who had



STATUE OF ST. PETER, SHOWING THE TOE WORN AWAY BY THE KISSES OF THE THRONGS.

toiled many a weary mile to touch these blessed stones. Here and there passed the hoods of the Sisters of Charity, and gray cowls of shrouded monks. As the clock struck, from the high balcony arose the pontiff robed in white, and while bells pealed and bayonets clashed he scattered on the kneeling throng below white paper snowflakes-the Indulgences which expiate their guilt. All this, of course, has now passed by; but an impressive service at St. Peter's each year is on Holy Thursday, when the Miserère is sung, and which, in connection with the solemn ceremonies of that day, make it an occasion not soon forgotten. The crowd presses and surges up and down the great nave; a cardinal on a high daīs, holding a rod some twelve feet in length, grants pardon to whoever can press sufficiently near to kneel under its forgiving touch. The rich and mournful music of the Miserère issues from an adjacent chapel. One by one the candles about the great altar are extinguished, and as the Miserère breaks into its final dirgeful chords, the last beam goes out. High aloft in the dim light the sacred relics of St. Peter are exhibited.

We pass from beneath the wondrous dome, under the flying angels, by the entombed dust of many a pope. We brush by many a kneeling form, by what heavy heart we know not, for there alike bow the lonely, the weary, the despairing, the merry heart, or the sons of fortune.

As we again lift the heavy leathern curtain to pass out, the darkness is

blending into one the 1ich, the poor, the good, the outcast; strange shadows are falling on the living and the dead, the organ is 10lling forth its last wailful strains, while the great bell tolls like a solemn echo of the suppliant souls below.

Anna L. Wetmore Smith.

AMERICANS IN JERUSALEM.

By THE UNITED STATES CONSUL.

N the year 1244 of our era Jerusalem experienced at the hands of the wild Kharezmians its twentyseventh and last siege. Since then it has been in undisputed possession of the followers of the Arab Prophet. and until the last half of the present century has attracted but little attention outside the Moslem world. The Jew, whose ancestral city it is, may have dreamed of a return of his scattered people to it, but for six centuries he made no effort toward the realization of his dream. He was content to dwell among strangers in strange lands, and "buy and sell and get gain."

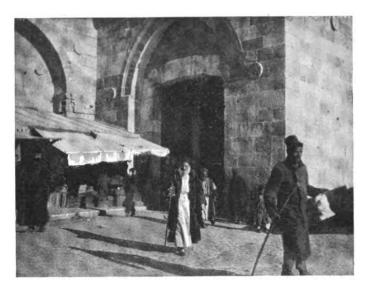
During these centuries the Christian world took little interest in the condition of the city where their religion had its genesis. They read about it as it was in the days of its glory, or heard it described more or less accurately by preacher or lecturer who had never seen it, but the modern place they knew nothing about nor cared to know.

In reality, there was very little to be known. It was only a wretched town built upon and of ruins, whose inhabitants were generally miserable and without ambition to improve their town or themselves.

In 1838 the learned American, Dr. Robinson, visited the ancient city and land, and by his researches and interesting descriptions gave to the Christian world some idea about them as they then were. He reported that at that time Jerusalem contained 11,000 souls, of whom 4500 were Moslems,

3500 Christians of the Greek, Latin, and Armenian communions, and 3000 Jews. With few exceptions all of these were natives of the city as their ancestors had been for generations.

In 1845 the population had increased until it amounted, according to Dr. Schultz, to 15,510. Of this number, 7120 were Jews-an increase, if the figures were correct, of 3120 in seven years. While these figures are but estimates, they were given by careful investigators who were in a position to know the facts. From them the inference may safely be drawn that some power was working among the dispersed of Israel to draw them back to the city of their history and destiny. There are no records from which to learn the date of the arrival of the first citizen of the United States: but there were American and American interests established very early in the present century in the ancient home of the Israelites, as may be inferred from the fact that those who had charge of our foreign affairs established consular agencies here. Among the first, if not the first, were Christian missionaries. They have usually been a few years in advance of political and commercial enterprise. In 1819 the American Board of Missions to the lews in Palestine was formed, and in 1821 Revs. Fisk and Parsons visited Jerusalem in the interest of the "American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions." It was not, however, until 1851 that the first mission family arrived and began the first genuine American



THE JAFFA GATE, MAIN ENTRANCE TO JERUSALEM.

home. A house was procured on the eastern brow of Zion, overlooking Mount Moriah and the Temple area. That house stands very near where once stood the palace of King David, close to the western end of "the ascent by which Solomon went up unto the house of the Lord," one of the glories of that prodigal monarch that so impressed the Queen of Sheba that "there was no more spirit in her."

In 1843 the city had attained sufficient importance in the eyes of foreign powers to be made the seat of their consulates. During that year France, Prussia, and Sardinia raised their flags to the Judean breezes. Others followed, until, on the occasion of His Majesty the Sultan's anniversary, the flags of ten foreign nations unite with that of the Turk in doing honor to the occasion.

In 1857 American interests in and near the Holy City were considered of sufficient importance by Congress to demand the presence of a consul. On January 14 of that year, J. Warren Gorham, having received the appointment, sailed from Boston. Seventy days were then required to make the trip. Twenty days are all that are now needed. He found Jerusa-

lem a poor little city of 20,000 inhabitants, of which number about 25 were under the protection of the "Stars and Stripes"—a flag little known in this part of the world.

On the occasion of the first raising of the flag there was great rejoicing on the part of the few Americans. It meant much to them. This event took place on Mount Zion on July 4, 1857. It was properly honored by

the Turks and the consular representatives of the other powers. In a dispatch written by Consul Gorham under date of July 29, 1857, to the State Department, the incident is thus described:

"I have the honor to inform you that it has always been the custom of the Turkish authorities to give a salute of twenty-one guns on the holidays of the different nations whose consuls are resident in the city. In accordance with this custom, a few days before the 4th I requested of the commandant of the place—the pasha being absent—the usual salute, to which at that time he readily acceded. But late on the night of the 3d he sent me word that, 'As the President was not a crowned head, he could not give the salute.' I replied that the President was the head of one of the largest and most power-ful nations in the world; and that whatever honors were paid to any crowned head were due to him as representative of that nation. Several notes were interchanged during the night, and at nine o'clock on the morning of the 4th he told me that he would call a council of the Effendis to advise with him. I replied that I would have no council called; that the affair was not a question to be debated; that I should display the flag of my nation at ten o'clock precisely, and that, if the salute was not given, I should hold him

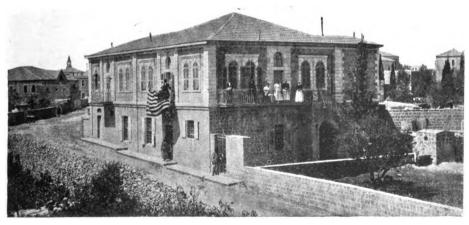
responsible at Constantinople.
"The flag was raised at ten o'clock, and the salute was given."

Since then the proper respect has

always been shown, though to secure it has frequently required the exhibition of similar firmness to that manifested by the first consul. A republic without a "crowned head," and without a prodigal display of gold lace and other glittering paraphernalia on the persons of its foreign representatives, is a form of government which the Turkish mind does not yet fully understand. Every nation should have a head, and that head a crown. Lacking the crown, the head must lack authority and the nation lack power. He is getting over this great mistake, and learning that the Great Republic is worthy of his distinguished consideration, and will be content with nothing else.

The treaty between the United States and the Ottoman Porte was ratified on February 2, 1831. In that treaty the rights of extraterritoriality were accorded to Americans. That right is exercised at the various United States consular courts, and is of great comfort to resident Americans in every part of Turkey. It is a privilege enjoyed by Americans only. Other nations recognize the ability and justice of Turkish officials to try any case to which a subject of the Sultan is a party. Article V. of our treaty reserves to the jurisdiction of the consular court every case in which an American is the defendant. The interpretation of this article is questioned by the Turks, who claim that the right of extraterritoriality is not granted by it. The United States officials claim that the right is granted, and act accordingly. In this particular, therefore, Americans, in Jerusalem and elsewhere, are citizens of "the most favored nation" indeed.

Four hundred and sixty are the actual number of United States citizens resident in the Holy City. Of these, four hundred and thirty-five are Jews, who are Americans only in name. The other twenty-five are genuine in fact as well as name. The former have resided in the United States just long enough to be admitted to citizenship and to obtain a passport. They have never performed the duties of citizens, and never intended to. Their sole intention was to obtain protection, and, having succeeded in this, to Jerusalem they come in joyful expectancy of enjoying the privileges of the "freeborn." Far be it from me to deny them these privileges if I could, or to criticise their action in the matter. The criticism must fall upon those who make citizenship in the Great Republic possible for any one who is in absolute ignorance of the language and laws which there prevail. It is no exaggeration to say that one third of the Jewish-Americans of Jerusalem cannot say "The United States," cannot give the name of the President, nor



THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE AT JERUSALEM.



JEWISH AMERICANS OF JERUSALEM.

tell in any language what a republican form of government is. These are things they do not care to take the trouble to know. They do know that an American passport is a possession that pays good interest; and the trouble or prevarication necessary to obtain it they are very willing to sustain. That the latter method is occasionally successfully applied may

be illustrated by the fact that a Jerusalem Jew of foreign birth went to the United States and remained in one of the large seaport cities fifteen days. He came back to Jerusalem with a bright new passport, and presented it at the consulate for registration. In this he was not so successful. Inquiries were set on foot to discover the process of obtaining a passport

after fifteen days' residence. All we could learn from him was that a law-yer had secured it for him. Very conveniently for the lawyer who thus defrauded the State Department, his name had been forgotten by his client.

Of the twenty-five real Americans who choose to reside permanently in the Holy City, two thirds claim to have heard a special heavenly voice commanding them to come. These be considered harmless "cranks" at home. Here, because of the general ignorance of the native population, they are not so harm-They misrepresent Americanism and Christianity. Among these I do not want to be understood as including the four or five real missionaries whose minds are healthy and whose actions are above suspicion: nor do I wish to judge the motives of the others, and will not. The reader may do the judging from the few illustrations adduced.

Fourteen years ago a colony consisting of several families came from one of our Western cities in obedience to a divine announcement made to them that the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and they were appointed to receive Him. At first they

had sufficient means: but the time of waiting has been so long, and the opposition to remunerative employment so decided on the part of the men of the colony, that they are now, humanly speaking, hopelessly in Their creditors—shop-keepers who have supplied them with the necessities of life—have thus far been put off with the promise that "the Lord will soon come and pay them all.' But this promise has been made during so many years that the patience of the creditors is about exhausted. This colony, whose members call themselves "Overcomers," live in one house. Others than Americans have joined them. Some have wearied and returned to America, and fourteen are buried in the little American cemetery on Mount Zion.

The "Overcomers" have been getting some publicity in Chicago court circles lately, and very serious charges have been made against the inner life of the members in the "house on the wall." Their leader, Mrs. Spofford, claims to be a prophetess, and her followers acknowledge her right to the claim. Some of the reports of moral aberration charged against them are doubtless founded upon one of their leader's alleged inspira-



MARION HARLAND AND ESCORT STARTING ON THE JORDAN TRIP.

SOME AMERICAN TOURISTS TENTING IN THE VALLEY OF GIHON, SHOWING WEST WALL OF JERUSALEM IN BACKGROUND AT THE LEFT.

tions. This did away with the marriage relation that had existed between four couples of the household. Mrs. Spofford considered that this relation was derogatory to the spiritual advancement of the ones who sustained it. Her decree was accepted, and the marriage rings were thrown over the wall. Next day they were sought for, and when found were sold and the proceeds given to the poor.

In what other respect these people are "Overcomers," outsiders have been unable to discover. They do give a great deal to the poor of Jerusalem; but the habit of giving away that which is in reality the property of another detracts somewhat from the credit otherwise due to disinter-

ested philanthropy.

Of the other resident Americans, all but four have come to the Holy City in expectation of the immediate coming of the Lord. In the interim some of them are doing good missionary work, and the others are simply waiting. For some the waiting has been made all the harder because of their poverty. How they have managed to subsist so long without means and without obliging friends is a mystery.

A story is told—which, if not true, is not improbable—of an American "with a mission" who appeared in Jerusalem some time ago. His "mission," as he said, was to preach the new gospel. An American traveller, meeting him on the street, asked him how long he expected to remain in the city. The reply was, "Oh, I intend to live right here. I have come

to preach the new gospel."

"Ah! What is the new gospel?"
"Haven't you heard? Why, the new gospel is that there is to be no more death. Death is played out, and I am sent to proclaim the good tidings."

The traveller saw he had fallen in with a peculiar subject, but was interested enough to try to draw him out.

"That is a comforting gospel you have been commissioned to preach. But how do the facts in Jerusalem

square with your preaching? Have the people quit dying?"

"Oh, no; but the gospel has not begun to work. The people here do not know of it yet. As soon as it is known death will cease."

"Well, my friend, supposing, just for argument's sake, that you yourself should die before you have delivered

the message?"

The face of the evangelist proclaimed the utter improbability of such an ending; but he replied: "I shall not die before my message is delivered; but if—if I should, the whole blamed thing would bust up."

As I say, I cannot vouch for the truth of this incident; but there are others which have come to my personal knowledge which are just as eccentric, but lack the ridiculous feature. Let it be sufficient to say that if any one wishes to see a museum of religious absurdities produced by distorting the Old and New Testament truths, Jerusalem offers attractions unheard of in any other city on earth. In proportion to their number, the Americans furnish the greatest variety, even exhibiting a Mormon.

Not many years ago the Holy City was considered so far away that few visitors were seen in its streets. Modern methods of travel have changed this belief, so that now Jerusalem may almost be said to be on the regular tourist route. Every year ten thousand strangers from lands near and remote make their way hith-Six thousand of these owe allegiance to the Czar of all the Russias, and are loyal members of the Greek orthodox church. Last season there twelve hundred Americans among the visitors—a number greater than came from any two countries of Europe, Russia excepted. The majority of the twelve hundred were professional tourists, "taking in" Jerusalem just as they would any other city, and disappointed because, from their way of estimating, it contained so few things worth seeing.

Some knowledge of this city's past must be had by any one who expects to find its present interesting. And let me say to any intending visitors that, just as sure as you are ignorant of the part Jerusalem has had in the making of history, just so sure will it be a most disappointing place to you, not worth the time, trouble, and expense required. The lack of this very knowledge is what sends so many away after a stay of from one to three days, disgusted with the place and disgusted with themselves for having been persuaded to come to it. The latter is properly located.

Why should any person who does not know what B.C. means come here? And yet an American woman exploited her appalling ignorance by asking. during the dinner at the leading hotel, in a voice loud enough to be generally heard, "What does my dragoman mean by saying that a thing happened 500 B.C.?" A leading divine of Brooklyn was asked the following question by one of his compatriots, who had been here ten days: "Doctor, I'm disappointed in my visit to this country. I have been here ten days now, and haven't seen the Holy Land. Can't you tell me where it is?" These are the people who, when they get back home, say that there is nothing to see in Palestine but the dirty city of Jerusalem and the most God-forsaken country on earth. In spite of these ignorant defamers, the number of annual American visitors will continue to increase. No intelligent person will be deterred by any such opinion.

Perhaps it may not be out of place in a paper of this nature to say that the time to see the city and land at their best is in March and April. The "early" rains have removed the all-covering dust that had become almost unbearable. The "latter" rains are then falling, and Nature is "putting on her beautiful garments." The mountains round about are covered with verdure, and the "flowers of the field" are wonderful in their variety and beauty. At this time of the year the number of Americans on the streets is so great that the sight of one is as common as is the sight of a longrobed and high-hatted Greek priest.

The only objection to this time of the year is that all the hotels are crowded to their utmost capacity, and beyond the limit of comfort. early March of last year nearly two thousand strangers sought hotel accommodations at one time. sel from New York with a large party of Americans came to Jaffa just at that time. The best possible arrangement was made for the accommodation of these late arrivals, but the result was very unsatisfactory. Even a gentleman who has twice figured prominently as a presidential candidate was so dissatisfied that he would stay but one night, preferring to go back to Jaffa and remain on the steamer. In Constantinople he was the only American visitor who was given an audience by the Sultan; but in Jerusalem he could not get a sufficiently comfortable place to lay his

American tourists are willing victims to the wily Arab shopkeepers and to the gayly apparelled, utterly-regardless-of-truth dragomans of the Holy City. The former are professional thieves, who ask for their wares a price from three to ten times their generally get it—from The capital in trade of worth, and Americans. the latter is made up of marvellous stories and traditions with the odor of anything but truth about them. Of all tourists, Americans pay the most for and believe the least of To have their these dragoman tales. veracity questioned is an insult which a generous "backsheesh" abundantly atones for. By the way, no people are more opposed in theory to "back-sheeshing" or tipping than are those from our own country, and none are so guilty of it in practice.

Except in the money that its citizens pay for comfort and curiosities every year, America does nothing for the material advancement of the Holy City for which credit is given. The fact, however, is very easy of proof that a very large revenue is received by the various Catholic institutions here every year from the United States. There is a charm about the

name "Jerusalem" that is powerful in eliciting contributions from the faithful in all lands, and it is specially effective with members of the Catholic Church. Their reverence for the holy places and their desire to keep these places in good order make them willing to give when called upon. The result is that no place of historical or traditional sanctity is neglected, nor anything in the way of accommodations for the entertainment of Catholic pilgrims. The wonder is sometimes expressed that American Catholics do not follow the example of their co-religionists of the countries of Europe, and erect a hospice for themselves and let it be known as an American Catholic institution. The amount annually contributed by Catholics of the United States to the support of those already existing would soon pay for a building that would be an honor to their country and to their Church.

The one bit of property—the only bit in or near the city—known as American is a little "God's acre" on Mount Zion. When the missionaries of the American Board were at work here a difficulty arose as to where those whose earthly labors had ended were to 1est. Permission was given by the orthodox Greeks for these Protestants to rest in their consecrated ground. However, after the sec-

ond permission had been granted, notice was given that any future request would meet with a refusal. Accordingly this bit of land was purchased, and has since been known as the American Cemetery. It is situated on the highest point of Mount Zion, just beside the traditional site of the tomb of David. Within the high wall that surrounds this cemetery rest the remains of about fifty who in life were citizens of the United States. Some of them were residents of the Holy City at the time of their death, others were strangers, who, having come to visit the earthly Jerusalem, were summoned, let us hope, to dwell in the heavenly city.

Because of years of neglect this cemetery was in a deplorable condition previous to this present year. Then, at the instance of the United States Consul, American tourists contributed \$250 toward the improvement of the place. It is but fair to say that four fifths of this amount was supplied by the members of Clark's Friesland Tour," who were here during the first week of March of last year. The little cemetery is now worthy the name it bears. Its walls are high and strong, its walks carefully laid out, and those who rest there do not appear to be forgotten.

Edwin S. Wallace.

A SOUVENIR.

In Venice fair I searched about
To find a souvenir;
A great variety was there,
But all seemed somewhat dear.
I did not want mosaics rare,
Nor wrought-iron lamps, nor
spoons,
Nor silver filagree, nor views
Along the still lagoons.

One moonlight night it chanced I
won
Brilliant success at last,
And I secured a souvenir
Most dear. I hold it fast.
I found it in a gondola
As I sat there with Bess,
For when I asked her to be mine,
She softly whispered "Yes."

Mary F. M. Nixon.

American Naval Heroes.

VI.

Oliver H. Perry. Zebulon Pike. Jesse Duncan Elliott. Thomas Macdonough. Wm. Henry Harrison. Isaac Chauncey.

N September 10, 1813, there appeared upon the peaceful waters of Lake Erie, just off Put-in-Bay, a fleet of war vessels which had sprung into existence as by magic. Its genesis was an event in the history of the New World as startling as it was unique. Six months before, the timbers used in building the ships comprising the fleet had been growing trees shading the borders of the lake. The iron that held together and braced these timbers, making up the stout keels and sturdy sides of veritable men-of-war, was either in the mines unsmelted or in the possession of pioneer farmers and artisans in the shape of ploughshares, horseshoes, and axes. The shipwrights who had fashioned the crafts had come through the wilderness all the way from Philadelphia, while the guns, ammunition, riggings, and furnishings that contributed to the completion of well-equipped war-ships had been brought in wagons hundreds of miles through primitive forests over almost impassable roads. The hauling had been done largely by teams of oxen, as best suited to the rough way over which the heavy loads were transported, from Albany, Buffalo, Sag Harbor, and even from New The blue jackets who made York. up the fighting force of the Aladdinlike armada were Pennsylvania soldiers, landsmen who possibly never before trod the deck of a ship, much less handled heavy guns between decks or wielded cutlasses and boarding-pikes in desperate hand-to-hand

conflict on the rails of opposing ships tossed by the waves and illuminated by the flashes from answering broad-The magic change had been wrought in the few months the ships themselves were being fashioned, and the master minds who planned, forwarded, and consummated this modern miracle had been trained in the severe school of the American Navy, and were pupils of the ablest of naval schoolmasters-the brave and invincible Preble. Captain Jesse Duncan Elliott and Oliver Hazard Perry were the builders of the fleet, the trainers of the men, and the inspiration of the whole undertaking.

Before their appearance on the scene of action the English held undisputed possession of the lake, and their army had invaded the territory of the United States bordering there-Aided by the Indian tribes hostile to the pioneer settlers, serious damage was being done by the invading army and their crafty allies. General William Henry Harrison, com-manding the United States Army of the West, found himself powerless to successfully oppose these inroads as long as the English war-ships held undisputed possession of the lake. Captain Elliott had already, with a crew of raw recruits in open boats, captured two of their most formidable ships, the Detroit and the Caledonia, which, however, he could not man, and therefore was obliged to beach, and after securing their guns and ammunition, had abandoned, not being able to navigate them. This exploit determined the building of a fleet and the training of crews competent to handle it.

On the morning of that memorable September day in 1813 the haughty English com mander, Commodore Barclay, from quarter-deck of his flag-ship, the Detroit, saw bearing down upon him a formidable armada sailing under the Stars and Stripes. the van were two brigs of war, 20 guns each, followed by eight

smaller vessels, schooner-built. At the mast head of the foremost vessel floated a long pennant, the flag of Commodore Perry, on which could be plainly read the letters making up the legend "Don't give up the ship," which was to be the watchword and battle-cry of the coming combat. The flag-ship was the Lawrence, and against the heavens she displayed the dying words of the gallant naval hero whose name she bore. The Lawrence was followed by the Niagara, also of 20 guns, under command of Captain Elliott; next came the brig Caledonia, 3 guns, Lieutenant Turner. Ariel, 4 guns, Packet, master, and the Scorpion, 2 guns, Champlin, master, supported the Lawrence, while the Somers, 2 guns and 2 swivels, Alney, master; the Tigress, 1 gun, Conklin, master; the Porcupine, 1 gun, Lent, master; the Trippe, 1 gun, Smith, master, and the Ohio, 1 gun, Dobbin, master, made up the American fleet. The Englishmen met this armada opposing the Lawrence with the Detroit, 19 guns and 2 how-The Niagara paired with the Queen Charlotte, 17 guns and 1 howitzer, leaving the Caledonia with her



OLIVER H. PERRY, U. S. N.

3 guns to oppose the Hunter, 10 guns, while the Lady Provost, 13 guns and I howitzer; the Little Belt, 3 guns, and the Chippewa, 1 gun, had but single and 2-gun schooners as opponents. The respective armaments were: American, 55 guns; British, 63 guns and 4 howitzers-the British guns being mostly long The sun range. had almost reached the meridian when the stillness of the scene was

broken by the discharge of a single gun from the British flag-ship, followed by a second, which sent a ball crashing through both bulwarks of the Lawrence.

Perry made reply, but his shot fell short, and while he was receiving a storm of iron hail from the entire British fleet, which was playing havoc with his masts, riggings, and bulwarks, he had to manœuvre his ship as best he could to lessen the distance between them. He gave orders for the entire fleet to close with the enemy; but the Niagara was unable to respond, owing to the lightness of the wind, and soon floated out of The smaller vessels were of little use, and Perry saw that his ship would soon be cut to pieces, as the entire fire from the British fleet was directed against the Lawrence. For two long hours she maintained her position in the unequal contest. She was by each discharge from the enemy losing—now a spar, now a mast, next the shot cut the rigging or a sail was rendered useless. As a mast went by the board another shot dismounted a gun and killed the gunner. This was repeated with each successive broad-

side until the surgeons could not give attention to the wounded, and many a poor fellow had the pain caused by the amputation of a limb stopped by a cannon-ball that forever ended his suffering, as it hunted out its victim even in the quarters for the wound-Lieutenant Yarnall continued to fight his guns with recruits from Commodore Perry as man by man fell before the terrible rain of round shot and grape. He was himself wounded in the forehead and neck, and found no time to wipe the blood as it streamed down his face and breast. Dulaney Forrest, the brave second lieutenant, as he stood by his commodore to take fresh orders, was struck down to the deck by a spent grapeshot. Marine Officer Brooks, a brilliant lieutenant just verging into manhood, received cheering encouragement from the commodore, and the next moment a ball sent him against the opposite bulwark, and in his agony he implores his commander to shoot him dead, so as to end his misery. A gun captain, just as he is being cautioned for needless exposure of his person to the shot of the enemy, applies the match to his gun, and at the same moment a cannonball passes through his body, and he falls without a groan at the feet of Commodore Perry. When all the guns but one are disabled, the commodore, assisted by Chaplain Breeze, Hambleton the purser, and two unwounded seamen, continue to work it, until a shot kills the purser and dismounts the gun. The commodore, his brave boy brother, the chaplain, and a half dozen men are left on deck with no gun to man, no sails to manage. Should he strike his flag the entire fleet would surrender, and the Lawrence was the only one of the crafts that was harmed. Here the hero was born of the undaunted commander, as he determined to snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat or die in the attempt. Ordering the boat lowered, he, with his young brother, and carrying the commodore's flag on his arm, were rowed under the enemy's fire to the Niagara. The

shot from the Bitish fleet broke the oars of the rowers as the spray from the disturbed waters dashed into their faces.

Not a shot touched the "Hero of Lake Erie" as he stood upright in the stern of that open boat and defiantly displayed his flag, bearing the motto of the navy, and which had been the watchword of the contest now hanging on the result of this desperate movement. gained the protecting shelter of the Niagara, and hoisting his flag, assumed command. Elliott volunteered to bring up the schooners to his support, and forming a new line of battle at close quarters, he directed all sails set toward the enemy's line. The onset was irresistible, and as the British commodore saw the fresh ships bearing down, driven by a favorable breeze, he undertook to wear his flag-ship and the Queen Charlotte so as to bring them in position to meet the Yankees with broadsides. In this manœuvre the two ships fell foul, and the Niagara at the same moment dashed through the enemy's line, discharging both broadsides as she passed the gap. The Caledonia, Scorpion, and Trippe broke the line at other points, The Caledonia, Scorpion, and and soon brought the enemy between two deadly fires. Meanwhile, the Lawrence had struck her colors; but the rapid movements of the remainder of the fleet had prevented the British commander taking possession, and seeing the advantage gained by Perry, Lieutenant Yarnell, although himself desperately wounded, raised the Stars and Stripes, and with the aid of the eight men on board capable of duty, kept her afloat, and succeeded in bringing her into port at Erie, where she was found so badly damaged as to be unfitted for further service, and was dismantled. The second encounter with the British fleet did not last seven minutes, when the flag of the Detroit was lowered, and four of the six vessels surrendered to the Americans. The two smaller crafts that undertook to escape were brought back by the Scorpion and Trippe, and after securing the prisoners, manning



MAJOR-GENERAL HARRISON.

From a rare print of the painting by Wood.

the prizes, and directing the fleet to a harbor, Commodore Perry dispatched a letter to General Harrison in these words:

DEAR GENERAL: We have met the enemy, and they are ours!—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

Yours with great respect and esteem, O. H. Perry.

On the same day he wrote to the Secretary of the Navy as follows:

Sir: It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command after a sharp conflict. I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

O. H. Perry.

Hon. William Jones, Secretary of the Navy.

The victory caused great rejoicings throughout the country, and the principal towns were illuminated in honor of the event. The loss to the British was over 160 men, killed and wounded, while Perry lost 27 killed and 96 wounded. The ships next carried

General Harrison's army across the lake in an invasion of Canada, and there, at the battle of the Thames, the British troops were almost entirely annihilated, and the great Indian chief, Tecumseh, the relentless enemy of the United States, was killed. Thus compelled, the British abandoned the Northwest, and the battle of Lake Erie was the beginning of the end of our second war with Great Britain.

Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, was born at South Kingston, R. I., August 21, 1785, the eldest son of Christopher Raymond and Sarah Alexander Perry. With his four brothers he was trained in the active service of the United States Navy, to which service his father also belonged. Oliver entered as midshipman when only twelve years of age, and passed the various grades, serving in the Tripolian war under Preble, and as lieutenant commanded the Nautilus in the Mediterranean in 1804. During the embargo that led to the War of 1812 he served as commander of a fleet of seventeen gunboats off Newport Harbor. In 1810 he joined the Revenge at New London, and was master of that vessel when she was stranded on the rocks off Watch Hill, R. I., in 1811. On the outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain in 1812 he resumed command of the gunboats off Newport. Soon tiring of this inactive life, he asked to be transferred to Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., where Commodore Isaac Chauncey was building and equipping a fleet to operate against the British, who held possession of the lakes. In March, 1813, he was made Master Commandant of a proposed fleet to be built at Erie, Pa., and here he joined Captain Elliott, who was laying the keels of the ships to make up the fleet for the defence of the Northwest on the waters above the falls of Niagara. With this fleet, completed by him in less than six months, he fought one of the most brilliant naval battles on record, and won for himself a renown as deathless as the name of the inland sea on which he built and led to victory his fleet. For this exploit he was made a captain in the navy and presented with the thanks of Congress, a sword, and a gold medal. He followed up this victory by cooperating with the army of General Harrison in its invasion of Canada. In 1815 he was appointed to the command of the Java, and was with the squadron under Decatur in his operations against Algiers. In 1819 he commanded the naval station in the West Indies, and during the service fell a victim to yellow fever. He died August 23, 1820, and his body was carried to his native town on a man-of-war, where he was buried and a granite monument erected over his grave by his native State. At Newport, R. I., and Cleveland, O., statues were also erected to his memory.

Jesse Duncan Elliott, who shared with Perry the honors for the naval victory on Lake Erie, was born in Maryland, July 14, 1780, son of a Revolutionary patriot who was killed by the Indians toward the close of the war for independence. The orphaned boy had few advantages for acquiring an education until he had reached his twentieth year, when he was entered at a school at Carlisle, Pa. In 1804 he was given a warrant as midshipman on the frigate Essex, and saw his first service in the Mediterranean squadron under Preble. In 1807 he returned to the United States and was appointed lieutenant on the frigate Chesapeake. In 1800 he was transferred to the schooner Enterprise as acting lieutenant, and engaged in enforcing the embargo laws. In 1810 he carried important dispatches to the United States Minister at the court of St. James, and on his return was ordered to the frigate John Adams, being shortly afterward transferred to the Argus. Upon the declaration of war with Great Britain he was sent to his ship, which had been hastily ordered to sea during his absence, at Norfolk, Va., where he had just married a daughter of William Vaughn, a prominent citizen of that place. Delays in receiving the orders, and effecting the journey, brought him to New York after the ship had sailed, and he then joined Commodore Isaac Chauncey at Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, who at once directed him to proceed to Erie and there construct a fleet similar to the one building at Sackett's Harbor. Upon his arrival he found the two British ships Detroit and Caledonia lying at anchor

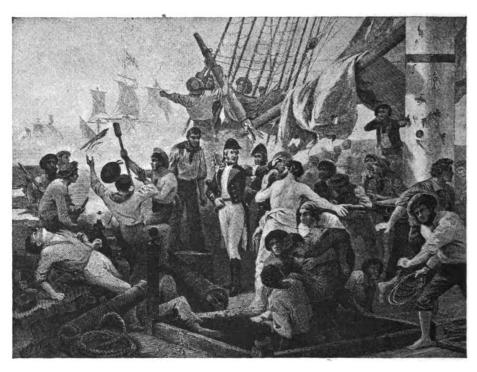
and, securifig his prisoners, he carried to shore the armament and provisions and abandoned his prizes. For his gallantry in this act Congress voted him a splendid sword and the thanks of his country. Lieutenant Elliott then joined Commodore Chauncey's fleet and engaged in the capture of York, where the gallant Pike fell



ZEBULON M. PIKE.
From a rare lithograph made in Germany about 1815.

under the very guns of Fort Erie, and he determined to capture them and use them as the beginnings of his contemplated armada. Mustering a small body of sailors, he embarked in two open boats and boarded and captured the two vessels without the loss of a single life. The wind dying out and the tide and current setting against him, he could not navigate the ships,

mortally wounded by the explosion of the enemy's magazine. In August, 1813, he was ordered to join Commodore Perry with 100 men, and was by Perry assigned to the command of the Niagara, and engaged in the memorable battle of Lake Erie; and for his part in this glorious victory Congress voted him a gold medal and the thanks of the nation. After the



MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

battle he succeeded Perry to the command of the fleet on the lake, but finding no active enemy to oppose, he at his own request was transferred to the squadron operating in the Mediterranean, where he commanded the sloop Ontario. Upon his return he was engaged in the coast service until 1825, when he commanded the Cyane in a cruise to the coast of South America. In 1829 he was appointed to the command of the West Indian squadron, and in 1833 to the command of the Charlestown Navy Yard. He afterward commanded the United States squadron in the Mediterranean, and visited the most interesting ports of the Old World. Upon his return in 1844 he was made commandant of the Navy Yard in Philadelphia, and died there December 10, 1845.

Following the victory of the navy on Lake Erie, the consequent defeat of the British army in Canada West determined the British Government to make one supreme effort to reach the commercial metropolis of the New World by way of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River.

Sir George Prevost, as commander of the British forces in Canada, had under him a land and naval force of over 10,000 men, "the flower of Wellington's army and the cream of Nelson's marines." These veteran soldiers and seamen were concentrated at the foot of Lake Champlain awaiting the building of ships to carry them up the lake, which was at the time defended by two small sloopsof-war and the militia gathered from the adjacent counties in New York State and Vermont. The sloops were soon captured and transformed into warships carrying the British flag. This left the Americans without the shadow of a navy. Their whitewinged sloop Growler had on her deck 11 heavy British guns, and had been rechristened the Chubb, while her consort, the Eagle, with an equally heavy armament, was the Finch, and these two were the only armed vessels on the lake, and held undisputed possession of the waters.

While the British were building additions to this small fleet, the Americans were not idle, for Thomas Macdonough had been quietly preparing to oppose the threatened invasion, and had well advanced the ship Saratoga, for which he had procured as an armament eight long 24-pounders and 18 smaller guns. On the stocks about ready to launch was the brig Eagle, 20 guns, the schooner Ticonderoga, 17 guns, and the sloop Preble, 7 guns, besides 10 gunboats carrying 16 guns. The English naval commander, Thomas Downie, had already launched the brig Linnet, 16 guns, and 13 gunboats carrying 13 guns. On the stocks he had the frigate Confiance, built to carry thirty long 24pounders, besides 9 smaller guns.

On Sunday, September 11, 1814, one year and a day after the victory of Perry on Lake Erie, the rival fleets were floating on the lake, taking position for a desperate struggle for supremacy. The American fleet was in the bay before Plattsburg, while the

British armada sailed up the lake to oppose it. In the van was the Chubb, followed by the Confiance, the flagship of Commodore Downie. He at once opposed the Saratoga, bearing Commodore Macdonough's flag. The Linnet brought to opposite the Eagle, Captain Robert Henley. The 13 gunboats confronted the Ticonderoga, Lieutenant Cassin, the Preble, and a division of the American gun-boats, while the Chubb

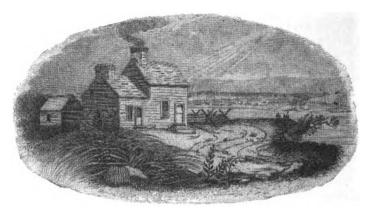
and Finch opposed those remain-The action lasted without intermission two hours and twenty The opposing forces were about equally matched in numbers of men and weight of metal. battle was opened by the Eagle discharging her guns in rapid succession, but the shot fell short. On board the Saratoga, as they cleared the deck for action, a rooster escaped from the hencoop and hid behind a Startled by the boom of the cannon from the Eagle, he flew upon the gunslide, and, flapping his wings, ended his performance with a rousing crow, which he repeated three times. The incident was accepted by the Yankee bluejackets as an omen of good luck, and they went into the fight with cheers, sure that success would attend the presence of this mascot.

Commodore Macdonough, standing upon the quarter-deck, watched the effect of the shot from the Eagle until it reached its mark; he then complacently walked to one of the 24-pounders on the deck of the Saratoga and sighted it carefully, so as to

send the ball to the bull's evethe hawse-hole of Confiance: with his own hand he applied the match and sent the first heavy shot crashing through the opening and lengthwise the deck of the British flagship, sweeping the gun-carriages and killing and wounding several men in its passage Then with spent force it shattered the wheel, rendering it use-Following less. this shot, the entire line of guns on the Saratoga



THOMAS MACDONOUGH, U. S. N. From the painting by Jarvis.



COLONEL MACDONOUGH'S FARMHOUSE, ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN, NEAR THE PRESENT TOWN OF PLATTSBURGH.

From a steel engraving made in 1818.

poured their fire into the side of the Confiance, piling up the deck with dead and wounded. Great holes pierced her sides, and her bulwarks were badly shattered. Still the brave Downie held his fire, while working his ship nearer the Saratoga. Not until he had cast her anchors and secured in seamanlike order all her fastenings did he pass the word for which the gunners had so long and impatiently waited. This brought from the Confiance a broadside from guns double shotted and accurately directed at the very port-holes of the Saratoga. effect was as if an immense ram had struck her side, and half the men on deck fell, 40 being either killed or wounded. For a moment the Saratoga made no reply, but quickly recovering from the shock, the Yankee sailors returned the fire, and as officer or gunner fell his place was supplied, and the work of carnage went on. One shot from the Saratoga struck the muzzle of a gun on the deck of the Confiance, and as it left its carriage the gun struck the brave Downie in the groin, and he was killed without uttering even a groan. This gun, with its battered muzzle, was afterward removed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, a relic of the battle of Lake Champlain. As new men took the place of the more experienced gunners killed and wounded, the fire became less and less effective on both

sides, and soon most of the guns were either dismounted or rendered useless from careless handling. Meanwhile the Preble was engaging the gunboats, and being overpowered, cut her cable and drifted out of range. Lieutenant Cassin, with the Ticonderoga, although hard pressed by the British gunboats, succeeded in defending the rear of the line of battle, as he, standing on the taffrail amid a storm of grape and canister, gave his orders to the gunners. The Eagle continued to oppose the Confiance; but the Saratoga had not a single gun on her exposed side. The Linnet had gained a position that enabled her to rake the Saratoga from stem to stern. This position necessitated the immediate winding of the ship, so as to bring her port broadside into play. Commodore Macdonough had provided in the planting of his anchors for just such an emergency, and, to the amazement of the enemy, the apparently helpless Saratoga began to swing around until her bow pointed to the south, when she opened her reserved broadside battery upon the British ship. The Confiance undertook the same manœuvre, but was caught when half warped; and thus exposed to the Saratoga's fire, she was obliged to strike her colors and so end the fight.

The incidents of the battle were pathetic and heartrending. Com-

modore Macdonough, during the progress of the fight, was struck with a splintered spar as it was shot from its place, and he was rendered for a time senseless, but upon recovering continued the order the accident had interrupted. At another time he was hit by what appeared to him to be a spent cannon-ball and driven against the bulwarks, and upon regaining his feet and looking for the cause of the mischief, found it to have been the head of an unfortunate gun captain, who had been decapitated at his post of duty.

On September 13 the interment of the American and English officers who had fallen in the memorable battle of the 11th took place at Plattsburg in a manner to do honor to the bravery with which they defended their respective flags. The bodies of the American officers killed in the action, covered with the Stars and Stripes, under which they had fought,

were taken from the American flagship in open boats, followed by the commander and the surviving officers. Arriving alongside the captured British flagship, the bodies of the deceased English officers, covered with the royal ensign, were placed in the boats, and, followed by the surviving officers, now prisoners of war, the sad procession of boats moved slowly toward the shore, amid the firing of minute-guns from the deck of the commodore's ship. On shore, the funeral cortége was met by the infantry and artillery and escorted to the public burial-ground, the fort meantime firing minute-guns. The rites of Christian burial were pronounced by the chaplain. A volley of musketry and artillery over the newmade graves completed the solemn ceremony. Macdonough's victory had saved New York from invasion, and turned the fortunes of war.

. John Howard Brown.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

THE waves are rippling gently
Upon the silver shore,
The moon is shining brightly
As once it shone before,
That night when you and I, love,
Exchanged, with kisses fond,
The vows of an affection
Which should defy all bond!

I thought you loved me true, love,
But now my dream is o'er;
You've sacrificed for gold, love,
That which was worth far more—
A love which never wavered,
Born from a loyal heart,
A heart which would have loved thee
Till death itself should part!

Come back to me, my darling,
Come back, ere 't be too late,
Ere marriage vows have bound thee
To one thy soul must hate!
Come back, my loved, my lost one,
Back to my wounded breast,
And whisper in my ear, love,
That it was but a jest.

C. S. Miller.

AN ALIEN IN BOHEMIA.

MADAME'S gloved finger-tips touched my arm lingeringly. "You are so dependable," she said, with a smile and a fleeting glance at a sombre little figure at our right. "Won't you say something to little Mrs. Loring for me? She is quite impossible, of course; but her husband is the man most talked about just now. I had to invite her, you know."

Mrs. Loring was scanning the sea of eager, smiling faces around her with an anxious gaze that seemed to go beyond the present into the possible future. She smiled brightly when Madame introduced me, and extended an ill-gloved hand with a murmur of "Pleased to meet you," and after that lapsed into timid "yeas and nays," which left me no choice but talk. Yes, plainly, she was impossible to Madame's coterie. She was diffident almost to awkwardness: she wore what tradespeople describe as "good clothes of the all-wool variety," made after a painfully defective similitude of the prevailing fashion, which brought out all the imperfections of her thin little figure. There was no vulgar display, only general unfitness.

Mention of her husband brought a

faint flush to her tired face.

"That is he," she said, nodding toward a tall, fair man with a frank, almost boyish face, fairly surrounded by a group of fashionable men and women.

"He is making an enviable reputation in literature," I remarked at random, feeling somehow that she had a very small part in his triumphs. "You must feel very proud of his success."

"Oh, it gives me such pleasure just to hear people talk of him!" she answered, brightening into a semblance of absolute beauty. "Sometimes people who don't know me point him out to me with praises and eager pride of mere acquaintance."

Soon the moving throng divided

us. When next I saw her Seffor Ferada, of the Foreign Legation, was guiding her through the human maze, his handsome head bowed to catch her timid murmurs.

I did not see her again, but I met her husband frequently—always in the midst of a gay, brilliant throng of worshippers-and every time I saw him I seemed to see a little plain face with big, shining eyes, and hear a delighted exclamation of, "Oh, how it pleases me just to hear people talk of him!" Six months after that night at Madame's the news of Mrs. Loring's sudden disappearance gave society a little tremor of surprise. It was rumored also that she had deliberately left her husband; and as he was a very popular and successful man, society sympathized deeply, and helped him to forget his sorrow. Meanwhile, Mrs. Loring's name was blotted out, and the world went its accustomed gait.

During the Lenten season this year society found time and inclination to distribute flowers in the hospitals; and as we had a great quantity of flowers at our disposal through the providence of an ultra-fashionable wedding, I took the surplus to a hospital across the river, where there is less noise and show but just as much trouble as in New York. Gratitude and love, whose customs are unchanged since the foundation of the world, manifested themselves with pathetic tenderness among the sick and discouraged. I knew no one; but after an hour or so in the wards I felt the human bond that makes the whole world kin in a way that was good to remember long after.

The next day I received a little note written in the cramped, vertical hand of a painstaking schoolgirl, requesting me to call at the hospital on the following afternoon during visiting hours. It was signed in a bolder

hand by a nurse of Ward A.

"It was little Miss Ely who wrote you," the nurse explained when I appeared. "She begged so hard to have you come once more. The poor little thing is so sweet and patient, we hadn't the heart to refuse; she never has any one to see her."

"What is her trouble?" I asked, trying vainly to recall Miss Ely.

"Consumption—in its last stages. She cannot possibly recover. It is only a question of days, perhaps hours."

A little figure propped against snowy pillows leaned forward expectantly as I entered. A big crimson rose nodded languorously at her breast, as it had so lately nodded at a bridal altar.

"I'm afraid Madame does not reinember me," she said, as she smiled and pressed my hand with feeble warmth. "Will you forgive me for troubling you again? I want so much to hear of a friend whom I think you know. Do you remember Mrs. Loring?"

I immediately recognized the little patient face, with its big, searching eyes and the swift, proud smile.

"I know I cannot live long," she began, as if apologizing for her very existence, "and it doesn't matter now. They do not know here who I am or any part of my life, and I did not mean to tell any one; but I want so much to hear of my husband once more before I die. Won't you tell me of him? You cannot know how I have longed and longed to hear of him. You are not angry that I ask you?"

"No, oh, no," I answered, and clasped the little hand closer.

"Do you ever see him or speak to him?" she asked eagerly, the hectic flush deepening in her wasted cheeks and her eyes shining like stars.

"Yes, I see him often. People call him a great genius, and he has every-

thing to make him happy."

"Thank God! Oh, how glad I am—how glad!" Tears rose in her dark bright eyes and trickled down in big pearly drops into the heart of the sumptuous rose. "If you knew how

starved I am for the sight of his face and one word of love from his lips you would pity and forgive me."

"I am sorry from my heart," I answered in absolute truth, that gave her courage to tell me her pitiful

story.

"And you will let me talk to you of him, will you not? I have not spoken of him to a living soul since I left him that night now so long, long ago—only two years, and to me they seem a lifetime. And all that time I have been in this city, almost within a stone's throw of his great, happy world. How hard it has been only God knows."

"But tell me, why did you leave

"Oh, yes, I will tell you. It cannot matter now that the end is so near. Ah! I must talk," she murmured in answer to the nurse's look of mild reproof. "It will kill me to keep silence longer."

She closed her eyes for a few seconds, then began to talk in a clear undertone, too low to reach the ears

of the idly curious.

"I knew the world would say hard things of me, but there was no other way, and for his sake nothing mattered. It seems a long, long while since our marriage. I was a poor, simple country girl. I lived with my half-sister way up in the Vermont hills, never dreaming of the great busy world beyond till Herbert came there to write one summer, and when I met him I realized what a lonely life mine had been, and how insufferably dull it would henceforth be without him. He was very young, full of the glorious enthusiasm of ambitious youth; he used to tell me of his successes and all his golden dreams of the future, and I knew he would some time be one of the great ones of earth. He used to call me 'innocently pretty'—yes, that was it—'so innocently pretty, free from the poor affectations of society girls,' and liked to have me near him while he wrote, because my simple presence helped him to realize his highest ideals.

"Then my sister died suddenly, and after the first shock of grief, when he realized that I was all alone in the world, he told me he loved me—that I was the one girl in all the world to him, the woman to fill his life completely. His work would take him among all classes of people; he would be of the gay, fickle world which pleases for a time but cannot satisfy, and he would always return with joy to the home-nest, where I was to be queen forever. What a dream of happiness to me! How could I know that it was but a dream!

"The confusion and noise of the city disturbed me at first, but I had Herbert, and nothing mattered when he was near. We had long, happy evenings together in which to talk of and plan for the promising future. Then he grew very busy and began to go out a great deal, and, to satisfy the demands of society, had people at our home often-people whom I did understand- 'Bohemians,' called them, and explained that they were necessary to his success. So the quiet evenings were broken-it was not Herbert's fault, you know. When the world makes a hero of a man he must smile back. I was not adaptable. I tried earnestly to interest myself in the strange ways of his friends and understand the things they talked about, but they showed me how hopeless it was. Perhaps they did not mean to discourage me, but I could not help but feel their silent scorn. Herbert felt it sorely and tried to help me, but it was of no use, it was not in me to learn the ways of Bohemians. He was disappointed; it was not his fault-you understand that, don't you?" she asked appeal-

I nodded, and pressed her hand in silent sympathy, and after a little pause she went on in her low, even voice:

"One night, when I was very tired and troubled, I went into the little alcove off the library, where it was dark and quiet, and lay down to think it all over. You see, I thought there must be some way out of the difficulty, for I loved him so, and wished more than anything in the world to help him. Presently I heard Herbert's study door open, and after a pause some one came into the library, closing the door after them. Through a narrow rift between the portières I saw the face of one of my husband's friends—a handsome young fellow the familiarly Bohemian prince,' because he was so recklessly prodigal and very popular. He and Herbert talked a great deal of people whom I did not know, and I felt very uncomfortable in hearing what did not concern me; but I was afraid my husband would be annoyed if I made my presence known, so I lay quite still and tried not to listen. At first Herbert was in a bad humor, which the other man noticed, and tried to dissipate jestingly; but failing, said presently, 'Loring, old fellow, I know your trouble, just as the whole world will soon know it; and upon my word I am sorry, but it won't mend matters to sulk. Believe me, there is only one way out of it.' He went on to say that but for me Herbert would be at the top of the ladder of fame, and I knew it was true; but every word was like a sword thrust to me.

"'Don't take it so savagely, old man,' he said, lifting his hand as if to ward off Herbert's protests. 'You will not be so foolish as to deny it. No one blames her; it simply is not in her to be otherwise than a good, humdrum little housewife, all heart and simplicity—the sort to make an ideal wife for a poor pious clerk, but for you she's simply impossible. 'Don't,' Herbert said once; but the other man paid no heed. He went on to show him what a drag I would be to him his whole life; how the world would laugh at and wound his poor, stupid little wife; and finally Herbert admitted the truth of his reasoning.

"That night I left his home forever. I had no one in the world to go to, but I knew there were many poor sorrowful lives that I could brighten, even though my own life was spoiled. Since then I have done what I could for others, always think-

ing of him I love. Once I waited for hours to see him pass from a public building, and at last I saw him arm in arm with the man who taught me my hard duty. I read in the paper yesterday that he will go away tomorrow—to Europe, for a long while, perhaps—and when he returns even my grave will be forgotten; but some time in the future, when you see him, will you tell him that I thought of him and loved him to the last?'

When I rose to go she was crying softly, holding the rose to her flushed face, her tears falling into its fragrant heart; but excitement or fatigue brought on a violent spasm of coughing that ended in a hemorrhage, and left her whiter than her snowy gown. The nurse promised to inform me of her condition on the following day.

That night a certain faction of Bohemia gave a brilliant farewell reception to Herbert Loring, which was crowded beyond belief by successful people of all artistic professions. I caught a glimpse of Mr. Loring beside a beautiful woman of Thespian fame and fair reputation; but the surging crowds surrounded him completely, and immediately I realized the futility of my plans. I learned, however, that he was to sail on the Etruria the morning following at eleven o'clock, and decided to act accordingly.

The next day was dark and chill, full of tempestuous winds and raw mist. I drove early to the pier to wait his coming; but early as it was, others were there before me-leavetakers also, of the humble walks of life, to whom the restless ocean meant perhaps eternal separation. How strange the irony of fate! Perhaps I was risking much censure by my course, but the memory of the pale, patient little woman who worshipped the great man upheld my faith in human kind. I had long to wait among

the lumbering freight teams and unlovely surroundings of the pier, but one by one other carriages arrived and people alighted and gathered into little laughing groups, and at length a murmur of excited comment proclaimed the hero's approach. I saw my groom press gently through the circle of eager friends to give him my hastily scribbled note; saw the quick upward toss of his head as he read it; then he strode rapidly forward, his handsome face full of ill-concealed trouble.

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" he asked in a strange, hard

Yes, unfortunately," I replied.

"My friends," he said, turning to the mystified company, "a very unexpected happening will prevent my departure temporarily. I hope soon to be able to explain matters to you, also to thank you for your kindness. Haggart, see that my traps are detained.'

He did not speak again until we stopped before the hospital gates. "Will you prepare her for my com-

ing?" he asked humbly.

She was lying with closed eyes when I entered, so still and white! The nurse beckoned to him, and he went softly to her side. "She is better perhaps," he whispered with quivering lips; but at that instant she opened her eyes and looked into his face.

"Herbert!" she cried feebly, trying to reach out her arms to him. "Herbert, am I dreaming? O God! how shall I bear so much happiness?"

Perhaps God saw that she could not bear it, for He laid His loving hand on her heart, and stopped its faithful beating forever; but her last look was on the face she loved, and the last spark of life spent itself in a feeble pressure of his hand.

Helen F. Huntington.





THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.
From photograph (copyright, 1806) by F. L. Howe.

THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF TENNESSEE.

N June 1, 1896, the State of Tennessee celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. In addition, however, to the ceremonies usual on such an occasion, the Centennial Exposition of Tennessee was formally inaugurated with appropriate and elaborate demonstrations. The intention is to hold a gigantic exhibition, beginning May 1, 1897, and lasting until November 1 of the same year, in honor of the completion of a century of progress, and to exhibit to the world the manifold material advantages and endowments of the State. The idea which led to all the ceremonies that have been held and the work now in course of preparation first took definite shape in June, 1894, and a little over a year later the actual construction of the Exposition began. On June 1 of this year (the exact date of the centennial) most interesting ceremonies took place for the inauguration of the enterprise, at which were present many notable statesmen, citizens, officials, and representatives from the leading Government, State, and civic clubs, as well as a gathering of patriotic citizens from all over the South and natives of the State. One distinguishing characteristic of the Tennessee Centennial will be its broad and noble policy, which is to uphold and emphasize the dignity The idea is and power of the State. to exhibit a line of attractive features which will display the complete history of the State-agricultural, commercial, educational, artistic, and literary—and thus to inspire both admiration in foreign visitors and patriotism in the sons and daughters of the South. It is this object more than mere moneymaking that is the spirit of the Tennessee Centennial.

With two recent and successful examples in the World's Fair and the Atlanta Exposition, Tennessee has put all her energies to the utmost to make her celebration a memorable and worthy monument to her one hundred years. No expense will be spared to beautify the buildings, the plans of which are by the foremost architects in the country. A great deal of attention will be attracted by the Fine Arts Building, which is an exact reproduction of the Parthenon in all the glory of its perfect proportions. It will be situated in the centre of the park on an elevation, that it may be observed afar off. building will be entirely fireproof, and the ornamentation will be in staff. moulded in faithful imitation of the original. The interior decorations will also be copied from Greek models, and a statue of Pallas Athena, forty-three feet in height, which has been made in Paris, will face the building; while this most artistic plan will be further carried out by a reproduction of the ancient and historic Rialto of Venice, which will form a bridge over an arm of the largest lake.

The Woman's Building is particularly interesting for the fact that its

design was suggested by "The Hermitage," which was the home of Andrew Jackson, while President of the United States. Mrs. Sara Ward-Conlev, the architect of the Woman's Building, took "The Hermitage," with its colonial style, as a model, and beautified it by the addition of Greek ideas. A large rotunda forms the central part of the interior, and a grand staircase leads up on either hand. A spacious assembly hall on the second story will be used by the various clubs of women which will gather in congress for appropriate exercises. Classified exhibits, characteristic of women's work, will form an attractive feature of this building. and the decorations are particularly beautiful.

The Administration Building was the first to be completed. It is now occupied by the officers of the construction department. This building is characteristically Southern in appearance, having ample verandas on all sides, from which a splendid view of the entire grounds is to be had. As the grand band stand is located directly in front of the Administration Building, the latter will doubtless have its wide piazzas crowded most of the time. The interior is handsomely finished in hard wood.

The History Building is in the shape of a Greek cross, with the four wings devoted respectively to colonial matters, early times in Tennessee,



MACHINERY BUILDING.

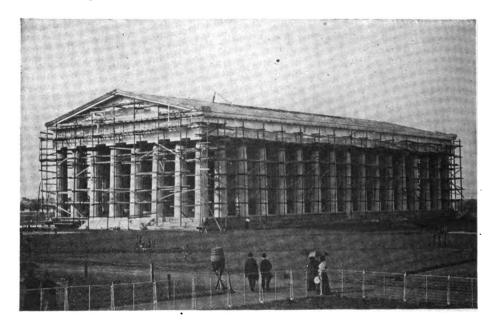
From photograph by F. L. Howe.

Confederate relics and Federal relics of the late war. The exhibition of both Blue and Gray mementoes is a pleasing indication of the absence of sectional feeling in the New South. The Tennessee Historical Society, which has one of the finest collections of relics in the country, will place its treasures on view; and to insure absolute safety, the building will be made fireproof.

The Transportation Building will be exceedingly simple in design, al-

The largest structure of the entire exposition will be the Commerce Building, in which are to be exhibited all those features which come under the head of "Liberal Arts." A dome in the centre rises to a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. To this point elevators will be run, and from the surmounting tower a fine view of the grounds and surrounding country may be had.

One of the prettiest ideas of the whole scheme of the Tennessee Cen-



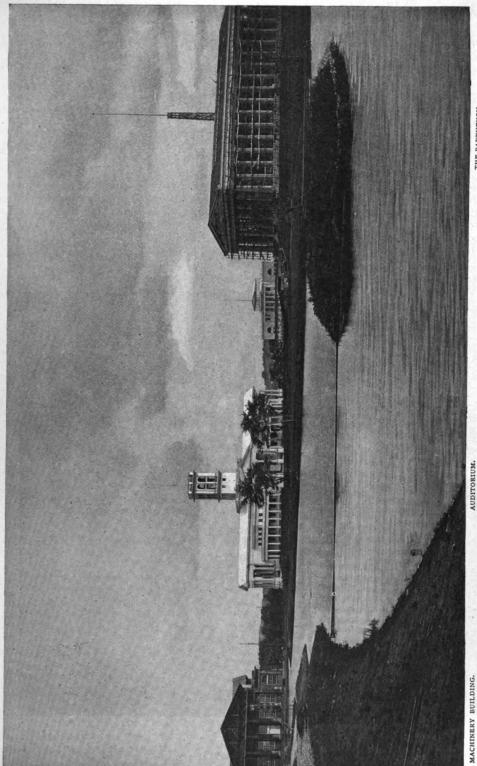
THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.

From photograph by F. L. Howe.

though it is to be a massive structure. No columns are used in its construction, and its ornamentations will be severely classic. The building will have a frontage of four hundred feet.

The Agriculture Building is one of the most elaborate and beautiful on the grounds. A massive dome rising in the centre and six small domes at various points will admit the light and add great beauty to the structure at the same time. Four triumphal arches form the entrances, which are embellished with fine carving and statuary.

tennial is the children's part in the exposition. They not only have a handsome building comfortably furnished with parlors, nurseries, toys and games dear to the childish heart, but they earned all the money for it their own little selves. Since the idea for a celebration originated, the children began to work systematically, directed, of course, by experienced leaders, and they have done both themselves and the State honor by the splendid results their labor has achieved. The building will be full



THE PARTHENON.

AUDITORIUM.

VIEW OF THE LAGOON AND ADJACENT BUILDINGS.

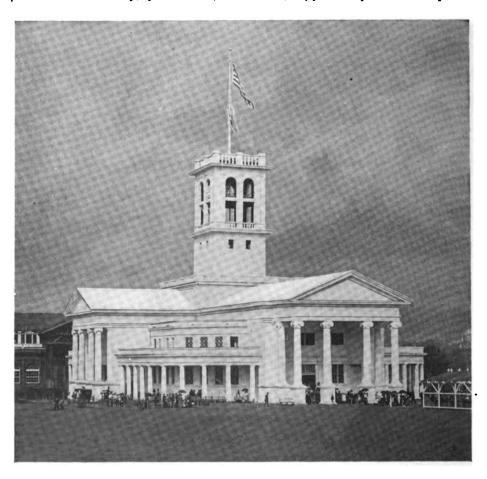
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of objects to entertain and instruct children, and all the little visitors will enjoy the benefits of the work of young Tennessee. A beautiful grassy lawn under shade trees in the rear of the children's building will be fenced in as a park for tame deer, while in front will stand a tower with silver chimes

Great care and attention has been given the subject of general public comfort at the Tennessee Centennial. In every building toilet-rooms will be placed. The park will be thoroughly drained, sewers having already been laid. The drinking water will be supplied from the deep, pure wells in

which that part of the country abounds. A beautiful chain of lakes has been arranged, which adds much to the picturesqueness of the park. On these waters pleasure craft of every description will ply, and an excellent all-around view of the grounds can be had by a little sailing trip.

The Machinery Building will be one of the largest, and perhaps the most interesting of all. It measures 526 × 124 feet, and includes a boiler-room 162 × 72 feet. The style of architecture combines the Roman and the Doric ideas. There are three main entrances, each with grand porticoes, supported by six massive pillars



THE AUDITORIUM.

From photograph by F. L. Howe.



MISS NINA SPOFFORD AS "TENNESSEE" AT THE INAUGURAL CEREMONIES, JUNE 1, 1896.

From photograph (copyright, 1896) by F. L. Howe.

each, and crowned with imposing sculpture. Besides the usual exhibits, which will of course include the newest and finest inventions, there will be an enormous pulley-room in the basement, together with the boiler-

room, a fine pump exhibit, and a variety of electrically illuminated fountains.

The Auditorium will form a promenade and a resting-place for sightseers. From the roof a wide view of

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the outdoor displays can be obtained. The tower rises one hundred and

forty feet in height.

Special buildings will be erected by a number of States. The Methodist Church will build a facsimile of the first sanctuary in which that denomination worshipped in the State of Tennessee. The counterpart of the log cabin in which the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was founded will be reproduced. Various societies and orders will erect headquarters for the purpose of holding suitable exercises. Other buildings in course of construction are to be devoted to minerals and forestry, horticulture, live stock, and negro work.

Facilities for transportation inside the Exposition grounds are admirable, and have been most conveniently arranged. The tracks of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway are utilized, having been extended into and around the park. Building materials have been brought in by this means, and the exhibits will be transported in the same way.

Every form of amusement will be found within the grounds, as ample space has been reserved for such features as have always proved successful in like celebrations. There will be a companion to the famous "Mid-

way," with all its entertaining characters and incidental exhibits; a mammoth wheel, a temporary theatre or concert hall, and the perennial, ever-popular "Wild West" or circus.

All the buildings will be white, the exterior being finished in staff after the manner of the structures at the World's Fair. For several years past care and money have been expended in beautifying and improving the Centennial Park which comprises the Exposition grounds. A fine system of macadamized walks has been laid out. Flowers and evergreens will beautify the lawns and border the paths. Many fine trees will form restful spots of shade and add great beauty to the scene.

The officers of the Centennial are: John W. Thomas, President; Van L. Kirkman, W. A. Henderson, John Overton, Jr., Vice-Presidents; E. C. Lewis, Director-General; W. F. Foster, Director of Works; A. W. Wills, Commissioner General; Frank Goodman, Auditor; W. P. Tanner, Treasurer; S. A. Champion, Chief Counsel; S. J. Keith. Chairman Finance Committee; Leland Rankin, Chief Bureau Promotion and Publicity, and an Executive Committee of twentyone.

By a Staff Writer.

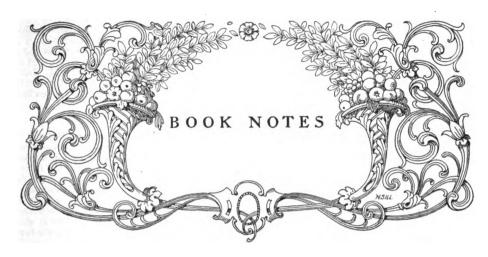
LOVE'S PASSOVER.

OVE came to me like morning light,
And lit the world with golden glow;
And life looked only fair and bright
While that pure face was in my sight.
O darling! may you never know
The breadth and depth of bitter woe
That comes to love with sorrow's night.

On thy life's door I sprinkle fine
My heart's blood. May the Angel, Pain,
In passing, see the crimson sign.
Oh, may His mercy o'er thee shine,
And leave thy first-born free, unslain,
Through reverence for the sacred stain!
May endless love and peace be thine!

Alice M. Goodwin.





Four short stories by Albert R. Ledoux are published in the same volume by the Looker-On Co. (New York). The first and longest is "Princess Anne," a story of the Dismal Swamp, negro superstition, and Virginia chivalry. The other sketches are "A Hackle in the Nesse," describing a fishing excursion in Germany; "On a Bee Line," with its locale on the highlands of the Hudson, and "An Anxious Moment," an adventure in the Maine woods.

"A Debt of Honor," a conventional but pathetic tale of English life, by Mabel Collins; "Typee," Herman Mellville's old but ever-thrilling romance of the South Seas, and "Sunset Pass," a stirring tale of army life in Apache land, are issued by the American Publishers' Corporation (New York).

F. F. Montrésor's "False Coin or True?" is odd enough, but it is not interesting. A magician rescues a girl from a life of servitude in a cheap lodging house and makes her his medium. The girl is a very stupid and not especially lovable character, and the magician is a queer combination of kindness and indifference. He has, however, the merit of being fascinating. The girl marries a sturdy Scotchman, and the magician leaves the country. We are not told that he loves her, but we imagine that he does. We feel sorry for him anyway, for he is the cleverest and most agreeable person in the whole affair. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

A most excellent and valuable book is Philip Hugh Dalbiac's "Dictionary of Quotations," which comprises only English and American authors. The quotations are arranged alphabetically instead of according to the period of the author; and this in most cases is the handiest and quickest way of tracing the desired verse or line. Indices

of subjects and authors make the book still more convenient for the reader. A second volume now in the press will contain quotations from only Greek and Latin writers, and a third will deal with modern continental authors. The present book is so admirably compiled that it will soon make for itself a place in every well-directed library. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

"What They Say in New England," by Clifton Johnson, is a charming little book of signs, sayings, and superstitions current in that part of the country. All the traditions of old New England are preserved, and to these are added folk-lore, rhymes and jingles, children's games, and tales and signs of almost everything. To those who already know these stories the book will be a pleasant friend, and to those who are ignorant of them it will contain all the delightful surprises of an unexplored country. The book is most attractively illustrated and bound. (Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.)

It is almost incredible that a man of intelligence, as Stephen Crane is supposed to be, could have written such a book as "George's Mother." In the "Red Badge of Courage," which made his reputation, he displayed a vivid imagination, if nothing else; but in this latest story, which, by the way, is very short, there is absolutely no spirit, no plot, no meaning, and no merit. It is about the cheapest and commonest sort of people, and the style in which it is written is correspondingly and hopelessly dull. Yet it is by the man who a few months ago was hailed as a "genius" by the most prominent critics of the land. (Edward Arnold, New York.)

Grant Allen's latest book, "The Duchess of Powysland," does not begin to be exciting until the middle of the volume is reached.

It takes Mr. Allen a long time to lead up to his sensation, and the introductory chapters are rather commonplace. The real plot, however, is intensely interesting. The idea is taken from the Maybrick case—for the American duchess is accused of poisoning her husband. After an exciting trial her entire innocence is proved and the book ends happily. The jealous duke had hit upon a fiendish revenge. He mixed morphia in all his food and confided to his physician that his wife was poisoning him. After his death she is cleared only by the testimony of an involuntary witness. It is curious to remark

that suicide was hereditary in the Powysland family, nearly every male member of which killed himself in some way or another. As before said, the trial of the duchess constitutes the chief interest of the book; but the characters of the duchess and of Sabine Venables are splendid types of feminine strength and beauty. (United States Book Co., New York.)

Ida M. Tarbell's "Madame Roland" is written with the care and sincerity of one who has made a close study of the subject.

Her life of the famous Frenchwoman is rich in incident and detail: she seems to have left nothing unrelated; indeed, it is a question if the work is not too exhaustive, for there is so much ma-terial in the opening chapters that the reader's interest may flag a little until more vital points are reached. The character of Madame Roland is analyzed to the minutest degree; her childish thoughts, her girlish aspirations, her womanly ambitions and accomplishments are in turn brought under the searchlight of Miss Tarbell's energy, and every bit of material is put to its fullest use. The work is sure to prove interesting to all cultivated readers, and to stu-dents of French history it will be doubly so. Several handsome reproductions of different portraits of Madame Roland illustrate the volume, which is admirably printed. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)



MADAME ROLAND.

From "Madame Roland" (copyright, 1896), by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A scholarly and earnest book is "Patmos; or, the Unveiling," by the Rev. Charles Beecher. It is an exposition of the Apocalypse of St. John, and the very difficult and delicate subject is interpreted with skill and rever-

ence. The whole course of the world's history is shown in the symbolic pictures of the apostle; a deep spiritual meaning imbues his every word and idea. Mr. Beecher's descriptive writing is beautiful, and the closing chapters are a very ecstasy of exalted faith, inspiration, and exhortation. (Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.)

* * *

An historical romance of unusual strength and beauty is "White Aprons," by Maud Wilder Goodwin. It is a tale of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia, 1676, and is told with great charm of narrative and literary worth. The hero is a rebel, the heroine a royalist, but love conquering all, she goes to the Court of Charles the Second to plead for the lover's life when he is condemned. Of course her mission is successful, and all ends happily. Aside from the love interest, there are a number of attractive episodes and characters, chief among which are the famous personages the heroine meets in England—viz., Mr. Samuel Pepys, Buckingham, Dryden, the artist Kneller, and the "Merry Monarch" himself. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

"A Mask and a Martyr," by E. Livingston Prescott, is one of the deepest, most ironical tragedies ever written. An army man marries a beautiful young girl to find out on their wedding day that she is a drunkard. He takes all her vagaries on himself; resigns his commission to keep close watch over her, and is branded as a coward by his brother officers. The evil reputation is his, for he shields her and bears the direst insults for her sake, while she is pitied as the victim of a dissolute and cruel husband. After her death he enlists as a private, and dies saving the very man who had given him the white feather—token of cowardice—but now dripping with the blood of a hero. The book is better appreciated on a second reading. (Edward Arnold, New York.)

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Illustration, which is so important a feature of the book business, is sadly neglected by some of the most prominent publishers. This does not apply to the omission of illustrations, but to the quality of some pictures used in popular books. In many cases cuts are made or bought abroad, and the result is a miserable set of illustrations, both cheap and inartistic. In such an instance a book would stand much better chances of success if it were lacking entirely in this attempted embellishment. It is surprising to note the many handsome volumes published this past

winter which have been marred by quantities of poor illustrations,

In "Sleeping Fires" George Gissing presents a problem as old as the time-honored hills, and he cannot expect the reader to summon up any great amount of interest in his story. His hero, when introduced to us, is a man in middle life, who in his youth formed a *liaison* with a young woman from whom he soon separated. He offered to provide for her and the child, but she took the unhappy infant and went out of his life for-ever. Then he fell in love with a girl of great purity and high ideals. In suing for her hand he requested her father to tell the girl of his past. This was done, and the girl girl of his past. This was done, and the girl dismissed him. A year afterward she married an elderly man of rank, and in the course of time became a widow. During his travels the hero meets and becomes greatly attached to a young man who is the ward of his former sweetheart, and whom he subsequently discovers to be his own son. The boy's mother had died, and chance threw him in the path of the woman who adopted The son dies, and the father heaps reproaches on the woman who kept him from the love of his child so many years, although he did not make any strenuous effort to retain the child in its early youth. Then the old love for this woman rises in his heart, and he uses every endeavor to persuade her to marry him after all the long, weary years each have passed. She stands by her first principles, and then suddenly decides that she has acted wrongly in marrying a man she did not love, and prepares to lead a se-cluded and penitential life. Finally, however, she marries her first love, and so ends the long-drawn-out discussion. The man who sinned early and suffered long com-mands sympathy and even respect, while the woman rather vexes. Such a tale could be made harrowing or intensely romantic. Mr. Gissing makes it cold and stupid. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Now the Brontës are the victims of a "revival." Who will be the next?

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Robert Barr is a most exasperating writer. He conceives a clever plot and then burdens it with a tiresome lot of talk, which often has little or no bearing on the plot. In "A Woman Intervenes" he almost spoils a good story by this unfortunate habit. The book might as well have been called "Two Women Intervene," for the two female characters alternately advance and hinder the schemes of the corporation whose actions form the basis of the story. The discovery of the heroine is a surprise, for the first impression is contrary to subsequent developments, and the girl who actually is the



From "A Woman Intervenes." Copyright, 1896, by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York.

heroine, and who does most of the intervening, is not nearly so attractive a character as her rival. The latter is a New York newspaper girl in disguise; the former is a rich English girl. Of course tradition would make the newspaper girl victorious, but Mr. Barr thinks otherwise. The two principal men in the story are stupid and often ill-mannered, and the various complications about the mine grow very tiresome. For all this, the story starts out brightly, and there is quite a little clever dialogue. It is too long, however, and ends rather too abruptly without a satisfactory final disposition of two of its main characters. Hal Hurst has made a number of Gibsonian illustrations for the book, and it is tastefully bound. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

Gertrude Atherton knows her California. The descriptive writing in her new story, A Whirl Asunder" (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York), is exquisite, particularly in the painting of the forest scene. But Miss Atherton's portrayal of a California woman we cannot believe to be typical. So vivid, daring, and sensual a character is a rare heroine. The man is an Englishman, conservative and thick-headed, but he rises above the fascination exerted by the woman, and gets killed in a railway accident in consequence. The struggle between his scruples and the woman's wiles forms an interesting story, and the climax is sudden enough to be startling as well as grimly appropriate to the tenor of the last few pages.

Macmillan & Co. have issued a new and uniform edition of Charles Dickens's works, accurate reprints from the texts of the first editions and accompanied by all the original illustrations. We have received the "Tale of Two Cities" and "Edwin Drood" bound together. The type is admirably clear, and the size of the book convenient, while the binding is tasteful and flexible. This excellent edition, which includes in each volume a short introduction by Charles Dickens, the younger, together with a history of the writing of each book and other interesting de tails, is published at \$1 a volume.

"A Hard Woman," by Violet Hunt (D. Appleton & Co., New York), is a really brilliant novel. It is drawn by a firm hand and polished by an invigorating wit. The author calls it a "story in scenes," for about one half the book is arranged in dialogue—keen, crisp, and admirable dialogue. The characters and incidents are human, the interest powerful, and the narrative attractive in its variety. There is, furthermore, such a fine flavor of originality running through it all that the mind would be absorbed even if the heart did not respond; but intellect and sympathy are both aroused, so strong is the moving power of the author. The title is appropriate, but, it must be confessed, unattractive, while the leading character is decidedly the reverse. The final pages, when the frivolous, selfish woman, who has nearly ruined herself and her husband by her inordinate ambition, discovers that this self-sacrificing artist husband, whose love she has ignored until it starved, looks to another woman for his better inspiration and sees through his wife's mask of deceit and van ity—this portion is poignantly dramatic and intensely human, and it is a fitting climax to the previous gayety and subsequently cumulative despair of the heartless woman.

This fin-de-siècle story closes with this paragraph:

"She raised her head and looked frantically in his face. His slack arms were round her indeed, but he was staring over her shoulder to where the white-robed Fiammetta stood and drooped under the broad leaf of the lily.

"Very slowly she withdrew her arms and pushed

him away.

"'Ah, I understand,' she said, dully, pointing to
the picture. Her voice had a sharp note of anguish
in it as she cried, 'That's the woman you love!...
Ferdinand!... Ferdinand!... I deserve it!"

"The Doom of the Holy City," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, is a historical romance, with a sub-title, "Christ and Cæsar," which suggests the context. It is a story of Jerusalem in the first century, and is, of course, full of conflict between pagan and Christian. There is much of Rome and Nero in the book. and especially a great deal of descriptive matter concerning the Eternal City. The clash of swords, the groans of martyrs, the blood of the innocent, combined with the luxurious vice and insolent cruelty of those in power, lend sufficient realism to the romance that runs through the chronicle. Mrs. Farmer has studied her subject carefully and earnestly, and she writes with great Christian fervor. Her work is graphic and powerful. (A D F. Randolph, New York.)

In "The Story of the Solar System" George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., sets forth in simplified form the truths and speculations of astronomy. He gives a general out-line respecting sun spots, deals with the vari-ous major and minor planets, discusses comets, quotes achievements and discoveries in the solar region, and handles his subject with ease of manner and lucidity of expression. The book is intended for general reading rather than for educational or technical purposes, and is prepared with special reference to those having access to telescopes. A number of illustrations and diagrams add value to the little volume. (D. Appleton & & Co., New York.)

"Dedora Heywood," by Gertrude Smith, is the story of a woman with a broad mind and a large heart—a woman who found the restrictions of her church too narrow, and whose belief in the omnipotence and universal love of God caused dissension among the bigoted people with whom her lot was cast. In spite of their prejudice against her she labored among their poor and nursed their sick, until they recognized the beauty and charity of her new religion. Her lover had been an infidel, and they had parted in youth on this account; in later years she was more generously disposed, but the lover died just before the time set for the wedding. The story is short and not very concisely told; neither is it particularly interesting or romantic, but the binding is very pretty. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Lee & Shepard (Boston) issue a new and revised edition of Harriette R. Shattuck's "Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law," which is devised for the aid and instruction of women in organizing and conducting clubs, unions, etc. The book is simple in language and form, giving practical illustra-tions for the further benefit of the reader, and containing many minute details of par-liamentary rules and principles. It should prove of much assistance to those interested in a subject which is growing in importance all the time.

BRIEF MENTION.

Recent publications by D. Appleton & Co. in their Town and Country Library Series are "The Lost Stradivarius," by J. M. Falkner; "A Selfbenying Ordnance," by M. Hamilton; "In the Day of Adversity," by John Bloundelle-Burton; "Successors to the Title," by Mrs. L. B. Walford; "The Wrong Man," by Dorothea Gerard; "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," by J. C. Snaith.

The United States Book Co. reissue "Mary Magdalen," by Edgar Saltus. "The Manhattaners" is another of the Belgravia Series. The story is rather inconsequential, though brightly written, and is by Edward S. Van Zile. Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native" is also republished by the same firm.

From the G. W. Dillingham Co. we have received "The Confessions of a Fool," made by himself; "The Twin Sisters," by Florence Nightingale Craddock: "Jack Hartnett," by Lee Gilbert; "La Nouvelle Femme," by A. S. M.; "The Woman with Good Intentions," by Meg Merrilies; "Paradise Wold," by Alice V. Carey; "Young Fawcett's Mabel," by Albert Ross; "Caterina Soave," by Gemma Ferruggia, and "Dainty Iniquity," by Margaret Granville.

Appleton & Co. publish "In the Blue Pike," by Georg Ebers, translated by Mary J. Safford.

"Ye Thoroughbred" is the title of a unique book issued by the Health-Culture Co. The author's identity is veiled under the pseudonym "Novus Homo."

"A Daughter of the South" and several shorter stories by Mrs. Burton Harrison are published by the Cassell Co.

Through some error the publisher's name was omitted in the review of "Persian Life and Customs" in the May number. The book is published by Fleming H. Revell, New York.

G. W. Dillingham Co. publishes "The Sixteenth Amendment," by A Plain Citizen, "And It Came to Pass," by Robert Appleton; "Tom's Wife," by George Douglas Tallman.

"The Rule of the Turk," by Frederick D. Greene, M.A., is an authoritative account of the Armenia Massacres and an able discussion of the Eastern Question. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

"The Chronicles of Martin Hewitt" are a collection of detective stories, written in the manner of Conan Doyle's famous Sherlock Holmes adventures. Arthur Morrison, the creator of Martin Hewitt, makes his character a little less wonderful than Sherlock Holmes, but equally as keen in ferreting out mysteries, and Mr. Morrison has also devised some very ingenious and original tales. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Recent publications in the Appleton's Town and Country Library are "A Winning Hazard," by Mrs. Alexander; "The Dancer in Yellow," by W. E. Norris; "The Picture of Las Cruces," by Christian Reid.

. . .

Macmillan & Co. issue an excellent paper edition of F. Marion Crawford's "A Roman Singer."

The Cassell Co. publish a paper edition of W. Clark Russell's "Romance of a Transport."



THE LIFE OF ROBERT E. LEE, which began in the March number of the PETERSON, has proved a valuable contribution to the history of our Civil War, and as a biography it contains much interesting and inspiring material. Back numbers containing the series are running low, and all those wishing a complete set of the magazines containing the Life of Lee should send in their orders at once. The same applies to AMERICAN NAVAL HEROES, also begun in the March number. series of articles has grown steadily in favor, and has come to be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions the magazine has ever published. The opening chapters cover a period of our history too little known, and the whole subject is one that has never been adequately treated by any other publication. Order back numbers now to complete your set.

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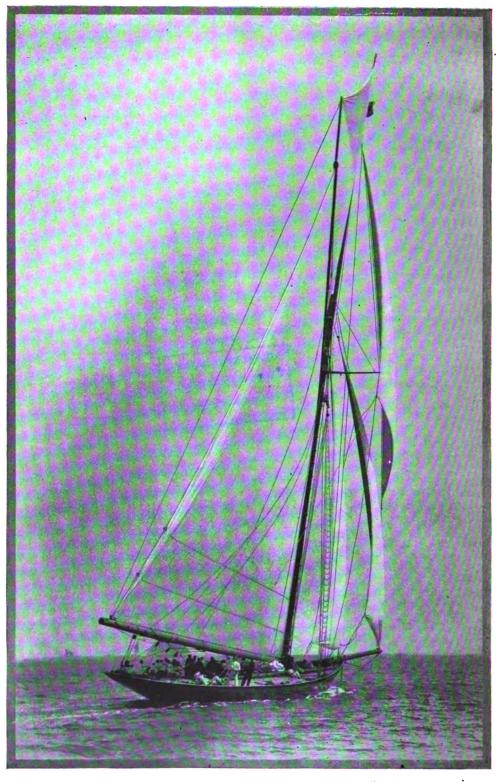
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"O'ER THE GLAD WATERS OF THE DARK BLUE SEA."

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S SO-RATER, "METEOR."

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THE

PETERSON MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES-Vol. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1896.

No. 9.

General Robert E. Lee,*

The Soldier and the Man.

By T. J. MACKEY,

Late Captain of Engineers, C. S. A.

I T was indeed a grand army that, on the morning of May 31, 1862, under the command of Major-General George B. McClellan, U.S.A., stood aligned five miles from Richmond in

" Battle's magnificently stern array."

It numbered 120,000 rank and file, composing eleven divisions, and was thus double the strength of the army that confronted it, to which it was also vastly superior in equipment.

The Confederate general, Joseph E. Johnston, however, stood an eagle's flight above McClellan as a military commander, and on the afternoon of that day he attacked vigorously and successfully three Federal divisions that had crossed the Chickahominy Creek, in the vicinity of Seven Pines, capturing nine pieces of artillery and 4000 prisoners.

Johnston was severely wounded at the close of the battle by a random shell, and the command devolved on Major-General Gustavus W. Smith, who renewed the attack on the following day, with but partial success, achieved with a heavy loss in men, although he held the field at nightfall. At that juncture, when the fate of the Confederacy hung in deadly balance, General Robert E. Lee emerged from under the cloud that so long unjustly rested upon him, and on June 1, 1862, he was appointed to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. It does not fall within the scope of this series of articles to detail the superb strategic operations and tactical combinations through which he won victory after victory over the splendid army that in the judgment of its arrogant commander was to "crush the rebels in one campaign." The extent of the disaster suffered by that army is indicated by the losses that it sustained in men and material—the official record showing that during its retreat to Harrison's Landing, on the James River, where it sought shelter under the guns of the Federal fleet, it burned up 150 of its ordnance and commissary wagons and 12,000 stand of arms, and lost in the course of the campaign 15,900 killed and wounded, 10,800 prisoners, 54 pieces of artillery, and 36,000 stand of small arms.

Lee was not elated by his great victory, for modest stillness and humil-

^{*} Begun in THE PETERSON MAGAZINE for March



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

ity were as distinctive of that illustrious soldier as his masterful skill as a field captain. In a letter written to his wife on July 8 he thus referred to the campaign that had just closed so triumphantly for the army under his command:

"I have returned to my old quarters (Dobb's Farm), and am filled with gratitude to our Heavenly Father for all the mercies He has extended to us. Our success has not been so great or complete as we desired, but God knows what is best for us. Our enemy has met with heavy losses, from which it will take him some time to recover before he can recommence his operations."

On July 13 he detached Stonewall Jackson with 10,000 men to operate against the army commanded by

Major-General John Pope, who was then advancing toward Richmond from the direction of Manassas Junction.

Pope was that rare thing. a Gascon from Kentucky. and, like McClellan, was much given to issuing pompous proclamations, thereby keeping his mind in a state of indecent exposure. But. unlike McClellan. Pope treated the inhabitants of the country within his military lines with great harshness, and Lee held him in contempt as a mere pretender to high soldiership.

Writing to Mrs. Lee on July 28, he thus referred to that bombastic general:

"When you write to Rob" (his youngest son, then serving under Jackson as a private soldier), "tell him to catch Pope for me, and also to bring in his cousin Louis Marshall" (the son of Lee's sister), "who, I am told, is on Pope's staff. I could forgive him for fighting against us, but not his joining Pope."

In the same letter he wrote:

"In the prospect before me I cannot see a single ray of pleasure during this war."

On August 17, when he was advancing with the main body of his army—about 35,000 strong—to meet the force under Pope, he thus wrote his wife from his camp:

"Here I am in a tent instead of my comfortable quarters at Dobb's. The tent, however, is very comfortable, and of that I have nothing to complain. General Pope says he is very strong, and seems to feel so, for he is moving, apparently, up to the Rapidan. I hope he will not prove stronger than we are. I learn, since I have left Richmond, that General McClellan has moved down the James River with his whole army. I suppose he is coming here too, so we shall have a busy time. Burnside and King, from Fredericksburg, have joined Pope, which, from their own report, has swelled Pope to 92,000. I do not believe it, although I believe he is very big. Johnny Lee saw Louis Marshall

after Jackson's last battle, who asked him kindly after his old uncle, and said his mother was well. Johnny" (General Lee's nephew) "said Louis looked wretchedly. I am sorry he is in such bad company, but I suppose he could not help it."

On August 29 and 30 Lee met and defeated Pope's army at Bull Run, inflicting upon it such severe disaster as led Pope to telegraph Halleck, the General-in-Chief at the Federal Capital, on August 31:

"I should like to know if you feel secure about Washington.

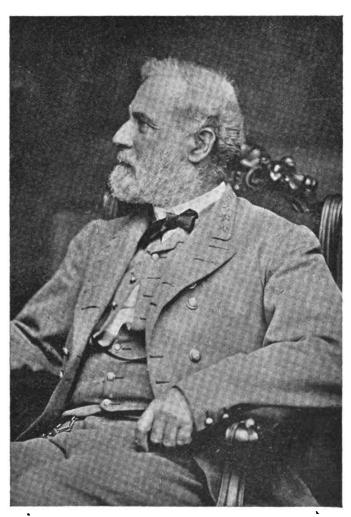
should this army be destroyed."

When that doleful dispatch was penned Pope's army numbered 53,000 for duty, and Lee's 34,000, of all arms, and the Union soldiers were as brave and resolute in battle as those of the Confederacy.

The Richmond authorities having determined to secure the accession of Maryland to the Confederate States, if possible, Lee was ordered to enter that State with his army to promote that object, with its victorious banners displayed upon the homestead hills of her martial population.

Lee put the foot of his utmost scorn upon the mere political general; but in obedience to orders from his commander-inchief, the Confederate president, he entered Maryland on September 8,

1862, crossing the Potomac at the Leesburg ford, about forty miles above Washington. He on the same day issued a proclamation to the people of the State, in accordance with the instructions that he had received from his government, calling upon them to rally around the flag of the Confederacy. The terms of that proclamation, however, did not please the Southern leaders, as they were deemed entirely too mild, the people of the State not having been menaced



PORTRAIT OF ROBERT E. LEE.

From the first photograph made after the surrender.



LRE'S RESIDENCE AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

with any spoliation in the event of their refusal to accept the invitation extended to them. On the contrary, Lee's proclamation ended with these words:

"While this triumphant army is upon the soil of Maryland, to give all needed aid desired by her people to secure their rights as American freemen and to maintain the sovereignty and independence of their State, it will place no constraint upon their free choice, and no intimidation of her citizens will be permitted by the general who commands it. It is for you to decide upon the course that you will take, freely and without restraint. This army will respect your choice whatever it may be. While the people of the Confederate States will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will."

The Marylanders did not respond to that appeal in any very great numbers. There was a brigade of Maryland infantry in the Confederate Army, and it proved itself in many battles worthy of the long line of military heroes who have reflected

lustre on the martial annals of that State.

General Pope having been relieved from the command of the "Army of Virginia," General McClellan was appointed to succeed him. McClellan moved promptly, but with marked caution, in the direction of Lee's army. To excuse the slowness of his advance he wrote to General Halleck on September 12:

"I have the highest respect for Lee's ability as a commander, and I know that he is a general not to be trifled with or carelessly tendered an opportunity of striking a fatal blow."

McClellan on the following day wrote to Halleck:

"An order of General Lee's has accidentally fallen into my hands. It discloses some of the plans of the enemy, and shows conclusively that the main rebel army is now before us. It may be regarded as certain that this rebel army, which I have good reason to believe amounts to one hundred and twenty thousand men or more, is commanded by

Lee in person, and is intended to penetrate into Pennsylvania."

In that estimate McClellan, as was his wont, greatly glorified the multiplication table as a factor in military operations, for Lee's total strength on that day was but 35,000, including every arm of service, the overestimate thus being 85,000 "or more."

The army of General Lee having taken position near the town of Sharpsburg, in a bend of the Potomac, with that river in its rear and the Antietam Creek in its front, McClellan attacked along its entire line at day dawn on September 17, and the battle raged with terrible slaughter on both sides until nightfall, when the Federal attack ceased.

The Confederate force in that battle numbered 35,255, while McClellan's report shows that he had actively engaged in the battle 87,164 men,

and he thus outnumber ed Lee's army by 52,ooo veteran soldiers. It was a diawn battle, although the prestige lay with the Confederates, for they held their position at its close after repulsing the attack of a vastly superior force.

Lee recrossed the Potomac with his army on September 19, and Mc-Clellan then telegraphed Halleck: "We may safely claim a complete victory." Yet on the day after the battle he had telegraphed as follows:

"The battle of yesterday continued fourteen hours and until after dark. Our loss was very heavy, especially in general officers. The battle will probably be renewed to-day."

But McClellan did not renew it, although his enemy stood defiantly in line before him and claimed a victory thirty-six hours after all fighting had ceased.

On October 8, General Lee ordered Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, his magnificent chief of cavalry—the Murat of the Confederacy—to cross the Potomac and harass the rear of McClellan's army and enter Pennsylvania.

Stuart encircled the whole Federal army unchecked, and McClellan, in a dispatch to Halleck, excused his failure to arrest the march of Stuart's 5000 horsemen around his army,

which had received 18,ooo fresh horses since the battle of Sharpsburg, by stating:

"The horses of this army are greatly fatigued, and now have sore tongues."

To that dispatch President Lincoln sent the following characteristic answer, to which Mc-Clellan never deigned a reply:

"Will you pardon me for asking what your horses have done since Antietam that fatigues anything?"



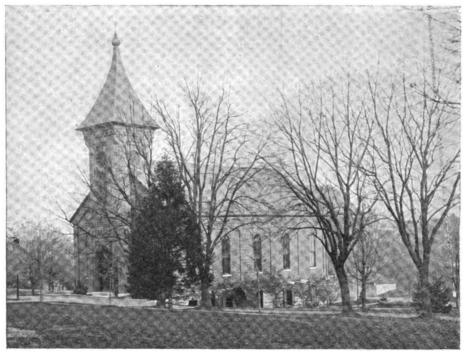
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

In his camp near Winchester, on October 26, General Lee received a letter from his wife informing him of the death at Richmond of his youngest daughter, a most estimable young lady. In answer to that letter he wrote:

"I cannot express the anguish I feel at the death of our sweet Annie. To know that I shall never see her again on earth, that her place in our circle which I always hoped one day to enjoy is forever yacant, is agonizing

On the day that letter was written, McClellan crossed the Potomac with his army and encamped in Loudoun County, Va., and on November 3, 1862, he was removed from command and succeeded by General Ambrose E. Burnside.

General McClellan was not a great field captain and master of the art of war, but he was an admirable military organizer, and knew how to convert a mere mob into a disciplined



LEE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF LEE.

in the extreme. But God in this as in all things has mingled mercy with the blow in selecting that one best prepared to leave us. May you be able to join me in saying, 'His will be done.' When I reflect on all she will escape in life, brief and painful at the best, and all we hope she enjoys with your sainted mother, I cannot wish her back. I know how much you will grieve and how much she will be mourned. I wish I could give you any comfort; but beyond our hope in the great mercy of God and the belief that He takes her at the time and place when it is best for her to go, there is none. May that same mercy be extended to us all, and may we be prepared for His summons."

army. He always respected the rules of civilized warfare, and was, under all circumstances, a true gentleman.

As Burnside proceeded to concentrate his army on the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg, along Stafford Heights, Lee advanced and took position on the Spottsylvania hills on November 26, in the vicinity of that ancient town that holds the venerated ashes of the mother of Washington.

According to Burnside's official re-

port of December 10, he had present for duty 116,683 men, while Lee's report of the same date shows that the Confederate Army under his command numbered 78,513 men, the Federal general thus having a numerical superiority of 38,000 soldiers, whose equipment was also vastly superior to that of the Confederates. On the morning of December 13 General Burnside's army advanced to the attack over a vast stretch of level ground that was combed by the Confederate batteries and ploughed deep with shot and shell. The attack was persisted in until night fell upon the ghastly field of slaughter. Never did braver soldiers march to battle than fell that day under the starry ensign of the Union; but they essayed the impossible, and their lives were most improvidently wasted in attacking an impregnable position.

Twelve days after the battle, on Christmas day, Lee thus wrote to his wife from his camp near Fred-

ericksburg:

"I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for the unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What would have become of us without His crowning love and protection? Oh, if our people would only recognize it, and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country! But what a cruel thing is war, to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that on this day, when only peace and good will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men.'

On January 1, 1863, President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was to take effect, and, strange to relate, on that very day the great soldier whose triumphant sword was the chief support of a Confederacy of States, all of whose industrial systems rested upon human slavery, was himself actively engaged in freeing over one hundred chattel slaves by drawing up and signing in the midst of his victorious army the papers that attested their legal manumission.

He was the sole executor of the will of his father-in-law, Colonel Custis, the Master of Arlington, who had bequeathed all his slaves to him in trust, with the proviso that they should be emancipated five years after his (the testator's) death, that occurred in January, 1858.

True to his sacred trust, although burdened with great public cares,



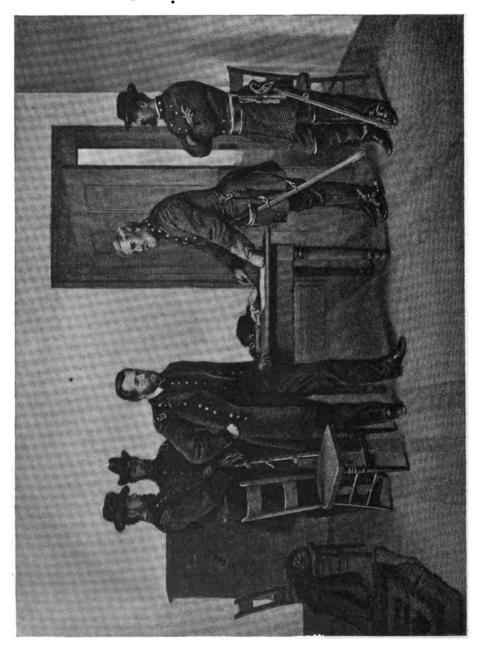
MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.



General Lee proceeded to execute it. There were 136 slaves in all, and 80 of them were within his military lines.

He was familiar with the legal form of emancipation, for Lee was an abolitionist of a very high and unselfish order long before he became a general, having freed his own slaves in 1854 while an officer of the United States Army.

On January 1, 1863, he thus wrote to his wife regarding the Custis slaves:



THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE. From the painting by Chappel.

"I executed the deed of manumission sent me by Mr. Caskie" (his attorney), "and returned it to him. I perceived that the names of John and James Sawyer, among the Arlington people, had been omitted, and I inserted them. I fear there are others among the White House people which I did not discover. If all the names of the people at Arlington and on the Pamunkey are not embraced in the deed I have executed I should like a supplementary deed to be drawn up containing all those omitted. They are all entitled to their freedom, and I wish to give it to them. Those who have been carried away I hope are free and happy. I cannot get their papers to them, and they do not require them. It would be useless to ask their restitution to manumit them. The enemy is still in large force opposite to us."

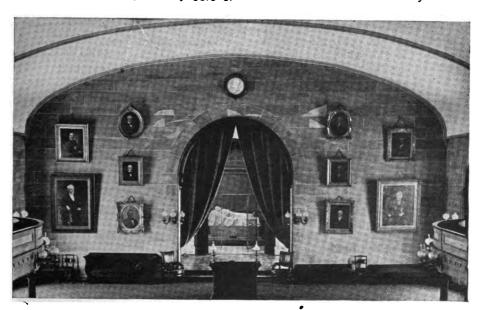
There was a lull in military operations until April, when the Army of the Potomac, under the command of Major-General Joseph Hooker, took position in the vicinity of Chancellorsville, about ten miles southwest of Fredericksburg.

According to its returns, made on the 30th of that month, it consisted of 12 corps of infantry, 13,300 cavalry, with an artillery strength of 375 guns, aggregating 138,378 rank and file, while the Confederate Army, under General Lee, numbered a total, in officers and men, of only 53,303,

with 170 pieces of artillery, and its cavalry numbered but 2700 present for duty. General Hooker was fully warranted, therefore, in terming the splendid body of soldiers that he commanded at that date, "the finest army on the planet." But he committed a grievous mistake when, in the same general orders, he declared, "The enemy must ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground destruction awaits where certain him." His elation of spirits was doubtless due largely to his knowledge of the fact that he had a numerical superiority over his enemy of 80,000 men and 205 excellent cannon.

Lee's military genius rose to its meridian during the operations from May 2-5, 1863, now known to history as the battle of Chancellorsville. In that period he steadily forced the army of Hooker to the defensive, and inflicted upon it a defeat that tore the plumes of vanity from the brow of its doughty commander, who had been endearingly termed by his admirers "Fighting Joe Hooker," and well deserved that title.

To draw the Federal Army from its



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, SHOWING RECUMBENT FIGURE OF LEE.

strong position on the Rappahannock, Lee, on June 2, began a movement northward toward the Potomac, which soon had the desired effect, as it appeared to menace Washington.

From his camp near Culpeper Court House, on June 9, he wrote

Mrs. Lee:

"My supplications continue to ascend for you, my children and my country. The fields here look very green and pretty, notwithstanding the ravages of war. What a beautiful world God in His loving kindness to His creatures has given us! What a shame that men endowed with reason and knowledge of right should so mar His gifts!"

Hooker commenced his movement in the direction of Lee's northward-bound army on June 13, but approached it so cautiously as to impel President Lincoln to write him on the 17th of that month with incisive humor:

"If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere. Could you not break him?"

General Lee, having crossed his army into Pennsylvania in the closing days of June, marching his columns by way of Carlisle and Chambersburg, reached the vicinity of Gettysburg early on the morning of July 1, where he was confronted by the Army of the Potomac, under Major-General George W. Meade, who had succeeded Hooker, and was its fifth, and, up to that time, by far its most able commander.

The space allotted to this article is too limited for me to attempt any description of the battle of Gettysburg.

The Army of the Union on that memorable field and actually engaged during the three days' conflict numbered 89,000, with its sixth corps in reserve numbering 16,200, an aggregate of over 105,000 rank and file. The Confederate Army numbered 62,406 men, and fought without reserves. The loss of the Union Army in killed, wounded, and prisoners (chiefly incurred in the battle of the first day) was 23,123, and that of the Confederates 20,451, the heaviest loss

having been inflicted on the latter in its attack on the left centre of the Union Army in the afternoon of the third day, when Pickett made his renowned charge with 15,000 infantry against the blue line of steel bastioned by the rocks, and left more than one half of his command killed or wounded upon the field.

The Union Army could justly claim the victory, as the Confederate Army attacked and was most disastrously

repulsed.

The beginning of the end of the Confederate States came in April, 1864, when Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant assumed command of the Army of the Potomac.

Lee's first battle with this army, after Grant had taken command of it, was at the Wilderness Tavern. This battle commenced on May 5, 1864, and continued until night on the following day, the advantage being clearly with the Confederates. The series of terrible conflicts that followed, and now known as "The battles of the Wilderness," ended at Cold Harbor on June 3, where the Union Army twice assaulted in column the strongly intrenched Confederate lines, each time being repulsed most disastrously, its losses aggregating about 16,000 in killed and wounded.

General Grant's army at the commencement of the campaign numbered 149,000 men, with 318 pieces of artillery. Lee had a force of 63,000, with 224 cannon.

the Wilderness campaign, Grant's advance was so skilfully resisted that it took him thirty days to march seveny-five miles, and in that period he lost 61,000 men. The Confederate loss was 28,126. Lee's army was, however, steadily forced back within the lines of Richmond and Petersburg, where the Union Army, under Grant, closed in around it like a shroud of iron, which the Confederate commander, through ten months of siege, strove in vain to break. In the extremity of his military fortunes he recalled to his mind his old commander, by whose side he had stood on fields afar, and thus wrote to his wife on March 28, 1865:

"I send you General Scott's autobiography, which I thought you might like to read. The General, of course, stands out prominently in it, and does not hide his light under a bushel; but he appears as the great soldier and sagacious, truthful man that he is."

For months Lee had been holding intrenchments forty miles in length with a thin gray line of 35,000 soldiers, fed on one fourth of the regular army ration and against a force nearly five times the strength of his own.

To avoid being entirely surrounded, he, on the night of April 2, effected the retreat of his army from its beleaguered lines at Petersburg and Richmond. He retreated westward along the north bank of the Appomattox River, while Grant's army followed the south bank in a pursuit which it maintained with the unbroken steadiness of the footsteps of Fate. The retreat continued through five days and nights, during which Lee's small and rapidly diminishing army, which numbered but 29,000 when it crossed its intrenchments to make its last march, was curtained by the smoke of the Union guns. halted at Appomattox Court House on April 8, and there terms for its surrender were agreed upon by generals Grant and Lee on the following day. The actual surrender took place on the morning of April 12, 1865, when Lee's pale, famine-stricken soldiers. clad in rags that had been glorified in the light of battle, stacked their arms and furled their blue-cross battle flags forever beneath the ensign of their country.

I should state the deeply interesting fact which has not been noticed by any historian, and yet has no parallel in the annals of chivalry, that when the Confederates advanced by brigade to stack arms, halting ten paces in front of the division designated by General Grant to receive their surrender, the entire Union line came to "present arms," obeying with alacrity the order of their most knightly

commander, Major-General Joshua R. Chamberlain, of Maine.

The terms of surrender were as honorable as were ever accorded to any army. While they asserted the just authority of the victor, they abridged none of the original rights of the vanquished. General Grant's whole conduct in that closing scene of dreadful internecine war, in which victory came through four hundred stricken fields "shot sown and bladed thick with steel," to the cause that deserved victory, entitles him to have inscribed upon his tomb by all his grateful countrymen the words: "Grant the Magnanimous."

Grant, in his "Memoirs," referring to the surrender of Lee's army, says:

"What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter (accepting the terms of surrender as proposed), were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us."

General Lee, in October, 1865, accepted the presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Va., at a salary of \$1500 a year. He had been previously offered the position of president of the National Express Company, organized by capitalists in New York, at a salary of \$50,000 a year; and although very poor in purse, he decided, as he always did decide, to follow what he deemed the line of his duty, and devote the remainder of his life to the education He wielded his vast influof youth. ence in the South to soften the asperities that ever spring from civil war, and to promote among its people a spirit of national fraternity.

In the period of political bitterness, engendered by party strife under the Reconstruction Act of Congress, sev-

eral professors in his college, while in a large company of ladies and gentlemen, denounced the Government of the United States in his presence, and he reproved their harsh strictures by reciting the following lines written by the Persian poet Hafiz:

"Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe, And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe.

Free, like you rock, from base vindictive pride.

Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side."

After reciting these beautiful lines in a clear voice and with deep feeling, General Lee added:

"Ought not we, who profess to be governed by the principles of Christianity, to rise at least to the standard of this Mohammedan poet, and learn to forgive our enemies?"

The summons that finally comes to every mortal came suddenly to Robert E. Lee, but did not find him unprepared to meet it. As he stood at the head of the table around which his wife and children were gathered on the evening of September 28, 1870, and had opened his lips, as was his custom, to say grace, it was discovered that he had become speechless and his countenance had assumed a far away, dreamy look. He was laid upon a couch in the dining-room, from which he never rose. On the morning of October 12, 1870, the great soldier took off his armor and was "at rest," where there is no more His honored remains lie in a marble vault in the chapel of the college now known as Washington and Lee University. Their resting place is denoted by a metal plate bearing the brief yet sufficient inscription:

Robert Edward Lee. Born January 19, 1807. Died October 12, 1870.

When General Grant lay upon his death-bed, in the year 1885, he thus wrote ("Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 553):

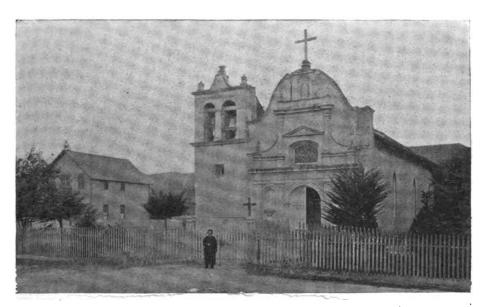
"I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and the Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel within me that it is so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last seemed to me the beginning of the answer to 'Let us have peace.'"

An illustrious American statesman, Major William McKinley, of Ohio, who stood as a private soldier of the Union Army at Sewell Mountain, W. Va., in the first line of battle that Lee confronted in the Civil War, in a recent address to many of his old comrades, said with equal patriotism and eloquence:

"The war has been over thirty-one years, and as a result we have a Union stronger and freer, a civilization higher and nobler, and a flag dearer and more sacred than ever before, and all of them safe from any enemy because the men who, a third of a century ago, fought against each other in deadly conflict stand ready to unite in their masterful might and splendid valor to oppose any enemy who would assail either freedom, or Union, or flag. What was won in that great war belongs just as sacredly to those who lost as to those who triumphed."

I can say of my own knowledge as a South Carolinian and a soldier of the Confederacy, who saw its first ensign unfurled, and looked with all a soldier's devotion upon its last folded but undishonored battle flag, that the feeling of American fraternity that now pervades our country from the blue mountains to the blue sea is due chiefly to the benignant examples of Grant and Lee.





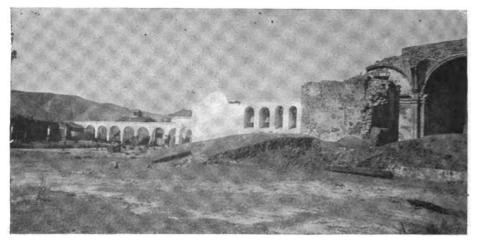
SAN CARLOS MISSION, MONTEREY, CAL.

THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

T is related that when Father Junipera Serra founded the mission of San Antonio de Padua at Los Robles. that, having halted and carefully surveyed the place, he selected a plain skirting the bank of the river for the site of the mission. Then at once suspending the bell he had brought from the branch of a tree, he began to ring it, crying aloud: "Oh, Indians, come, come to the Holy Church. Come to receive the faith of Jesus Christ." On being remonstrated with by Padre Miguel Peiras for his impetuosity, Serra replied: "Ah, let me satisfy the longing of my heart! Would to God the voice of this bell could resound throughout the whole world!"

Though San Antonio stands desolate and alone to-day amid the rugged mountains of Santa Lucia, the voice of its bell still cries aloud in the wilderness, telling the story of the sacrifice and faith of its saintly founder. Nay, more; borne on the vibrating melody of the bells of San Gabriel Archangel and San Juan Capistrano, come the echoes of that sublime courage, heroism, aspiration, conflict, and triumph, that defeat and despair inextricably interwoven with the founding of the Spanish missions in California.

Never can the imaginative tourist forget the first sight of one of these ruined adobe missions. An old building of any description has a certain pathos, it is so like a human thing. Îts windows are eyes which regard one mournfully, and seem to say, Come, I have a strange story to tell you." One instinctively thinks of the lives of those who have been sheltered by its walls—their sorrows, joys, loves, and hates, their ambitions and disappointments. If an historic mansion, one quickly re-peoples it with the illustrious dead. At fancy's magic invocation a line of fair women and brave men file through the empty rooms. Perhaps the rustle of a stiff brocade is heard once more, or it may be the clank of a fiery sword. Longfellow says:



MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO. FOUNDED BY FATHER JUNIPERA SERRA, 1776.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died

Are haunted. Thro' the open doors The harmless phantoms on their errands glide
With feet that make no sound upon the

The European traveller who is conversant with history, poetry, and 10mance, and who possesses imagination and sentiment, appreciates this truth as he stands within castle or cathedral, whose every stone, wellnigh, has some tale to tell. he who has crossed the burning, fiery American desert, choked and stifled with its frightful sandy dust, with eves aching from the fierce white light of the alkali plains, as he comes within sight of the tumbling blue of the glorious Pacific looks upon that majestic ruin, the mission of San Juan Capistrano (St. John the Captain), as upon the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Dominating the whole peaceful green valley, it stands forlorn, dismantled, but, like a dethroned and dying monarch, commanding respect and homage. Gone are its lofty towers save the broken shell, in which, one above another, hang the great bells; the ruined corridors and arches alone remain to tell their strange story. Melrose or Holyrood has not more beautiful surroundings. Before the mission stretches the broad expanse of the Pacific, while its background is a rampart of the everlast ing hills.

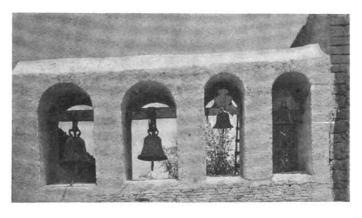
San Juan Capistrano was founded in 1776 by Father Serra, the Franciscan priest who was sent on this errand directly after the expulsion from Mexico of the Jesuits. General José de Galvez had been sent in 1767 by King Charles III. of Spain to take possession of the Californias, and to convert the Indians found there. His orders were to plant a mission and garrison for God and the king, first at San Diego, then at Monterey, and then half way between these points, the latter to be called Buena Ven-Galvez and Serra worked together for the colonization of California, and it was during this period of the Franciscans that San Diego, Los Angeles, San Juan Capistrano, San Luis Rey, San Gabriel, San Buena Ventura, San Luis Obispo, San Fernando, San Pedro, and Santa Barbara, pueblos, or towns, were all Practically the chief significance of the founding of the missions is that these Franciscan padres first began the colonization of California, being the path-finders and map-makers, as well as the architects and builders.

Father Junipera Serra was a loyal and zealous son of the Church. Highly educated and cultivated, a brilliant and eloquent orator, he yet had no other ambition than to preach Christ crucified to the savages of the New World. He was profoundly impressed with the thought that these Indians were hopelessly and eternally damned unless some one proclaimed to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ. So putting behind him the things of this world, gladly, humbly, prayerfully he went into the forests of California to do his duty.

The first mission founded by the ardent apostle was that of San Diego in 1769. The conditions under which this mission was founded were of an especially touching character. It was the beginning of the realization of the priest's ambition. Fired with enthusiasm, he quitted San Fernando, in Mexico. After a four months' journey, reaching San Diego with sick and dying sailors on board both his ships, with insufficient provisions, with angry and insolent Indians to harass him on his landing he yet kept the holy fire ablaze on the altar of his heart and made ready to found his first mission. Erecting a rough wooden cross, which looked seaward, and building a rude booth of branches and reeds, Padre Serra said mass in the presence of Galvez' troops, his own sailors, and the curious and amazed "Veni Creator,"

the standard of Spain was flung to the breeze, the water was blessed, the bell was rung, and a volley from the muskets of the troops furnished smoke for the incense Thus was the first mass said in the wilds of California and the country taken for the glory of God and King Charles of Spain.

Scarcely a month later occurred the first attack of the Indians on this historic mission. The savages were, however, repulsed, and in a few days began bringing their wounded to be cared for at the mission. Here was Serra's golden opportunity to win their hearts. By the exercise of that wonderful charity and patience which characterized his whole blameless life he soon gained the friendship and confidence of the Indians. The site of the mission was removed in 1774, and in 1813 the church was built, the . ruins of which are now shown to the The main building is ninety feet long, the adobe walls of which are four feet in thickness, the doorways and windows being made of burned tiles. Two giant palm trees stand guard over the crumbling ruins; indeed, these huge palms are a feature of nearly every mission ruin—fit symbol, perhaps, of the spiritual victory which the Church militant obtained in the wilderness of a strange land. The bells from this mission have been removed to Oldtown, the old Spanish quarter of San Diego. Lashed to a huge beam, they hang outside the little 'dobe chapel, where it is said Father Gaspara, the fighting priest, united the gentle Ramona, the heroine of Helen Hunt's novel, to Allesandro, her Indian lover. Strike them, and they ring as sweet and true as when Padre Serra first blessed them. The surroundings are pictu-



THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO MISSION.

resque though mournful. Oldtown, even in its out-at-elbow povertystricken condition, has yet a pathos and a dignity which command your respect and sympathy. Once from these broken casements lovers leaned; once sounded the gay click of castanets and the soft tinkle of the guitar; once rang those silver bells, summoning all devout believers to mass. day it is indeed a deserted village. Not a face looks forth from the windows now. An air of profound silence and melancholy broods over the place. Only a few swarthy, dirty Mexicans lounge yonder in front of that old 'dobe, lazily rolling their cigarettes and eying the Americanos with languid insolence. But the sun gladdens with its splendor, soft breezes steal gen-

tly from the sap-

phire bay, and the

ruins of old San Diego, like the graves of the dead, are covered with myrtle and roses.

The mission of San Carlos Bonomeo, at Monterey, was next founded

which passeth all One of the most the same time was mission is San near Pasadena. sion now existing of preservation, bell tower, in which passeth all One of the most the same time was mission is San near Pasadena. sion now existing of preservation, bell tower, in which passeth all One of the most the same time was mission is San near Pasadena. Sion now existing of preservation, bell tower, in which passeth all One of the most the same time was mission is san near Pasadena. Sion now existing of preservation, bell tower, in which passeth all One of the most the same time was mission is san near Pasadena. Sion now existing of preservation.

THE MONUMENT TO FATHER JUNIPERA SERRA AT MONTEREY, CAL.

BRECTED BY MRS. LELAND STANFORD.

on June 3, 1770. This was one of the wealthiest of all the missions. It has recently been restored, and is one of the greatest objects of interest in that region. Monterey was especially dear to Father Serra. Here he labored and suffered more than in any other mission, here he died, here rests his body, and here on a lofty eminence, near the presidio, stands the superb monument built by Mrs. Leland Stanford to his memory. It is a life-size statue representing the padre just stepping from his boat upon the rocks at Monterey. He is in priestly vestments, and holds his prayer-book clasped to his heart with one hand, while the other is extended as if invoking prayer. The face is most beautiful, wearing the expression of lofty and sweet serenity characteristic of those who have attained the heights of self-immolation and of that peace which passeth all understanding.

One of the most picturesque and at the same time well-preserved of the missions is San Gabriel Archangel, near Pasadena. It is the oldest mission now existing in a reasonable state of preservation. It has a most quaint bell tower, in which hang four bells. There are niches for six bells, but two

have vanished illustrating one only too well Shakespeare's words, "to what base usage must thou come at last," being the dinner bell Santa Anita, the ranch of "Lucky" Baldwin, the famous sportsman. The mission of San Gabriel Archangel was founded in 1771. During the twentyfive years of its building over 4000'Indians were baptized. In 1806 there came to take charge of this mission Padre José Maria Zalvidea. He was the original of the priest Father Salvierderra, who figures so prominently in "Ramona." Under his efficient management the mission grew rich and prosperous. The flocks and herds multiplied; the padres built mills and aqueducts, the remains of which are vet to be seen. It may be that the surroundings have much to .do with the attractions of this surpassingly lovely mission; surely, they enhance its charms. Pasadena, that fairest of all California's fair daughters, lies only five miles away; the San Gabriel valley, through which you drive to reach the mission, is a veritable promised land, a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of olives and wine, of figs and grapes, a garden full of sweet and rare perfumes and gorgeous coloring, while above and over all this enchanted region, this Hesperides of the New World, towers the glorious range of the Sierra Madre.

Within the next five years the important missions, San Luis Obispo and San Francisco de Asis, were founded. To the disaster which befell the first-named mission we are indebted for the picturesque brick that protect many of the missions. Three times was San Luis Obispo burned, and this train of misfortune caused

one of the padres to make roof tiles that would successfully resist fire. Padre Luis Martinez, who for a long time was in charge of this mission, is another character who figures prominently in Helen Hunt's widely read novel. You may remember the description of the wedding tour of General and Senora Moreno. I quote now from the novel:

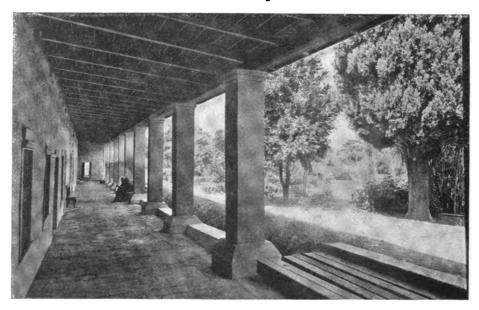
"On the morning of their departure the good padre, having exhausted all his resources for entertaining his distinguished guests, caused to be driven past the corridors for their inspection all the poultry belonging to the mission. The procession took an hour to pass. For music there was squeaking, cackling, hissing, gobbling, crowing, and quacking of the fowls combined with the screaming, scolding, and whip cracking of the excited Indians. First came the turkeys, then the white hens, then the black, and then the yellow; next the ducks, and at the tail of the spectacle long files of geese, some struggling, some half flying and hissing in resentment and terror at the un-wonted coercion to which they were subjected. The Indians had been hard at work all night capturing, sorting, assorting, and guarding the rank and file of their novel pageant. It would be safe to say that a droller sight never was seen, and never will be on the Pacific coast or any other. Before it was done with the General and his bride had nearly died with laughter; and the General could never allude to it without laughing almost as heartily again.'

San Luis Obispo was somewhat shattered by the earthquake of 1812,



MISSION OF SAN CARLOS BORROMEO AT MONTEREY,

FOUNDED BY FATHER JUNIPERA SERRA, JUNE 3, 1770.



REAR CORRIDOR, SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

and to-day adds one more to the list of these ruined deserted memorials of former beauty and power.

The founding of San Juan Capistrano came next, the same year as the declaration of our independence. Originally built almost entirely of stone and mortar, it solved in one part of the building that most difficult of architectural problems, the triple arch. The Indians themselves, guided by the padres, built this mission; and as a well-known writer says: "A semi-savage origin is traceable in all one sees. The long row of arches is stately after a barbaric fashion."

Many are the traditions which cluster around San Juan Capistrano. Bonsard, the notorious pirate, once seized and occupied it for a three days' debauch, to the great scandal of the priests and neophytes, who fled to Taabuco Creek until the freebooters finished their revel and swaggered off again to sea, leaving desolation and chaos behind.

In 1833 came the long-dreaded order of secularization, and the political tornado of spoliation descended upon San Juan Capistrano, as well as upon the other missions. herds were scattered and slain; the books and church records were ruthlessly destroyed; those of the Indians who were deemed sufficiently civilized were allotted lands, and were no longer under the control of the Franciscan fathers, though still many came as ever to them for guidance and advice. The magnificent mission was bought by private individuals for the paltry sum of \$710. It has, however, since been restored by order of the courts to the Catholic Church, and within its crumbling walls services are now held by the priest of the village of Capistrano.

Santa Clara Mission, of whose pristine glory the only vestige to day is a ruined 'dobe chapel, was the scene of many stirring events. Yoscolo's rebellion was perhaps as exciting as any. Yoscolo was a young Indian who had been trained by the padres, and who at twenty-one was made chief of the Indians about the mission. He was responsible to the padres for the management of the tribe, but he was not amenable to discipline, for when some of his followers committed certain depredations

he refused to permit them to be punished by the padres, and revolted with 500 of his tribe. The rebels broke open the mission stores, and seized blankets, arms, and whatever they could conveniently carry away. Next, they besieged the convent where Indian girls were being educated, and carried off 200 maidens to the mountains. From his fastness in the range above Mariposa, Yoscolo inaugurated a system of brigandage equal to any ever carried out in Italy. He became a terror to the country, but was at last killed in battle by the troops of the mission, and his head was stuck on top of a pole, which was placed in front of the church as a warning to other recalcitrant Indians.

One of the most beautiful of all the missions is Santa Barbara, founded in This was the swan's song, the last great work of the noble Serra's The governor decided that belife. fore the mission should be finished the presidio must be built for the protection of all concerned. Serra concurred in this plan, and worked heartily with the soldiers as they built their barracks and storehouses. At length he was obliged to go to Monterey, whither he departed, as usual, on foot. He only saw Santa Barbara once after that, and was bitterly disappointed at the tardy building of the mission, crying out in anguish as he beheld its unfinished state," Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest,

yard." Soon after he died, in the seventieth year of his age.

Year after year the slow building of this noble mission went on. At last, in 1820, it was completed and dedicated with most imposing ceremonies and great rejoicing. By virtue of its prosperity Santa Barbara was always heavily taxed; but when Mexico declared its independence, it was plundered on all sides. though secularization accomplished some of its disastrous work here as elsewhere, the buildings have always remained in the hands of the Franciscans, and the mission now forms a part of the province of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and has become an Apostolic College for the education of novices. To-day the mission is in good repair, and the garden a dream of beauty, with its long rows of stately palms, graceful feathery pepper and haughty eucalyptus trees, its beds of tropical flowers, its dim winding paths and drowsily murmuring fountains; a place in which to dream, to remember, and to pray.

This paper would be incomplete without mention of that majestic and imposing ruin San Luis Rey, founded after Serra's death by Padre Peyri. By many this magnificent mission is deemed the monarch of them all. No other had so fine a church. Its dimensions were 160 feet long, 50 feet



OLD SANTA BARBARA MISSION, FOUNDED 1782.

wide and 60 feet high, with walls 4 feet in thickness. Its tower held eight bells. One corridor alone had 256 arches, and the gold and silver ornamentation of its altars was superb.

Here let me digress a moment to speak of the present condition of the mission Indians, which is absolutely deplorable. After the suppression of the

missions they were forgotten by all. To be sure, there were Indian agents, but the reservations were undefined and the tribes scattered far and wide. Four or five years ago Congress appointed a commission to establish reservations for the mission Indians. As a result there are at present about twenty-five reservations, ranging in size from eighty acres to

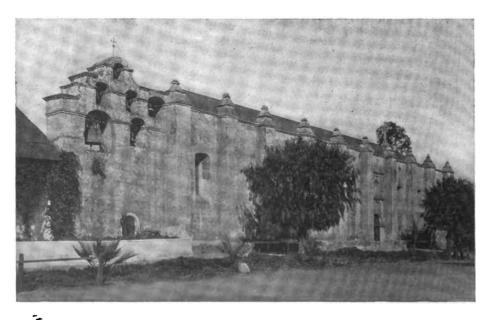


STAIRWAY AT SAN GABRIEL ARCHANOEL.

several thousand in San Diego and Invo counties.

Under the régime of the Franciscans, the Indians were gathered around the mission churches, and their lives were regulated by these devout men. At stipulated hours they attended mass, went to their daily toil, and assembled for evening devotions. They were taught

to cultivate the land, plant grains and fruits, and to live decently. When secularization came, it brought a host of the evils of civilization to these creatures. Their moral condition to-day is frightful. They drink, gamble, and race horses, while purity among the women is unknown. They are dirty, lazy, and ungrateful. Far, far better had it been to have left the Franciscan fa-



SAN GABRIEL MISSION, AT LOS ANGELES.

cross in the air.

deeds.

the deck, Padre Pevri waved them

his farewell and made the sign of the

of a history filled with romance and

heroism. The tumbling ruins of these

missions are fast disappearing before

the relentless advance of a cynical

day who love to muse upon the past

and listen to tales of good and brave

of Santa Barbara, or among the mournful ruins of San Juan Capis-

trano, I doubt not imagination will

conjure before you a notable array of shadows. It may be a Franciscan priest in stole or cassock who will

glide through the arches near you, or

perhaps, with clatter of armor and

clank of sword, one of Galvez' dashing officers may swagger across your

path. Perhaps a dusky face framed

in coarse, black hair may peer dread-

fully at you from behind a broken column, or-the wicked features of the

swashbuckler and pirate flash through

the crumbling casement. And if you

Still there are many in this prosaic

And if some day you stand in the drowsy, perfume-laden gardens

and materialistic century.

Such is the closing pathetic chapter

thers in control of them. Secularization took away from them all that they had and gave them absolutely

nothing in its place.

Eastern people who have never visited the Far West can have no conception of the horrors of Indian existence. Let the tourist visit an Indian village or pueblo, and for him Dante's "Inferno" will have lost many of its The noble red man is very picturesque in full dress and war paint on the stage or within the covers of a romance, but once see him and smell him at close range, visit him in his hogan or tepee, and, as Mr. Kipling would say, "it is quite another story." And yet these educated, cultivated, brilliant Franciscans loved these degraded beings.

After the wicked order of secularization reached San Luis Rey, the good Padre Peyri sorrowfully decided that he must leave the place where, for thirty years, he had labored so earnestly for the bodily and spiritual welfare of his Indian children. Dreading the farewells, he stole away by night to San Diego; but the Indians knew, when they missed him next morning, what his unaccustomed absence portended.

listen intently, there may be borne again from out the dim historic past Mounting their the roll of drums and the 1atponies in haste, five hundred rode after him, and tle of muskets, the chant of reached San Diego just as voices or the tolling of a solemn bell, as once more the his ship was leaving the harbor. With cries and warriors of Galvez and the soldiers of the cross take postears and prayers these session of California for God savages flung and the king. themselves into the wa-Edith Sessions Tupper. ters and swam after the outgoing ship. Standing on

SAN LUIS REY MISSION, FOUNDED 1798, REDEDICATED MAY 12, 1893

THE SILVER DOLLAR.

A LEGAL SKETCH.

I.

F Mr. James Bennett had been up to all the tricks of the legal trade his sign never would have looked as bright and new as it did, for it had been up for over two years. He ought to have had it lying out in some back yard at least a year before his admission to the bar; and he had gone, too, and hung it under a wooden awning, where the sun and weather never could get at it. Besides, he could have had a beard, but didn't. "De minimis, sometimes curat lex," especially such combinations as a full beard and a weather-beaten sign. Small wonder, then, that Jim Bennett had been waiting these two years and over for his first real, bona fide client.

It was getting time, too, for him to be getting a paying client. His funds were getting low, and it was coming pretty close to where a mortgage on his fairly good law library would be the only means of replenishing them. For he was alone in the world, without a single solitary friend to give him financial aid.

The Greenwood County bar was a large and influential one, notably so for a rural county, and its reputation extended far beyond the county limits But if the truth had been known, not one of its members really knew much more law than Bennett, or was better able to conduct a lawsuit. For with him it had been study, study, study, and a religious attendance at the regular terms of the county court, which gave him an insight into the practice of the law almost as valuable as the actual trial of causes themselves. It might naturally be supposed that his studious habits and his pleasant manners would at least have brought him some help from his brother lawyers some cheap client with whom they did not want to bother. But "brother" lawyers are like cats at mealtime. They want all the food for themselves, and never think of offering a morsel, however small, to the younger and weaker member of the

legal--or feline-family.

So Bennett had plodded along, always in his office or the court room except when, for the necessary exercise, he would go on a long ramble through the country-confining himself too much to make many friends or acquaintances. By drawing legal documents he had made just \$50 since his admission to the bar; he had tried two cases before a country justice of the peace, and had lost them both because he had been the attorney for the defendants; and he had obtained the lasting ill will of two other would-be clients by settling their legal difficulties without a lawsuit. It was a serious question with him whether it would not be best, indeed, whether it would not be a necessity to give up his profession and start all over again at something else. In fact, he was too modest and, possibly, too honest to be a lawyer.

The spring term of court had just closed. The day, the first of the summer, was warm and beautiful. fresh green of the newly budded trees, the rolling hills checkered by the plough, the flowers blooming everywhere, the sparkling river, all were inviting him to one of his long and dearly loved strolls. But he and nature were not in accord. Nature, by her very beauty, seemed to accentuate and force upon him his failure to make his profession a success, and with thoughts in gloomy contrast with the day, he slowly crossed the town park and sought in his office the solitude he wanted, and which he was sure to find there.

"Is Mr. Bennett in?"

The voice came through the open door, soft and gentle, even timid;

and, being the voice of a woman, it brought Bennett's feet down from his desk a great deal more quickly than a man's voice would have done. The vision—for in his office anything in a human form might be called a vision—of a very pletty, neatly dressed young lady stood just inside the door. With much confusion and a very red face Bennett managed, while putting on his coat, to offer her a chair and to give her to understand that Mr. Bennett was in and that he was Mr. Bennett

"A book agent, sure," was his mental comment, and he grew more composed. For you always feel a sort of advantage over a book agent, even though the book agent be a pretty young lady who has caught you sitting in your shirt sleeves and with your feet on your desk.

But this lady was a real client. The card which she handed Bennett bore the name "Miss Day."

"I went to see Daniels & Martin, and they sent me to you. They said they were too busy to take my case," she began very innocently.

Now, Daniels & Martin were a firm having a large practice; a firm which had never been known to refuse a case or let a fee get out of their office door, be it one of \$1000 or a paltry twenty-five cents for taking an affidavit

"They sent you to me because they were too busy to take your case!" echoed Bennett, too surprised to notice the mortifying fact that his fair client had taken him up as second-hand. "I've never heard of Daniels & Martin doing anything like that before," at which mild pleasantry both laughed.

The laugh, as laughter often does, put them both more at ease, and Miss Day was able to begin her statement without further embarrassment.

Her name was Mary Day, and she had lost a bond and mortgage. She was a public school teacher. For the last two years she had taught the school at District No. 42, in the upper part of the county. A brother residing in a far Western city was her only

living relative. She had inherited \$2500 as her share of her father's estate. Not wishing to use the principal, and the income being too small for her support, rather than be dependent on her brother, she had sought a means of living in that great and beneficent asylum for single women, the public schools.

When she applied for the position as teacher at District No. 42 she found that it was not so much a question of her ability to teach as whether she would be willing to board with one Peter Corsen, a farmer living in the district. Corsen was the most influential trustee in the district, and had his own way in all school matters. because the other two trustees owed him money. So Mary boarded a year and a half at his place because she was obliged to-long enough to get a pretty good idea of his character, and his wife's, too, for they were just alike. He was one of the richest men in the county, and those who were not under financial obligations to him said he was the very meanest. But that was probably because none of them could get the better of him in a

There came a time, however, when he, as all rich men have to do sometimes, had to borrow money. One day a glowing and elegantly printed circular and a confidential "personal" letter from a large banking house in New York showed him a quick road to vast wealth. The \$3000 which he lost in clean cash was, indeed, to a man of his instincts a dreadful calamity; but the serious part of it was that more than \$2000 of it was money held by him in trust, and would have to be paid over in court in less than a week.

Corsen knew of Mary's \$2500, and he knew she wanted to invest it. It was just the amount he needed, and he needed it at once. Why not borrow it of her instead of paying a commission to some Greenwood lawyer or money lender?

The loan was made. But Mary had sufficient business instinct to distrust herself in so large a transac-

tion; and, before making the loan, she consulted with 'Squire Merrick, the honest old commissioner of deeds and general business man of the neighborhood; and, much to Corsen's disgust, insisted on having a bond and mortgage on his best farm instead of taking his note of hand. The papers were always kept by her in a top apartment or pocket of her trunk.

About two months ago the annual election for school trustee had been held, which resulted in the defeat of Mr. Corsen's debtors and the consequent loss of his "grip" on School District No. 42. Mary took advantage of the situation at once and sought a more congenial boarding

place.

"Day before yesterday," she said, as she concluded her story, "when I was looking in my trunk, I found the bond and mortgage were gone. They were surely there on the day before I left Mr. Corsen's, for I distinctly remember seeing them at that time. That was the 15th of last March. And must I lose all my money?" she added, with a trembling lip, and with tears just ready to drop from her pretty eyes.

"Not at all," replied Bennett, perhaps too eagerly, for those tearful eyes and that honest, truthful face seemed to plead at once for all the consolation he could give. "At the most, Mr. Corsen may put you to some trouble and expense in collecting your money. But he surely will not do that. It will do him no good, because the loss of the papers will not prevent you from collecting the money. You had the mortgage re-

corded?"

"The mortgage recorded?" repeated Mary in a sort of a bewildered way. "I didn't think of that; I didn't know I had to do anything but to keep it. Will that make any difference?" she continued anxiously, as she saw Bennett's grave look.

"It would have been better if you had put it on record," he replied. "In that case nothing could have prevented your mortgage from being a first lien on the property; and its

loss would have caused no real trouble, as a copy of the records would have answered in place of the original. Corsen will not, of course, deny the loan of the money?"

"He cannot," she answered, "because Mr. Merrick was present when I let him have it. As soon as the papers were signed I gave Mr. Merrick the money; he counted it over and paid it to him. It was all done in the director's room of the Greenwood Bank on the 1st of April of last year. That made the mortgage due just two months ago."

"If Corsen is any man at all," said Bennett, "he will pay you the money without causing trouble, or will give you a new bond and mortgage. cannot imagine why he should do otherwise. You haven't been to see him, I suppose?" he questioned,

after a pause.

"I went to see him day before yesterday," she replied, "just as soon as I discovered my loss. Mrs. Corsen said he had gone away and would not be back that day; but I'm sure I saw him at the barn as I passed by. I then went to see Mr. Merrick, and he advised me to see a lawyer.'

"Where was your trunk during the time you were changing your resi-

dence?"

"It was at Mr. Corsen's for half a day after I left. Mr. Williams-I am living at Mr. Williams', about four miles from Mr. Corsen's-came for me in his buggy, and there was no room in it for my trunk. One of Mr. Williams' boys went over for it in the evening of the day I moved."

"Was it locked?"

"It was locked; but I left the key in the lock. I took them all to be honest," she added apologetically, as she noticed that Bennett was amused at the way she locked her trunk.

"Then you must have been at Mr. Williams' nearly two months before

you discovered your loss?"

"Yes. The papers were lost some time between the day before I left Mr. Corsen's and day before yesterday.

"Well, do not worry at all. Cor-

sen will have to pay you your money," said Bennett as Miss Day rose to go. I will proceed to get it at once.

"I thank you very much for your kindness, for you cannot know how much I have been worried, and how glad I am that you are willing to help me," she replied, seeming to think that Bennett was conferring a great favor upon her.

Here was a proper time for Miss Day to mention a matter of considerable importance in all legal consultations. But she never thought of it; and Bennett, who did think of it, would have bitten off his tongue rather than ask a young lady for a retaining

No sooner had Miss Day gone than Hennett set himself to studying this, his first real case. It was not so difficuit as a layman might suppose. Corsen could not deny the execution of the papers or the payment of the money to him. That much was setinoney to him. That much was settled. 'Squire Merrick, whose word anywhere at any time was as good as gold, had been present and taken part in the transaction, and he was an entirely disinterested witness. In the next place, the loss of the papers was no bar to the proceedings to collect the money by suit, as their loss could be set forth and proved to be accidental, and the law would not require the production of the originals.

What defence, then, could Corsen set up, if he were inclined to make trouble? None, so far as Bennett could see. True, Miss Day might be obliged to give an indemnifying bond to protect him; but that would be an easy matter. Surely he would pay the money, or, what would be equally satisfactory to Miss Day, execute a new bond and mortgage.

Bennett at once went to the county clerk's office to examine whether the property on which the mortgage had been given was still unencumbered. To his astonishment he found that on the second day of April last past it had been conveyed by Corsen to his brother—consideration \$5000!

Bennett knew pretty well the general reputation of the man with whom he had to deal. He at once sent him a sharp, peremptory note to call at his office and pay the money he owed Miss Day. "I feel that I am excusable," he wrote, "in writing to you in this peremptory manner, because you have taken advantage of Miss Day's ignorance of the law, and when you found she had not put her mortgage on record you sold, or pretended to sell, to your brother the identical lands covered by the mortgage. This dishonorable proceeding, I can assure you, will in the end do you no good.",

Very promptly an answer came to the letter. It ran:

Mr. James Bennett, Counsellor-at-Law.

DEAR SIR: Your discourteous and impertinent note to our client, Mr. Peter Corsen, has just been handed to us for consideration. We have no reply to make to it. Yours, etc.,

DANIELS & MARTIN.

So, then, that was the cause of Daniels & Martin's liberality? But what kind of crooked work was going Plainly some kind of advantage was to be taken of the non-recording of the mortgage, since Corsen, at the time he consulted his attorneys, could not have known of the loss of the papers.

Now, such a letter will nettle any one; and Bennett felt a sort of pleasure in beginning suit at once to recover the money. Two courses were open to him—foreclosure of the mortgage or suit on the bond, the latter procedure being sanctioned by the laws of his State. To foreclose under the present condition of the property would be useless. To sue on the bond and set up in his declaration its accidental loss as the reason or excuse for not producing it in court was undoubtedly the proper course to pursue-since Corsen was good for any judgment which might be recovered against him-and the one he decided to adopt. He waited anxiously to see what answer would be made to his declaration. In due time it was filed. It was a plea of payment! The principal and interest had been paid by Corsen on the 31st day of March last!

Could Bennett believe his eyes? Of all defences this was the most astounding one-one which had never for a moment entered into his head. He read it over and over again. Had Miss Day deceived him? What could have been her motive in consulting him if she had not intended to tell him the truth? Could it be possible that she was insane? No, no; he could never believe that. Yet how could Corsen dare to make such a plea without some grounds for doing so? For there was the affidavit required by law, setting forth that the plea was not intended for the purpose of delay, and that the defendant had a just and legal defence upon the merits of the case. He must see Miss Day at once and learn what she had to say to this turn in affairs.

The interview with Mary disclosed nothing new. She went over her story again in all its particulars, and in such a simple, truthful manner that Bennett, if he had doubts before, was forever satisfied both as to her truthfulness and sanity. The case had resolved itself into a question of veracity between his client and Corsen, and there was nothing to do but go on with it and do the best he

could.

II.

At the opening of the winter term of the Greenwood County Court the court-room was crowded to the doors. The opening day of court always brought a crowd; but the case of Day vs. Corsen had doubled it. strange interest seemed to attach to this very ordinary lawsuit. Not a house in the county was there in which it had not been talked over and discussed for months. That any one, and that one a "girl," should dare to sue Pete Corsen was the very height of presumption in the minds of this rural community. If good wishes counted for anything, Miss Day ought to win, for it really was the case of Greenwood County vs. Peter Corsen.

"Good grit for a girl to tackle a man like Pete Corsen, anyhow, no matter if she has a good case. Who is this Bennett who's got her case? I've never heard of his having a case before."

"Don't know. I'm afraid he don't amount to much; never knew there was such a lawyer in Greenwood County till the other day."

"Why don't she get another law-

yer?"

"I guess she hain't got the money. But, my! there could be \$1000 raised right here to-day to lay out Pete Corsen with. Couldn't there? Eh?"

In fact, Mary had been urged to have additional counsel, and money had been offered her for that purpose. But no. "Mr. Bennett has done, and I am sure he will do, all any one can for me," she said. So Bennett was spared the mortification of being relegated to the position of junior counsel; which would mean, as it always does, blame on his shoulders if the case be lost, and praise for the senior if won.

The case was the first one on the list ready for trial. With a beating heart and very shaky knees, as he afterward confessed, Bennett heard the case called, and took his seat at the plaintiff's table within the bar. Miss Day, pale and nervous at the unaccustomed surroundings, sat beside him. Over at the other table sat Corsen, plainly as nervous and anxious as the others. Last of all ex-Judge Daniels, the senior member of Daniels & Martin, came in and took his seat, and the sheriff began empanelling the jury. There were no challenges on either side—a by no means uncommon occurrence in the rural county of Greenwood. drawing of the jury seemed to help greatly to put Bennett at his ease, and as he rose to open his case his nervousness had disappeared.

There was no opportunity for eloquence offered in his cause, he said. It was a simple case where his client had loaned the sum of \$2500 to the defendant on a bond. The bond, by no fault of his client, had been lost or stolen; but its execution he would prove. It had never been paid, and its principal and interest were still

due and owing. He would ask for a judgment for the amount of the bond and interest to date.

'Squire Merrick was first sworn, and by him was proved the execution of the bond and the payment of the money to the defendant. He was not cross-examined.

"Miss Day will take the stand."

At these words every neck in the court-room was stretched to see what sort of a looking girl it was who had dared to fight Pete Corsen. With a heart ready to come out of her throat --hearts are always ready to come out of throats at such trying times—Mary managed to walk to the witness stand and be sworn, without being told that she must put her hand on the book not under it. In a simple, straightforward manner she told of the loan of the money and the loss of the bond. In conclusion, she swore positively that the money had not been paid.

To Bennett's surprise, the counsel for the defence had no questions to ask on cross-examination.

"Then I rest my case," he said to the Court.

Very deliberately ex-Judge Daniels

rose to open for the defence.

"May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury," he began, "our defence to this action I shall state in a very few words—a very few words. I regret to attack here in open court the character of any one, particularly that of a beautiful and apparently refined young lady. But I have a duty to perform and I shall perform it. As I unfold this case to you, you cannot but be the sharers with me of that deep sorrow which I feel for one who has allowed herself to become so misguided, for one so lost to conscience as to appear here in this court of justice, and for gold-sordid gold-so far forget her duty to her fellow-man, nay, so far forget her duty to her Maker, as to disregard the sanctity of her oath.'

"I object!" shouted Bennett hotly. "Counsel has no right to make such statements in an opening address."

"For, gentlemen," went on Dan-

iels, not noticing the interruption or the look of rebuke from the Court. "it is not true that the bond mentioned in this case—or the mortgage either-has been lost; nor is it true that the money due to this plaintiff from my client has not been paid. On the 31st day of March, the day before the bond became due, and now over nine months ago, this defendant, at the house where the plaintiff now lives, paid off this bond. in cash, and then and there, gentlemen, took up and received from this plaintiff these identical papers which she swears—swears, gentlemen—that she lost. They are here in court, their seals torn off, and cancelle 1 by the hands of the plaintiff herself. These papers will of themselves prove our case. You shall see them and examine them for yourselves. On these grounds, gentlemen of the jury, we shall ask at your hands a verdict for our client of no cause of action. I will first call one of the plaintiff's own witnesses, 'Squire Merrick, to prove that this is the original and true bond."

The pallor of Mary's face, as she heard the terrible words of the defendant's attorney, became deathly. She made no motion, she could make no motion, but sat like one in a dream. Old as that expression is there is none other to take its place.

Bennett, outwardly calm, was all excitement within.

"Let me see that bond!" he exclaimed.

With a cuttingly polite bow ex-Judge Daniels handed him both the bond and mortgage. They were undoubtedly the originals; for although the names had been torn off they were in the handwriting of 'Squire Merrick.

"I will admit without proof being offered," said Bennett, after he had examined them carefully, "that this is the bond given to the plaintiff, but not that the plaintiff cancelled it or that a cent has ever been paid on it."

"Well, I will prove that. I presume, however, you will hardly claim they are 'lost,'" returned Daniels sarcastically. "Let the defendant take the stand."

Corsen's story was the same as outlined in his counsel's opening. He had determined to pay off this debt —the first one he had ever contracted —just as soon as it was due. worried him so." On the last d On the last day of March last, the day before it was due, he had collected enough money, and, as he had a great deal to do the following day, that being the 1st of April, when everybody was settling up their accounts, he thought he would walk over to Mr. Williams' and pay Miss Day what he owed her. He did so on the evening of that day. He saw Miss Day alone in Mr. Williams' sitting-room. When he told her for what he had come she seemed pleased and went up to her room-so he supposed—and brought down the bond and mortgage. He then handed her the money. After she had counted it over she tore off the names and seals and gave him the papers. That was all there was of it.

"Take the witness," ex-Judge Daniels said, as Corsen finished his story.

"So you walked over to Williams' and paid Miss Day there, did you?" began Bennett. "You're sure you

walked, are you?"

"Well, I rather guess so. It's four miles from my house to Williams', and I wouldn't be likely to forget a walk of that distance, would I?" retorted the witness pertly.

"Why did you walk? It was very

bad walking, was it not?"

"That's just the reason I walked. The roads were so bad that it was better walking along the side of the road and in the fields than going with a horse and wagon. I could make better time."

"You say you saw Miss Day

alone ?"

"Yes. I'm sorry she was alone."

" Why?"

"Because it would have saved all this lawsuit if I had taken somebody along with me as a witness." And Corsen looked around with a very selfsatisfied air at this especial answer.

"You say she tore off the seals when you paid her. Didn't you say something to her first about doing

that?"

"No. She said, 'I guess that's the right way to receipt these papers,' and then she tore them off."

"A pretty good knowledge of law for one who does not know that it is necessary to get mortgages recorded to make them of any real value," remarked Bennett. Upon which the witness vouchsafed no opinion.

"Now, Mr. Corsen," went on Bennett, "you said very particularly in your direct testimony that you paid Miss Day in legal tender. Why did

you do that?"

"Well, I thought, you see—I thought, seeing as the security was very good, she might not want to take the money and might make me some trouble."

It was evident that the cross-examination was beginning to tell a little on the witness.

"You thought she would make you trouble? You mean that she would make you go home without taking your money, and you would have to come back again with legal tender? You don't really mean that, do you?"

"Yes, I do. It might have been several days before I could get the time to see her again, and it was costing me over forty cents a day for in-

telest every day I let it go."

"What a terrible loss that would have been to a man of your means! Come now, Mr. Corsen, do you really know what a legal tender is? To be honest, now, you don't, do you?"

"I don't, eh? I know as well as

you do, and better, too."

"Oh, you do? To be sure. I forgot you have been having some financial experiences in Wall Street." Which remark caused a titter to go over the court-room and did not tend to put the witness any more at his ease. "Well, then," went on Bennett, "since you know so well, just tell us what legal tender is."

"Why, silver is."

"Silver? Oh, to be sure, so it is. Then, of course, you paid Miss Day in silver?" and Bennett's tone was calm, as if that was a very ordinary thing to do.

"Why, of course I did," replied Corsen just as calmly.

Bennett bent over the table, appar-

ently making some calculation.

"Now, Mr. Corsen," he said, raising himself up to his full height and fixing a stern, steady gaze on the witness, "I want you to tell the Court and jury here how you, being on foot, carried 156 pounds of silver over bad roads and through fields four miles, from your house to Mr. Williams'."

Strange that no one had noticed the absurdity of this evidence before Bennett asked the question; but no one had paid any attention, evidently, to the conclusions to which the testimony was leading the witness.

"How's that? how's that?" said the justice, addressing Bennett. "I

don't understand."

"Your Honor, the witness has sworn that he paid the plaintiff what he owed her in silver. That was \$2500 and one year's interest, making in all \$2650. A silver dollar weighs 412½ grains troy. As there are 7000 grains troy in a pound of avoirdupois, \$2650 will weigh 156 pounds."

"Yes, that is true," said the justice after some calculation. "It weighs just a little over 156 pounds. What have you got to say to that?" he added, turning sharply and facing

the witness.

There was a long, painful pause, during which every eye was fixed intently on Corsen. When a witness makes a bad break there is often some way out, if he is sharp enough to find a way for correcting himself or in some way explaining his language. But in such emergencies there must be no delay or hesitation. Besides, it would have taken a much smarter and more experienced witness than Corsen to wriggle out of his dilemma.

Why did not his counsel help him? True, if there had been any excuse for interfering with the cross-examination. But all the questions had been perfectly legal. Moreover, when a client jews down his attorneys and says he will get another lawyer if they don't take his case for so much, and he is able to get lawyers to take

his case on such terms rather than lose it, he should not be surprised to find that his aforesaid case is being tried on an economical basis. Caveat emptor applies to the purchase of cheap law. If he chose to perjure himself and get himself in a bad hole, what moral obligation was there upon his counsel to get him out, especially when they are not paid enough to do it?

So Corsen sat there mute and helpless. The silence of the court-room became profound and oppressive. With a scarlet face dropping perspiration from every pore, he was, indeed, a pitiable-looking, if not a pitiable

object.

"I-I-feel sick; I'd like-"

"That's the first word of truth you've spoken here to day. Come down from the stand. I'm done with you!" thundered out Bennett.

He had won his case. Everybody

saw that.

Like a slave obeying his master, Corsen left the witness stand. As he took his seat beside him he saw no help in his counsel's countenance, which was a picture of profound disgust.

"I have no further evidence to offer," ex-Judge Daniels said, not rising from his seat. He appeared anxious to get out of the case as soon as he could.

"Do you not want to let this case go to the jury without argument?" he continued, turning to Bennett.

"Yes," returned the latter, seeing the advantage of the offer, and seizing at it quickly, "I could not improve my side of the case if I should talk all day."

"I suppose, then, gentlemen," said the justice, turning to the jury, "if you can get along without the summing up of counsel you can get along without any lengthy charge from me. The amount claimed by this plaintiff is \$2500 and interest, due on a bond. The only defence is that it has been paid. The defendant swears in a very positive manner that he paid the plaintiff \$2650 in silver on the 31st day of March last. That, gentlemen, is a very large sum to pay in silver.

Unless you believe that the defendant has, at great personal trouble, somehow got together 2650 silver dollars, and unless you believe that he could carry that sum, weighing a little over 156 pounds, a distance of four miles, you will have to give the plaintiff a verdict for the amount she claims. There is nothing further for me to charge."

Needless to say, the jury, without leaving their seats, rendered a verdict for the full amount due in favor of the plaintiff, who sat quietly crying

behind her handkerchief.

So ended the locally celebrated trial of Day vs. Corsen, to the great satisfaction of everybody except to Corsen himself. He was left, indeed, in a very bad plight. Besides committing perjury, he was plainly the one who had stolen the bond and mortgage from the trunk, and nothing could prevent his indictment and conviction if Miss Day saw fit to go before the grand jury. Fortunately for him, there was no desire on her part to place him in the criminal dock, and his only punishment was the disgrace which he had inflicted on himself.

Why had he testified as he did? The answer was easy. Like many another, he had imbibed his knowledge at the country store at Harker's Corners, where all matters of a public and private nature were discussed, and where it had been decided that, by the then recent passage of the silver bill, silver was the only legal tender which nobody could refuse in

payment of a debt—as if there were any legal tender which could be refused. How it happened that this "doctrine" came to play so important a part in the trial was due to Corsen himself, or perhaps, as the same store decided, to the "providential interposition of Providence."

As for Bennett, his professional fortune was made. Already two clients were waiting for him as he left the court-room, and from that time on he was loaded down with business. To this rural community nothing had ever been heard of "quite so smart" as his cross-examination of Corsen, although Bennett himself insisted there was nothing whatever smart about it. But smart or not smart, it made no difference. When Fortune starts to turn her wheel it is going to turn. Nothing is so lucky as luck, just as nothing succeeds like success.

On the wall of his private office—his offices now consist of three connecting rooms, and he has two clerks—framed in a gorgeous frame and a mat to fit, is a bright, shining silver

dollar.

His fee? To be sure, we had forgotten that. In view of the good luck which his case brought him he ought to have charged a very moderate fee, or, indeed, none at all. But he did nothing of the kind. Not satisfied with his client's money, he insisted on having—and he took—the client herself.

The fee, however, was willingly paid.

John M. Van Dyke.

CAPTURED.

I.

"

H, cruel captor of my heart,
I pray thee set it free!
You'll never miss it from your store,
And I have none—poor me!"

H

"I really cannot spare it, sir,"
She said with smile divine;
"But if you needs must have a heart,
I'd rather give you mine!"

George Hyde.

THE TRUE STORY OF HAMLET.

HEN the old Danish chronicler, Saxo - Grammaticus, set down the true story of Fengo and his nephew, Hamlet, he little thought that he was turning out the raw material for a great masterpiece of stage tragedy, which should make the name of the melancholy young Dane a household world the world over for centuries vet unborn.



HAMLET AND THE GHOST, AT THE CLOSE OF THEIR FIRST INTERVIEW.

From an English print of 1785.

And it is as lit-

tle likely that Thomas Kyd, when he wrote his drama thereon, dreamed that Fate destined him to play second fiddle to a certain budding genius by the name of William Shakespeare, whose later treatment of the same theme was to overshadow his commonplace production and cause it to sink into the limbo of things forgot-Not that young Shakespeare for he was still young when he wrote "Hamlet"-necessarily saw the work of either of those writers; it is said, indeed, that he was most, if not altogether, indebted to the "Hystorie of Hamblet," by a third writer, printed late in the sixteenth century.

But with Kyd's play or this "Hystorie of Hamblet" we have nothing to do. The object of this paper is to present the authentic Hamlet of the veracious Saxo-Grammaticus, and let our readers compare the man as he was with the man as he is represented.

Away back, when Ruric reigned over Denmark, two brothers, Horwendil and Fengo, governed the province of Jutland in the capacity of joint-viceroys. Horwendil, who was fortunate enough to slay the King of Norway in single combat, brought Ruric such a share of booty, that out of gratitude the monarch gave him his daughter Gerutha in marriage. Of the union came Hamlet.

Now, Fengo, the other viceroy, grew exceeding envious at the favors heaped upon his brother, and he murdered Horwendil, and soon after married Gerutha himself. To straighten matters

with King Ruric, the fratricide explained that his brother's abuse of his wife was so severe that his removal by death was absolutely necessary. The old king loved his daughter, and, accepting Fengo's representations, he confirmed the second marriage.

Less blind than Ruric was the young Hamlet. Fearing that he also would be murdered, he began to feign idiocy, hoping thus to appear too insignificant for his uncle's suspicions. He went about jabbering nonsense. He got himself up to look like a scarecrow. He blackened his face with In order to keep up the trick, he did many other absurd things; but one thing he did which led the shrewder ones about the court to suspect that there was a "method in his madness." He made certain wooden hooks, which he hardened in the fire, and then concealed, saying that they were arrows for his father's murderer.

This reaching the ears of Fengo, disturbed him greatly. He caused a watch to be placed over his nephew, and told his companions to observe



EDWIN BOOTH, THE IDEAL AMERICAN HAMLET.

his actions closely, with a view to finding out his true character.

On one occasion, when the lads were riding in the woods, a wolf crossed their path.

"What is that?" asked Hamlet.

"That is a young foal," replied one of the attendants, winking at the others.

"Aha!" said Hamlet, "there are many such foals at Fengo's court."

Hamlet's sayings were not always so cutting as this. Some of those recorded indicate his possession of a delicate fancy and quick imagination. For example, as they were standing by the shore, his facetious companions endeavored to convince him that the sand was flour.

"Ay," said Hamlet, "such flour as that has been ground by the storm and the white, foaming billows."

But wise or otherwise, funny or foolish, the demented prince's remarks created a great sensation at court, and many a time did the courtiers go into convulsions over "Hamlet's latest."

However amusing the youth's odd actions and sayings may have been to others, to Fengo, whose conscience made a coward of him, they had a deep, underlying meaning which seemed to be a constant menace. At the advice of a friend he determined to feign an urgent call to a distant part of his province, with a view to leaving Hamlet and his mother together. Perchance in the interview the lad's true character and purpose might show themselves.

Fengo departed, and the mother and son met. Under a heap of straw, which in those days formed an important part of the household furniture, was concealed Fengo's adviser,

to overhear what took place.

Hamlet had been in the room but a moment when he suspected the presence of a listener. He went over to the straw and leaped upon it, dancing and crowing like a cock until he was tired. The spy groaned in silence under his bruising; but when his tormentor had jumped down he happened to stir, whereupon Hamlet drew his sword and plunged it into the straw, transfixing the unfortunate and killing him.

Seeing this, Queen Gerutha began to weep aloud, when Hamlet turned upon her and read her a lecture upon the impropriety of her position, the substance of which Shakespeare retains, but the ruffianly coarseness of which he gives us no idea of. It was

shocking.

The interview with his mother over, the prince dragged out the dead courtier, placed him in a cauldron of water, boiled him down, and threw the remains into a sewer, where they were devoured by pigs. This deed he afterward openly avowed; but, as usual, no one believed what the mad prince said, and so the matter passed as one of his pleasantries.

Fengo, on his return, missing his friend, was wroth. Undoubtedly he would have killed Hamlet without further ado had he not feared to offend King Ruric, the lad's maternal grandfather. To get his obstreperous nephew out of the way, he despatched him on an embassy to Britain. With him went two Danish gentlemen, one of whom carried a bit

of wood with certain letters carved upon it, requesting the King of Britain

to put Hamlet to death.

Again the shrewd prince suspected treachery. While his two attendants slept he rummaged their pockets and found the fatal chip. Cunningly he shaved off Fengo's letter and carved another, in which he not only named the two sleepers as the persons to be made away with, but also forged a request from Fengo that the King of Britain would bestow upon Hamlet the hand of his fair daughter.

From this point on the doings of Hamlet are deeply interesting. He now changed his policy entirely. In his new home he wished to be taken not for a fool, but for a paragon of wisdom. And shrewdly he played

his cards.

The king received him with a splendid banquet; but, in order to attract attention from the start, Hamlet refused to eat a morsel or to taste a drop. The hospitable monarch was surprised at this, and after the banquet was over he sent courtiers to inquire the reason of his guest's abstinence. Hamlet very calmly informed them that the bread was stained with blood, that the drink tasted of iron, and that the meat smelt like a human corpse. Then they asked his opinion of the king and queen, and this he gave them without reserve. The king, he said, had the eyes of a serf, and the queen betrayed her slavish origin by three signs.

Now, most kings would have deemed this intolerable insolence; but not so the King of Britain. Hamlet had carefully judged his man. Instead of getting angry, his royal host quietly set to work to see if what his guest had said was true. The bread: he found that the corn of which it was made had grown on a famous battle field. The drink: in the well was found quite a number of rusty swords. The meat: he found that the pigs of the royal sty had broken loose one time and fed on the

corpse of a malefactor.

Thus Hamlet won the king's re-

spect for his fine sense of taste and smell; and the investigation of the remainder of his remarks gave his royal host an almost equal admiration for his keen sense of vision. For the king was proven to have had a slave for ancestor, whence he got the eyes of a serf; while the queen's three evidences of slavish origin were: first, that she was in the habit of wearing the hood of her cloak over her head: second, that when she walked she tucked up her gown by the girdle; third, that when, after dinner, she used her toothpick, she swallowed the extracted particles of food instead of spitting them out with royal dignity.

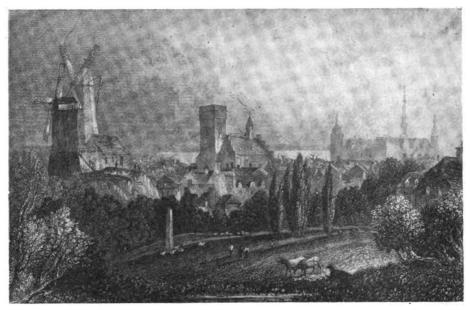
All this so pleased the wisdom-loving old king that he immediately accepted Hamlet as his son-in-law. The day after the wedding the supposed request of Fengo was further carried out by the hanging of the two attend-

ants.

Now, although Hamlet had contrived to have these two men put out of the way, he pretended to be excessively angry at their death. In this



THE FAIR OPHELIA.
From a print of 1793.



ELSINORE, THE ANCIENT HOME OF HAMLET.

SHOWING THE KROMBERG CASTLE AND THE CHURCH, FROM THE COPENHAGEN ROAD.

manner he so worked upon the old king that the latter gave him, by way of compensation, a large sum in gold, which the prince, with his usual eccentricity, melted down and poured into two hollow sticks.

After spending a year in Britain, Hamlet got leave of absence from the king, and, taking his two loaded sticks, he set out for his native Jutland.

To explain what first met his eye on his arrival at the palace we must go back a little. Before the prince had started for Britain a year ago he had a second interview with his mother, during which he made her promise that after he had been absent for a year she would pretend that she had received news of his death, and would have a funeral ceremony performed for him the same as if his corpse was there present. Moreover, she was to hang the great hall of the palace with netted tapestry.

All this Queen Gerutha carried out to the letter; so that when Hamlet arrived, the first thing he beheld was his own funeral. The mourners, of course, were greatly astounded, for there before them stood the prince, very much alive and looking as silly and dirty as ever.

When they had recovered from their surprise they inquired what had become of his two companions. "Here they are, the pair of them," cried Hamlet, holding up the two sticks; at which reply the company burst into roars of laughter, deeming it to be only one of his imbecile pleasantries.

On his native heath Hamlet was again the fool, the mad prince. He poured wine like water in honor of his happy return to his home, sang silly songs, played idiotic practical jokes, and danced about flourishing a naked sword until the company grew pale with alarm. At length he quieted down, and having cut his hand with the sword, he allowed one of the courtiers to fasten the blade to the scabbard with a nail, so that he might not be able to repeat the folly. But the drinking continued until at length every one of the company lay in a drunken stupor on the floor.

As usual, Hamlet's madness had a method in it. He now took from their hiding places the wooden hooks he had made in his early days, and pulling down the net hangings from the walls, he so fastened them over the sleepers by means of the hooks that escape was impossible. This done, he set fire to the palace, and hastening to his uncle's chamber, he removed the latter's sword and hung "Awake, his own up in its place. Fengo, awake, murderer!" he cried, shaking the sleeping man; "your courtiers are burning to ashes, and Hamlet is here to avenge the death of his father!"

Fengo, starting up in alarm, seized the sword over his head and endeavored to draw it from its sheath. This he could not do, and, practically defenceless, he received Hamlet's blade in his heart and fell back dead upon his couch.

The next morning revealed a dreadful sight. Among the ruins of the

palace lay scores of half-burned corpses, victims to the mad prince's revenge. The Jutlanders gazed upon the horrible scene, vainly speculating on how such a wholesale holocaust could possibly have come about.

For a few days Hamlet lay in waiting hiding, to find out the public sentiment. He heard enough to encourage him to come forth. He boldly avowed what he had done, and openly gloried in the fact that he had avenged his father's murder. The people listened, sympathized with him, and ended by proclaiming him Fengo's successor.

As soon as he had become firmly established in his new office Hamlet fitted out three ships in a gorgeous manner and started back to Britain to visit his father-in-law. He was not received as warmly as before, however, for the old king found himself in a peculiar predicament. He had sworn to Fengo to avenge his death if it occurred by violence; and here the culprit was his own beloved son-in-law. His oath was sacred, and Hamlet must die. But how? At length the king thought upon a plan.

Over in Scotland ruled a fierce queen named Hermutruda, who entertained so great a dislike to matrimony that every one who dared approach her on the subject was immediately executed. Hamlet was to be sent to request her hand in marriage on behalf of the King of Britain, when, of course, he would suffer

death for his audacity, and Fengo would be avenged.

The adventurous prince gladly and unsuspect-ingly undertook the task, and in due time arrived at Hermutruda's Fortucourt. nately the fierce queen had undergone a change of sentiment, and being smitten with her guest, she hinted that if he would woo her for himself he might win her hand. Hamlet, nothing loth-for the queen was exceeding fair-accepted the suggestion, and well, before many moons he appear-



MR. KEMBLE AS "HAMLET."

"O! bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother."

ed before the King of Britain with a new wife and a train of Scots at his heels.

His first wife was a most innocent and obliging little creature, and she met him with assurances of love for himself and a sisterly affection for her co-partner of his bed and board. His father-in-law, however, was decidedly put out. He hurled a spear at Hamlet which, had he not worn concealed armor, would have killed

Open enmity being thus avowed, Hamlet retreated to where he had left his Scottish adherents and prepared for battle. Pies-

ently the enemy pounced upon them, and, being greatly superior in numbers, they put the Scots to rout. Night came on, however, and hostilities ceased.

Now Hamlet did another of his clever things. Under cover of the darkness he picked up the bodies of his slain soldiers, placed some on horseback and stood others up in a fighting attitude, bracing them with sticks and stones until he had what



BEERBOHM TREE AS "HAMLET."

looked like a very formidable aimv.

When morning dawned and the Britons gazed upon the new force they were smitten with dismay. They thought that during the night Hamlet had secured from some quarter or other a substantial addition to his soldiery. While they were staring openmouthed, the prince charged upon them with his remaining Scots and put them to ignominious flight. In the encounter the old king met his death.

The rest is soon told. During the prince's absence from Jutland, Ruric died and Wigleth came to

the throne of Denmark. The new king liked not Hamlet, and undertook to depose him. Hermutruda urged Hamlet to resist, saying that if he fell in the battle she would kill herself and be buried with him. He allowed himself to be persuaded. A fight ensued and Hamlet was slain. Hermutruda immediately married the victor, and so became Queen of Denmark.

George H. Westley.

THE FLOWER STAND.

HE noisy, traffic-loving town
Lay parched and panting in the heat;
There was not even breath enough
To waft the white dust through the street.

And yet I seemed to stand within
A garden loved in days of old,
Where four-o'clocks proclaimed the
hour
To mignonette and marigold.

'Twas all because a ragged child, With sunny eyes and curls of jet, Beside a bank of fragrant bloom Cried, "Mignonette, sweet mignonette!"

Maude Louise Fuller.



ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD, RUGBY.

RUGBY, AN ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL.

THE idea of a public school in England is quite unlike that suggested to us by our American institutions, so called. The chief difference between the English and the American systems is in the application of terms; for in England both public and private schools are boarding-schools, and correspond to a class of institutions entirely dissimilar to those which the names naturally suggest. In England, the distinction between public and private schools is not due to the financial conditions under which they are conducted, as with us-not to whether they rely upon personal or public support, or to whether the institution is free or not-but merely to the size of the school. And yet Goldwin Smith says in a chapter which shows his knowledge of the subject: "To define a public school would be difficult. If you make size or importance the test, you cannot exclude Rugby or Cheltenham. If you make antiquity the test, you can hardly include Harrow." As a rule, however, a private school is a small institution, usually the tutor's home, where a few boys are prepared for the universities; while a public school is an establishment providing for the accommodation of several

hundred. Both alike are controlled by private means, entirely independent of the State or of popular support.

Some of England's public schools of which Rugby is a fair and typical example, though less prominent and less celebrated than Eton or Harrow -are very heavily endowed, and receive liberal revenues from the estates and legacies that are bestowed upon These are administered by a board of elective trustees, who have the power to appoint the head-master. Many of our own college preparatory schools are fashioned after one or another of England's great public schools; and Groton, St. Paul's, Phillips', Andover, or any other of America's representative institutions where boys are prepared for our universities will give us a more correct notion of the public-school life of our English cousins than any other educational career that we pursue.

In visiting Rugby, one can scarcely fail to recognize the wealth of natural beauty and historic association with which the locality abounds. It occupies a beautiful site on the river Avon, in the famous county of Warwick, not far distant from Shakespeare's birthplace, or from Kenil-



RUGBY AS IT LOOKED IN 1807.

worth and Warwick—each immortalized in history and romance. Rugby is a town of some twelve thousand inhabitants, and is a favorite English hunting-ground, besides being known far and wide for its great school.

Rugby school is over three hundred years old, being founded in 1567; since which time it has risen from the rank of "a good school for the Warwickshire gentry" to one of national reputation, and now holds its own with Eton and Harrow in sending to Oxford and Cambridge its annual exodus of university youths. The number of its students, who range from twelve or thirteen to eighteen years of age, has increased each year since the school's birth, till now the average reaches five hundred, with prospects of future increase.

The plan of the buildings at Rugby is not different from that so often followed by our own institutions. Tom Brown's first view, as he passed the school gate, included "a long line of gray buildings beginning with the chapel and ending with the head-master's house." A tour of the campus, such as Tom took soon after with his new friend East, shows us that the

buildings are arranged, in the usual style, around a quadrangle, into which the halls of the buildings open, and through which passages lead to the close or great playground.

Although the original buildings and the general outlay of the grounds are more or less the same now as during those days sixty years ago, yet during Arnold's time and that of his successors many additions and improvements were made. While Dr. Temple, Dr. Heyman, and Dr. Jex-Blake were respectively head-masters the financial condition of the school was so prosperous, and such excellent judgment was practised that several fine buildings were erected, and books and specimens were added to the school libraries and collections. The beautiful gymnasium has been erected long since Tom Brown's day, the chapel rebuilt, and many new schools added, till, at the close of Dr. Jex-Blake's régime, Rugby had reached a condition unrivalled in its appointments. It was only in 1888 that Mr. Matthew H. Bloxam, at his death, left to the school his valuable collection of books and antiquities.

The government of Rugby is in the

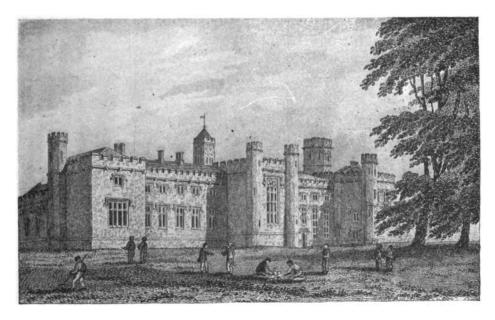
hands of a head-master, who, however, has his own house, with no direct supervision of the boys. They are immediately directed by his competent staff of under-masters, each of whom has a chair in Latin, Greek, mathematics, or other branches, and who, in addition, is at the head of a small boarding-school of from ten to thirty boys.

The boys' life in these schoolhouses, as they are called-all grouped about the quadrangle, among the chapel and recitation halls—is pretty free from restraint except for the abominable system of fagging, which makes lordly and tyrannical masters of the upper classmen at their will, and of the little boys, slaves-when they serve unscrupulous elders. Each boy, however, has his turn at mastery, like our own college youths at hazing; and if not carried to excess, such a system—which amounts really to self-government, since each student rises from the position of the ruled to that of the ruler—might be of benefit in establishing principles of justice, honor, and obedience. It teaches appreciation of the necessity and the

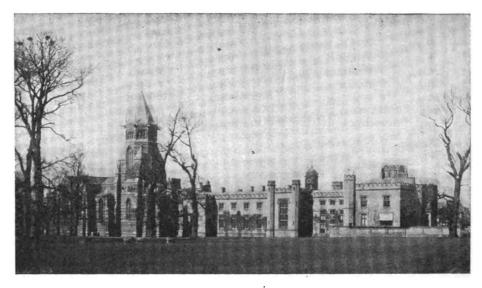
utility of subordination and law, which, in after life, is most essential to the requirements of a good citizen or an able chief. The custom of the small boys rendering service to the older ones, as fags, is a time-honored one, respected and practised with an equal faith and willingness by the oppressed and the oppressors.

Before the time of Arnold, who wrought untold benefit to the school in every respect, and who was particularly zealous in his efforts to suppress undue authority on the part of the older boys, many cruel excesses were practised by them. A spirit which rebelled against injustice and tyranny was often no more severely punished than one whose meekness or weakness would suffer in silence and fear the adding of insult to in-Tom Brown's roasting over jury. the fire for his refusal to sell his lottery tickets to a bully who was older and bigger than he was only another form of the torture that was practised upon such timid natures as his friend Arthur's.

These deplorable practices have, however, been much modified within



RUGBY IN 1815.

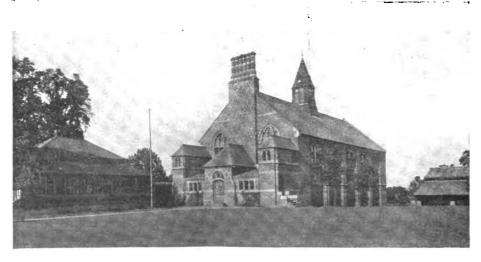


RUGBY AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

the last twenty years, and even before —particularly under Dr. Arnold's influence—till now the rôle of fag, though still played by the lower-school boys, is not one of such suffering and ignominy as formerly, nor of such abuse by the sixth-form boys. At any time, though, such examples of bullying have not been general;

and, on the whole, a spirit of mutual respect and good-will prevails.

Nowhere is the quality of loyalty so strikingly exhibited as in an English public school, and the spirit of a Rugby boy remains with him while he lives. It is said, too, that an English public school boy has always something of the boy left in him, so



VIEW OF THE CHAPEL AT RUGBY.

fresh, so hearty, so true-mentally, morally, and physically—is the life that he leads at Thomas school. Hughes says that "this is their differentia as Rugby boys (this genial and hearty freshness and youthfulness of character); if they have never had it or have lost it, it is not because they were at Rugby, but in spite of their having been here; the stronger it is in them the



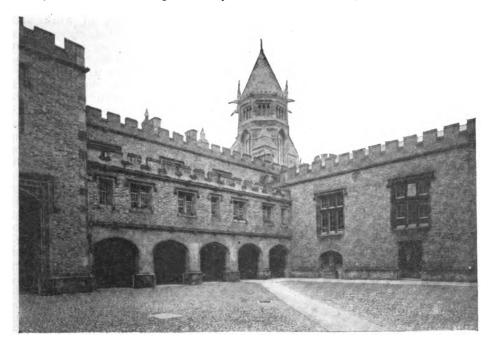
H. A. JAMES, THE PRESENT HEAD-MASTER.

more deeply you may be sure they have drunk of the spirit of their school."

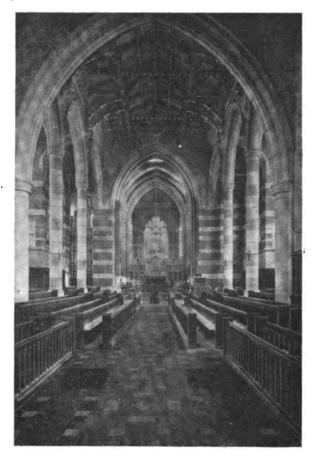
The course of study at Rugby was formerly limited almost exclusively to the classics; but during the fourteen years of Arnold's régime the sys-

tem was broadened and enlarged, the high standard of Greek and Latin instruction being supplemented by the modern languages, sciences, history, and mathematics till, by the middle of the present century, the curriculum had reached a very high state of perfection. Eight hours a day is the maximum of study, and, as a rule, this is lowered; so that athlet-

ics, which form an important factor in the education of college youths, receive careful and zealous attention. Football, tennis, cricket, and boating among Rugby, Eton, and Harrow students are sports that, as with our American heroes, fire the ambition of



THE QUADRANGLE.



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

the brainy as well as the muscular lad; for at Rugby to be a good football player is to command the admiration and commendation of the master as well as the boys.

In Tom Brown's pithy response to his own self-questioning, "What were you sent to Rugby for?" we have a clear example of the ambitions that held first place in his thoughts. "I want to be Ar at cricket and football, and all other games, and to make my hands keep my head against any fellow, lout, or gentleman." He adds: "I want to carry away as much Greek and Latin as will take me through Oxford respectably; and I want to leave behind me the name of a fellow who never bullied a little

boy or turned his back on a big one." These surely are worthy aims; lessons whose noble teachings are not mentioned in any school catalogue, but which life at a school like Rugby may indelibly impress on the youthful mind. "If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman and a Christian, that's all I want," said Tom's father in considering the reason for sending him to a public school; and, with these ends in view, he sent his son to Rugby.

This school, in contrast to Eton and Harrow, which are essentially "schools of aristocracy-training places of the English gentleman," is a place of education for the upper middle classes. For this reason, perhaps, it is better regulated as to the relative importance of work and athletics than either of its more famous rivals. That "those who think of education only will go to Rugby and pay their devotions at the shrine of Dr. Arnold" is not entirely true:

we have seen that such was not the exclusive object of at least one father in making such a selection. Here, more than at other English public schools -which, as a class, give undue prominence to football, cricket, and racing -we find a natural and healthy division of mental and physical training. As a consequence, however, the superior rank and distinction that is perhaps gained for a school by reason of excellence in sports, as well as in scholarship, is held by other schools whose students are of the very highest social station, and, therefore, as a general rule, less studiously inclined.

Here, as at all English schools, the students are divided into forms instead of classes, the sixth being the

highest form in school, and the fifth, lower fifth, fourth, and lower fourth being, each in turn, places devoutly to be attained by the poor little boys, whose fagging privileges, instead of its slavery, they see gloriously awaiting them as lords of the sixth form. The authority of the under-masters is further augmented and enforced by the "præpostors" or "monitors" of each form, who hold their positions by right of superior age or scholarship, or, in some cases, alternately by the week. This is another feature of the system of self-government which is such a striking characteristic of English public school life.

Many customs and practices prevail at Rugby which in general character are common to all the English schools, and are familiar to all their students; but to our American boys they appear unique and strange. These peculiarities apply to their games as well as to their studies. For instance, one of the Rugby boys' favorite games, called "Fives," is entirely foreign to our school boys; and cricket, though well enough known here, is not a rival of football as with John Bull's sturdy young champions. "Hare and Hounds" is another sport that stands high in popular favor at Rugby.

An American boy at Rugby would at first think that "lock up" and "calling over" were queer terms, but he would soon find that they suggest important daily events. The former marks the evening hour, when the boys must return to their respective schools; and the latter, which occurs at several different times during the day, corresponds to our roll call. Presence at these two functions, at dinner, and at lessons are about the only strict rules that regulate the Rugby boys' daily life, otherwise so free from restraint.

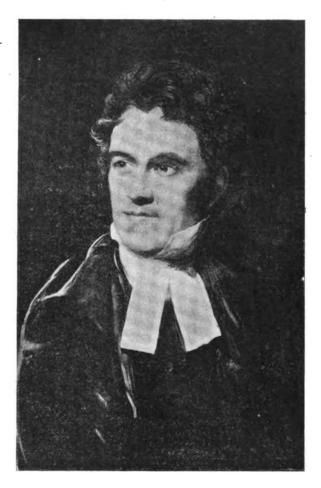
A Rugby boy never speaks of a term or a semester, but finds the "Christmas half," the "Easter half," the "summer half," each in turn offering its share of the year's work and play. Hours of study are divided into several different



CRICKET ON THE CAMPUS.

"schools." For example, they have "morning school," "after two," "after four," all terms entirely incomprehensible to the American schoolboy. The latter would be still more mystified by hearing of "dry bobs" and "wet bobs." To a Rug-

lege students; but when on the football field or practising rowing on the river, they lose all resemblance to the little old gentlemen that one sees crossing the quadrangle to "schools" or haunting the shops of the town in their leisure hours.



THOMAS ARNOLD, HEAD-MASTER, 1828-42.

by boy these distinguish the athletes who go in for cricket and football from those whose talents or pleasures lead them to take up boating.

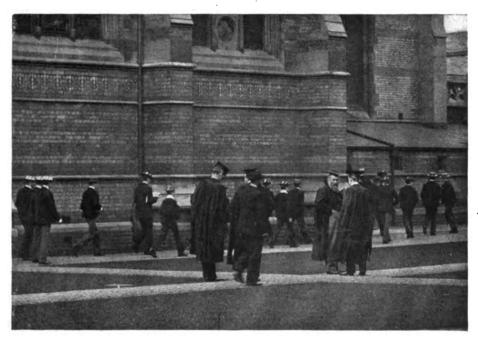
The tall hats of the Rugby boys stamp them as such throughout the town and neighborhood. Sometimes they wear gowns, too, like our colAnother point worthy of note among Rugby boys is the deep religious tone that they give to their school—or perhaps that their school gives to them. "Out of five hundred boys at Rugby there are four hundred and seventy-five who daily kneel and say their prayers." Such a record

does credit to the institution, its conductors, and its students, and makes them all worthy the respect not alone of scholars, but of gentlemen and of Christians.

Rugby has given to the universities fewer celebrities, perhaps, than Eton or Harrow; but one whose name is inseparably linked with the school, and whose memory ever has been and ever will be inexpressibly dear to the heart of every Rugby boy, is Dr. Thomas Arnold. He was head-mas-

ter from 1828-42, and in that time accomplished more for the moral and religious growth of the school than four times that length of time has been able to efface. A man of distinguished talents, conscientious, brave, and of rare moral worth, Dr. Arnold exercised over the school an influence that has made it an ornament to England and a noble Alma Mater to all true Rugbians.

Margaret Gwendoline O'Brien.

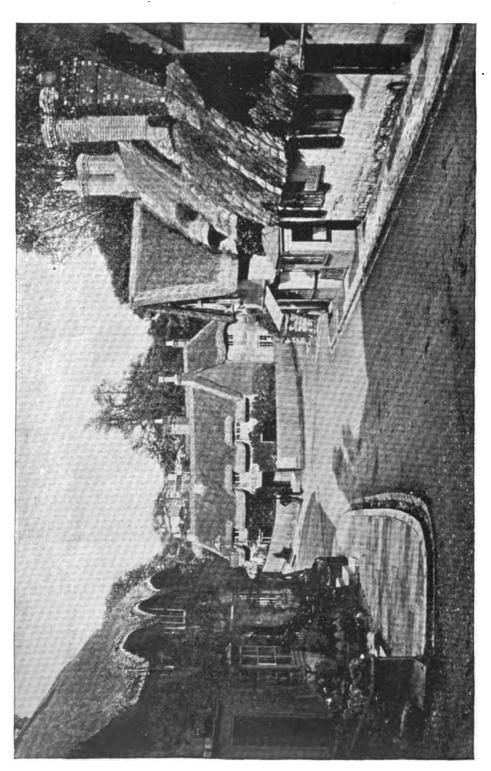


HOPE.

THOU makest rainbows of our tears,
And when the mist-veil disappears,
There smiles again the blue-eyed sea;
And then all bathed in golden light,
With wingèd sails of silver white,
Thy ship of hope comes fast to me.

And when night's silent curtain falls
O'er daylight's gold and crimson walls,
I see thy cheery beacon light,
And in this throbbing heart of mine
Its gleaming rays so brightly shine,
Thou seemest to abide with me.

William H. Gardner.



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The latter part of August and first of September mark the opening of the theatrical season. For a month past New York has been full of actors, and every available stage has been the scene of continuous rehearsals. This

year the activity is not so great as usual, however, as many companies will not go out until after election. Player folk always dread the Presidential campaign, for when the country is so agitated over free silver and sound money the majority of people prefer to listen to politicalharangues nather than to attend the theatre. For this reason a great many actors are forced to remain idle until the latter part of November, and even then the prospect for good business is very slight.

The past summer has been a disastrous one for all the roof gardens, on account of the miserable and variable weather. Since the open-air season began there have been on an average two pleasant nights in a week. The effect of this has been most disheartening to both managers

and performers. Another reason for the poor business done by the roof gardens is the fact that last summer the performances were usually of an inferior quality, and many songs and jokes were allowed which would not be tolerated in a theatre. Although an improvement has been observed this year, the managers have had to suffer for the reputation they gained for their previous laxness. There is perhaps one roof garden which has not lost money this vear, another may have comė out even, but the rest are all losers. Variety entertainments are tiresome at best, and when



MR. JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS. Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

the programme is extended over three hours the cleverest performers cannot please; but—and this is where the important difference comes in—the cleverest performers are not seen on the roof gardens. Only a few good singers, dancers, and raconteurs appear; the others are either

of the Casino Opera Company, and later in the support of Della Fox, Mr. de Angelis built up a splendid reputation as a comedian of legitimately funny and original methods. He is an artist in "make-up," and has never failed to make the biggest hit in any production in which he has



MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN.

Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

stupid, coarse, or too lazy to invent new "turns," and the majority are sadly lacking in originality.

* * *

A new comic operastar to come out this fall is Jefferson de Angelis, one of the few really funny men on the comic opera stage. As the comedian participated. The new opera in which he will appear is entitled "The Caliph." The music is by Ludwig Englander and the libietto by Harry B. Smith.

About the most important new star of the season is Miss Georgia Cayvan, who will be seen at Palmer's

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Theatre early in October in a new play called "Mary Pennington, Spinster." There are few American actresses who equal Miss Cayvan in her line of The great charm of her acting lies in the refinement and the womanliness which are part of her, and which have made her exceedingly popular. As leading woman for the Madison Square and the Lyceum theatres, Miss Cayvan served a long apprenticeship, and her conscientious work in the past indicates success for the future. She has several new plays, one by Miss Elizabeth Bisland and one by Charles Henry Meltzer, and will also produce "Squire Kate," in which she appeared at the Lyceum a few years ago.

Miss Olga Brandon is chiefly known

in this country as the "lady with the midnight eyes," a title given her by the newspapers when she first came to New York. In England, however, she has played many prominent parts, and made a notable impression in Henry Arthur Jones' "Judah.'' As an actress of the romantic school she is much admired in London. The portiait here reproduced shows Miss Brandon as the Jew's daughter in "Hypatia."

Robert Fulford has erected a handsome mausoleum over the ashes of his late wife, Annie Pixley, one of the cleverest soubrettes ever seen on the stage. The structure is situated at London, Ont., and is a fitting memorial to the woman who made "M'liss" a household word.

Mr. Charles Frohman has almost a monopoly of

the English attractions to visit this country the coming season. abroad in June he secured the rights to fully a dozen new dramas, which he will produce with foreign and native performers. Mr. Frohman also arranged for the production in London of several American successes, and an untried play by Augustus Thomas called "Don't Tell Her Husband." Another probable London venture in which Mr. Frohman will figure as manager is the appearance of De Wolf Hopper and his entire opera company in "El Capitan."

* *

Among the dramatized novels to be seen on the stage this fall is Mrs. Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," the American rights to which have been obtained by Messrs. Charles and



MISS OLGA BRANDON
IN "HYPATIA."

Daniel Frohman. The production in New York will be made at the Knickerbocker Theatre (formerly Abbey's), and it has been announced that Miss Bessie—or Elizabeth, as she prefers to be called now—Tyree will play the fascination, all of which are requisites of *Clorinda Wildairs*, she utterly lacks. Elita Proctor Otis, whose fine performances of *Nancy Sykes* and various adventuress rôles, seems the ideal woman for the part.



MISS MARIE ST. JOHN.
From photograph (copyright, 1896) by A. Dupont, N. Y.

title rôle. This is strange news, and it is to be hoped that it is incorrect, for it would be hard to find an actress who at first glance seems more unsuited for the part. Miss Tyree is pert and saucy, very clever in portraying the new woman, and in boyish or hoydenish rôles. Emotion, beauty, warmth, passion, fury, and

Augustin Daly's company has been the medium for the introduction of many an aspiring player. It is remarkable to note how many actors and actresses who afterward became famous began in Daly's company. It is a good training school, although few ever become distinguished while in it, the restrictions and discipline are so rigorous. A young actress of considerable talent and beauty who has recently appeared with the Daly company in London is Miss Marie St. John, a portrait of whom is presented in this issue.

comes from a fine old family, and has ever maintained an air of reserve in her professional life. She has been a member of the Empire Stock Company for some time, and is particularly effective as the typical society



MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE. Photograph by Dupont,

Elsie de Wolfe has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed women on the stage, and the accompanying picture is a fair example of her exquisite and lavish taste in gowns and wraps. She also enjoys the distinction of being one of the few society women who have developed into successful actresses. Miss de Wolfe

woman. This she looks and acts to perfection, although she is utterly devoid of emotion, cold, and, as some one has aptly expressed it, "hard as rocks." In "John-a-Dreams," however, she displayed a most delicate sense of humor and gave a hint of her powers as a comedienne.



MLLE. BONHEUR, OF THE FOLIES BERGERES, PARIS.

"The Geisha," or tea-girl, a production after the style of "The Gaiety Girl," "The Artist's Model," "The Shop Girl," etc., is a great success in London. These concoctions of mediocre music and stale jokes seem to please the English wondrous well, and they have usually been successful in this country, although they cannot compare to the American burlesque or extravaganza. "The Geisha" is the medium for the reappearance of Miss Marie Tempest, formerly such a favorite in opera comique. It will be seen at Daly's

Theatre, New York, during the coming season.

Mr. H. B. Irving, the elder son of Sir Henry, will not come to America for a tour next season, as has been announced. will remain in England to play in the same company with his wife, formerly Miss Dorothea Baird, the London Trilby. The recent marriage of the young couple was a notable event in London theatrical circles.

The new theatre in New York this year is the Murray Hill, situated on Lexington Avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-

second streets. All modern improvements in furnishings and decorations will be used, and the Bostonians' Opera Company will be the opening attraction.

"Pudd'nhead Wilson," in which the late Frank Mayo achieved such a success both as dramatist and actor, will be sent on the road this fall with Odell Williams in the part of Pudd'nhead. Mr. Williams had a small character bit in the original production. In "The Heart of Maryland" he did



MR MAURICE BARRYMORE Photograph by Morrison.

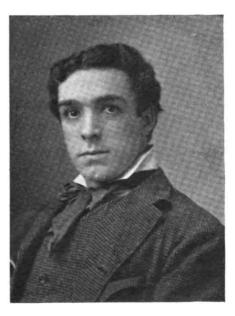
a clever piece of acting; in "The District Attorney" he played an oily politician to the life; and in various other dramas he has proved himself an unusually capable actor.

"Half a King" is the title of the new comic opera by Ludwig Englander and Harry B. Smith, in which Francis Wilson will appear at the Knickerbocker Theatre September 14. The opera is in three acts, the scene being laid in Paris in the sixteenth century. Miss Lulu Glaser, the dainty soubrette, will remain with Mr. Wilson's company. Another new opera is "An American Beauty," in which Miss Lillian Russell will begin her tour under the management of Canary & Lederer. It has been said that Miss Russell will make her entrance on the back of an elephant. Why not bicycle or buffalo, if it is an American opera?

Maurice Barrymore is well known throughout the country for his dashing impersonation of Captain Swift.

He will revive this popular play for his starring tour this fall, and will also produce a new drama written by himself, and entitled "Roaring Dick and Company." Mr. Barrymore has a wide reputation as a wit, and he is very popular among his fellows. He was a member of the Palmer Stock Company, appearing in "Alabama," "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "Jim the Penman," "Lady Windermere's Fan," etc. Last season he played the abused hero in "The Heart of Maryland." Mr. Barrymore is a handsome man, and his acting is especially calculated to please the feminine heart. His reappearance is very welcome.

Mr. William Faversham, the new leading man of the Empire Theatre Stock Company, was wisely chosen for that position by Mr. Charles Frohman. Mr. Faversham has done excellent work with the Empire company. In conventional rôles he has displayed sufficient emotion and was always the gentleman, while in parts calling for any originality he was bold and striking. His performance of



MR. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

the villain in "The Masqueraders" was the finest piece of work in the whole play, and it was a surprise to those who had come to consider him merely a walking gentleman, on ac-

seem that Sardou, above all other dramatists, is best qualified to fulfil his desires. "Madame Sans-Gêne," to which Irving holds the English rights, has not yet been given in Lon-



MILLE. DELONDRE, OF THE THÉÂTRE DES NOUVEAUTÉS, PARIS

count of the limited opportunities he had hitherto been given.

The announcement is made that Sardou is writing a play for Sir Henry Irving in which the actor-knight will essay the rôle of *Robespierre*. The French Revolution is a subject which Sir Henry has long wished to have embodied in a drama; and it would

don, although he has expressed himself many times as anxious to appear as *Napoleon*.

A most interesting performance was given recently in Rome, Italy, in commemoration of Ernesto Rossi, the great Italian tragedian, who died in June. The theatre was filled to overflowing with notable actors, art-

ists, statesmen, and many of the aristocracy. A commemorative slab was placed in the theatre, a bust of the great actor was unveiled, and, to crown the whole performance, Tomas-

Salvini is said to be in splendid form, but he has no intention of returning to the stage. His son, Alexander, who tours America annually, is gradually adding his father's plays to his



MRS. HENRY GUY CARLETON (OLIVE MAY). From photograph (copyright, 1896) by See & Epler, N. Y.

so Salvini and Madame Ristori entered the stage arm in arm. The excitement which their appearance produced was wonderful. Each recited, and awakened tremendous applause

own repertoire, and shortly will be seen as Othello. Romantic drama, however, is young Salvini's forte. As Don Casar de Bazan or as D'Artagnan in "The Three Guardsmen"

he is without a peer among living actors.

It is good news that Olive May (Mrs. Henry Guy Carleton) will be

formance in "The Butterflies" with the John Drew company.

Edward W. Townsend's novel, "A Daughter of the Tenements," which



MISS MINNIE ASHLEY.
From photograph (copyright, 1896) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

seen on the stage again this fall, after a year spent in retirement on account of ill health. She is a young actress of rare ingenuousness and much personal charm, and will be particularly remembered for her delightful peris a graphic sketch of life in the lower circles of New York, will be produced this coming season at the Academy of Music—the success of "Chimmie Fadden" having encouraged this second venture.

Beatrice Sturges.





CORNELIUS VANDER-BILT.

Photo. by Rockwood.

railroads. He has always been attentive to detail, and it is said has never failed to keep an ap-pointment promptly. He is dem-ocratic in his habits and simple Everything about in his tastes. his beautiful homes—he has one palace in New York and another in Newport—betokens quiet elegance and refined grandeur. Mr. Vanderbilt has no hobbies, unless his farm not far from Newport be counted, and he never appears in public more than is absolutely necessary. His charities are numerous, but practised without ostentation. He is the founder of and a liberal contributor to many benevolent institutions that the public rarely hears of, and is also a member of and director in

over a score of social clubs and high-class associations. He is a liberal patron of the fine arts, and owns a collection of many gems of modern and ancient paintings and sculptures. The magnificent painting by Rosa Bonheur, "The Horse Fair," which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, was presented by Mr. Vanderbilt. The recent stroke of paralysis from which he has suffered has been the means of eliciting endless appreciations of the man and sympathy with his trouble.

Some political leaders achieve their positions by shrewd engineering and wire-working, others rise on account of their personal

Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is about the richest man in this country, began business life as a clerk in the Shoe and Leather Bank, at the age of sixteen. From the first he showed a great aptitude for business, and made rapid advancement. Mr. Van-derbilt has always been a hard worker, a shrewd financier, and of a frugal disposition. He is to-day prominently concerned in more than fifty



OF NEBRASKA.

and determination are all writ ten in his face. He has issued two statements -one to the effect that, if elected, he would not accept a second term, and another saying that he has made no promises whatever to any of his constituents supporters. Mrs. Bryan takes a

worth and sound principles, while a third class turn the tide of public favor in their direction by sheer force of oratory. In this latter class may be placed the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, otherwise "The Boy Orator of the Platte" and "The Silver Knight of the West," Democratic nominee for President. Six years ago Mr. Bryan was practically unheard of; to-day his name is in everybody's mouth, and newspapers devote columns to eulogies or denunciations of him and his platform. William Jennings Bryan was born at Salem, Ill., March 19, 1860. He studied law and was elected to Congress in 1890 and again in 1892. During his terms in Congress he was engaged in a good many sharp debates, and frequently spoke as an advocate of free domestic products—principles afterward incorporated in the Wilson

He has always had Tariff Bill. a reputation for eloquence; and there is little doubt that his ringing, forceful address at the Chicago Convention brought about his nomination. The affairs of the country cannot be conducted by oratory, however, and Mr. Bryan has many enemies among the conservative Democrats who object to the length and breadth of the platform on which he stands. It was a wise stroke on his part to refuse the Populist nomination, for it places him on a better footing with the muchdivided Democratic Party. Mr. Bryan is said to be a good-natured man, simple in his tastes, and of a remarkably strong personality. Firmness, ambition,

INSPECTOR BYRNES. Photo. by Rockwood.



PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES,

BRIDE OF PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

ment, and no man of this country has stood so high in his particular line. As chief of the police and detective force, Inspector Byrnes enjoyed a popularity that was well merited and that extended far and wide. His keen intuition, extraordinary alertness, and universal knowledge of affairs, added to natural executive gifts, made him an ideal man for his position. His unfailing courtesy and calm decision were particularly reassuring to the distressed people who sought his aid in mysteries that apparently baffled all human power. Many are the discoveries of unsuspected criminals to his credit, and he was so expert in ferreting out mysteries that he was called a second Vidocq. Aside from his activity in detective work, Mr. Byrnes found time to collaborate with Mr. Julian

Hawthorne in presenting in book form some of his most thrilling experiences, which naturally make intensely interesting reading.

It is a rare thing for a royal wedding to contain any element of romance, or for the contracting parties to bear any real love one to the other. The recent marriage of Princess Maud, daughter of the Prince of Wales, to Prince Charles, or Carl, of Denmark, is an example of the influence of the "new woman." The Princess "Harry," as she is affectionately called, is thoroughly up to date, takes a vast interest in affairs of State and progress of womankind in general, is an expert golfer and bicycler, reads, draws, indulges in wood-carving, and dabbles in many

great interest in political affairs, and is enthusiastic over her husband's popularity.

Since his retirement from active service, Inspector Byrnes has led rather a secluded life, if his rare appearance in public may be counted as a criterion. Yet few men have been more prominent in New York municipal govern-

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

From his last photograph.

he returned to New York as rector of Calvary Church, and two years later was ordained Bishop of Western New York. This position he filled to the time of his death. Bishop Coxe was not only a staunch churchman, but a man of unusuintellectual gifts.

other fin de siècle sports and pastimes. Several life partners were proposed for her by the royal match-makers, but the Princess would have her own way and wed the man she loved.

Will the Prince of Wales ever enjoy the title of king? A grandfather now, and yet the throne seems afar off. For the past fifteen years rumors as to the abdication of the Queen have gained circulation; but these suppositions have never materialized, and if, in her present failing health, Victoria should decide to pass the remainder of her days, or years, in retirement, it is not likely that her abdication would be absolute. At best Wales would be Prince Regent until the Queen's death proclaimed him king. Few men in the world are more widely known than Albert Edward. His personality has always been a pleasing one to the masses; and not only by the enforced publicity of his life, but by the various es-

life, but by the various escapades in which he has been a participator, he has managed to keep almost constantly in the public eye.

Not many men attain the ripe age of seventy-eight while yet engaged in active work. The Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., LL.D., who died July 20, was born in May, 1818, and passed through a life of constant activity. At the age of twenty he was graduated at the University of the City of New York. A three years' course at the General Theological Seminary followed. His first charge after ordination was St. Ann's Church, New York. He next became rector of St. John's Church, Hartford, Conn., where he remained for twelve years, leaving to answer a call to Grace Church, Baltimore In 1863



THE LATE BISHOP COXE.

THE HOME OF DELIGHT.

A Philadelphia Institution for the Regeneration of the Slums.

T took a long time to learn how to raise the race mentally, but the lesson was finally mastered. has taken a longer time to learn how to raise the race morally, and we are still engaged upon the lesson. are many good people studying the matters in question—the minister who preaches to empty benches while the streets are full of idlers; the city missionary, who, to her unceasing amazement, is continually finding people who prefer darkness to light; the physician, who finds the seeds of disease and mortality springing from the black soil of evil; the philanthropist, ever battling against humanity's ancient foes, poverty and degradation; the simple Christian, trying to induce others to lead lives of righteousness; these are but a few of the pupils who are laboring upon the task.

Yet we have learned many valuable and important things. We are beginning to recognize the intricate constitution of the human soul and the impossibility of changing one part of its

nature without changing all.

We know that conversion and reclamation are well-nigh impossible upon an empty stomach. We know that a weak physical nature is too apt to produce a weak will power; that sport, entertainment, and happiness are far greater powers in the development of the individual, the community, and the race, than was ever thought of in ancient years.

Miss Frances E. Willard ably expressed one side of this truth when she declared, "If it be true that drunkenness produces poverty, it is just as true that poverty produces drunkenness." Lady Henry Somerset was equally accurate in her observation that "vice produces degradation and degeneration, which in turn reproduce vice." Henry Ward Beecher proclaimed a profound truth when he said "that what was needed was a gospel of light,"

All of these discoveries have met with a generous welcome from the great hearted. They have been adopted by individuals and societies, and made into the bases of clubs, movements, and even institutions.

Their first and most famous expression in concrete form was in Toynbee Hall, London. This has been followed by the Canningtown Settlement, and by the College and University Settlements of Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and Chicago. Special features have been taken up by various organizations and have become royal instrumentalities of good. St. John's Guild, in New York City, has its floating hospitals which carry the sick children of the poor up the Long Island Sound or out upon the sea, to the unspeakable happiness and healthfulness of thousands every year. The United Hebrew Charities of New York, whose noble work is known to all the world, conduct a great sanitarium at Rockaway, where, the whole summer long, hundreds of joyous little urchins roll in the sand and sunlight and gain the strength and vigor the Lord intended, but which the awful tenements of the metropolis have forbidden.

In New York and Brooklyn, benevolent societies teach the poor how to cook, how to make window gardens and indoor gardens, how to convert filthy back yards into pretty lawns and beds of blossoms, and instruct little folk how to sew and dance, play games and sing the old-fashioned songs which are so pleasant a part of the natural education of every happy child.

In Brooklyn, a benevolent citizen takes colonies of little Italian boys out into the suburban fields, and there instructs them in the mysteries of baseball, which he jocularly declares to be the only way of making them good American citizens. In New York, a circle of generous girls and



THE HOME OF DELIGHT, PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

women teach poor street boys how to whittle and It may seem strange to those whose conceptions of benevolence are restricted to missionary effort to learn that the juvenile baseball players and the associated whittlers have been made into better children in their language, appearance, and action by these simple amusements than are many of the classes which possess every advantage in life. It is these experiments and their success which have given us a new insight into the great social problems. We begin to know that poverty and vicious tendencies, as well as vice, beget influences and conditions which tend to preserve and continue their existence. The man or woman who is driven by debauchery and extravagance from a nice home to a low quarter and a miserable living apaitment has children who are weakened morally, mentally, and physically. These in turn find satisfaction in their terrible surroundings, and sink lower, producing children who are again lower than The recuperathe first. tive force of nature, the power which would build them up, is still there, but is largely neutralized by the surroundings. this power which keeps them alive despite their surroundings, which makes every street in the slums crowded with little ones. To regenerate these, the first step is to change their surroundings. This is best done by taking them to places which offer



REV. J. LEONARD LEVY.

a contrast to the familiar scenes of their daily life. Excursions to the fields and forests, to the lakeside and seashore are invaluable.

Better still is it to take them to places where they can be at home, where they will have the advantages of comfort, cleanliness, and happiness.

An hour a day or more is an education which inside of a year overcomes the force of their surroundings and converts them into the most fearless and successful missionaries we have ever yet produced. This plan, though new, is already in successful operation in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Philadelphia. Its success is such that it may be justly termed a forerunner or the beginning of a new dispensation. It is an attack upon the slums against which there is no possible defense. The door may be shut in the missionary's face, kept closed to the truant officer, and be barricaded against the health inspector; but it is opened by the children of the household to the workers of the new system.

In fact, the workers need not come. They need issue no handbills and send no messengers. That myste-



CLASS ROOM, HOME OF DELIGHT.

rious transmission of news which goes upon invisible wires from palace to hovel, from the Czar upon his throne to the humblest Moujik in Eastern Siberia, does the work better than the widest publication.

Given a place where the street arab can have a happy hour according to his own canons without any cost, he will tramp contentedly ten miles to cross its threshold.

The institution in Philadelphia is known as The Home of Delight, and is situated at 426 Pine Street, in one of the crowded districts of that mighty hive of industry. It represents the thought and hard work of a distinguished philanthropist and scholar, the Rev. J. Leonard Levy. He had long studied the problem of reaching and ameliorating the submerged third of humanity, and by degrees put together a system which embodied the best elements of the different experi-

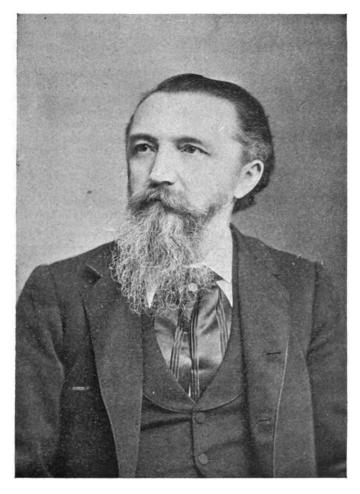
ments in Great Britain in the same field, to which he added his own conclusions. He submitted the matter to many interested in the same branch of work, all of whom approved of his propositions, and many of whom joined him in establishing the Home.

The house they selected is a typical Philadelphia mansion. It has three stories and a garret, with a front of 1ed brick set off by white marble door and window casings. Within it has been treated so as to be bright, neat, cosy, and comfortable. Everything is useful, but every useful thing is made as artistic as a reasonable expense will permit.

The chairs, for example, in the library have handsome carved backs, and are exceedingly pleasant to the eye; and the table, a plain wooden affair, is made of hard wood, and is polished until it fairly gleams. Upon the walls are many pictures of excel-

lent quality, and conveying some lesson or truth. They are portraits of patriots and statesmen and pictures of historical events.

The Home of Delight has eight departments. Each department has its name, and each of these names is emthe gymnasium for physical culture. Both library and reading-room are open daily; the former contains about one thousand volumes, while the latter is furnished with an excellent supply of dailies, weeklies, and monthlies. Everybody is welcome, and can



RUDOLPH BLANKENBERG, ESQ.

ployed as a symbol for a larger fact. Thus, the library stands for education, and the reading-room enlightenment. The press room represents employment, and the game-room enjoyment. The cadet club means patriotism, and the sewing circles charity. The history club stands for information, and

always obtain information or advice. The press room is used for the technical education of those desirous of entering the printing business, and is utilized for the publication of such printed matter as the Home requires, and also of a neat little monthly sheet entitled *Our Word and Work*.



J. J. SNELLENBERG,

The game-room is open daily, and has comfortable chairs and tables and any number of games such as boys enjoy. Among them are dominoes, lotto, checkers, chess, backgammon, morris, bagatelle, and many other table games.

The cadet department teaches military tactics, discipline, and the one hundred and one little things which are connected with a soldier's life. The pupils are taught how to stand, sit, walk, and run; how to climb, how to fence, how to shoot, how to use the bayonet, the manual of arms, and the rules and practice of warfare. They have a cadet club known as the H. D. C., or Home of Delight Cadets, which is under the direction of Major Williams, U. S. A. They meet semiweekly, when they drill and train. The club was started by the president of the Home, Mr. J. J. Snellenberg, who generously uniformed and equipped them in the latest and best manner. Although but a recent creation, they march and drill in admirable style, and show unspeakable pleasure in what to others might seem very laborious and monotonous work.

The history department is under the direction of Miss M. Sichel, and is intended to give the students a general idea of the career of our own nation, and also of the leading countries abroad. No time is wasted upon unimportant details nor upon questions demanding a knowledge of political science. Everything is couched in the simplest terms, and is admirably qualified to interest as well as instruct the children who compose the class. The gymnasium is conducted upon the most modern ideas- the course of instruction being intended to increase the strength of those who are already strong, and to improve the physical condition of those who are weak, malformed, or undeveloped in part.

The officers of the organization are representative Philadelphians who are



CHARLES SESSLER.

prominent in commercial and philanthropic circles. The president is Mr. J. J. Snellenberg, a merchant of that city, and a man noted for his patriotism and benevolence. He has long been interested in the great problem of property and the reclamation and amelioration of poor children.

The vice-president and founder of the Home is the Rev. Dr. Leonard

Levi, Rabbi of the Reformed Congregation Keneseth Israel, the largest Jewish congregation in America. He is also the founder of many philanthropic and industrial societies. He is well known in the literary world, being an honor graduate of the University of London, editor of the Atlantic Coast Ouarterly Magazine, and a translator of the famous Babylonian Talmud. The work in question is one of the oldest extant, and is written in a character of the greatest difficulty. It baffled many antiquarians learned in the cuneiform and the other characters of Mesopotamia, but yielded finally to the genius of Dr. Levy. It is undoubtedly the oldest Hebrew work extant, and the translation transports us to those ancient centuries better than any other work of its class.

The chairman of the Library Committee is Mr. Charles Sessier, who has devoted much time and labor to his department, and has developed a taste for reading in scores of boys and girls to whom theretofore nearly all access to books was denied.

A leading member of the Home Committee is Miss Gertrude Berg, who is a well-known charity worker in the Quaker City, and makes a special field of labor among children. She is a volunteer teacher, friend, and playmate of the visitors to the



Home of Delight, and never spends less than one day there every week.

The chairman of the Finance Committee is Mr. Rudolph Blankenberg, who is prominent in Philadelphia as a reformer and public-spirited citizen. He is also a regular at tendant at the Home, and is nelpful in welcoming and interesting the new-comers. S. L. Bloch is the

treasurer, and Mr. Jacob Rubel the secretary. They are active workers for the Home, and have brought many little ones into the sphere of its influence. Other workers are Mrs. A. Hirsch, Mrs. J. Leonard Levy, Mrs. S. Simon, Mrs. E. Wolf, the Hon. Charles F. Warwick, Mayor; E. H. Clarke, B. Gimbel, C. C. Harrison, S. C. Klopfer, Dr. H. E. Kohn, Samuel Kohn, George A. Levy, J. Louchheim, Hon. William M. Singerly, L. A. Wiener, and A. J. Cortissoz.

The place, although new, is already an ant-hill of industry. The cadets meet with commendable regularity, both for their military duty and also to read, study, play, and exercise. The History Club was so successful that it had to be broken up into two smaller clubs. A Chautauqua Circle has been formed and does good work at the Home, which the members continue in their own households. In the game rooms tournaments and matches have gone on almost nightly since the institution opened. many evenings every board has been in use, checkers being the favorite of the youngsters.

What vastly increases the little rest of the little ones is a prize of no great value, but still enough to make every juvenile heart thrill with anticipation, which is donated by Mr. Jacob Rubel.

Not alone do children come in to



READING ROOM, HOME OF DELIGHT.

enjoy the benefits of the institution, but grown folks are also heartily welcomed. They are a little shy about coming, but after the ice is once broken they are among the regular attendants. The chief attraction to them is the library, and here, both in the daytime and in the evening, dozens are always to be found.

The sewing circle has developed into two circles already, one for women and one for children. The woman's circle meets on Tuesdays, and is conducted by Mrs. J. L. Levy, Mrs. C. Sessler, Mrs. B. Salinger, Mrs. Julius Berg, and Mrs. John Harvey. The children's sewing circle has no less than thirty members, all under nine years of age. They are taught sewing by the Misses Tilly Benswanger, Florence Platnauer, Miriam Adler, Carrie Rubel, and Regina Mayer. The boys between twelve and fifteen have also been organized into a base-

ball club, which already has learned to play well, and engages in matches with other clubs. In the press-room there are three students, who are making progress in printing and press There is a class in carpentry. There is a penny bank, a reading circle, and any number of quaint and The number of curious features. children and adults whom it has already benefited is over three hundred, and the attendance is steadily increas-At the present rate the Home will be working at full capacity within the next two years.

The officers are more than pleased with what has already been accomplished. Every child who takes an interest in the place becomes in a short while a little missionary in his own home and neighborhood. After they have learned checkers they usually make checker-boards of their own upon pieces of wooden plank or

of pasteboard, and teach the game to their playmates or the members of their own family.

The exercises of the gymnasium, the stories of the history classes, the practices of the corps of young soldiers they repeat with infinite gusto when far away from the Home, and in many cases show a praiseworthy desire to teach in turn themselves. The little girls in many cases start their own sewing circles, and all, both young and old, bring with them every now and then some shy but eager new-comer. The institution well bears out its name. It is a Home of Delight to all these beneficiaries, whether young or old.

There is no attempt made to train them or lecture them; if there were they would probably go away and never return. They are invited, and come to the place to be delighted, and in so doing they learn without knowing it. They bestow greater care upon their toilet, they brush their clothes, they improve in manners and also in intelligence. Their language undergoes a change for the better, and as the days roll past they develop

a politeness and a decorum that at times is quite touching.

Religion is never obtruded. and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, all are alike welcomed and all alike receive the same gentle treatment and kind attention. In its brief existence the Home has become famous in Philadelphia, and even far beyond the City of Brotherly Love. It marks the new movement which is yet to tear down the slums, do away with poverty, vice, and degradation, and to regenerate the submerged portion of humanity. All honor to the Home. It is worthy of imitation wherever there are little children to be ameliorated or unhappy lives to be made brighter and better. All honor to the great scholar and his warm hearted colleagues, who have established this noble institution and already made it a triumphant success. In this materialistic age such establishments and such men and women teach a lesson greater than words, and make even the cynic and the pessimist admit that there are still possibilities within our people which may yet regenerate our entire social system.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

MISS JOANNA: A PINELAND SKETCH.

DLANUS SQUIGG was one of the genus man not very abundant at the present time. He had persistency—that is, persistency of an industrial nature. But so far this persistency had failed to yield him any more substantial return than a perfect harvest of care-lines across his face, and a constant running down of his shoes at the heels. His neighbors declared that the reason his shoes suffered so was because, when Adlanus had found an allurement worthy his persistency, he jumped on it with all his might. He imbedded himself in it, so to speak. He had, too, an investigating turn of mind. He saw fortune after fortune in this thing or the other, if only he could get it out! Consequently he neglected the one

thing necessary to subsistence—the tilling of his farm—to run after the many things, not one of which had as yet paid him for even so much as the shoe-leather he so sadly abused in the pursuit. The result was that things about the place were like Adlanus' shoes, running down, and Adlanus' children were out at elbows, as well as, like Adlanus himself, out at heels.

If there was one thing in which Adlanus believed more than in his ninety odd acres of worn-out fields in the pinelands of South Carolina, it was his daughter Joanna—" Miss Joanna," he called her, but no one else did, at least not at this period. To all others she was either "Joanna" or "that Squigg gal." Yes, I have for-

gotten; there was one exception, but more of that later on. Joanna was the oldest of nine. She had been mother to all the others, as well as a daughter of daughters to Adlanus, ever since her mother had died five years before. Joanna was now twenty-two. Her greatest blessing was her health. It had been with her all her life. Even poverty hadn't frightened it away. It showed itself in her erect young figure, in the strong and shapely limbs, and set its ensign of complete possession in the ruddy glow of her skin. Joanna hadn't even a passable education. In all the house there wasn't so much as the remains of a grammar, and very little, so to speak, in Joanna's head. Once she had owned a copy for six or seven weeks, but, coming from school one afternoon, she had dropped it in the mill-stream, and thenceforth had protested so vigorously against a renewal of ownership with another of the same kind, that her rather timid young teacher was forced to a sur-render. But if Joanna hadn't nouns and verbs and participles at her tongue's end, she had something that even so finished a person as a grammarian would have envied—strong, white, beautiful teeth that showed in all their attractiveness every time Joanna's lips opened for a smile, and that was often. Joanna always kept them well brushed. She had promised her city cousin years ago that Her hair was a deep, she would. rich brown, and she knew how to coil it to the best advantage, though she would sometimes stick sprigs of wild myrtle or holly berries in it, which marred its effect. There were eyes to match the hair in coloring, though so inanimate a thing as hair could never have glowed or sparkled with the life the eyes did. Altogether, so far as looks were concerned, Joanna was given up to be the belle of all that pine region. Alas, that belle so richly endowed otherwise, should have had such uninviting surroundings!

There was the farm—almost a barren, the well-defined anatomy of the stock protesting vigorously against poor feeding, the children not much better clothed than little darkeys, and Adlanus himself with not a decent coat to his back, and the heels of his socks showing between the hem of his pants and the flattened backs of his shoes. But worst of all, Joanna -Joanna, the pride, the idol of her father's heart; Joanna, the belle of that whole section, a very princess in the eyes of scores of her admirers; Joanna was so shabbily clad that even her good looks could not conceal it.

'' It's a burnin' shame an' a flamin' disgrace!" declared Mrs. Martha Wranks, one of many who thus pro-"Why don't Adlanus quit pokin' 'bout 'mong them stumps an' brier patches, an' go to workin' his farm? He could make more'n a decent livin' for his chil'ren with one half the mortal labor he puts into that everlastin' diggin', diggin', diggin'! Adlanus never was a lazy man, as ever'body knows."

When remonstrated with, Adlanus

himself made earnest defence.

"There's jus' a bare livin' in the farm if you go plough deep. There's that many times mo' lower down, if only it could be got out. I knows it, for I hev been tol' so by them as is certain of it. You remember Professor Pucker what was out here two year ago? Well, he had to leave fore he had time to s'arch 'roun' as he wanted to s'arch. But he lef' me to go on with it, an' tol' me to be sure to let him know the day I foun' anything. He said there was boun' to be a fortyin in it when 'twas foun'."

"Well, what in the name o' thunder do you expect to find?" burst forth Jeddo Runkles, he who had this

time done the remonstrating.
"Bones, man — an'mal bones! They's been lyin' down here for thousan's o' years.''

"'Pears to me you hev enough o' that sort o' thing in yer own stable-

yard." declared Jeddo boldly.

But Adlanus apparently didn't notice this reflection upon his keepership. He was at that moment too deeply occupied with ossified substances of a far more ancient na-

"You know," he continued, "there's some people as thinks—an' Professor Pucker's one o'em—that right 'roun' here things was fust created. Why, Professor Pucker 'clares that Char's'on is smack bang on the spot where was onct the garden of Edin; says he knows it, an' can prove it. The Ashley River out there was the Fraters or Taters, or some sech a name."

"Eufer-tès," suggested Jeddo, who, being a teacher in the Sundayschool, was a little better posted as to Bible knowledge than Adlanus.

"Well, whatever 'tis. Anyhow, this whole section, specially that nigh to the Ashley, is kivered with the bones o' them an'mals as died thousan's o' years ago. They's laid in the groun' so long they's got hard—hard as rock. The professor had a name to call 'em by, but I disremembers it now; I ain't much at keepin' sech things in my head nohow."

"Well, s'posin' the bones is there, in the name o' Calhoun, what good's the things goin' to do if you git 'em out? I can't see no good but jus' to prove a ruination to the lan'. Here you'v dug like a ditcher all over yer lan', till mos' o' it ain't fitten to plant pine stumps in. Adlanus, in the name o' heaven, man, is you bent on carryin' yerself an' yer chil'ren to the County Poor?"*

"No," declared Adlanus resolutely; "no, Jed, I ain't. I'm goin' to fin' a fortyin for the chil'ren yet. Miss Joanna, bless her, shall hev as fine dressin' as any lady in the lan'! Don't you know, man, them bones is rich, so rich that when they's groun' in them mills down yonder 'bout Char's'on, they'll jus' make this old lan' hum when they's brought back to fert'lize it? Beats stable manyure all to pieces, Jed. Makes corn grow fifteen to twenty feet, and cottin—well, it jus' pushes cottin clean plum out'n sight. There's goin' to be a big turnin' over in farmin' when that

thing's interduced 'roun' here, you see if there ain't."

But the months went on, and there was still no sign of the expected fortune. Things got worse and worse at the Squigg place. Adlanus managed to keep food for his children, and that was all. Joanna was now more than shabby, she was thread-Even her industrious needle could not put the patches in place fast enough. As the family fortune waned, one by one her admirers—the masculine ones-dropped away, till only one remained. But for that one, alas! Joanna did not care. Her heart had received a big wrench when Rhett Elkins had gone the way of the others after a spasmodic period of holding on, during which Joanna's quick eye could detect the struggles he was having with his pride against his heart. More than once she had felt his gaze fixed critically upon her clothing, and this had fired Joanna.

"If he's losin' love for me 'cause o' the clothes I wears, then he ain't fitten to hev so much as a thought f'om me!" she declared hotly to herself

But poor Joanna soon discovered, like so many of her sex, that the thoughts, to say nothing of the heart, are very bad things indeed to control. Despite the way he had treated her, she found her heart dwelling upon Rhett Elkins, and with interest. As to Elkins himself, his affections had been seriously engaged; he had gone so far as to tell Joanna this. But even his affections, deep as they were, couldn't stand proof against the ridicule of his set, and that was a set some degrees above the one in which Joanna moved. This is why his attentions had seemed all the more flattering to her. But as deeply as Elkins loved Joanna, he hadn't the discernment nor the manliness to place the girl herself above the clothes she wore. This was lucky for Joanna. It showed the true character of the man she might afterward have taken for her husband.

Elkins stopped going with Joanna almost as soon as the boys and girls

^{*} A rural term for poor-house.

of his set began to make fun of his "Threadbare Goddess," his "Queen of Patches," his "Lady of Tatters," and the like. But he did not stop going to the house. He must see Joanna, though he had not the moral bravery, after those sneers from his set, to appear with her in public. She noticed this, and began to resent it, for she was quick enough to surmise the reason.

When one day an intimate friend twitted him about the entanglement

with Joanna, Rhett replied,

"Joanna's well enough, but I've got no notion o' marryin' her. may count plumb on that, Fricks. I hope I've got sense, if I ain't got much else. You'll never catch me gettin' mixed up in that mess. Why, the poor thing ain't got a decent dress to her back! How could she get married?'

"You might give her one, you

know," suggested his friend.

"Yes, but no fellow likes to do that, leastwise not before marryin'. No girl o' spirit would take it, an' Joanna's got plenty o' spirit if she ain't got nothin' else."

"Seems to me she's a fine girl," said Fricks. "If I loved her and she me, I'd marry her despite what she had to wear. I'd carry her to the altar even in tatters. Afterward I'd give her the velvet gowns."

"Oh, it's one thing to talk 'bout the figgers you'd dance, an' another to face the fiddle to dance 'em! There's that pa o' hers an' them young ones! How in the name of decency could a man with the least grain o' pride take on all that? There's too much to be took into consideration 'sides the girl herself. So it's got to be good-by to Joanna."

"It is evident, Elkins, that you young fellows are pretty familiar with Miss Squigg. It's Joanna on all occasions. Why don't you do her the courtesy to place the 'Miss' to her name? It is her due, at least."

"Well, now, that's a good un! Who'd ever think o' puttin' a handle to Jo's name? 'Miss Joanna!' Really, now, it's funny."

"What makes it funny, Elkins?" "Well, nobody'd ever think o' say-

in' 'Miss' to her, the way she's been raised.

"Poverty takes from no woman her right to be treated with respect!" declared Fricks warmly. "I hope the day will come, Elkins," he continued impetuously, "when you will have to say 'Miss Joanna' or lick the dust beneath somebody's boot-heel, and with the first real wrath he had ever felt toward his friend glowing in his heart, Fricks turned away.

So Elkins and the others went. One by one they said good-by to Joanna, and fell away till only one remained, the one of all the others for whom Joanna cared the least, "Sime" Goodin. Simon wasn't at all handsome, for his face was too freckled, and his hair was too light, the front part of it standing up with the persistency of a Jack that has just popped out of a box; neither could he say the pretty things the others said. But he had a heart like a great lump of gold, and his face was radiant with good humor if not with good looks. It is true, he wore jean pants that sometimes shrank to such an extent as to reveal a considerable strip of yarn socks between their hems and his shoe-mouths, and his coats had the habit of getting wonderfully tight at the elbows, and the collars of his shirts dreadfully awry. People who liked him, and they were many, said this was because "Sime" had no women folks at home to give him any attention, he and his father and two brothers living to themselves. despite that his appearance was against him, Sime in many ways showed the true manliness that was in him,

He adored Joanna, and took no pains to conceal it. Indeed, he had told her so again and again, always in his awkward fashion, but with such earnestness as to take from the proposal any suggestiveness it might have of the ridiculous. Joanna never failed on all such occasions to snub him, not harshly, but in rather a mild way. It was too funny that he kept on making love to her, to her who could have her pick of a dozen or more! This was in her fairer days, ere the rats had deserted the vessel in distress.

"Why, I'd as soon think o' marryin' a bob-dolly!" she said to her father one day.

He flared up at once.

"Sime's a man!" he declared, "which's more'n can be said o' some o' the trash as is comin' roun' here. If you ain't got eyes in yer own head to see with, Joanna, then you might's well be a bat, an' be done with it.'

Whenever Adlanus called her Joanna in that crisp way, she knew that she had taken decided steps in the wrong direction. So she hastened to pacify him by saying all the good things she could of Sime. He really was very respectful to her. He al-

ways called her Miss Joanna.

"Which none o' them other smart snipe, as I kin ketch it, has the perliteness to do," declared Adlanus. "Joanna, gal, they don't none o' 'em treat you right, an' yer pa kin tell you the reason why. It's all on account o' the way things is here, Baby." He always called her that when his heart was peculiarly turned toward her, in memory of the days when she was his first and only one. "Baby, don't think your old pa don't care. Hon, it's nigh 'bout broke my heart to see what you've been a-endurin' of here. I knows, though, like the blessed angel gal you is, you ain't spoke a word o' complainin'. Babe, it ain't goin' to las' much It can't. God's a-watchin' longer. over this thing, an' He ain't goin' to fail us. I've been a-prayin' to Him while I dug. Hon, I knows what the folks roun' here is a-sayin' of, that yer old pa's gone off'n his base, an' is treatin' you an' the other ones yer ma lef' worse'n heathens. Things all p'int ag'in me, I'll own to, but I knows what I hev been a-doin', an' I hev knowed all the time. There's others as will know too t'rectly. Miss Joanna, the day's a-comin' when you kin wear as fine dressin' as any lady in Car'lina. You trust yer pa for that. I hev said it, an' it's goin' God knows you need dressin' of even the commones' sort now, he added with moistened Babe," "Yes, the day's a-comin', Babe, an' when it do come, I wants you, as a favor to yer old pa, to give Sime a showin', even if you kin pick f'om all the res'; you hear, hon?"

"Yes, pa;" but she didn't say it with either the alacrity or the pleas-

ure he would have liked.

The truth is, Joanna's heart was beginning to get sore over the somewhat perplexing conduct of Rhett Later, when he went for Elkins. good, showing so plainly that her poverty stood between them, she hadn't the face, nor the heart, for that matter, to turn to Sime then after the way she had treated him.

But Sime himself was both forgetful and forgiving. He continued to come, the last one of all-no desertion of the sinking ship by him -continued to come even after Joanna had to sit down to receive him because of the remnants of shoes that barely held together, and did not conceal the muchly-patched yarn stockings showing in gleaming vistas beneath.

He came one day and found her thus seated. She had called to him as he stood at the door to "h'ist the latch an' walk in."

Sime had come to make one last desperate appeal. His heart was on fire with love for Joanna. He did not sit down, as she invited him. He stood over her. For once his eyes were beautiful. His whole soul was in them. They changed the expression of his entire face. No one would have called Sime homely then. Why was Joanna so blind she wouldn't see

"Miss Joanna," he said, "I loves you. My heart's so full o' it my head's a-spinnin' roun' with it. I sees nobody but you every ways I looks. If I had all the worl', an' didn't hev you, I wouldn't hev nothin'. hev you, an' don't hev nothin' elst, then I'll hev ever'thing as is worth hevin'. I knows I ain't nigh good enough, an' it's powerful presumin' in me, Miss Joanna, to even think o' sech a thing, but I wants you to come an' live with me an' pa an' Cal an' Cestus, to come as my wife. We ain't nothin' but men folks, an' I knows ain't fitten to live with; but, Miss Joanna, if you jus' will try it, if you jus' will come an' undertake the job o' it, there ain't nothin' one o' us could do as we won't do, 'specially me as is yer servant, Miss Joanna.''

"Sime," said Joanna a little bitterly, "how kin I git married? There ain't no use even a-talkin' o' it. Why, I ain't got a dress fitten to go out o' doors in."

"O Miss Joanna! But what diffunce 'll that make to me? It's you an' not yer dress I loves. You kin wrop up in a bed-quilt, for all I'll care, an' we kin be married here in this room. A'terwards'—here Sime's voice fell a little, and he looked at Joanna cautiously—"a'terwards I'll give you the fines' coat (dress) as kin be foun' in Sum'ville."

Here was wooing passionate enough for any one, and love loyal enough through everything. Alas, that Joanna could give no response! She thought bitterly of another, and of what these protestations would have

meant from him.

"Sime," she said sadly, "I'm monstrous sorry 'bout this. I wishes f'om my soul you hadn't done it. I tried to git you not to do it ag'in, Sime; why did you? I can't marry you, I jus' can't. There wouldn't be no heart in it on my side if I did, an' I can't do you that hurt. I thinks too much o' you, Sime, to do it. I wants you to quit thinkin' o' me, an' go an' git another gal as 'll make you the wife you's a-deservin' to hev."

"There ain't no wife in this worl' for me if it ain't you, Miss Joanna," declared Sime in so heart-broken a way that Joanna felt like crying. She gazed after him sadly as he went down the steps. He was walking like an old man. He showed so plainly the hurt he carried in his heart. "But he will get over it,"

Joanna said to herself. But not so Sime. He knew it was there to stay.

The next they heard of him he had gone to Charleston, and was clerking in one of the houses on the Bay. It was three months ere Joanna saw him again. He was walking with her father, and, through the old man's pressing solicitation, came in for a few moments.

Joanna was almost startled at the change in him. He carried himself so much better, talked better, and his clothes actually fitted him. The top-knot, too, had been coaxed to lie partly down, and the rest of his hair was carefully arranged. But the sad look Joanna had last seen was still in his eyes, and his voice was by no means steady as he addressed her. Though he had gone to the city and improved in speech and manner, he was still as careful as ever to call her "Miss Joanna." She noticed this with more pleasure than she would have liked to acknowledge.

It was just a week later that something happened—a something that startled all the rural inhabitants from Summerville to Dorchester. Reverberations of it even reached Charles-

ton.

Adlanus Squigg came running to the house one day, his coat off, one shoe left in the road, the other barely clinging to its place, both hands extended, and in them something that looked like nothing so much as a great lump of dirty gray soil hardened like a rock.

"The day's come, Miss Joanna!" he cried-"the day's come as I hev said it would come! Here's the thing as I hev been a-pokin' an' a-s'archin' for till folks said yer old pa had gone plum' ravin' crazy! Here's the thing, Miss Joanna, as Professor Pucker said 'ud make the fortyin o' any man as foun' it on his lan'! Here's the an'mal bones, Miss Joanna, as is goin' to set this old place to hummin', put shingles on the roof, vittels in the pot, close on the young uns, an' give you, Miss Joanna, sech dressin' as 'll make that measley houn', Rhett Elkins, sorry as he ever saw the day he quit you. (Adlanus was obliged to get in this thrust) The fortyin hev come, Miss Joanna! the fortyin hev come, I tell you!"

And so it proved.

Professor Pucker came down. Fortunately he happened to be in Charleston. Even he was astonished at the extent and richness of the deposits found on the Squigg land.

"Phosphate—real phosphate!" he cried delightedly, "and there seems to be an inexhaustible supply. I thought I couldn't be wrong. The signs were too evident. Adlanus, man, don't be in a hurry, though your necessity pinches ever so hard. Wait till the company makes you the second, even third offer."

Adlanus took the professor's advice, and thereby profited to the extent of several hundred dollars. Six thousand dollars was the final bid on the sixty-five acres. This still left Adlanus his dwelling place and thirty or more acres.

News of the fortune that had come to the Squiggs swept through the country, and everywhere left currents of excitement in its path.

"What luck for Miss Joanna!" said one.

"I reckin as Miss Joanna Squigg will come to meetin' now," said another

"Won't Miss Joanna be a sight to see, though, with the dressin' as she'll hev now!" said a third.

Always it was "Miss Joanna," never "Joanna' now, "Jo," or "that Squigg gal." Such changes as fortune can make not only in our prospects, but even in our very names.

Evidently Rhett Elkins thought it ought to make a great difference indeed in Joanna's name, for he not only called her." Miss Joanna' now, and with the utmost deference, but he also endeavored with all his powers of persuasion to induce her to change her final initial from S. to E. But she rejected the proposition with the loftiest scorn. It was the one revenge sweet to Joanna.

Quite different to Elkins' self-as-

sured behavior was the conduct of Sime Goodin at this period of the Squigg fortunes. He seemed to grow suddenly shy of Joanna. When he came out for his usual Sunday at home, he hardly ever called at the Squigg place, and then only through the insistency of Adlanus To Joanna he rarely ever spoke, unless she When she met first addressed him. him at church he seemed for the moment dazzled by her pretty clothes. He would run his eye admiringly over them, then blush furiously that he had done so. But this was all. Never a word to tell her how well she looked, or to ask if he might accompany her home.

All this piqued Joanna.

The more he avoided her, the more she seemed determined to have him notice her. Not that Joanna was a bold girl, for she was anything else. But there were many little ways in which she could seek to win his attention without doing anything unwomanly.

It was about this time that Joanna began to detect something real attractive in Sime's appearance. went on improving in manner and The top-knot had entirely disappeared, and in its place was a respectable roach of closely cropped hair. With the top-knot most of the freckles, too, had taken their departure. His indoor life had doubtless had much to do with this. No one would call Sime homely now, least of all Joanna, to whom he began to have a peculiar interest. She met him square in the road one Sunday morning, as she was on her way to a neighbor's to carry some milk for a sick child. He seemed desirous of avoiding her, but she was as determined to prevent it. Wily Joanna! "Is you a-goin' up to see pa?" she asked as they came face to face.

"No, Miss Joanna, I ain't. I was jus' walkin' out meditatin' like."

"Well, that's a fine thing to be doin', an' on Sunday, too, 'specially when there's sociable folks settin' roun' less'n a hunderd miles away, as would like to talk 'bout things va-

rious an' otherwise, even 'bout them as is a-goin' on in the city, though they mayn't be kalkerlated on to have sense enough to know much 'bout sech! 'Pears to me, Sime Goodin,' she broke off suddenly and somewhat sharply-"'pears to me as you's mighty sparin' o' verself up our way lately. A body would think, now, to see you as how you act, that we all had the small-pox or the yaller fever or some other scurvimus ailment!"

"O Miss Joanna! I-

She stopped him.
"Yes, it's so, an' you needn't be a tryin' to crab slide out'n it. I kin tell you pa don't like it. It's a-hurtin' o' him bad, though he don't say much. I kin see as he thinks you's got above us since you went to the city, an' that you don't want to come

'roun' 'sociatin' no mo'!''

"Miss Joanna!" cried Sime desperately-and now she realized that she had to let him speak, or was she quite willing for him to do so?-Miss Joanna, you ought to be the las' one to say them words as you have said. It's 'roun' the other way as the thing ought 'o be put. It's me as ain't fitten to 'sociate with you, now yer pa's made the rise. I ain't got the face to come, with folks a-standin' 'roun' ready to say as Sime Goodin is a'ter the feathers for a sof' nes'.'

"Coward!" cried Miss Joanna ." Coward! to care witheringly. what folks says!"

He flared up at the words, and

there was more spirit in his eyes than she had ever seen. It fairly made her heart rejoice.

"I ain't a coward!" he retorted;

"leastwise not bout folks."

"Anybody's a coward as 'll cut an' run the fus' time they hears boo! an' never come back no mo' to see if the boo! might 'a' been meant a'ter all."

Sime raised his head with a sudden movement, and looked full at Joanna.

A delicate pink had begun to steal into her cheeks. It reached her eyes, then her forehead. Now it began to glow a rosy red all over her face.

"Miss Joanna!" cried Sime, and it seemed the glad notes of his voice must reach even to the house, where Adlanus sat in state upon the new piazza--" Miss Joanna! is it--kin it -was it that you never meant, a'ter all, the words as you spoke when you told me you couldn't go to live with us men folks, an' be my wife?'

"Yes, Sime," said Joanna slowly, and never raising her eyes from the sand of the road, "I meant 'em then, but since-well, s pose you say 'em

again, Sime?"

What Joanna replied is He did. not to be written, but Sime's final exclamation was,

'' O Joanna !''

But that was the first and last time his tongue ever slipped, for from that day to the present, though she has been his wife for several years, he has scrupulously called her "Miss Joan-NA.

A. M. Barnes.

SEPTEMBER.

HEN grapes are purple on the vine, And apples crimson on the tree; When barberries glow like ruddy wine, And sleeping lies the sapphire sea; When gentians bloom beside the wall Where wilding blackberries stray; When whip-poor-wills at twilight call, And later comes the tardy day: When through the copse the dun grouse flies, And curlews whistle far, Diana's moon beams from the skies Beside September's star,

A, M, L, H

A FIRE DEPARTMENT TRAINING SCHOOL.

HEN a Gothamite declares that the Fire Department of New York City is the finest in the world his statement is not a matter of mere local pride, but is based upon actual fact. Nowhere else in the world—not even in London, with its untold wealth and millions of population—is there a body of men as efficient and as completely equipped for the saving of life and of property from man's old and terrible enemy, Fire.

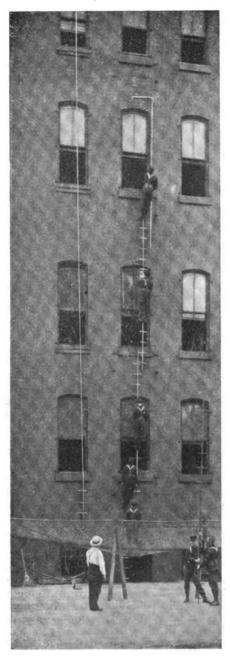
It is somewhat remarkable that in spite of the many improvements effected in the construction of modern buildings, and notwithstanding that all our larger buildings are supposed to be fireproof, the number of fires in New York City is increasing each year instead of decreasing. In 1880 there were 1783 fires, causing a loss In 1890 there were of \$3,183,440. 3479 fires, or a loss of \$4,168,165. In 1891 there were 3938 fires, and a loss of \$6,959,650, and so the number of fires has gone on increasing each year, far outstripping the natural increase in population.

At the present time the annual appropriation for the Fire Department by the city is about \$3,000,000, which is spent in paying the salaries of 1300 men and officers, and in maintaining 205 pieces of apparatus: 85 steamengines, 5 water-towers, 3 fire-boats, 85 engine-houses, 1500 telegraphic alarm boxes, and 1000 miles of wire.

The headquarters of the Fire Department, elected in 1887 at a cost of \$500,000, are situated at 157 East Sixty-seventh Street, and it is here that is maintained the training school, where recruits are drilled in the science of fighting fires and saving life, to describe which is the object of this paper.

Firemen are recruited from almost every walk in life—railway porters, cabmen, bricklayers, street-car conductors, and mechanics. The pay is good—\$25 a week—and although it

is a dangerous occupation, the fireman's life is by no means what can be called a hard one. It is not as hard as that of a policeman, who has to patrol his beat in all kinds of weather, nor as that of a postman, who has to tramp many weary miles every day, nor as that of a railway employé, who has to handle heavy baggage. While on duty the fireman has little else to do than to wait for an alarm to come in, and while waiting he can sit and lounge about the engine-house. There is also a dash of romance in the life which has great fascination for some men. chances for promotion are excellent. and the rapidity with which he can succeed in securing a good income depends largely on his own exertions, although of late there has been considerable dissatisfaction in the department concerning the manner in which the promotions are made. For the past few years and until quite recently the competitive examinations for promotion have rested with the Civil Service Board. The examination is a purely theoretical one, and is based upon certain questions pro-pounded in a "Book of Rules." The older men in the service—those who have fought fires successfully for twenty years or more—complain that this mental study is a comparatively easy task for the younger men in the service, fresh from school, but a very hard one for the veterans, who have acquired a practical knowledge of fires by personal experience. "The idea that a man can become efficient as a fireman by committing to memory certain rules laid down in a book is perfectly absurd," said a veteran fireman to the writer recently. "No book that was ever written will teach a man how to put out a fire, or how to save life. That can be learned only by long years of actual experi-The Civil Service examination system is very bad, for the reason that it promotes men who have not



BUILDING CHAIN OF LADDERS.

had this experience over the heads of those who have. It is discouraging and demoralizing." This grievance, which seems legitimate enough, has quite recently been partly corrected. From now on, I believe, the Civil Service Board will give 50 per cent of the marks and Chief Bonner the other 50 per cent. This is as it should be, and ensures a combination of both practice and theory.

The firemen are on duty twentyone hours out of the twenty-four, and are allowed three hours off for meals. They are also entitled to twenty-four hours' leave of absence three times a month, and to a vacation of ten days in the summer. At eight o'clock in the morning they muster in full uniform for roll-call, and after the inspection disperse to their quarters for "house duty." On the second floor of each engine-house is the comfortable dormitory for the men, and the office and a bedroom for the captain. The men are not allowed to lie on their beds in the daytime, and the dormitory always presents a picture of cleanliness and neatness. One fireman keeps "house watch" from 6 P.M. until midnight, when he is relieved by two comrades who remain on duty until 6 а.м.

As is well known, the men do not run down the stairs on the sounding of an alarm, but slide down a pole which connects the dormitory with the ground floor. In some engine-houses, particularly in the West, these poles are of hard wood, but in New York they are of polished brass, the wood having been discarded as being dangerous, for if there should happen to be even a little splinter in the pole, at the speed at which they slide down, it might inflict a severe There are three of these wound. sliding poles connected with the dormitory, and when the alarms sound each man springs from his bed, grasps his clothes and boots, jumps for the nearest pole, slides down and jumps on the engine, dressing as he runs. The time fixed by the Department for this operation is limited to ten seconds, but in many of the enginehouses the men have arrived at such perfection that they are down on the engine, the horses harnessed, and everything ready to start within eight seconds of the ringing of the gong.

The Fire Department training school is in charge of Captain Henry W. McAdams, a veteran with twenty-two years of brilliant service behind him, and who has been twice inscribed on the Roll of Honor. Captain McAdams is still a young man barely past forty, and he entered the service when quite a boy. He has been drill instructor ever since the school was organized, and the manner in which he received his appointment is interesting.

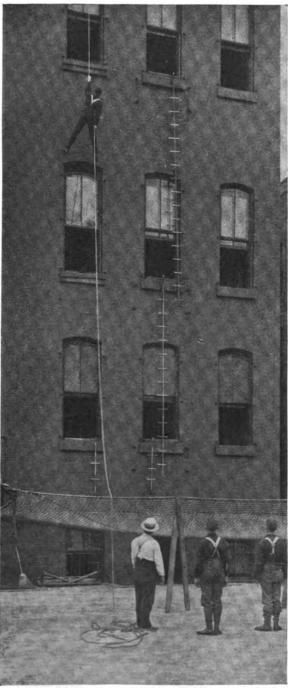
ment is interesting. Prior to 1882 the present scaling ladder, which has since proved so useful, was unknown. The only ladder in use was the ordinary wooden one with two parallel poles. This was ineffective in several ways. had to be constructed of wood in order to secure lightness, and naturally it often caught fire. It was also clumsy and impracticable under some conditions, so the ingenuity of the inventors was taxed to find something to replace it. Finally it was learned that a German named Hoell had introduced at St. Louis a new ladder constructed of iron, which was at the same time portable and This man was always practicable. sent for, and he brought to New York what is now known as the scaling ladder, a long pliable piece of iron with a strong claw hook at the end, and with small iron bars or steps along its entire length. This ladder necessitated a special knowledge of its use, and Hoell was retained by the New York Fire Department to instruct a corps of volunteers in the use of the new appliance. A call was sent out from headquarters to join the class for as yet it was only an experimentand to this call only six firemen re-Among them was Captain plied. McAdams, at that time a simple fire-The class drilled for about a week under the eve of Assistant Chief Bonner-now Chief Bonner-and at the end of that time Hoell told him that the men were as proficient as he could make them. Realizing the importance of the new scaling ladder,

Bonner put the matter before the Fire Commissioners, and it was decided to adopt it, and also that every one connected with the Department should become proficient in its use, men and officers alike. The next thing to do was to find an instructor, and the choice finally fell upon Captain McAdams, who has held the position—a purely honorary one—ever since. He not only instructs recruits, but he also drills every engine com-



SILL EXERCISE.

SHOWING METHOD OF PLACING LADDER BY SINGLE MAN,



1.1FE-LINE EXERCISE.

SHOWING METHOD OF DESCENT BY FIREMAN.

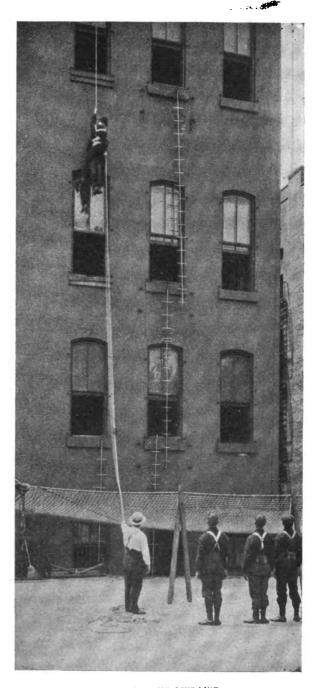
pany in the Department, and two or three times a week companies from all parts of the city go to headquarters for that purpose as perfectly equipped as if they were going to a fire. It is also somewhat curious that while Captain McAdams only bears the rank of captain, he often has to command and drill chiefs of battalion and deputy-chiefs, who are, of course, his superiors. An officer in the Fire Department is not like an officer in the army. On a battlefield the general or the colonel let their men do the fighting, while they direct operations at a safe distance; but at a big fire it is very different. The officers highest in command are as ready to enter a burning building and imperil their lives as are the most humble firemen-in fact, the firemen expect their superiors to lead the

The first ordeal that a recruit has to undergo is a medical examination, which, as may be supposed, is very severe. As a rule, there are about one thousand applicants always waiting their chance to enter the Department, and it is pretty well understood that the candidate who can bring the most influence to bear on the Commissioners runs the best chance of becoming eligi-Directly the medical examination has been successfully passed, the recruit or probationary fireman is assigned to one of the engine companies, and his pay begins from that day. Firemen receive \$1000 the first year, \$1200 the second

year, and \$1400 the third year. On an average a hundred new men join the Department every year, and as less than half that number drop out of the ranks, either by retirement or death, the Department is constantly increasing in size, which of course is necessary in order to cope with the increase in fires.

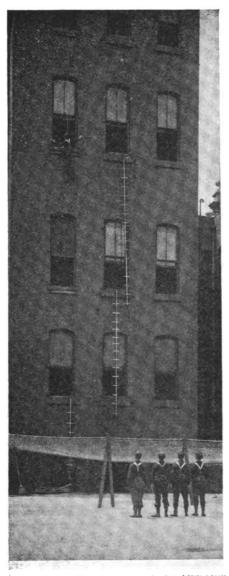
The first thing the new fireman has to do is to place himself under the orders of the drill instructor at headquarters, where he reports every morning at ten o'clock, and drills six hours a day for thirty days, at the end of which time he is either an expert or else rejected by Captain McAdams as incompetent. The percentage of recruits who do not succeed in passing the preliminary drill is about 5 per cent.

One of the first difficulties that the new fireman has to overcome is that of fright. His nerve is put to the greatest test, and during the first few days the recruit is pale and trembling with absolute In France every candidate for the fire department must have had early training as a sailor, the idea being that a sailor is accustomed to climb giddy heights; but with us the new fireman has to learn at drill all a sailor knows in the way of climbing. To the rear of headquarters is a spacious yard, and built out from the building is another very high structure which serves as a dummy to practise upon. When the regular fire companies are at 'drill with their hose, they can send tons of water through



RESCUE BY THE LIFE-LINE.

SHOWING METHOD USED BY FIREMAN IN BRINGING DOWN ANOTHER PERSON.



ÉOWERING AN INJURED PERSON BY LIFE-LINE.

the windows and on to the 100f of this dummy building without a drop of it entering headquarters, and without doing the slightest damage in any other way. It is around this building that all the exercises take place. Underneath, at a height of two or three feet from the ground, is a large net intended to catch the men in case of accidents, and also to give them courage while practising.

The first exercise is the ladder drill A chain of ladders must be formed from the ground to the roof, a height of about 150 feet. The first man takes his ladder and fastens it to the second-story window-ledge, then another man passes him another ladder, which he carries up farther and fastens to the next window, and so on . until the whole chain is complete. This exercise requires strength as well as nerve, for the ladder weighs about 60 pounds, and if it should fall it would probably kill the men standing underneath. The men do not trust to their hands alone while climbing, but fasten themselves to the ladders by means of a large iron hook attached to a life belt around their waists.

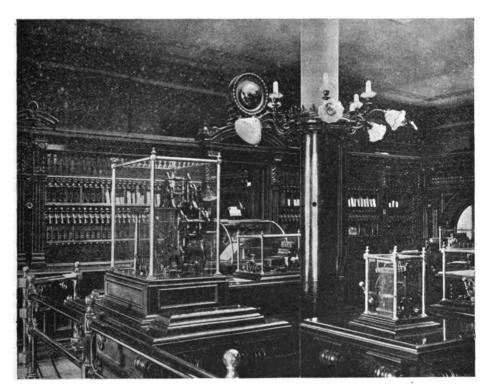
The next exercise consists in reaching a window from a lower window, as in fig. 2. This is called the window-sill exercise. The apartment on the third floor is supposed to be burning, and there not being enough men on hand to form a chain, the only way to effect the rescue is for the single fireman to pass his ladder up from the window of the second floor, while he sits on the window-sill.

When the recruit is proficient in the scaling-ladder exercise he is taught to lower himself from the roof by means of the life-rope. This is done in a very simple manner. the line is shot to the roof by means of a gun, a special weapon invented by Bonner, which can carry a line 300 feet. There is a larger gun, also his invention, which can send a line over a building a thousand feet high. This life-line is caught and made fast by the men on the roof, and they draw up a stouter rope, which serves for their descent to the ground. The method of coming down the rope is exceedingly primitive, but as yet no better method has been invented. The fireman twists the rope twice around the steel hook in his belt, and the friction of the tope around this hook permits a man weighing 160 pounds to descend with comparative ease and safety to the ground. If the fireman has to take down another person, he fastens him first to his belt, and gives the rope two more twists around his hook to allow for the extra weight, and so comes down as pictured in fig 5. Fig. 6 shows how an unconscious man can be lowered from any height by means of a life-rope. The fireman is in the window above, regulating the descent.

Another important exercise is the catching of persons jumping from a burning building in a small circular net invented by Chief Bonner. A curious fact about this exercise is that, whereas at first twenty men cannot prevent the net from touching the ground when the body strikes it, after a few days' practice six men can hold it, and catch a weight of 200 pounds without letting the body touch the ground. It is simply a

matter of practice. For this exercise dummies of various weights are used. The dummies are merely canvas bags filled with sand and shaped like a human being, and weighing from 50 to 200 pounds. When the larger one is thrown from a height of 150 feet, the shock to the six men holding the net may be imagined.

Probably the most remarkable exhibition to be seen at Fire Headquarters is the telegraph-room, into which run the wires of every fire-alaim box in the city. A cursory glance at this room would lead one to imagine that it was some electrician's shop, filled with all kinds of electrical instruments. But each of these thousand and one delicate and complicated instruments are parts of what may be termed a huge keyboard, by which the chief operator can dispatch any number of engines to any number of



THE TELEGRAPH-ROOM.

IN CHARGE CONSTANTLY OF THREE OPERATORS, AND WHERE ALL ALARMS ARE RECEIVED AND SENT OUT.



fires, no matter where situated. The fitting up of this room, together with the installation of the alarm boxes and the wire connections, cost the city half a million dollars.

When a citizen pulls an alarm box at a street corner, the alarm does not ring at the nearest engine-house, as might be supposed, but at Fire Headquarters, which may be ten miles For instance, supposing a fire were discovered in a building on and Twenty-fifth One Hundred Street, perhaps a few doors away from the engine-house in that district. The alarm would ring first at Headquarters, East Sixty-seventh Street, and not at the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street engine-house. In other words, the engine-houses scattered over the city are like so many pawns on a chess-board, and the operator at headquarters moves the pawns to checkmate the fire. Directly an alarm comes into the telegraph-100m twenty different instruments begin to work. One shows the operator at a glance what box was rung. Another records automatically on a roll of paper the exact location of the fire, thus serving as a record in case several alarms should come in at once. The operator touches instantly three keys, communicating with three engine-houses, so that within ten seconds from the receipt of the alarm at headquarters three steamers and two or three hook and ladder companies are already on their way to the fire. And so perfeetly equipped is the city of New York in this respect, that no matter from what box the alaim comes, an engine usually reaches the scene of the fire within three minutes.

Touching another electric button "trips" the horses—that is to say, releases the horses from their stalls in the engine-house. It might reasonably be expected that the firemen at the engine-house could accomplish this quicker than men stationed miles away, but the "tripping" from head-quarters by electricity is both surer and quicker.

At another end of the telegraph-

room is a big indicator containing the numbers of the engine-houses. If, for instance, the operator sends to a fire engines 14, 19, and 21, the numbers of those engines appear in the indicator, so that he can tell at a glance what companies have left their engine-houses. When they return to their engine-houses the numbers disappear. On an average about ten alarms a day are received at headquarters. An operator and two assistants are always on duty, night and day. If the fire happens to be a very severe one, necessitating the calling out of many companies, the engine-houses vacated by the engines which have gone to the fire are occupied by other engines from other districts, so that the city at no time is left completely unprotected.

In the yard at headquarters may be seen a number of antiquated and rusty-looking old engines, such as were in use twenty or thirty years ago. These old relics, having served their day of usefulness, are now for sale, and are usually disposed of to small villages which cannot afford a modern style engine, or to contractors, who use them for pumping out cellars or other excavations.

The members of the New York Fire Department were sorely disappointed recently on account of Mayor Strong's decision forbidding the trip to London of a special life-saving crew under the command of Captain Mc-The trip had been determined upon by the Department several months ago, and the company was to give exhibitions at the international tournament, which opened in London last month for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the London firemen. Several American cities sent representative crews, and the New York Department exerted every effort to make the New York crew worthy to represent the Empire City, thousands of dollars being subscribed for that purpose; but at the last moment Mayor Strong used his authority as chief magistrate of the city, and refused to allow the men to E. Burton Stewart. go.

A FAIR ECONOMIST.

6, Hyde Park Mansions.

DAY'S ACCOUNT, JUNE 24TH.

	3/6.	"
Hansom to Westminster	2	6
Wax kings and queens		ϵ
Collection		2
Crossing-sweeper		3
Lunch (treating Mrs. Seymour)	8	ě
Hansom home	2	4
Flowers	3	3
Candy	4	_
Hansom to New Gallery	2	
Entrance fee	2	
Tea at Army and Navy stores	I	ϵ
Hansom home	2	
Theatre (Dutch treat)	10	
Hansom to and from theatre		

£2 3 0

Really I shall be quite bankrupt at this rate. Over ten dollars per day just for extras, and none of them luxuries at all. How fearfully these shillings and pence do double up on one! They are worse than dollars—so insidious. Papa said his only limitation was I must keep an account in black and white, and I can give a good reason for every single item.

Hansom to Westminster.—Everybody says the distances are too great in London to wear one's self out walking to things. If I brought on nervous prostration it would cost much

more in the long run.

Wax Kings and Queens.—Well, I might have left them off, but after spending a hundred dollars to get to Europe, I think it would be extravagant not to see an effigy of Queen Elizabeth, which makes me want to read Green's "History of the English People" as soon as I get home; though why he should call it a short history, goodness only knows!

Collection.—That I might have omitted, as it was only a week-day service, but I haven't the backbone to resist those imposing black-robed vergers, who look like archbishops at least. I wish we had them in our churches at home, and those noiseless, secretive little pouches, too; they are so much more economical

than plates or baskets, with which one never gets off under a quarter.

Crossing sweeper.—I had to spend that to make him stop until I passed; otherwise he would have splashed me all over, and I certainly think it would be bad economy to spoil an \$80 Redfern suit to save 2d. The extra penny I gave because I have heard preachers say one is apt when away from home to neglect charities and harden one's heart while taking one's own profit and pleasure. That penny was for heart-softening.

Lunch with Mrs. S.—I take lunches when I am out for the same reason I do hansoms. It is certainly unhealthily exhausting to drag all the way back here when one is way down in the city. I treated Mrs. S. because she chaperones me to places. Papa made me promise I would never go anywhere alone. He says he has heard too much about American girls wandering around Europe in solitary splendor. I don't suppose I should get a regular, paid chaperon who would dress as well as Mrs. S. and do the thing in style for less than \$30 a month and her travelling expenses, so I give Mrs. S. bonbons, lunches, and pretty things, and save the difference to spend at Liberty's. Mr. S. is off somewhere in Colorado. If I had a husband, I'd stay with him; but that is her affair, and she is a jolly little thing and knows ever so many nice people.

Hansom Home.—I've explained the

hansom question.

Flowers.—They are so cheap here it really would be foolish not to enjoy them. Father always says: "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," and I feel as if I were carrying out his maxims. Our lady lecturer on political economy used to tell us to enjoy oranges in Florida and grapes in Italy; so when that frowsy girl in Edgeware Road cries, "Lady, buy love-in-a-mist! Lady, here's sweet blooming lavender!" I am really only going in for the poetry

of travel to invest. To-morrow I want to take her my old travelling dress, the maid here gets plenty of cast-off clothes, and it really hurts my feelings to get flowers from anybody in such rusty black misery. They say that in Italy clothes fade to a picturesque shade. I own I have never seen any picturesque fading; but, then, the sun may have pity on their wretched finances. Rain must do the English fading, for the sun would not make a mole blink. Old Miss Montague Johnson says it is such a relief to get back to the "nice shady days after the glare of the Continent. I should like a little glare myself.

Candy.—Sounds extravagant to Europeans, but it really is not, for I get it at the American shop on Oxford Street. Papa is a staunch protectionist, and always says we must stand by our native industries. It gives my patriotism a thrill to see a real American candy store on the biggest street in London. Miss Montague Johnson says nobody but Americans patronize it; that English people do not like such nasty "sweet stuff." felt snubbed until she produced, the other night, some "bull's eyes" taffy from Oban, which English people do like. I wanted to say, "Americans do not like such nasty rocky stuff," but I fortunately remembered that a cannon which might be fired is stronger than one which has been. Well, Miss Montague and the aristocracy may not like our candy, but I know the plebs do, for I try it on all the little milliner girls who bring home my hats and gowns. It is just delicious to see what luminous smiles their sad, peaked little faces break Miss Montague caught me one day, and she said it was wicked to give them such trash when they probably had nothing solid in their poor stomachs. I do not care; they like it and I do, and I know I never shall forget the people who gave me candy when I was a tot. I would set any child's candy-smile against the Japanese smile Lafcadio Hearn is always celebrating.

Hansom to New Gallery.—See above.

New Gallery.—It is a duty to one's self to keep up with modern art, and I like Sergeant's portrait of Ada Rehan as well as anything there. Hurrah for us! Of course, I had to take Mrs. Seymour in after she had said at lunch she had decided on the New Gallery too.

Tea at Army and Navy Stores.—In the first place, I always have more appetite for incidental than for regular meals. Then, what is the use of travelling if one does not fall into the customs of the various countries, especially such elevating, social customs as afternoon tea! In America it seems an artificial superfluity, but here on its native heath it is a vital necessity, in order to contend successfully with fog and enjoy the treasures of art and history. (I think papa ought to appreciate that sentence, though Miss Montague says they don't have fogs in June.) At home, those parlor tea-tables, with the cups and saucers set out perennially to catch dust, look like little altars to gods who are dead or have not arrived; but here one feels that the kettle steams before the bona fide Penates of the great British nation, and they don't keep their tea things out all the morning as man traps for poor gawky fellows to knock over and swear It was awfully jolly at the Army and Navy-so many people to There at the next table we had an old dowager, as impressive as an Etruscan vase, with a pretty, mousey niece or daughter, and a tall, athletic, blond fellow courting just as hard as you please.

Hansom Home.—Have explained hansoms.

Theatre.—This really was very economical, for I only paid for my ticket. Mrs. Seymour had another engagement, and I went with the Blaines. It was a wretched play—some of it made me feel quite uncomfortable—but the other people seemed to think it very funny; we should have called it rather broad.

Hansom to and Fro.—Of course Mrs. Blaine went in a hansom with me. The others walked.

This is a sort of hotch-potch, private diary, item-book, but I am going to copy my accounts out neatly for father, with little explanatory footnotes, so he will understand my expenses. I shall get a nice morocco blank-book while I am here, and write on the fly-leaf, in nice Gothic characters, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." saw some nice ones in Paternoster Row, rather expensive, but papa always says when you are buying it is best to get a good article; and then it is such fun to meander about in quaint, narrow Paternoster Row and imagine one's self Charlotte Brontë looking up a publisher for "Villette" or "The Professor."

But I must economize somewhere; I cannot go on like this, or I shall not be able to take home any presents. Rosaries blessed by the Pope will be dirt cheap in Rome, and the very things for Norah and Bridget; but I did want to take mother and Nell whole banks of Paris gloves and tor-

toise-shell pins.

I do not see a thing I can cut down on, except perhaps hansoms. Miss Montague J. says she always goes in a 'bus or the underground. Ugh! how horid it must be and how difficult to find one's way about! Still, I must try. If such an old frump can manage, an American girl who has always looked out for herself ought to be able to do it. To-morrow I shall have a really economical day, and save up for Paris and Rome.

June 25.—Ye gods, Pluto and Pluvius, what a day it has been! I was going to take a pair of evening gloves to be cleaned in Oxford Street, as Mrs. Seymour and I are invited to a dinner at the Featherstones, jolly English people we met in Scotland. I thought it very virtuous in me not to trot over to Bond Street and get a fresh pair, but that was economy number one; so I made Miss M. Johnson tell 'me just what omnibus to She said almost any one would do, as they all went through Oxford I got up on the first one Street.

(Miss Montague had said I must be sure to ride on top), and we trotted along nicely, though being up so high made me feel rather giddy and strange, until I found we were switching off at Hyde Park Corner. The conductor was nowhere to be seen. I looked up and down, nearly twisted my head off, and, in trying to poke the driver, dropped my new umbrella from my dizzy perch. At that point a young man who was sitting just behind me got up and stopped the 'bus, hailing the man up from the depths below, and got down himself. I clambered down, feeling the eyes of the whole 'bus upon me, and some one handed me the two fragments of

my umbrella.

"Why didn't you say, miss, you wanted to get off at Hyde Park Corner?" asked the conductor crossly, as he gripped my elbow to help me

off.

"Because I did not know my 'bus turned off here," replied I feebly.

"Oh, if ladies don' know where they be goin'!" he said rudely, and the 'bus rattled away. Pretty soon one came along with "High Holborn' on it, and I knew that was all right. This time I got inside, so as to be near the conductor, but it was very stuffy, and I thought I would let down a window. It must have been cracked, for as I jerked the strap a mass of shattered glass fell in my face.

"A shilling six, please, miss, for that window you've broke," said the conductor when he came around for fares. It was no use protesting; he said he would not let me get out until I paid it, and I had to give him a half crown, as he said he could not make change. As if a man taking penny fares all day could not change a half crown! Unfortunately there were no men inside, only a benevolent old woman, who said I could lose it better than the conductor, as "they get such small wages, poor things!"

Our difficulties about the glass absorbed my attention, so that I found we had passed the cleaner's, and I decided it was better to go on to the

British Museum, where I virtuously It is a place spent the morning. which always makes me dull and depressed, but there was no fee, and that was a comfort. When I got back on Oxford Street I took my stand close to a nice, big policeman, and asked him to put me on a 'bus going up Edgeware Road. After waiting there for ten minutes with a nasty, damp wind blowing down my neck, and making two false dives at pirate 'buses, from which my Bobby rescued me, denunciating "Them catch-pennies!" I got the right one and trundled sadly home with a stiff neck, and a backache born of the Elgin mar-Knowing how economical I had been, I bought sixpence worth of dates at the corner, and I think anybody would say I deserved them.

This afternoon I thought I really ought to have some recreation, so I decided to go out and see the Page girls at Hampstead. They are very jolly Virginians, who came over on the steamer with me, and have taken a lovely house in Hampstead and named it Shenandoah. I thought it would be weak-minded to succumb to hansoms after my morning trials, and comforted myself with the thought that lightning never strikes in the same place twice. I know now I ought to have remembered instead that misfortunes never come singly.

Miss Montague Johnson said my best plan would be to take a green 'bus to Baker Street station, and from there the underground to Swiss Cottage (which sounds rural, but is not a bit). I made myself look my prettiest; the Pages always dress so well themselves, and have a lot of visitors happening in to tea. I bought a few flowers to take Mrs. Page, and the maid went with me to the corner and stopped the right 'bus. She and I are great friends; she has the stale candy the days the milliner girls do not come. I reached Baker Street in no time, and the man called out, "Here you are, miss!" so I hopped up nimbly to descend, but a London 'bus has one supreme vice. Just as you think it is coming to a dead halt it gives a lurch and bounces away at

redoubled speed. Not being on to this little trick, I lost my balance just as I set my foot on the step, and as the 'bus bounded forward I fell on the wheel, which rolled from under me, and came prone down in the black mire, card-case, purse, and flowers flying in all directions. Of course the 'bus stopped then, and the conductor helped me up with a horrorstruck face. I had not broken anything, but I was about as sick and giddy a girl as you will find between here and Charing Cross. I crawled up to the sidewalk, and a fat old lady who was passing said with comforting sympathy, "Well, yer comforting sympathy, have smeared yerself over, haven't yer?" while a young man who had been in the 'bus with me brought me my purse, empty card-case, and bedraggled bouquet. My visiting cards, like a neat little snowstorm, peppered the mud, turning up to the inquiring public the interesting fact that I was

"Miss Isabel McIntire," of "Holyoke, Massachusetts."

I was mopping myself with my handkerchief, and the young man had the grace to touch his hat and not look at me. If he had been an American I should have thought that exquisite tact, but in an Englishman of course it was national shyness. Through the mist of my confused ideas it struck me that he looked like the fellow who stopped my first 'bus this morning. Feeling I was not fit to be seen, I crawled into the shadows of the Baker Street station. My dazed stare must have touched the ticket agent's conscience, for he forked out more change than he had given me at first, and mumbled, "Beg pardon, miss."

The man at the gate said swiftly, "Go to the-end of-platform and-take-first-out-train."

I rushed along to the end of the platform with a whole hurrying throng, and at that moment a train came flying in. With American alertness I swung open the door of a compartment and sprang in. Like a flash we were off. People in the compart-

ment looked at me very hard. I suppose my crushed hat and muddy blouse fostered the idea that I had been in a fight. I felt a little faint after my fall, for the underground railway is a sort of compound of being up a chimney and down a coal mine, but I knew I must hold on to myself until I got to Hampstead. The car gradually emptied until there was only one man left. Miss Montague Johnson had said I could always see the names of the stations printed on the lamps, but our window was always just a little too far forward or too far back to make them out. At last I did catch one, and it made my heart go down in my shoe. It was "Aldersgate Square," and I was sure that was the name of the place, way down in the city, where Mrs. Seymour and I went one day to look up Thackeray's Charterhouse.

"Excuse me, sir," said I to the rowdy-looking man opposite, who had been eying me gloomily; "does this train go out to Hampstead?" We were whirring on again by the time he replied: "Can't say. Am a stranger myself, but it goes down to the river."

This had a Wilkie Collinsy sound, which made my flesh creep, and at the next station I jumped out, having had time to imagine all sorts of horrors. I poured my woes forth to an impatient official, to whom taking a wrong train seemed to be the most common thing, for he only said, like a chopping-machine, "Cross to Baker Street, get next train back to Baker Street, get next train for Swiss Cottage!" and my plea, "Where shall I get another ticket?" was met with a contemptuous, "Don't need another ticket!"

I did get to Hampstead at last and the Pages', though it was dinner-time by then. They were just lovely, and sympathized over my Iliad of woes, and petted me and said the muddy flowers I had clung to were quite touching. Jessie Page knows just how to pour balm on one's wounds. She said I looked prettier than ever, in spite of all my mud, and that she just wished I had reached there in

time to see their charming Bostonian; that he had just gone, after waiting a long time in order to have the pleasure of meeting me. At that I smiled sarcastically, and she insisted:

"But really he did; we had told him so much about you, how pretty and all that you were, and he said he felt in his bones you would come to see us to-day. He wanted to wait for you, but he had to give it up at last, though he was so anxious."

They were so nice. Of course I had dinner with them, and Mrs. Page made them open a fresh jar of Devon clotted cream for me to taste, and had me sit by her and tell her all my London adventures, and planned for me to go to Surrey with them next month. They wanted me to spend the night, and I should have loved it. for I dreaded starting out on my lonely travels again, but I thought Miss Montague Johnson and Mrs. Seymour would be frightened as to what had become of me, so I tore myself Mrs. Page wanted to send away. their man home with me, but I knew it would do if he put me in a hansom. I had had enough of 'buses and underground railways for one day, so they telephoned for one, and here I am. Mrs. Seymour was out when I got back, and Miss Montague said calmly she thought I had decided to spend the night with my friends, so I might have stayed, after

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DAY'S ACCOUNT.	_	_	_
	£.	sh.	d.
'Bus to Hyde Park corner			I
'Bus to B. M			2
Umbrella		10	
Window-pane		1	6
'Bus home		_	2
Dates			6
'Bus to Baker Street			1
Brown feathered hat from Madame			•
Lucie's in Bond Street (quite			
	_	_	
spoilt)	2	I	
Silk blouse stained unwearably	2	19	
Skirt to be cleaned (at least)		3	
Fifty new visiting cards		4	
Flowers for Mrs. Page		Ļ	6
Underground railroad			2
Hansom home from Hampstead		3	6
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June 2.—Such a good joke! Mrs. Seymour and I went this evening to the Featherstones' dinner, which seems really to have been given to Papa Featherstone took me in, and I wore white organdie and pale pink carnations, and felt as gay as a Next to me was a quiet, rather handsome young man, whom I was sure I had seen somewhere before, and when Mr. Featherstone turned to his left-hand neighbor, it suddenly flashed upon me that it was the shy Englishman who had played good genius, fishing my things out of the mud, that disastrously economical day I went to Hampstead. I felt I owed him friendliness, so I opened fire by thanking him for his good offices. He admitted that he was the man, but he made me do all the talk-When I had told him of my misadventures that day he still did not say much, and I was afraid he did not like my strictures on the London 'bus, so I hastened to say how convenient it was and how cheap! He listened splendidly and appreciated all my jokes in a way I should not have believed an Englishman capable of, but I could not help ejaculating inwardly, "This is certainly the proverbial, stiff, shy Englishman. Why don't he start a topic himself? A nice American man would." Well, he did not start anything, and I just expended myself in sweet things about England, which he took calmly, quite as a matter of course—that's the British way. I praised the people and the country and the institutions, and I even said some nice things about the lovely shady weath-When he did not rise to that, I felt like giving him up; but Papa Featherstone was doing the polite to Mrs. Seymour, and there was no one else for me to talk to, so I began to give him points on America. glasses, too, made me rather nervous, for they kept flying off in a most fidgety way, and he would fumble and be quite unhappy until he got them Finally they lodged in on again. my chiffon ruffle, and it took our united efforts to disentangle them.

Nobody who hasn't tried it knows what a job it is to loosen a pair of eyeglasses, a bit of gold chain, and a perverse hook from a chiffon ruche, and by the time it was done we both felt flushed and well acquainted. The servant was filling my glass with fresh ice, and Mr. Leighton remarked that ice water was the national American vice. I thought it mean in him to say that after all the nice things I had said about England, so I replied hotly, "It is all very well to call it a vice over here, in this cool, gray shadiness; but when you get to a place where it is 98° in the shade everybody succumbs to ice water.'

"I do not," he said calmly.

"Have you ever been to America?" asked I, a little nervously.

"I go over every summer to see my people," replied this fraudulent fellow

"You are an American!" I gasped, and his eyeglasses flew off again, and I decided it was better for me to laugh too.

To think of the taffy I had wasted on England and the information I had given him about America!

At that moment I found Mrs. Featherstone was nearly bobbing her head off at me for us to leave the gentlemen to their wine. In the excitement of finding that my Englishman was an American I had forgotten we were to do something so like a novel, but I sailed out, proudly conscious that, for the nonce, I was doing the very Duchess-heroine-act. The men were not very long, and when they joined us Mr. Leighton made a beeline for my chair, to say he hoped I was going to forgive him—it was really too tempting!

"Then I suppose you are the Page's Bostonian!" I cried with a

sudden inspiration.

He laughed and said he saw no logical sequence in it, but that he did know the Pages and he was a Bostonian, and that he had waited until nearly seven o'clock on Wednesday to meet

"Miss Isabel McIntire," of

"Holyoke, Massachusetts."

June 30.—The Featherstones shouted when I told them the Anglo-American joke on myself. It was really too good to keep. They say they put a compatriot next to me in order to make me feel at home, and they were much impressed with how well compatriotism seemed to work. Leighton was educated at Oxford, took a fellowship, and is now a barrister in London, but is more of a student than a practising lawyer, and as the uncle who educated him left him very well off, he can do as he The Featherstones do not pleases. think he looks a bit like an English-They say they should have called him as typical an American as

Mr. Leighton has just been to call, and I do not know how I ever could have thought him shy or stiff. He invited Mrs. Seymour and me to come to tea at his chambers to-morrow, and he is going to put on his barrister robes for me to see.

July 10.—I am having such a lovely time. I have lost my heart to London. Yesterday we, the Pages, Mr. Leighton, and I, went to Richmond and had lunch at the Star and Garter, as Sheila did, only we had something better than bread and cheese. It is like living in a play or a romance all the time. To-morrow we are going up to Oxford for a few days, and Mr. Leighton says I shall actually drink tea at Boffum's.

July 13.—Matthew Arnold is certainly light about Oxford's being the queen of dreamers.

July 15.—Oxford was perfect, but I am glad to get back to dear old London. It will break my heart to leave it, as we must on the first of August; but I am not going to think about that yet.

July 31.—I was feeling very blue this evening after dinner, for Mr. Leighton had procured us tickets to go to the House, and he was to come and go with us, but my cold got so bad this afternoon and the weather was so misty, with a cold rain falling, that Mrs. Seymour persuaded me to write and say we could not go. She

has been here so often she does not care for any of the sights, and I think she wanted leisure to pack. dinner everybody vanished, one by one, and I sat in the drawing-room trying to read and wishing I had not let Mrs. Seymour make me write that note. Just as I was trying to resolve to yield to bed and hot lemonade there was a sharp ring at the bell, and Annie, my candy-maid, ushered in Mr. Leighton. He seemed to bring a gust of fresh, brisk air in with him, and he was carrying a whole nosegay of feathery, white blossoms. As soon as Annie went out he crushed them all into my hands, and asked me whether I knew the name of them. His fingers shook and his eyes shone so that I felt myself blush uncontrollably and hesitate, for I never saw those little flowers until I came to London, and here they call them "love-in-a-mist."

Trefoil Cottage, Surrey, August 6.—George says that first day on the 'bus did it; that he felt right off that any one so pretty and brown-eyed and helpless ought to have a man to take care of her. For the sake of the "pretty and brown-eyed," I suppose I shall have to swallow the "helpless." He says that when he saw those cards scattered around in the mud, he resolved on the spot to refuse an invitation to start next day with a fishing party to Norway, and accept the Featherstone's dinner-bid to meet Miss Isabel McIntire.

After all, that economical day was not such a bad investment. The umbrella has been mended perfectly, which knocks off ten shillings; the maid brushed my skirt so it looks like new, and the stains on the blouse were just a nice excuse to get one of the big, embroidered collars which are the style—George says it is the most becoming thing I ever wear—so I shall have to recast that day's account.

Account of June 25th.

Debit.

L sh. d.
3 2 2

Best sweetheart in the world.

Happiness!

Mary Argyle Taylor.

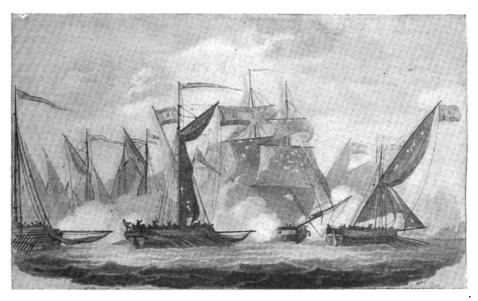
American Naval Heroes.

VII.

Henry Walke. William D. Porter. Leonard Paulding. Andrew H. Foote.

OR two hundred years, from 1640 to 1840, the general character of the ships used in the naval service of the civilized world had undergone no change. The great line of battle ship, the frigate, the ship-brig, the schooner, and the sloop had possibly increased in size as nations vied with each other in floating heavy armament, or in building more formidable battleships; but the wind had been the only power by which they had been driven, and the navigator's skill had been directed toward the handling of these ships in all sorts of weather and every condition of emergency. The advent of steam as a motive power relegated to school practice in the navy yards and to occasional cruises in peaceful waters of the former noble frigates with which Preble, Jones, Hull, Decatur, Truxton, Lawrence, Perry, and Macdonough had won such glorious victories in the War of 1812. All the ancient, time-honored appliances of warfare and navigation had to be readjusted to meet the new order of things. There was to be no more display of superiority in seamanship, by which one ship would by tacking and wearing gain the advantage over its antagonist, and the days of manœuvring to keep the weather-gauge, or of wetting down the canvas, or of trimming of the yards were over. The new warship had a motive power by which she could steer at will for any point of the compass, so far as dependence upon wind

and sails were concerned, so as to cross the enemy's stern or bow. The warfare conducted by the ancient Greeks and Romans, with their galleys propelled by a hundred oars, and with prow armored with iron and bronze, the boat becoming a veritable battering-ram, one of the most effective of ancient weapons of warfare, was to be revived in the nineteenth century, and steam was to be the strong arms and paddle-wheels and propelling screws, the sweeping oars to carry death and destruction to the enemy. The toy cannon of the War of 1812 were to be supplanted by the large rifled gun or colum-biad, which carried the shot and shell with unerring precision for miles, and left only death and destruction in its wake. Then from the ancients was again to be borrowed the idea of the use of armor plate, not as heretofore for the protection of man and beast on the battle-field, but to save the ship's sides from the destructive effects of these heavy shot and shell. The helmet and coat of mail in an exaggerated form rendered the ironclad invulnerable at Hampton Roads, and on the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers the saucy little gunboat, with her improvised armor of railroad iron, bade defiance to the heavy guns of the forts as she ran their gauntlet unharmed, to carry protection to the besieged army beyond. Added to all these, the dread torpedo, devised by Fulton a half century before, was taken up



War Galleys attacking a full-rigged ship.
THE EARLY DAYS OF NAVAL WARFARE.

and planted in the rivers and bays, there to be a permanent menace to intruding warships. Such was the condition of affairs when the peace of fifty years for the American Navy was broken by a shot fired from a rebel battery, aimed apparently at a besieged fort in Charleston Harbor, but really at the heart of a nation, by a desperate revolutionary assassin.

The navy list of 1861 was half made up of sailing-vessels. To be sure, there were some formidable steam frigates, useful in times of peace in making up respectable fleets at the various naval stations abroad. the navy yards were some steamers laid up in ordinary, but which would require weeks and months to get ready for active service. Another difficulty confronted the Navy De-The practice of regular and methodical advancement of officers by promotion in order of time of service, irrespective of ability, had left the navy encumbered with a host of old men grown gray in the service during so many years of peace, and now illy fitted either by training or inclination to enter into active and vigorous operations against an enemy who yesterday was a brother. War of 1812 had found in the navy a line of young officers—active captains and lieutenants-most of them under thirty-five years of age, ready to take any risk and able to endure any hard-The ranking officers of the ship. navy of 1861 had been boys on board the sailing vessels of the old navy. and had not accustomed themselves to the modern appliances of the steam frigate. The fear that a shot from the enemy would pierce the boiler, disarrange the machinery, unship the rudder, or run the ship aground, were a few of the causes of anxiety that made the older naval officers over cautious and slow to move upon an untried sea filled with such innumerable possibilities of danger. Then the seamen necessary to put the navy on a war footing had to be drawn from the civil list and trained to the new service. Unlike the land service, they had no militia to draw from. In fact, on the whole Atlantic coast there were not over two hundred trained seamen available for the naval service when the shot fired at Sumter created a nation and aroused it to arms, and yet in 1865 there were



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX, U. S. A. By courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

over fifty thousand enlisted men serving in the navy, many of them having only entered the service after being urged to do so by the generous bounty of one thousand and even fifteen hundred dollars.

The first use to which the navy was put was to try to save the custom houses, mints, and Government properties along the coast. John A. Dix had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, to succeed Howell Cobb, who had greatly depleted it for the benefit of the Southern States, and his first thought was to save the revenue cutters Cass, at Mobile, and the McClelland, at New Orleans, from falling into the hands of the State authorities. Captain Breshwood, of the McClelland, was a rebel sympathizer, and refused to obey the order of the Secretary, and the second officer, Caldwell, dared not move against his superior officer. Finding this condition of affairs, the Treasury agent, Hemphill Jones, telegraphed the department at Washington for instructions. It was this request that called forth the famous telegram, which was the rallying cry of the whole patriotic North at this early stage of the Civil War.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, JAN. 21, 1861. TO HEMPHILL JONES, ESQ., Special Agent for the U. S. Treasury Department, New Orleans, La.

Tell Lieutenant Caldwell to

Tell Lieutenant Caldwell to arrest Captain Breshwood, assume command of the cutter, and obey the order through you. If Captain Breshwood, after arrest, undertakes to interfere with the command of the cutter, tell Lieutenant Caldwell to consider him as a mutineer, and treat him accordingly. If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.

John A. Dix, Secretary of the Treasury.

The dispatch was unfortunately intercepted on its way, and failed to reach special agent Jones, so the

cutter fell into the hands of the authorities of the State of Louisiana, and when Jones reached Mobile the Cass had been taken possession of by the State of Alabama.

The first serious event in the war between the Government of the United States and the States in rebellion occurred January 12, 1861, when the forts, navy yard, and Government property at Pensacola were surrendered by Commodore James Armstrong, U. S. N., to the State authorities of Florida without defence. Stars and Stripes were hauled down by William Conway, a seaman and acting quartermaster, in obedience to the order of Lieutenant Francis B. Renshaw, of the United States Navy. The navy yard at the time was under the command of Ebenezer Farrand.

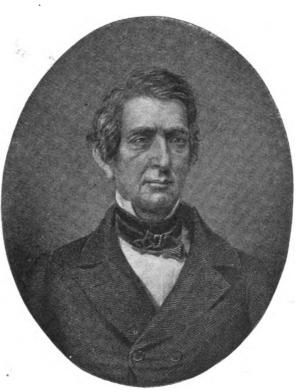
Fort Barrancas, an historical stronghold built by the Spanish emigrants in the seventeenth century; Fort McCrea, the navy yard at Warring-

ton, and the United States Hospital surrendered with their officers and men, who were made prisoners of war, and this condition of affairs left the responsibility of the naval station to Commodore Henry Walke, the ranking naval officer, who had arrived at the yard December 7, 1860, with the United States storeship Supply, for stores for the United States squadron at Vera Cruz. The slaves used at the fort as laborers, and hired for this purpose from their owners, had been withdrawn, their masters fearing that the United States Government would not pay for the labor. This delayed the loading of the vessel, and meantime Commandant Armstrong had directed Commander Walke to carry provisions to Fort Pickens, and return to the navy yard and finish loading for Vera Cruz. This order was dated January 10,

1861, and if it had been literally carried out would have resulted in the surrender of Fort Pickens at the same time he yielded possession of Fort McCrea, Fort Barrancas, and the navy yard. Commander Walke took the responsibility of remaining to support Lieutenant Slemmer, who assured him if he had his co-operation in removing his command to Fort Pickens, and dismantling the abandoned forts, he could hold the fort against any force for six months, and after transporting soldiers, ammunition, provisions, and other articles necessary to the comfort of the besieged garrison of Fort Pickens from Fort Barrancas, he destroyed the powder and munitions of war likely to fall into the hands of the State authorities, and as the facts of history bear out, was the first and immediate instrument in causing results that led to the refusal of

England to acknowledge the independence of the Southern States. which she at the time was but too anxious to do. Finding the flag still floating over Fort Pickens, Mr. Seward prevailed on the President to immediately strengthen the defence inaugurated by Naval Officer Walker and the relief so afforded resulted in the recapture of the other forts and the entire possession of Pensacola Bay and the coast of Florida, down to and including the port of Key West, early in 1862. The Secretary of State was thus able to refute the claim of the Confederacy to entire possession of her seacoast, as a reason for immediate recognition as a separate nation, and pointed to the posssession of this territory as a chief argument.

Finding he could do a greater service to his government by taking on board and carrying directly to a place



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

SECRETARY OF STATE DURING LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION.



ROBERT FULTON. From the painting by West.

of safety the women, children, and invalids now harbored in the forts, he took the responsibility of returning to New York with 108 non-combatants, who, including the paroled prisoners, were in danger of suffering great privations if left behind, he being unable under existing circumstances to carry out his original orders. He sailed from Pensacola Bay, January 15, 1861. Afterward the arrival of the Brooklyn, Sabine, and St. Louis made the position of Lieutenant Slemmer less dangerous, and he enjoyed the proud distinction of holding the only fort on the South Atlantic Coast, and maintaining at its flagstaff the Stars and Stripes. Upon reporting to the Secretary of the Navy, Isaac Tousey, February 4, 1861, from New York, Commander Walke gave a full history of his action in defence of the Government property and the conditions under which he left the harbor. Upon the accession of a new administration, March 4, 1861, his action was questioned, and he was submitted to a court-martial, which resulted in his being admonished by the Secretary of the Navy, notwithstanding Commodore Armstrong's statement "that he did not consider that there was any disobedience on the part of Commander Walke in not returning to the yard, for he could not discharge the duties on which he had been dispatched," and without supplies short of New York there was no port from which they could have been obtained to render his voyage to Vera Cruz necessary. History will yet do justice to the brave officer who, while the earliest of the naval heroes born of the Civil War, and its first martyr, lived to do valiant service, even in subordinate posi-

tions, and fully vindicated his valor,

patriotism, and humanity.

On the advent of a new administration, March 4, 1861, with the Government in the possession of but a single fort on the entire Atlantic Coast below Fortress Monroe, a condition of affairs presented itself to the Navv Department that would need active and speedy adjustment. There were 3000 miles of seacoast to be effectually blockaded. The Southern States were rich in cotton, and the nations of Europe were ready to exchange for this cotton the munitions of war, of which the Confederacy stood in so great need. With open ports, and with 4,000,000 slaves to produce cotton, they had the markets of the world at their doors, and the issues of war would be but the matter of a short campaign before foreign nations would demand their independence. The responsibility for

an effective blockade rested upon the United States Navy. In the past the country had found that navy always ready for duty: but in 1861 half of the officers and men had gone out of the service of the Government to give their allegiance to their native States. The emergency, however, gave birth to new men able to meet the issue. and out from these sprang the naval heroes of 1861-65. The department had but few ships, and their officers were untried in the new methods of naval warfare. They had no light-draft vessels to enter the harbor and hold the port, in possession of the enemy. They had no formidable ironclads to retake the forts and to re-establish the custom houses from which the Stars and Stripes had been hauled down. As to ships, there was a home squadron of twelve vessels, one half of them sailing craft. The Pawnee, a screw sloop-of-war, was in the yard at Washington, and carried 8 guns, and the Crusader and Mohawk, steamers of 8 and 5 guns respectively, were in the navy yard at New York, which with the steamship Supply, 4 guns, lately returned from Pensacola, made up the entire fleet in Northern waters. The frigate Sabine, 50 guns, the sloop St. Louis, 20 guns, the steamers Brooklyn, 25 guns, and Wyandotte, 5 guns, were at Pensacola, and the sloops Macedonia and Cumberland, of 24 guns each, with the steamers Pocahontas and Powhatan, were at Vera Cruz, reaching home late in the month of March, 1861. In June and July the steam sloops Richmond, Iroquois, and Susquehanna arrived from the Mediterranean, and later in the year the Constellation and mouth; the steam sloops Mohican and San Jacinto, the steamers Mystic and Sumter, and the storeship Relief reached home from the coast of Africa, and the frigate Congress and steam sloop Seminole arrived from Brazil. These vessels made up the entire navy of 1861. Early in 1862 the sloop John Adams and the steam sloops Hartford and Dakotah came in from the East Indies, leaving the sloop Saratoga, 18 guns, on the coast of Africa: the steamer Pulaski, one gun, on the coast of Brazil, and the steamer Saginaw, 3 guns, in the East Indies, the sole representatives of our Government in foreign waters. These, with the steam frigate Niagara, returning from Japan, the few vessels stationed on the Pacific Coast, and 4 tenders and storeships made up a total of 42 vessels, carrying 555 guns, manned with 7600 seamen in commission, March 4, 1861. The vessels dismantled and in ordinary at the various yards in possession of the Government, exclusive of those lost at the destruction of the Norfolk Navv Yard, and put into commission during the latter part of 1861, were the frigates Potomac, St. Lawrence, and Santee; the sloops Savannah, Jamestown, Vincennes, Marion, Dale, and Preble; the brigs Bainbridge and Perry; and the steamers Roanoke. Colorado, Minnesota, Wabash, Pensacola, Mississippi, and Water Witch. The Government constructed and purchased other steam vessels of every class, which they armed and equipped. until they floated a navy of 211 vessels, armed with 2301 guns, repre-



GIDEON WELLES.

SECRETARY OF NAVY DURING LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION.

senting a tonnage of 176,568, and manned by 20,000 seamen, December 31, 1861. At that date they had 52 vessels, of 41,448 tons, to carry 256 guns, on the stocks in process of construction. These figures tell better than words the growth of the navy to meet an emergency. We must remember, however, that the vessels of largest tonnage and greatest number of guns were the useless ones, which included 6 ships-of-the-line, 7 frigates, 17 sloops, and 2 brigs carrying 1208 guns, and measuring 44,768 tons.

There was little opportunity during the first year of the war for the officers of the navy to exhibit that courage, zeal, and heroism manifested at a later period, and that only at Hatteras and Port Royal. However, at the end of the year the Secretary of the Navy in his report paid this tribute to the officers and men of the service: "To the patriotic officers of the navy and the brave men who, in various scenes of naval action, have served under them, the Department and the Government justly owe an acknowledgment ever more earnest and emphatic. Courage, ability, unfaltering fidelity and devotion to the cause of their country, have been the general and noble characteristics of their conduct in the arduous and important service with which they have been entrusted. We state, in all confidence, that in their hands the historic renown of the American Navy has been elevated and augmented.'

That the blockade was effective is shown by the recorded losses to the Confederacy of 1119 vessels captured by our navy and condemned as prizes, among which were 210 fast steamers. There were besides these 355 vessels burned or otherwise destroyed, and the total value of vessels and cargoes thus condemned or destroyed was over \$30,000,000. While naval battles are more exciting and readable than dry statistics of the result of dull blockade, their value to the Government is much less. The blockade, which led to the impoverishing of the Confederate army and the recapture of the forts and seaports which

followed, cut off foreign supplies and virtually ended the rebellion.

In the operations of the navy on the Western rivers, the pioneer in gunboat fighting was Henry Walke, already spoken of in this paper for the part he took in provisioning and encouraging the little band of patriot soldiers in Fort Pickens in the dark days of 1860. He was born in Princess Anne County, Va., December 24, 1808, of Dutch descent. His first American ancestor, Anthony Walke, came to America from England and settled in Virginia. His father, Anthony Walke, removed from Virginia to Chillicothe, O., in 1811. When the boy was nineteen years old he entered the United States Navy as midshipman, and served under Lieutenant David G. Farragut. After a service of six years he was promoted pastmidshipman, and the same year further advanced to lieutenant. During the Mexican War he participated in the naval engagements that resulted in the capture of Vera Cruz, Tobasco, Tespan, and Alverado. In 1855 he was made commander of the United States ship Supply, employed in African and West Indian waters. His last service in that ship was to fortify and provision Fort Pickens and transfer the paroled officers and civilians from the captured forts and navy yard to New York. When, in 1861, the Government determined upon employing the navy on the Western rivers, to co operate with the army, Commander John Rodgers was ordered to St. Louis to co-operate with James B. Eads, a civil engineer, in building a flotilla of iron-plated gunboats. Three river steamboats, purchased in Cincinnati, were hastily transformed into gunboats and placed in commission. They were the Taylor, Lexington, and Conestoga. The first-named, bearing the commander's flag, carried an armament of six 64-pounder broadside guns. Their immense paddle-wheels and high pilot-houses not being iron-clad, made them illy adapted for the purpose of contending with Confederate river batteries, generally located on bluffs

from which they could fire plunging shot and, while they did good service, proved to be veritable slaughter pens to the officers and pilots.

On September 12, 1861, Flag Officer Foote ordered Commander Walke to the Tyler, to relieve Rodgers, and he at once proceeded with the flotilla from Paducah to Cairo, where, with a number of army officers detailed by General Grant, he proceeded down the Mississippi River to Columbus to determine the position and strength

divert their fire. This was effectually done, until the heavy guns of the batteries forced the wooden gunboats to withdraw. Commander Walke then finding he could run close to the batteries and deliver broadsides into the fort, the elevation of their guns insuring the safety of the boats, continued his attack and was able to deal destruction to the earthworks. Upon the approach of transports from below with recruits for the Confederate army, the gunboats, by elevating



COMMODORE JOHN RODGERS.
From the engraving by Ritchie.

of the enemy. This was the first reconnoissance made by a gunboat on the Western waters, and the Taylor was thus continually employed by the army during September, October, and November, 1861. On November 7, 1861, the Taylor, with her consort the Lexington, Lieutenant Stemble, convoyed the transports containing the entire land forces of General Grant, down the river from Cairo to Belmont. During the battle of Belmont the gunboats were ordered to attack the Confederate batteries, in order to

their guns, were able to prevent their landing far enough up the river to intercept General Grant's retreat, and he was thus enabled to withdraw his army in good order. Meantime the batteries on the bluff were playing havoc with the frail gunboats. One cannon-ball coming down obliquely through the side deck and scantling of the Taylor, took off the head of Michael Adams, a gunner, and wounded several others.

Knowing that the destruction of the gunboats at this time meant the



GRANT AS A MAJOR-GENERAL.

Supposed to be the only portrait in existence showing him with a long beard.

loss of the army of General Grant and of the important military depot at Cairo to the Union, Commander Walke, after a few more broadsides, withdrew out of range of the guns of the battery and protected the soldiers as they came down to the river-bank to re-embark aboard the transports, and by his continuous broadsides over the heads of the troops, kept back the pursuing Confederates and dislodged the artillery that had opened fire on the rapidly loading transports. After convoying the transports four or five miles up the river, the Taylor and Lexington returned to protect and bring up the regiment of Colonel Buford, left behind in the confusion. They also picked up many stragglers on the river-banks for miles below.

While no official report appears to have been made to the Navy Department of the part the gunboats took in this battle, Admiral Foote being

in St. Louis at the time, General Grant, in his second official report, said:

"The gunboats convoyed the expedition, and rendered most effective service immediately upon our landing. They engaged the enemy's batteries on the heights above Columbus, and protected our transports throughout. For a detailed account of the part taken by them I refer with pleasure to the accompanying report of Captain Walke, senior officer."

The Taylor and Lexington remained on picket duty below Cairo and made numerous reconnoissances within the enemy's lines, and also above Cairo on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. Early in 1862, when the plated gunboats built by Engineer Eads were completed, Commander Walke was detailed to the Carondelet. She was 150 feet

long and drew seven feet of water. The sides and casement were built to the water-line at an angle of about 45 $^\circ$ with the level of the gun-deck, which was about a foot above water and covered with the casement to the curve of the bow and stern enclosing the wheel, with all her machinery. She had three ports in the bow, four in each broadside, and two in the stern. Her armament consisted of three guns in the bow, two 42-pounder rifles which threw shells of over 84 pounds weight, and one smooth-bore 64-pounder. Her broadside batteries were two 42-pounder rifles, two 64-pounders, smooth bore, and four light 32-pounders, while her stern battery was two light 32-pounders. The pilot-house was on the upper deck, casemated and partially plated.

We have been thus particular in describing the armor and armament of the Carondelet, as she serves as an example of her class of gunboats, and

as it was an innovation in naval architecture.

Before the attack on Fort Henry, General Grant again called upon the gunboats and gave them a prominent place in his plan of attack. The gunboats, however, accomplished the reduction of the fort and received the surrender of the garrison before the arrival of the troops. Upon ap-

to enforce his command, and it was some time before he found that his subordinate officer was fast aground, while he was the unconscious subject of an illusion caused by the swift current.

The ironclad gunboats under Admiral Foote engaged in the battle were the Essex, Commander William D. Porter; the Carondelet, Com-



COMMODORE A. H. FOOTE, U. S. N. From the engraving by George E. Perine.

proaching to take possession of the fort, the Carondelet ran aground, and the incident resulted in a strange illusion on the part of the flag officer, who, not being aware that the Cincinnati (flag-ship) was being carried down stream by the current in spite of the powerful working of her engine, supposed that Commander Walke was preceding him with the Carondelet, and repeatedly ordered him to stop, using strong language

mander Henry Walke; the Cincinnati (flag-ship), Commander R. N. Stembel; and the St. Louis, Lieutenant Commander Leonard Paulding; with the wooden gunboats Taylor, Lexington, and Conestoga in reserve. In the engagement the Carondelet was struck by shot and shell in thirty places. She fired from her batteries one hundred and one 64-pounder and 84-pounder rifle shells and one solid shot, and during the

entire engagement did not lose a man killed or wounded.

After raising the white flag, General Tilghman, with two of his staff, came on board the Cincinnati and formally surrendered the fort to Admiral Foote, who sent for Captain Walke and directed him to take possession of the fort until relieved by General Grant. In the ceremony of surrender, General Tilghman remarked to the flag officer: "I am glad to surrender to so gallant an officer." Admiral Foote replied: "You do perfectly right, sir, in surrendering; but you should have blown my gunboats out of water before I would have surrendered to you.'

Captain Walke describes the scene that met his eye as, with the captured Confederate general, he walked into the fort:

"The first glance silenced all jubilant expressions of the victors. On every side lay the lifeless bodies of the victims in reckless confusion, intermingled with shattered implements of war. Our eyes then met each other's gaze in sadness, full of meaning, that forbade any attempt to speak, and, in a stillness like to that of a graveyard, we walked slowly over the desolate scene. The largest gun of the fort was disabled, being filled with earth by one of our shells striking the parapet near its muzzle; the muzzle of another was broken by our shell; a third, with broken carriage and two dead men, was buried under the heaps of earth; a fourth had burst, scattering the mangled gunners into the water and in all directions, scarcely one of them escaping. The surgeon of the fort was laboring, with the few he could get to help him, to save the bleeding and dying. Some of our shell had pierced entirely through the breastworks, throwing tons of earth over the prostrated gunners, and then plunging ten feet into the earth beyond or through the cabins in the rear, afterward setting fire to them by their explosions. After the wounded were cared for and the excitement had subsided, our men proceeded instinctively and quietly to draw the dead bodies of the victims from the water and the earth, and we buried them as well as we

On the Essex, the casualties were frightful, owing to a shot from the batteries piercing the boiler and the escaping steam scalding all on the forward deck, including the brave commander. The shot that did the mischief also killed young Brittan,

aid to Captain Porter, who stood at Porter was carthe side of his chief. ried below, and on learning of the surrender of the fort, raised himself on his elbow, called for three cheers, and gave two himself, when he fell back exhausted in his effort to make the A seaman, Jasper P. Breas, who was badly scalded, sprang to his feet, naked to the waist, his jacket and shirt having been removed to dress his wounds, and, climbing the stairs to the spar deck, he saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the fort, when he shouted, "Glory to God!" and sank exhausted on the deck. He died the same night—a hero giving up his life for his country's safety. At the battle of Fort Donelson the Carondelet was the first of the gunboats to engage the enemy—the order coming from General Grant and not from Admiral Foote-and Captain Walke in this way preceded the fleet of Flag Officer Foote probably two days, and fired 139 shells into the fort, and being in return struck only by one 128-pounder solid shot which glanced over the boiler, cutting a steam pipe and landing in the engine-room, with no damage save the The Carondelet splinters it made. disabled three of the guns within the fort, while the combined attack of the four gunboats the second day did but little real damage to the fort, while the pilot of the Carondelet was killed at the wheel, the pilot-house was wrecked, her port rifle gun burst, and she received two shots in her bow between wind and water, and soon all the gunboats were obliged to drop out of range of the enemy's heavy guns.

The Carondelet next did gallant service at the bombarding of Island No. 10, where she was again the pioneer in showing the possibilities of the ironclads to protect the land forces as well as to run the gauntlet of the forts built upon the bluffs of the riverbanks. Her exploit on the dark and stormy night of April 4, 1862, when Captain Walke volunteered to run the steamer past the Confederate forts and give relief to the army under General Pope at New Madrid, was

one of the most thrilling episodes of the war, as well as one of the most important strategic movements of the Federal Army. The success of the experiment even surprised the Admiral, and demonstrated the practicability of gaining possession of the Western waters by boldly running the gauntlet of the forts which had been supposed to effectually guard the passage of the river. The service rendered by Captain Walke on this dark night

was in itself enough to make him an admiral had not the jealousies of ranking officers blinded the department at Washington as to the merits of his voluntary undertaking. It was after Captain Walke had demonstrated the possibility that Farragut carried his fleet past the forts below New Orleans and gave to the nation the possession of New Orleans for the remainder of the period of the war.

John Howard Brown.

JUDGE LUDLAW'S SECOND WOOING.

San Francisco, September 3, 1895. My DEAR MRS. LUDLAW: A relative of ours, Dr. Walbridge Harding, of New York, will be with us a few days on his way to China, and we are very anxious for him to meet some of our friends. May we hope to claim the pleasure of your and Judge Ludlaw's company at dinner on Friday at seven? I am sorry to give you such short notice, but sincerely hope you have no other engagement for that evening

Very cordially yours,

MAUDE LOVETT.

The usual P.S.—We are all to be middleaged, unless your lovely daughter will leave her studies for an evening to brighten the her studies for an evening to brighter the hours that may prove dull without some young hearts. She shall have for her cava-lier my most interesting young gentleman acquaintance, if she will be good enough to come.

M. L.

At Mrs. Ludlaw's exclamation the judge laid down his paper, and took the note his wife held out to him with some degree of surprise.

"Harding! I've heard that name before. Oh, yes. He's the celebrated specialist on brain diseases."

Mrs. Ludlaw toyed with her knife rather nervously as she said:

"Of course we'll accept, John?"

"Oh, nonsense! Why do you want to go to one of those long, stiff affairs, where half the dishes they thrust upon you are just to fill out courses? The most disagreeable part, though, is that you must spend a whole evening jabbering to one woman-or man it may be—that you hope never to see again."

"I am sure Mrs. Lovett's guests will not prove very stupid, dear. You know they have entertained so

much, they know the very best peo-

"Yes, society people! They never invited us before. I don't see what possessed them to ask us to an affair like this. The senator has some object in view, you may be The judge's voice was rather gruff as he picked up his paper again.

" I don't see why we need be so humble. Before we were married we were agreeable and well-bred enough for people to find pleasure in our company without having an object in Since we have been in San Francisco we have lived like hermits. We have never been so poor that it was utterly necessary to give up pleasures among our social equals. first we were strangers; then you decided that social duties would consume too much time and money; and now that you have time and money you think they wish to gain some political advantage."

Judge Ludlaw was surprised into

defending himself.

"Well, you have had the children and the house to keep you busy, and we have both found our greatest

pleasure in reading.'

"Yes; but ideas fresh from the minds of people are so much more inspiring than those absorbed from the pages of a book. I realized this at Mrs. Porter's tea the other day. Of course I was invited through Ethel's friend, Rose Chesterfield, and knew scarcely any one there, but that sweet girl left me with a most charming circle of women, and I found my wit equal to any of them. I was surprised that my tongue had not grown rusty by these years of disuse. I seemed to grow mentally in that half hour more than I had grown for years. Then, really, John, for Ethel's sake, as well as our own, we should go out more. Next year she will be through college, and I want her to enjoy her young ladyhood here. A girl never forgets her first season in society."

"You'd better take her back to New York. Society here is too mixed—too much money, too little

good breeding."

"But Ethel must go out some here to gain ease and savoir faire. When I take my daughter back to my old home, I want her more than an un-

sophisticated schoolgirl."

"Well, I suppose this is the beginning of a life of misery for me. You seem to have set your heart on this, Margaret, so you may accept, but don't expect me to go often. And when Ethel leaves school—well, you may spend a winter in New York and the rest of the year in Europe, and, by Jove! I hope she will be married in that time. I will never be one of those unhappy fathers who take a nap every night of the world in a different smoking-room while his daughter dances out soles down-stairs."

"I am glad we are to go, John. You will get a new dress suit to-day,

won't you?"

"Dress suit! Why, where is the one I was married in?"

Mrs. Ludlaw gasped.

"Why, John, that was made twenty years ago! You weighed one hundred and forty then. Now you weigh one hundred and eighty. Do you think you could get it on?"

"That's what I've always told you! If you go into society you must spend, spend all the time. I suppose you and Ethel must both

have satin dresses?"

"Oh, no; I'll put big sleeves in that old brocade of mine and trim it with my Duchess lace. It will be very elegant for a dinner. I'll fix one of my beautiful old India mand for Ethel, so the only expense will be your suit and a carriage."

"A carriage, of course!" There was scorn and disgust in the judge's voice. "Flowers, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. Be sure and get your

suit at Ringold's, John."

"What a fool-thing a dress suit is anyway! This business has quite upset me. I am unfit to deal out justice this morning, but it is time to go to court." And the judge seized his paper and hurriedly left the room.

Mrs. Ludlaw left alone picked up the note and read it again. A soft smile played about her lips, a dreamy look lingered in her eyes as she rose from the table. She passed through the hall, righted some of the disorder made by the children on their departure for school, and then went upstairs to the trunk-room.

She tossed over the rich silks and stuffs she had worn during her brief reign in New York society. How happy she had been! What a gay, careless life she had left, to come with her poor young lawyer lover to the Golden West. Ah! her wed-

ding gown.

She took it from its covering and shook the justling white folds out. The great long train swept down with its festoons of rich lace. Her face grew flushed with breathless consciousness. She gathered the heap in her arms and hurried into her room. She locked the door, and quickly undressing, she presently stood once more in her bridal robes -the white veil floating from her beautiful nut-brown hair—a diamond star, "the gift of the groom," glit-tering above her veiled brow. She had not been more excited on that night, so long ago, when she was leaving all that the past held dear, to go with the promising young Harvard graduate, whom she loved far more than the gold or position any one else in the wide world could offer her.

Her trembling hands toyed with each other as she stood gazing at herself. Bridal gowns left the neck and



arms bare twenty years ago, and she raised her hands to her white throat to choke back a little dry sob. The skin was still white and firm, her arms round and fair. Her face flaming now with a wild excitement was beautiful still. Why had he ceased to love her? why, after those few glad weeks, had he left her to live her life alone? It had been so long since they had exchanged spontaneous caresses. She could almost see the wall that had grown up between them as he sat reading his paper at the breakfast-table. When he returned for dinner she could hear his plea of being tired before he made it, and he would sink down on the sofa for a nap. Other times he would hurry back to the office to read up a case; again, there was a political meeting or a club; still, again, there were letters to write.

"Oh, it has all been a mistake—a dreadful mistake!" she cried out "When I went down to bitterly. him that night I did not know he would lead me into this. O John, John, I loved you so! We could have been so happy; but now, God help me, you have shut me out, perhaps forever. You have never asked for my thoughts, you have not given me yours. Our souls are no more alike than if we had never known each other. Now I long for human companionship. You would not give me yours, and so I will take what others hold out to me. Oh, how I hate gold-getting! It has stolen my husband from me, it has deprived me of happiness, it has starved my heart. The children are all one-sided, because they have had only me to love them, because I alone have trained them and borne the burdens of their God meant father and little lives. mother both to watch and guide them, but he has only given them gold-gold! Oh, my poor little children, that have only known a father with a frozen heart !"

Mrs. Ludlaw sank down on her knees before the long mirror and buried her face in her hands. Broken sobs came for a moment, then she slowly raised her head. Her hands fell at her sides.

"And this symbolizes it all! When I went to the altar twenty years ago nothing more happened than is happening at this moment. I alone was craving human love and sympathy. I alone dreamed of the life inseparable, of daily caresses, of ever-growing love, and I have starved in the midst of plenty."

In feverish haste she tore off the white silk and laces, and as quickly as possible had them back again in the trunk. She left out two dresses, the rich brocade and a soft heliotrope crape.

"It is too young, perhaps, but I'll remodel the crape," she said after a moment of musing. "It may be wrong—oh, I know it is wrong—but I want Walbridge Harding to remember that last night before he left America!" Then she thrust the brocade away.

Judge Ludlaw was slowly carrying spoonfuls of soup to his mouth. It was turtle soup, and he hated it, but it was better than talking to the woman suffragist beside him. He was surprised to find such a handsome woman a suffragist. In his younger days they were frights.

His neighbor was relating the glowing success of the last Woman's Congress, and advancing some rather clever arguments for equal suffrage; but what was the use of talking woman's suffrage to him? He had made up his mind thirty years ago never to concede a point to those visionaries. To save himself from being rude he asked the lady reformer a few indifferent questions now and then, and wished it had been his luck to have had another companion at the table. Surely all the women there were not suffragists! His wife should never join that regiment of cranks.

He wondered if the pretty girl opposite would ever take such nonsensical notions into her little head. The girl's face seemed familiar. The young man next her must be a lover. He was certainly playing the devoted. All of a sudden the girl looked up and smiled at him. It was his daughter! He had been so preoccupied with his own toilet that he had not noticed his wife and Ethel until they had been wrapped in their long dark cloaks, so this was the first time he had ever thought of his eighteen-year-old child as any other than a schoolgirl in dark woollen dresses. He realized at that moment how lovely she was. His neighbor saw the sudden exchange of glances, and bending forward said, with a winning smile, to Ethel:

"Miss Ludlaw, I can't interest your father in woman's suffrage at all. I suppose you have talked of it so much at home that he is tired of the subject; but, tell me, is he in favor of it? He has only said, 'If women want it, they will win it for themselves.'"

"Oh, no. I don't think father likes the idea, but he has never discussed it with us. Mamma and I went to the Congress, though, and we have been thoroughly converted."

"Why, really this is news," said the judge solemnly. But the subject was suddenly dropped, for his daughter's attention was recalled to her side of the table, and the lady at his right leaned to catch a remark addiessed to her by the hostess. For a moment the judge was left alone with his amazement. He glanced with some indignation and anger at his wife, seated at the other end of the table beside the host. His eyes shot rapidly back to his daughter, then they swept around the table and back to his wife again. She was the most beautiful woman there. There was no doubt of it. There was an acknowledgment in the attitude of every one at the table toward her that let him know it. He was not a man of quick perceptions, but suddenly a certain dulness in his mind was swept He caught the frequent away. glances of the men toward his wife. He heard occasional remarks of the women, not one of whom, with the exception of the hostess, had ever seen her before. Some sort of light seemed radiating from her that made every one at the table aware of her presence. He glanced at the hostess. Next her sat a grave, handsome man who ate very little and said but few things, but what he said seemed to weigh a great deal, for his every remark called forth an animated conversation among those near him. It was the noted Dr. Walbridge Harding; and Judge Ludlaw saw him, too, look down the long table. He followed the glance and saw his wife meet it. She changed color.

The judge cared never a straw whether the woman suffragist thought him a bore or not. He began to He remembered that Dr. Harding had started and turned very pale when introduced to his wife in the drawing-room. made a movement to put out his hand, then let it fall and merely The judge had seen his wife move hastily to greet Senator Lovett, and wondered if it were possible for her to be so much embarrassed at meeting a stranger. Harding? Wal-bridge Harding? He almost sprang from his chair when he remembered. It was the young doctor that had gone to Vienna to complete his medical studies, and whom Margaret had confessed she had almost loved until she met him; the one who had written her the letter that had made one day of their honeymoon so unhappy to her. He had never been jealous of the fellow-he had called him a poor dog' at the time; but surely some unusual emotion animated Margaret's face, and her eyes were glowing with a fire he had not seen for She was telling something that held the entire attention of those at the foot of the table.

They all bent toward her with amused expectation in their faces. What in the deuce was she saying so funny! Suddenly the judge got red. Could she be telling of the time he thought there were robbers in the house, and of how, stealing downstairs, he shot a hole in his new tendollar hat hanging on the hat-rack? She had not laughed at the time, be-

cause the judge did not appreciate a joke on himself, but he had been very conscious of the ludicrous situation; and looking back over their married life, it was the only thing he could remember that his wife might tell to He almost amuse an audience. glared, but when the wave of amusement broke into a gay burst of laughter, no one turned toward him to throw the joke in his face, so he decided that he was not the object. His end of the table grew rather quiet, the lower end more and more animated, and his wife the centre of it all. What did she know to charm them all so? She had never wasted any of that brilliancy on him. Judge Ludlaw was not jealous; he was only dazed, and he watched his beautiful wife with the dawning consciousness of her worth.

"This is extraordinary," thought the judge. "That man's presence has intoxicated her. Married women even as beautiful as she do not often receive such ovations."

"Here's to the happiness of the judge's beautiful wife!" cried the host. "Ludlaw, what do you mean by hiding that wife and daughter of yours all these years? Mrs. Ludlaw is the most brilliant and charming woman I have ever met, and here the judge has been feasting upon it all this time, and scowls us out of countenance when we show appreciation of his treasures."

And the judge laughed a bitter, cold sort of laugh, but the other men accepted it in good part.

Some one kept him in a political discussion till one of the last, but when he left the dining-room he intended to make his way immediately to his wife from sheer curiosity, to know what she was saying; but as he entered the drawing-room she was just seating herself with Dr. Harding some distance from the group about the fire. He could not chain his eyes away from his wife and Dr. Harding long, and others beside his own sought them; but their withdrawing was evident, and no one joined them.

Judge Ludlaw, seated by the fire, caught himself listening to snatches of their conversation. It is the prevailing impression that two people fall in love with each other without human interference. It is a mistake. A third individual is necessary, either to excite jealousy to reveal the true condition of one of the hearts or to strengthen and hasten the climax of passion. In half an hour the judge had fallen madly in love with his wife. Her conduct was not unwomanly or unwise. She was neither flirting, nor had she assumed that serious sentimental air that women are apt to assume with their old sweethearts. Presently Mrs. Ludlaw arose:

"Where, oh, where are my husband and daughter? I have forgotten that I am old and married with grown children, and I suppose Ethel has forgotten that she has a mother. Tell me, you who have chaperoned grown daughters before, shall I look for her in the conservatory or in a window seat?

"Thank you, Mrs. Lovett, for our first dinner party in twenty years. John and I have been so busy practising law, keeping house, and raising children that we had forgotten that there was such a pleasant outside world. My dear, we have stayed too late. We must go."

He felt the warm touch of her hand, and the strange thrill of rapture that came over him years ago when he first held it, as she told him that she loved him, made him answer very gently, "Yes, we must go."

Ethel, wild with the excitement of the evening, talked incessantly on the way home.

"That Mr. Watson is quite the most charming man I ever met. My heart just went pit a-pat when he looked at me with those great brown eyes of his. You know he is from Harvard, father. He says he remembers your name as a charter member of his fraternity. He made me promise that you'd invite him to call. He said it was whispered around, mother, that Dr. Harding had been madly in love with you once, and

had never married because you would not have him. I was so excited when I saw you talking to him, but you weren't at all, and he got over his nervousness after awhile.

They were in their room, and Mrs. Ludlaw had slipped on her long, white dressing gown and was brush ing her wavy hair. Judge Ludlaw was seated at a small table turning restlessly the leaves of a magazine as he watched her.

"You have such beautiful hair, Margaret!" His voice sounded strange and unnatural. It embarrassed him to pay the compliment.

"You used to tell me so before we

were married, John."

"Has it been so long, dear?"

She did not answer, but came and stood near him. He took her hand.

"I wondered to-night, Margaret, if you would not have been happier had you married Walbridge Harding."

She flushed and turned her face

away.

"You thought so, too. I don't blame you, dear. Perhaps he loved you more than I have loved you."

"Did you ever love me, John?"

"Great Heavens! yes, but never as much as I love you to-night, my darling."

He sprang up, and seizing both of

her hands stood facing her.

"I have not been your companion, Margaret, I have not made you happy, but it was for you that I first began to lead this life. I wanted you to have everything that wealth could give you, and I worked night and day for it. I did not realize that love and sympathy could be more than gold to you, and before I knew it my heart had grown cold and my life silent. Then I wanted money to make a place for myself among men. Now I have made the gold and the place, and it is all yours. Say what you want to do, where you want to go, and by all that is holy you shall find your husband responds to your every wish. I have just realized how you have sacrificed every hour of your life to my comfort and the children's happiness. You have never

called me a miser, but I have saved everything—even my love—until now. It is not too late. We can yet learn to think and act together, my wife. We can yet win happiness."

Presently she slipped from his arms and turned out the light. She went to the window and pushed up the shade. The heavens were all aglitter with stars. She turned toward him.

"John, on our wedding night we knelt at the window and looked out on such a sky as this. Do you remember for what we prayed, beloved?"

"Yes, my wife. We will say that same prayer again, and this time what we ask shall be given us."

They sank to their knees, and on cables of light from the stars to their eyes swept the message of love from the Infinite.

"This is our holiest wedding night," said Margaret very softly at last, and his response was to draw her nearer and press on her prayer-

ful lips a fervent kiss.

Again they were at the breakfasttable. It was Saturday morning, and they were all lingering. The children were listening to Ethel's enthusiastic description of the dinner. Suddenly she noticed the warm glow on Judge Ludlaw's face.

"Why, father, you seem so happy this morning, and mother is as beautiful as she was last night!" cried Ethel, looking from one to the other.

"It just shows what a fourteencourse dinner will do!" exclaimed her brother. "I wish Ethel and I could give one."

"Well, you can," said the judge, when your mother and I come back

from Del Monte."

Mrs. Ludlaw looked up with surprise, then caught the glad, new

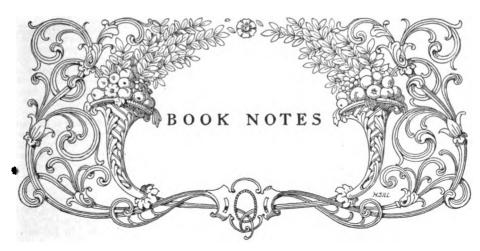
meaning of his words.

"Yes, children, we'll leave you to keep house while your father and I enjoy a honeymoon at Del Monte; and, John," she cried with a laugh as gay as a girl's, "we'll occupy the bridal chambers!"

And the honeymoon still shines on Judge and Mrs. Ludlaw.

Mary Bell.





James Lane Allen thought to preach a sermon in his "Summer in Arcady," but we doubt if his method is a good one. Mr. Allen's god is nature—at least in the present book—and he dwells particularly on the physical aspects and inclinations of his characters. That their moral strength rose superior to tempting environment is the keynote of the story, for Mr. Allen contends that the present "downward-moving fiction of manifold disorder" is totally and fundamentally wrong. The chief charm of the book is the exquisite description of the Kentucky woods in summer-time. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

"The History of Oratory," by Lorenzo Sears, L.H.D., is a comprehensive treaty on this "art of arts," beginning with the most primitive verses and public speaking. All nations of the world, from the early Roman and Greek speakers through the centuries up to the present day, are represented; all the famous orators are referred to; oratory on the stage, in the forum, in the pulpit, and before the bar is dwelt upon. The different methods and various schools of oratory are discussed, and the personal qualities and qualifications of famous speakers are described. It is a book of great value to the speaker, for it is excellently written and full of instruction. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

A Turkish love story is a novelty, but that is not the only reason that "Hadjira" will please its readers. The heroine, a beautiful though lowly born young girl, is beloved by the son of a pacha, whose family object to their marriage, but after years of sorrow and vicissitude they are happily united. The publisher (Edward Arnold, New York) announces the book to be the original work of a young Turkish lady, the disclosure of whose identity would imperil her personal safety,

so it may be assumed that the plot of the story is taken from life. However that may be, it is intensely interesting and well written, without any attempt at high-flown language, but depicting strong human beings and loyal loving hearts. The author figures on the title page as "Adalet."

The science of graphology is most clearly and entertainingly expounded in "The Mystery of Handwriting," by J. Harrington Keene ("Grapho"). Mr. Keene leads the reader through his entire process of reasoning, giving his dictionary of signs and explanations and illustrating every characteristic by reproduced specimens. It is a very interesting book. The handwriting and signatures of many famous people are given and interpreted as a sort of application to the principles laid down in the preceding chapters. (Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.)

Kate Sanborn has noted all the pets of people famous in literature and compiled a very interesting little book about them. She calls it "My Literary Zoo," and whoever is fond of animals will read it with great pleasure. There are many instances of canine sagacity, as well as anecdotes concerning the tender care of well known writers for their pets, and the whole is prepared in the bright and humorous style characteristic of Kate Sanborn. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The fame of Robert Louis Stevenson will not gain by the publication of "Weir of Hermiston." The story is called "an unfinished romance," but it is less than unfinished—it is fragmentary. If the full plot of the story, as outlined in the editorial note, had been developed, the book would doubtless have been strongly dramatic; but as it stands it is unsatisfactory. The story is not

agreeable in the first place, nor is it direct. The digressions are annoying, the detail tiresome, and that portion of the book that is given to the public is not of sufficient power or originality to add the least bit of fame to Stevenson's reputation. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"Moody's Lodging House" is the title of a number of sketches of life among the lowly—"true things about poor people"—by Alvan F. Sanborn. The author declares that his stories are transcripts from life, for they are the results of his personal experience with the people he depicts. (Copeland & Day, Boston, Mass.)

"Topical Notes on American Authors," by Lucy Tappan, comprises a fund of information and entertainment concerning the literary lights of our country. A tabulated biographical sketch of each is given, together with a complete list of works, extracts therefrom, opinions of famous critics and brother authors, list of bibliography and miscelaneous notes. A portrait of each author is reproduced, and the men represented are Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes. It is a book which every American could read with profit, and is invaluable to the student. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, Mass.)

"The Ascent of Woman" is the not very prepossessing title of a book of entertaining essays on the human and divine attributes of the gentle sex. The ethics of marriage, maternity and female sisterhood are discussed with much sensibility; and the chapters on dress, adornment, individuality, and ideality are treated with a sprightliness that charms the reader irresistibly. Although it is essentially a woman's book, we think the male reader would not do amiss to glance over it. The author is announced as Roy Devereux. (Roberts Bros., Boston, Mass.)

"Rome," Émile Zola's last work, is like "Lourdes," its predecessor, a veiled attack on the Roman Catholic Church under a plea for socialism, religious and moral. The papacy, of course, comes in for its share of criticism. The author charges broadly that the Church and the Pope are responsible for a large share of the misery and poverty of the world in having allied themselves with the plutocracy and assisting it to oppress and to make still more miserable the lot of the poor. The remedy for this state of affairs, it is suggested, is socialism—that the Church shall revert to the democracy of the early days of its history, and even, like the apostles, hold all things in common. This, M. Zola seems to be of opinion, can be effected;

but just how such a radical revolution is to be brought about he fails to indicate. To use his own words: "While the toiling multitude suffers from its hard lot and demands that, in any fresh division of wealth, it shall be insured at least its daily bread, the élite is no better satisfied, but complains of the work induced by the freeing of its reason and the enlargement of its intelligence. It is the famous bankruptcy of rationalism, of positivism, of science itself which is in question. Minds consumed by need of the absolute grow weary of groping, weary of the delays of science which recognizes only proven truths; doubt tortures them; they need a complete and immediate synthesis in order to sleep in peace; and they fall on their knees, overcome by the roadside, distracted by the thought that science will never tell them all, and preferring the Deity, the mystery revealed and affirmed by faith."

In a word, it may be said that, in the opinion of the author, nothing short of a moral and social evolution can bring about a new Utopia in which neither Dives shall rule nor Lazarus grovel and be suffered to eke out a miserable existence on the crumbs which his richer and more fortunate brother permits him to gather up. There is nothing new and nothing startling in the views advanced, and the impression produced by a perusal of the book leaves a feeling of dissatisfaction and unsettledness. It certainly cannot be said that the book, from a logical standpoint, has any raison d'être. It contains a series of broad assertions which are as perplexing and unsatisfactory as the religious dogmas which are attacked. It is difficult to see what good such a work can effect. If the object be to invite controversy, then success will have been attained; but we question if any good will have been done. The transany good will have been done. The translator, Mr. Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, has done his work well and faithfully, and has succeeded in avoiding the reproducing of the Gallicisms and idioms which in a work of this kind are almost unavoidable. To those interested in social economics the work is well worth perusal, if only as a matter of curiosity. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

"Flotsam," by Henry Seaton Merriman, is the tale of a young man who went to the devil in a picturesque variety of ways. Forced to leave his regiment and country through a duel, he went to India in the hope of making a name and winning a V. C. But here, too, he gets into all manner of scrapes, marries a rogue's daughter, becomes a bankrupt, and is publicly disgraced. Then he takes his child to the woman who has been waiting all these years for him in England, and himself goes to Africa to die the death of an outcast. It is a very fascinating story, however, for it is full of life and action, and the characters are very human. One sentence, well worth quoting if rather cynical, is this: "Success is the hammer with which

we strike the world and find it hollow." (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

S. Baring Gould calls his book "Curiosities of the Olden Times," a small museum in which he has preserved some of the quaintest relics which have attracted his notice during his literary labors. This description fits the volume perfectly, for it is full of oddities, old superstitions, strange adventures, ghosts, and everything strange and unusual. To those interested in such matters it will be a source of much enjoyment. (Thomas Whittaker, New York.)

The title is usually the most sensational part of a book by Albert Ross. His latest volume, "Love Gone Astray," has a plot which at first glance seems repulsive, and yet by his arguments Mr. Ross almost persuades the reader to his way of thinking. After a series of hardships the hero and heroine find real happiness and peace. The tone of the book is not high, and the problem involved serves only the purpose of making an innovation in this day of threadbare plots. (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.)

"Dartmoor," by Maurice H. Hervey, reminds one of an old-fashioned melodrama, with its dark, suave, cigarette-smoking villain, and its muscular, much-abused, and finally triumphant hero. The heroine is lacking, however, for the girl who caused all the trouble is an empty-headed, wavering little fool. The villain marries her, gets the hero into prison (whence the book derives its name), commits a murder, and does all manner of very wicked things; but finally the hero escapes, performs wonderful deeds of valor, and is given an honorable discharge. He is also rewarded by finding a girl much more worthy of his affections than the one the villain stole away from him. (F. A. Stokes Co., New York.)

The country of Labrador has an able historian in William T. Grenfell, whose book, "Vikings of To-day," is published by Fleming H. Revell (New York). The natural features of Labrador, its birds, fishes and animals, the people and their work, are graphically described. Mr. Grenfell's account of his personal experiences in this land of snow and ice make particularly interesting reading, and his stories of the deeds of these latter-day Vikings are intensely exciting.

An almost indispensable book for wheelwomen is "Bicycling for Ladies," by Maria E. Ward. The mysteries of the wheel and its construction are thoroughly explained; beginners are given valuable hints; difficulties are pointed out and their avoidance provided for; the proper costume is discussed; the mechanical and physical side of the question considered—nothing is left unsaid. In addition to all these points, a number of illustrations showing the different positions for the rider are given, and the book is written in such a bright, simple style, that its technicalities are easily understood. The cover is very attractive. (Brentano, New York.)

"The House-Boat Boys," by Harry Castlemon, is a good and wholesome book for boys. The two youthful heroes have all sorts of adventures, and their experience terminates successfully. Their many adventures, which are graphically described, give ample opportunity for the display of cool and daring courage, and the identification of one of the boys makes the story still more interesting. (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)

"Lady Val's Elopement," by John Bickerdyce, is a rambling sort of a story which introduces a great number of characters, and ranges from marriage ethics to philanthropy, from socialism to murder. There is a pair of very romantic and lovelorn young people who have a hard time of it until the last chapter, to say nothing of the persecuted Lady Val, who flees from her beastly husband with her brother. Add a great deal of European travel, tuft-hunting mammas, incognito dukes, a new woman, some pretty pastoral scenery, an avenging anarchist, and you have a pretty good idea of the shifting scenes and characters of a book that is rather good, but could be better. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

"The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst," by W. Pett Ridge, is the story of a middle-aged man, who, in spite of his success and a loving wife, wants to be young again. He is informed over the telephone by Jove that his desire will be granted, and he forthwith becomes a young man again. He gets into trouble even with his previous experience, and is glad to return to his comfortable state of seniority. The book is rather amusing, and some of the dialogue is bright, but it is not odd enough for a fantasy nor sufficiently literal for a practical story. (Harpers, New York.)

The United States Book Co. issue a paper edition of Hendrik Ibsen's prose dramas. The first volume contains "A Doll's House," "The Pillars of Society," "Ghosts," all translated by William Archer, and "Rosmersholm," translated by M. Carmichael. The second volume includes "The Lady from the Sea," translated by Clara Bell; "An Enemy of Society," William Archer; "The Wild Duck," Eleanor M. Aveling; and "The Young Men's League," Henry Carstarphen.



WITH the September issue of the PETERSON ends the "Life of Robert E. Lee," which was begun in our March number. A limited supply of back numbers containing the first instalments of this series may be obtained at this office. The favor with which the "Life of Lee" has been received and commended is a pleasing indication of the patriotic spirit of the age. The seven numbers of the PETERSON in which this series of articles has appeared will form a valuable addition to the library of any student of American history. Nearly fifty illustrations, which include portraits of Lee and his associate generals, pictures of battles in which they were engaged, and much other interesting material, are included in the articles.

BEGINNING with the September number of the Peterson, it will be observed that the subjects for discussion in "American Naval Heroes" are the men who participated in our Civil War, or engagements shortly prior thereto, and for this reason it is safe to say the series will be read more eagerly than ever. The great success of "American Naval Heroes" is particularly gratifying to the publishers, as the subject is one which has never been adequately treated by any other magazine, and only bears out our theory, that articles of American interest are desired by the readers of an American magazine.

ENCOURAGED by the success of "American Naval Heroes" and the "Life of Lee," the PETERSON proposes to inaugurate, in an early issue, a series of articles, entirely different in tone, but similar in spirit—a series which it is thought will be welcomed by all readers of this magazine. These articles will treat of the pioneer literary men of America, will tell of their life, works, and personality; their homes and their haunts, and will present all the illustrations procurable to make the matter more attractive. Such a series will not only be instructive to the student, giving as it will, a concise but comprehensive dissertation on each author, but will also be of sufficient general interest and importance to entertain any reader.

THE orators of the present political campaign, which is occupying the attention of

the majority of American citizens, will be written up in the PETERSON for October. Speakers on both sides—in fact of every party—will be represented by biographical sketches and portraits, and a great deal of information of contemporaneous interest will be given.

THE September issue of THE PETERSON MAGAZINE is one, which for general interest of contents, variety of subject-matter, su-periority of literary merit, and beauty of illustration is not surpassed, if it is rivalled, by any ten-cent publication in this country. We believe in giving our readers something besides pictures in a magazine, and although the illustrations of the PETERSON are of much beauty and artistic worth, special attention is given to making the magazine entertaining and meritorious from a literary stand-Variety should be the trade-mark of a popular publication, and it is always to be found in the Peterson. The current issue bears out this statement, as a glance will show, for it includes history, romance, the drama, philanthrophy, topics of current interest, book reviews, and a choice assortment of fiction.

A POUND of facts is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eag'e Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. "Infant Health" is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

WE desire to warn contributors once more that manuscripts will not be received at this office unless full postage is prepaid. We often receive manuscripts which have not been adequately stamped, or which do not contain sufficient postage for return if unavailable. For such manuscripts the publisher is not responsible. Another point for contributors to bear in mind is that manuscripts should not be rolled, but folded flat. We examine any manuscript that is properly sent to us, and accept or return same in as short a time as possible. If, however, contributors would be a little more careful, the work of the publisher would be rendered much less arduous.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY. NEW YORK. LOVE AND ALARMS.

عن عن عن

Up in arms at dawn of day;
Warriors all in bright array.
Good-bye, sweetheart!
Clear and bold the bugle blows.
Will he come again—who knows?
One white rose her fingers break.
"Wear it, dearest, for my sake!"
Good-bye, sweetheart!

Down the vale they marching go.

Still her lips their message blow:

Good-bye, sweetheart!

Watching as away they wind,

Misty tears her eyelids blind.

On his breast he wears a rose,

Still his kisses back he throws.

Good-bye, sweetheart!

Bold and brave the bloody fight!

Clash for kingdom and the right.

Good-bye, sweetheart!

Men must fight and some must fall.

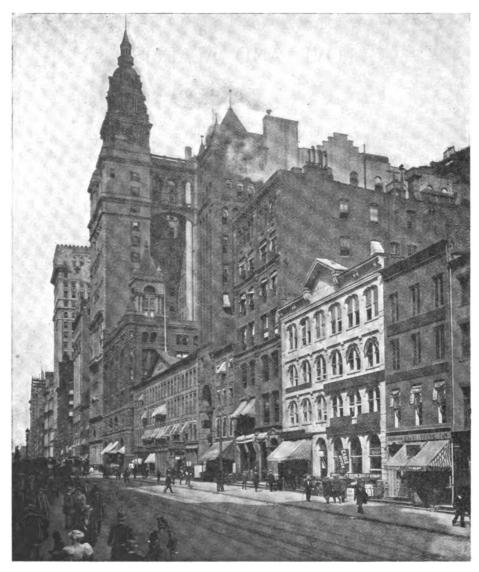
Sounds the trumpet for recall:

Bloodstained lies a rose of snow,

White the lips that whisper low:

"Good-bye, sweetheart!"

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.



VIEW IN LOWER BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SHOWING SEVERAL OF THE MODERN OFFICE BUILDINGS, RANGING FROM 10 TO 26 STORIES IN HEIGHT.

Photographed for THE PETERSON MAGAZINE by E. L. Keller.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY NEW YORK.

THE

PETERSON MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES-VOL. VI.

OCTOBER, 1896.

No. 10.









THE SECOND CITY OF THE WORLD.



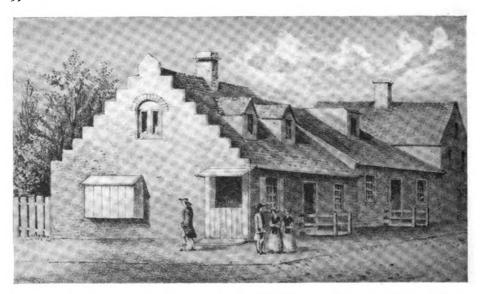
N fifteen months
more Greater New
York will be a reality, unless the
wheels of progress
are unexpectedly
blocked. Roughly
speaking, the en-

larged city will include all territories under the jurisdiction of the State of New York which lie within fifteen miles of the City Hall. It forms a great semicircle, taking in the lower part of the peninsula north of Manhattan Island, the most populous portion of western Long Island, all of Staten Island, and all the islands in the Bay and East It may be news to some that the Commission appointed to determine the exact boundaries of the new municipality have decided that Bedloe's Island, on which the famous statue of Liberty stands, and Ellis Island, at which all steerage emigrants are landed and examined, will be included within the bounds of New York City. All the maps of Greater New York which have fallen under my notice have omitted these two islands, which lie very close to the shore of New Jersey. It is, indeed, a good omen that liberty and labor should be given a conspicuous place in the coming union.

The new American metropolis will be the second city in the world, London alone surpassing it in population and area, as will be seen by the following table:

	Area.	Popula- tion.
	Sq.m.	
New York City	38.85	1,801,739
Brooklyn	77.51	995,276
Richmond County	57.19	53,452
Flushing	29.65	19,803
Hempstead	17.86	17,756
Jamaica	33.50	14,441
Long Island City	7.14	30,506
Newtown	21.32	17,549
Jamaica Bay	25.63	
Westchester towns	50.00	35,000
Total	359-75	2,985,422

These figures are from the school census of 1892. At the present time



NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE SOUTH KAST CORNER OF EXCHANGE PLACE AND BROAD STREET IN 1680.

at the normal rate of increase, there are 3,300,000 persons in the territories which will form the greater New York, and by January 1, 1898, there will be fully three and a half million population in the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere. Adhering, however, to the official figures, the following table will show the relative position of Greater New York in the matter of population:

	Cen- sus of	Popula- tion.	Area.
London	1891 1892 1891 1890 1890 1892 1892 1892 est.	4,231,431 2,985,422 2,447,957 1,579,244 1,389,684 1,364,548 1,142,653 1,099,850 1,035,439 1,000,000	Sq.m. 688 359 297 242 129 189

It is but fair to add that since the official census of 1890 Chicago has enlarged its own area, and that a population of 1,750,000 is confidently claimed, which would probably make it the fourth city in the world. That

all hope of New York to become first city in the world is futile, at least for many years, may be seen from the fact that London, by simply incorporating its suburbs, which are now under the Metropolitan Police Department, would have a population estimated at 5,633,332. If the other part of the semicircle about New York, that lying within the jurisdiction of the State of New Jersey, might also be included in Greater New York, the task of rivalling London would not be so difficult. As the population of Northeast New Jersey owes its existence largely to the proximity of the metropolis, no account of Greater New York would be complete which did not refer to that The day is probably not section. far distant when all the New Jersey towns around Newark and Jersey City will be consolidated into a New Jersey City, the supplement of Greater New York.

Andrew H. Green is called the father of the consolidation movement in this locality. For thirty years he has labored to bring consolidation to pass. Mr. Green's fame is possibly



THE LOWER MARKET IN 1746.

not national, but within the limits of Greater New York it is supreme. Perhaps to persons in other localities he might best be described as the law partner of the late Samuel J. Tilden.

New York remembers him, however, as the efficient champion of Central Park, which owes its existence largely to his efforts. It was fit-ting that Mr. Green should have been pointed chairman the Greater New York Commission under the act of 1890. In 1894 all the towns and cities affected by the proposed consolidation voted on the question at a regular election, and out of a total vote of 317,744, a majority of 44,-

188 favored consolidation. Every municipality favored the union except Flushing and Westchester, the resolution being rejected in the former town by 263 votes, and in the latter

by only one vote. In Brooklyn the opposition strong, the majority for consolidation being only 277. In accordance with the popular will thus expressed, a law was passed by the last State Legislature and approved by the Governor on May 11, for the appointment of a fresh commission representative of all the localities affected to prepare and submit to the coming legislature bills for the govern-ment of the mpnicipal corpora-



ANDREW H. GREEN.

Courtesy of the New York Press.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE FROM THE NEW YORK SIDE.

THIS WONDERFUL STRUCTURE IS ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. IT IS 80 FEET WIDE, AND NEARLY 1600
FEET FROM TOWER TO TOWER. STILL LARGER BRIDGES, HOWEVER, ARE PROJECTED ON BOTH THE EAST AND
NORTH RIVERS, AND WILL PROBABLY BE BUILT WITHIN A FEW YEARS.

The new commission are now tion. at work, and have drawn up several chapters of a new consolidation act to be submitted to the legislature. The greatest difficulty they have to encounter is the adjustment of the burdens of taxation to suit all the towns and cities to be united. Brooklyn has a large debt and a high rate of taxation, while in New York opposite conditions prevail. Two years ago the citizens of Brooklyn were paying \$2.85 taxes on every \$100 worth of property on a valuation of about 70 per cent of the actual value, while in New York the tax rate was only \$1.82 on every \$100 on a valuation of less than 45 per cent of the actual value. Last year saw these conditions but little improved, the New York tax rate reaching \$1.91 per \$100.

The coming metropolis, with its pal-

aces and its prisons; its Christian homes and its cheap lodging-houses; its marts of commerce and its pleasure resorts; its cathedrals and its slums, has never yet been adequately described. There are colonies of French, Cuban, Italian, Jewish, and Chinese residents, each well defined and of absorbing interest. There are sections in the Eleventh Ward of New York City and elsewhere where the population is the densest in the world, but thanks to the efforts of an enlightened newspaper press, some of the crowded rookeries in these congested districts are being torn down to make room for a number of small parks, which will do much to improve the notorious East Side. Altogether Greater New York will have 6000 acres of parks, of which 5000 acres are on Manhattan Island. A press writer of this city, in trying to give some conception of the greatness of the coming metropolis, says that there are enough paved streets in New York and Brooklyn to make a highway from New York to Chicago; there are enough miles of sewerpipe laid in the streets of New York and Brooklyn to underlie the proposed highway to Chicago: and there is enough gas-pipe laid in these two cities to light the highway on both sides and run a line down to St. Louis besides. There are enough hotels in the Greater New York to place at intervals of a mile along the highway to the great city of the West, and then we should have 100 left to attend to the wants of sojourners in New York. The Greater New York will have 1100 churches and 300 schools. New York alone now has 25,000 business edifices and oo.ooo dwellings. Brooklyn has more dwelling houses than New York, with but half the number of residents. New York and Brooklyn together owe \$165,322,686, and their taxable assets are together assessed at \$2,583,324,329.

Brooklyn in reality has always been almost as much a part of New York as Harlem, and when application for a charter was made by Brooklyn to the legislature of 1834, the New York representatives opposed it on the ground that Brooklyn would ultimately be annexed to New York. Actual connection was established tween them when Brooklyn the Bridge, most beautiful of engineering creations, was thrown open on May 23, 1883.

If New York is a wicked city, as has sometimes been alleged, it is also a very charitable city. Its slums are made the field for the work of college settlements, where devoted women spend their best years in teaching by example as well as precept how to live. If it has its sweat-shops, it also has its Hebrew charities, which are not behind Christian charities in their care for the destitute. Indeed, nearly every religious denomination and nearly every foreign nation represented in New York have their own charitable societies, and all are superintended by the Charity Organi-

zation Society. which has reduced imposture and idleness to a minimum, and helped a great many people out of New York who ought never have come here. New York is a good city in which to walk or ride. The air is clear and salt, the sunlight is bright, and the beautiful rivers and bays are of a

ST. THOMAS'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-THIRD STREET.

The most fashionable church in the city. Here have been celebrated many marriages of national and world-wide fame. Among those fair or wealthy Americans who have become peeress or madame from old St. Thomas's are Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt (the Duchess of Marlborough), Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick (Mrs. Benjamin Harrison), and Miss Pauline Whitney (Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget).



FOUNTAIN AND LAKE IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

most vivacious blue. One reason for this is that the air is not defiled with the smoke of soft coal. In some parts of Greater New York, outside of Manhattan Island, various pollutions have been permitted in the past. The New York City Board of Health could not interfere, and the State Board of Health refused to do so. One advantage of consolidation will be seen in the improvement of all the adjacent communities as to health conditions when they become a part of the metropolis. The thousands of beautiful edifices in both New York and Brooklyn, especially those recently constructed and now building, will make New York the architectural wonder of the New World. A skysciaper may be an eyesore when seen from the street below, but to get a just appreciation of the city as a whole, study the sky-line as seen from a vessel's deck. Some of these are office buildings erected by insurance companies and newspapers, and some of them are apartment houses and hotels.

It has been said that New York is one great hotel. In a sense this is true. Nowhere else is hotel life so

fully developed as in the "Second City." Within the last few years the number of new hotels built has been simply marvellous, and there is a round score of magnificent hosteliles, which will accommodate from 500 to 1000 guests. They are all above Twenty-third Street, some of the more prominent being the Fifth Avenue, Holland House, Waldorf, Imperial, Hoffman House, and Windsor, on Broadway and Fifth Avenue, below Forty-second Street; the Savoy, Plaza, and Netherlands, at Fifty-ninth Street; the Majestic, on Seventy-second Street, the Manhattan, on Forty-second Street, in addition to which the Astor Hotel, now nearing completion on Fifth Avenue, promises to surpass any of these named. Besides the above, nearly a hundred hotels of superior character place the hotel accommodations far above those of any other city, not excepting London. These hotels are generally conducted on the European plan, and the cost per day for room and board will probably amount to but little less than \$7 for each person, and from that to \$25 per day. Each of these hotels maintains excellent

restaurants, and the scene during dinner hour is a brilliant one, the bright costumes of the lady guests, the admirable decorations of the salons, and the general air of elegance, enhanced by the strains of fine orchestras, all combining to produce this effect.

Excellent restaurants abound in New York. The most famous is Delmonico's, the reputation of which is world-wide. There are others equally good, notably the Savarin in the Equitable Building. There are probably forty or fifty restaurants of the French type, where a very good table d'hôte dinner is served with wine for 50 cents. Each race has its own style of café, and one may divide his meals between the German restaurants on Second Avenue; the Italian cafés in the neighborhood of Union Square: the French eating-places near Sixth Avenue, above Twenty-third Street; or the Chinese restaurants in Mott and Pell streets. There are also numerous chop-houses, conducted after the most approved English fashion, where a mutton-chop with baked potato is served in a low-ceiled room, the walls whereof are decorated with quaint prints; and if one desires to see how the "submerged tenth" exists on 15 cents or less per day, there are a number of places on the Bowery and in its neighborhood where a meal may be secured at prices ranging from two to seven cents.

New York offers a great variety of entertainments to the amusementseeker. Theatres of every grade, from the Bowery Theatre to the Metropolitan Opera House, are in full sway for nine months of the year. At the former and others of its class are presented those melodramas so dear to the heart of the newsboy and his friends, such as "Oliver Twist" and "Lost in London," while at the latter the millionaires of the metropolis listen to the kings and queens of the opera, who receive from \$1500 to \$2000 for a single performance. Three Jewish theatres attest the popularity of the play with the Hebrew population, while there are several where the drama is presented exclusively in the German language, and our Chinese brethren have also their own play-houses. Several of the theatres remain open during the summer months, and the places of the others is largely filled by the roof gardens, an institution peculiar to New York alone, no other city in this country having any worthy the name. The entertainment is given on a small stage by variety performers, the audience sitting at little tables, where refreshments are served. The starsprinkled sky is the roof of the theatre, and gayly colored lights dim the brilliance of the moon. height above the city makes these resorts cool, and while the programme is generally of mediocre quality, it



THE NEW EMIGRANT DEPOT, ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK BAY.

All emigrants entering the new world pass through this emigrant bureau. Formerly they were landed at Castle Garden, but as the number increased, and for various other reasons, the new building was erected. Here are transported the newcomers from the steamers, and after passing the health and Government officials, they are sent to their destined railway station at the expense of the Government.



NEW YORK BAY, BATTERY PARK AND GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

In the foreground is shown the beautiful Battery Park, with its lawns, trees, and walks. The Elevated Railway curves over the Park at this point just before reaching its terminus. The tower at the left is that of the gray stone Barge Office. In the centre is shown one of the public bathing-houses and the landing-place for the little boats that run out to Bedloe's Island, where the Statue of Liberty stands. In Battery Park are often seen crowds of emigrants, and at night it is a cool resort for the hundreds who stroll about the broad walks, listening to the band, watching the ships go by, and hearing the waves dash up against the Battery wall. Governor's Island is situated just opposite. At the point is Castle William, and beyond the widening bay the Narrows can be seen.

finds favor with the audience, who are not usually in a coldly critical mood.

During the winter months New York is the scene of many brilliant special affairs, such as the horse show, bicycle show, cattle show, dog show, flower show, etc. These usually last a week each, and are given in the Madison Square Garden, an enormous auditorium, wherein all the exhibits may be seen by 8,000 to 10,000 people at a time. Lectures by the most noted speakers of the day, and concerts at Carnegie Hall, a magnificent place built especially for musical entertainments, by performers of world-wide reputation, offer attractions to those who do not frequent the theatre.

The water surroundings of New York are such as to afford magnifi-

cent facilities for yachtsmen. dreds of splendid steam and sailing yachts are owned in and around the city, and the river and bay are gay with them on any pleasant day. Dozens of pleasure resorts are within an hour's ride by boat or rail of the city, and these "breathing places" are crowded during the warm months by those who wish to remain near their business, and yet desire a change from home life. Indeed, it is difficult to say which attraction is the stronger to the intelligent stranger, the hundreds of vessels of all sizes along the water front or the hundreds of quaint, old-fashioned houses, some of them of historic interest, in old" New York.

So recently as 1824 a line of stages made hourly trips down-town from a group of houses situated where Third

Street crosses Broadway. Below this hamlet there were open spaces of ground, and here and there the scattered farm-houses evidenced the rural aspect of the territory. Seventy vears have seen the stage line replaced by the Broadway cable road, whereon the cars are run at intervals of twenty seconds, and on which, in conjunction with the Third Avenue line, over 600,000 passengers are carried daily. The Elevated railroads carry 1,000,000 people a day. Both the cable and elevated roads run from the lower end of the city beyond the Harlem River, a total length of over nine miles. The horse-car and electric lines are numerous.

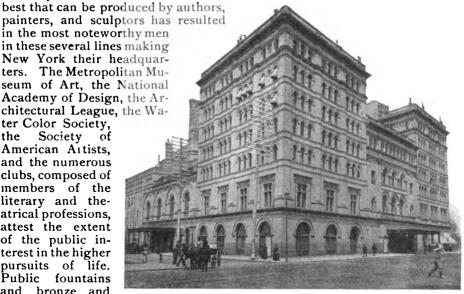
As a literary and art centre, New York has developed wonderfully in recent years. The demand for the best that can be produced by authors.

in these several lines making New York their headquarters. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League, the Wa-

ter Color Society, the Society American Aitists, and the numerous clubs, composed of members of the literary and theatrical professions, attest the extent of the public interest in the higher pursuits of life. Public fountains bronze and and marble statues embellish the streets of the city everywhere, while numerous parks, ranging from little Jeannette Park, at Coenties Slip, to magnificent the Central Park and the exquisite scenery of Morningside, offer the allurements of nature not only in its pristine beauty, but with the added attractions of artificial cultivation.

Central Park is particularly to be admired. It is situated in the upper half of the city, and extends from Fifty-ninth to One Hundred and On one side is Fifth Tenth Street. Avenue, the residence street of as many of the swell set as can secure homes there, while on the west stretches Eighth Avenue, with numerous apartment houses, hotels, and residences.

Descriptions of the peculiar beauties of New York might be continued indefinitely, and no apology is due for sounding the praises of any American city, least of all the greatest. One of the chief charms of New



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, BROADWAY, FROM THIRTY-NINTH TO FORTIETH STREETS.

This huge yellow brick building is the home of grand opera in New York City and the scene of great social splendor, which is displayed by its wealthy patrons. The tiers of boxes are arranged in the shape of a horseshoe, and above is a family circle for those whose love of music is not equalled by their means. On Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets are portcochères for the entrance of those who come by carriage. The rear of the building was destroyed by fire in 1892, but was immediately rebuilt. The greatest singers of the world are heard in the Metropolitan Opera House, but there is a yearly deficit in the expenses, which is made up by wealthy subscribers.



SHIPPING ALONG SOUTH STREET, ON THE EAST RIVER.

A perfect forest of masts is constantly seen at this point. The water is so deep here that the largest vessels tie up close to the roadway, and the bowsprits often extend thirty or forty feet over the street. The piers are sufficiently long to allow of two enormous vessels lying fore and aft beside them. Heavy trucks are always rumbling over the cobblestones, and many strangers come to see the loading and disgorging of the ships. Along the streets are numerous hotels and saloons where the Jack tars love to congregate.

York is its very hugeness and its infinite variety. But there is another purpose in this article besides praise. New York has been the American metropolis during most of the present century, but during the former century Philadelphia held the same honor, as Boston and Salem had done in their turn. Will New York ever see the glory pass to another? The making of New York was its location. Situated on an indentation of the ocean, all land and coastwise travel between New England and the South passed naturally through New York Harbor. All progress to the interior of the continent was most easily made up the Hudson River and across the level lands of New York State to the lakes. Yet with all this, Philadelphia

continued to be the metropolis of the New World until the Erie Canal was constructed in 1825. That one wise work placed New York in advance of all other American cities for the remainder of the century at least. It was a work of incalculable benefit both to New York and the country at large, reducing the cost of transportation 70 per cent. according to some authorities, wagons having done all such work before that time.

To-day New York annually exports and imports \$2,000,000,000 worth of merchandise and specie. Of this amount nearly one-half represents imports. Of the remaining half \$300,000,000 stands for cotton, \$500,000,000, grain, breadstuffs, and provisions, and \$80,000,000, specie. Nearly two-fifths

of the exports of the country go through New York, while two thirds of the imports enter through the same port; that is, \$600,000,000 of imports arrive here for distribution every year. While New York's exports amount to \$500,000,000 per annum, out of a total exportation of \$1,350,000,000, its closest competitor is New Orleans, with \$100,000,000; while Baltimore exports but \$75,000,000, Boston, \$70,000,000, and Philadelphia, \$37,000,000.

New York's commercial supremacy once established, everything else that goes to make a metropolis drifted toward the city by laws of affinity. The control of foreign exchange, the collection and settlement of foreign accounts, both ways, naturally went to New York, and this fostered the banking industry. In July, 1865, the National Banking act became a law, and New York was made the depository of the banking reserves of the whole country. New York national banks were required to maintain a reserve of 25 per cent. against their deposits, while the banks of a limited

number of other chief cities were permitted to deposit one half their similar cash reserves with national banks in New York. In this way a large proportion of the surplus funds of the entire country accumulated in this city for the sake of earning interest, while at the same time a vast reserve of ready cash was always on hand for drawing to any part of the country at the demands of trade. Notwithstanding that Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities are now designated depositories, the banks of the country still deposit in the banks of New York. Since the war this country has been generally regarded as a promising field for financial investment by European capitalists, and these usually loans, negotiated through banks or bankers, increased the importance of the banking industry. Thus were established in Wall Street and the vicinity branches of such great European houses as the Rothschilds and the Barings.

As the money centre of the country, New York attracted money-makers and money-borrowers, who thus aug-



VIEW OF THE SOUTHERN END OF THE CITY FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

Here again we see a forest of masts and several Sound steamers lying at the dock. A Brooklyn ferryboat is about to enter its slip and another is just starting out. At the extreme left a glimpse of Governor's Island and Castle William is caught. The large building with the tower is the New York Produce Exchange, and beyond is seen the lofty Washington Building.



mented the wealth of the city and the financial wisdom of its people. Hence it happens that in this city are located the financial headquarters, executive offices, and fiscal agencies of the great railroads and other corporations of America. Here, with few exceptions, their financial transactions are arranged, and here they pay the interest and dividends upon their bonds and shares. Here, in the famous New York Stock Exchange, these

year, less than \$1,600,000,000 of this represents cash transactions, the remainder simply consisting of the exchange of checks, drafts, and similar paper. Useful as their system of squaring accounts is, the greatest service the Clearing House has rendered to the banker and the business man has been the power it has exerted in times of stringency by a defensive union of all the money institutions. During the three great panics remem-



THE ELEVATED RAILWAY AT RIGHTH AVENUE AND LIOTH STREET.

Within the space of four blocks the tracks make a double curve at a height of sixty feet from the pavement. At the time the road was built this was regarded as one of the greatest mechanical achievements known to railroad engineering. There are three tracks, over which at the busy hours of the day the trains pass at intervals of about one minute.

securities are bought and sold, and upon the fluctuations in their prices from day to day fortunes sometimes depend. Here the greatest industrial corporations of the country are domiciled, including the Standard Oil Company, the American Sugar Refining Company, the National Lead Company, and the American Cotton Seed Oil Company.

The splendid organization of the banking interests of the city can only be appreciated in the workings of the New York Clearing House. Doing a business of over \$25,000,000,000 a

bered by the present generation, the Clearing House has issued certificates upon the deposit of approved securities by any bank, and the other banks have accepted these certificates in lieu of cash.

Without going into politics, one may be permitted to give "the money power of Wall Street" credit for its services to the nation. It is the financial heart of this great country, and if the golden tide ceased flowing through its channels American commerce and civilization would die.

New York's magnificent waterways

are the pride of the city. Commerce is carried on all around Manhattan Island by means of floats and lighters. Trainloads of merchandise are transported thus from point to point, and the expense and delay of wagon transportation are reduced to a minimum. New York is perfectly equipped for doing business by water.

But the present is an age of steam electric railroad locomotion. and Berlin, Liverpool, Philadelphia, and Baltimore have realized this, and have surrounded their water front with railroads. As soon as a vessel lands it is unloaded by electricity, and the cargo is whisked away toward its destination. New York slumbers while its strength is being shorn. The improvements needed for doing business along the water front would save a day's time in handling freights. In this age of hurry and of perishable goods that port will get the business that can do the work fastest.

Among the improvements contemplated, and one which must be accomplished if New York's permanent commercial supremacy is to be insured, is the great railroad bridge over the Hudson River. This bridge will afford access to New York of all those railroads which now stop on the New Jersey side of the river. It will cost \$20,000,000, and will support eight railroad-tracks. It will have a length of nearly 7500 feet and one span of over 3000 feet in the clear. It will be about 160 feet above the water at high tide, and the towers which carry the cable will be 550 feet high. Andrew H. Green is chairman of the commission having in charge this bridge, and he has announced that one feature of the enterprise is to be an elevated spur running down along the water front on the west side to the Battery. It will connect directly with the great steamship piers on one side and with the great storehouses on the other, and will make it possible for an ocean ship's cargo to be loaded directly on to a freight car, and transported the same day toward any destination on this continent without being handled again.

present the New York Central is the only railroad which directly taps the commerce of downtown New York. Mr. Green would have the Central participate in the advantages enjoyed by the other roads by raising its tracks in the neighborhood of Fiftyseventh Street to the grade of the bridge spur, which will begin at about that street. This is a masterly suggestion, and ought to be carried out, especially if connection could be established by another railroad bridge with Long Island and the Brooklyn water front.

Another North River Bridge is also contemplated and two new East River bridges are planned, besides the Long Island Railroad bridge over Blackwell's Island, so that there is no lack of improvements in prospect. And this suggests the favorite scheme of the late Austin Corbin, of the Long Island Railroad, to connect Brooklyn, New York, and Jersey City by tunnel. Before he died Mr. Corbin had the satisfaction of seeing one link in his great tunnel scheme practically accomplished by the reorganization of the Hudson River Tunnel Company, with his chief engineer and his lawyer in charge of the mechanics and the finances respectively. object of Mr. Corbin's was to develop a new metropolis at Montauk Point, Long Island, and make rapid voy-England possible. ages to The scheme may yet be realized.

Another improvement New York must make is to regulate railroad freights by keeping the hands of corporate monopolies off the Erie Canal. Transportation on the Erie Canal is free, but this freedom is in name The bulk of the cargoes caronly. ried by canal consists of Western They are brought by lake steamers from Lake Superior and Lake Michigan to Buffalo, where the services of grain elevators are required to transfer them to the canalboats. A monopoly of the grain elevators has been effected at Buffalo and another at New York, where the load is transferred, so that all Western produce shipped via the "free" canal

has to pay so much for loading, unloading, and storage that it is about as cheap to ship by rail when the difference in time is taken into account. There is a bill which has frequently come before the legislature to exterminate these monopolies by the erection of State elevators in Buffalo and New York, but the influence of the stockholders in these companies has been sufficient to prevent any action thus far.

More destructive to New York's supremacy, if possible, than the seizure of the termini of the Erie Canal has been the practice freely indulged in by the railroad pool of allowing cheaper rates to Southern and New England points of export than to New York. When, as alleged in the case of Philadelphia, this differential is earned by a shorter haul, it is just; but when shippers find it cheaper to send grain from Duluth via Portland, Me., or Newport News, Va., than by the easy route through New York, there is rank injustice somewhere.

And this brings up another point—the consolidation of railroad and grain elevator interests under a single head. At some American ports not only are the railroad and the elevator under the same management, but the steamships as well which convey the grain abroad. Only by consolidating, simplifying, expediting, and cheapening all the processes of exportation can New York keep abreast

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BERLIN 1600000 of the age. The method of the Standard Oil Company is a perfect illustration of the economy of concentrating the various steps of transportation under a single head. Ordinarily petroleum is sent from the interior to the sea in underground pipes, the property of the company. Arriving in Jersey City, it is stored in tanks, also the property of the company, and from them is pumped into tank steamers, likewise belonging to the company. Reaching some European port, it finally finds its way into the tank of some street-vendor, but this tank is the property of the company. result is a wonderful cheapening of kerosene, and the reason is plainthere is no waste, no hitch, no conflict of hostile interests. Why cannot Indian corn be carried to Europe just as economically? In this connection I cannot do better than quote a warning from the pen of Andrew H. Green, witten half a dozen years ago, but as true to-day as at that time:

It is not impossible that some competing intelligences demonstrating upon other lines, and some co-operative ignorance demonstrating upon our own, may in time bring about the result that New York shall be operated in the chief relation as a seaport, and serve to some interior position the secondary use that Hamburg renders to Berlin, that Havre renders to Paris, Southampton to London, Vera Cruz to Mexico, Valparaiso to Santiago, and Callao to Lima. Intelligent citizens of all the cities of the port will in time understand, however, how disastrous such tendencies must be to all their interests, and unite in common policy to conserve the conditions which have made us primarily the first manufacturing community, have centred here the chief continental domestic market, and by this relation alone have made this the principal seat of foreign com-mercial exchange. This common policy can-

not, with best advantage, be advanced by the loose municipal formations in which we permit ourselves to be divided, but by presenting a consoli lated front to all rivalries. In combined strength we are adequate to any encounters."





THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD IN COMPARISON.

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POPULATIONS ESTIMATED.

THE WIDOW IN HISTORY.



MARIE STUART IN HER GIRLHOOD.

"THERE is a woman at the beginning of all things," says Lamartine. If for the word "woman" we substitute the term "widow," crises in the history of the world's civilization come boldly into view. For while women have had, from those perfect days in Paradise, a powerful influence in the government of nations, it is the widow who has made epochs in history.

Babylon and the legends of its gorgeous beauty will live forever as the type of Oriental magnificence, and Babylon the glorious was built by a woman, Semiramis. A woman of low birth, but of extreme beauty and vigor of mind, she attracted the attention of Menon, governor of Syria,

and eventually became his wife. So great was his love for her that he could not bear the separation necessary when he was leading his forces against the enemies of Assyria, and she accompanied him in a disguise, which, while it temporarily concealed her sex, yet so set off her beauty that it was afterward adopted by the Persian women as their national diess. At a critical stage in the siege of Bactria, she gave such good advice to her husband in the presence of Ninus, the king. that he placed her at the head of a picked division. She led in the assault upon the citadel, and captured it. Menon was speedily "removed" by the orders of Ninus, who promptly married beautiful widow, and apparently succeeded in consoling her.

So absolute was her sway over him, that he shortly granted her request

for full and unquestioned rule over the kingdom for twelve hours. Her first act was to imprison and strangle him, and her next was to proclaim herself his successor. Perhaps this summary extinguishing of the kingly light was a mode of revenge for the treatment accorded her first husband. Secure on the throne, Semiramis thought only of eclipsing the glory of her late consort. Her first great work was the building of Babylon, the ruins of which after two centuries excite the unbounded astonishment of all beholders. Her works, however, were not confined to the metrop-The banks of the Tigris and Euphrates were embellished with towns; she improved the commerce

of her empire by various judicious measures, and its agricultural resources by the construction of a system of canals.

Tranquillity, however, possessed no charms for this extraordinary woman. Having completed her opershe hewed an obelisk from one of the mountains of Armenia; she set up statues and edifices in the wilderness, and laid the foundations for future great cities.

She marched through Egypt, added the greater part of Libya to her



CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

ations in Mesopotamia, she assembled a vast army and marched into Media, where she left magnificent monuments to blazon her triumphant progress. When she was not actually engaged in fighting, she personally superintended wonderful engineering feats along the line of march. She built the great temple of Belus or Baal;

wide domains, and reduced Ethiopia to a dependency. Far-off India alone resisted her attacks, and she returned to her capital with but a third left of the great army she had led so confidently three years before. Her death is shrouded in some mystery, but it is probable that she in her turn was "removed" by her am-

bitious and unscrupulous son, Ninyas, who succeeded her.

The reigns of three widows as regents in France have been accompanied by great turbulence. Civil war and religious persecution have seemed

while Marie de Medici and Anne of Austria shine only in the reflected light of Richelieu and of Mazarin.

Probably Catherine inherited the power of dissimulation, which was a noteworthy trait of her family, but it was undoubtedly augmented and ag-



QUEEN CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

to be the common fate and policy of all. The names of Catherine de Medici, Marie de Medici, and Anne of Austria suggest great eras and picturesque incidents in the history of France. Catherine made her gruesome record unaided by the machinations of favorites, being prompted solely by a spirit of personal revenge,

gravated by her position at court, where, although she was the consort of the king, she yet occupied a place second to the beautiful but infamous Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois. Had she been accorded her rightful place, had she felt herself something more than an object of mere toleration to her husband, she

would probably not have developed to excess those cruel and bloodthirsty which traits marked her career as queenmother. Catherine de Medici, the wife, was the least important person in the court and its intrigues, but Catherine de Medici, the widow, acquired at once a world-wide importance, and her plans and purposes soon became the concern of grave diplomats and shrewd churchmen.

Her first act as regent was to

throw off the yoke of the odious Anne de Montmorency, who had so often galled her pride by referring contemptuously to her as "that merchant's daughter." Regardless of the rights of the King of Navarre, she gave France into the hands of the Guises, uncles to her daughterin-law, the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, a move actuated wholly by motives of revenge, and lacking true wisdom. Had the King of Navarre insisted upon his rights as regent, the persecution of the Huguenots would not have been so bitter, nor would it have culminated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Catherine believed in no one and had faith in nothing. She was true to no party and faithful to no creed. She balanced Guise against Coligny, and Conde against Navarre, as suited her immediate purpose. During the three successive reigns of her sons, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., she ruled with the iron hand of a mediæval despot. Yet her cruelty, perfidy, and statecraft were worse than useless. She lived to see the



ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

chivalric house of Valois degraded, and its last kingly representative driven like a dog from Paris by Guise, and son after son go down childless to a dishonored grave.

The reign of Catherine de Medici was not only a curse to France, but it set in motion the swiftmoving tragedy of that other historical widow. Mary of Scotland, whose persecution and death resulted in years of anxiety and strife to England as well as to Scotland. In the

heedlessness of youthful arrogance, the young Dauphiness boasted of her descent from "a hundred kings." Catherine heard and remembered, and when her hour of triumph came, as come it must to those who hate consistently, "that merchant's daughter" in unflinching revenge sent the "daughter of a hundred kings" back to her unwilling subjects and her death.

The death of Henry III., the last of the Valois, brought to the throne the Bourbon, Henry of Navarre, who was long the ideal ruler in the estimation of his descendants. His first wife was the frail Marguerite of Va-His second was Marie de Medici, the mother of Louis XIII. In the estimation of Europe Henry IV. represented order, peace, national and equitable policy, intelligent and practical ideas. The Edict of Nantes had put an end to religious persecution, and treaties and truces between France and the various powers seemed to have brought peace to Europe. Public confidence was centred in his personality.

His sudden death by the dagger of Ravaillac threw the yoke of regency upon Marie de Medici, who cared nothing for affairs of State, and loved royalty only because of its attendant pomps and vanities. She turned the conduct of everything over to her low-born favorites, Leonora Galigai and Concino Concini, both of whom were possessed of coarse ambitions, . and determined to make the most of their new position to enrich and exalt themselves beyond measure and at any price. Their example was followed by the whole court, and each man lost no time in putting forward his pretensions and pushing them to the utmost, so that personal egotism, intrigue, and mediocrity in aims and ideas took the place of the broad patriotism of Henry IV.

Fortunately for France, the regency of Marie de Medici was not long enough to utterly undo the fruits of her husband's policy, and fate decreed that the great Richelieu should sustain the weight of government

during the reign of Louis XIII., and prepare France to be ushinto the ered golden age of le Grand Monarque, Louis XIV. No one in that court could have even outlined the broad and far-reaching policy which materialized under the sceptre of Richelieu, whom Voltaire asseits was the true architect of the French monarchy and the parent of modern French civilization.

A vacillating, revengeful hypochondiac, Louis XIII. was not

regretted by a person in France or in Europe. His death left his kingdom in a transition stage that was unusually precarious for State unity. The birth to him of two sons after twenty-two years of married life, during all of which time the Duc d'Orleans had been considered as the heir apparent, necessarily arrayed all of the latter's supporters against the queen and her assumption of the regency.

Anne of Austria as regent is little more than the figurehead and mask of the statecraft of Mazarin. Left to herself, she would not have taken the bold stand she did at the accession of her son, the boy king, Louis XIV., and the next twenty years would have been radically different under the regency of the dissolute Like Catherine de Duc d'Orleans. Medici, she was obliged, while living under the iron rule of Richelieu, to counterfeit a character of amiability, sweetness, and good intentions. But no sooner had she found that she held

the supreme authority of the State in her hands, and thought that her will ought to be obeyed, than she resolved it should be. She stiffened herself all remonstrance, Mazarin alone being able to bend her will to his, quite as much because he "held firm" as that there was a lurking distrust in Anne's own mind, born of her long years of suppression by Richelieu, of her real fitness to guide public affairs alone.

Although Mazarin followed



MARQUISE DE MAINTENON, SECOND WIFE OF LOUIS XIV.

the broad lines of the policy of Richelieu, he was personally more unpopular than his predecessor, and had, besides, to contend with the faction which supported the claims of the Duc d'Orleans. There was a succession of civil wars during the minority

sia is the most brilliant and glorious in the history of the Russian nation, with the exception of that of Peter the Great. Indeed, in some ways she may be considered more notable, in that she had an enlightened mind. Under her weak and dissolute hus-



MARIE STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

of Louis XIV. which threatened at times even to drive him from his throne, and exile of the leaders only saw them, with a lamentable lack of patriotism, join the forces of foes who were warring against their native, land.

The reign of Catherine II. of Rus-

band, Peter III., the empire would have been rent by civil and religious wars; under Catherine's masculine and masterful rule, it was a Russia united for national aggrandizement and acquisition of territory. She devoted great attention, as well, to the civilization of her subjects, founding many schools and academies—in fact,

she has often justly been called the Semiramis of the north. She began the Severo Yekaterinski Canal, which unites the Volga and the Dwina, and thus effects a communication between

ment of that greatest blot upon modern civilization, the partition of Poland, of which Catherine was the real cause and author. She wrested also Moldavia and Wallachia from



THE ROYAL WIDOW OF ENGLAND.

the Caspian and White seas, while numerous towns, docks, arsenals, banks, and manufactories owe their existence to her fertile brain.

All of these, however, pale into insignificance before the accomplish-

the Turks, not from any motive of self-preservation, but from sheer wanton love of territory. There was nothing feminine or weak in Catherine's reign. She knew what she wanted, and she attained it at any



cost to herself as a woman as well as an empress.

It was during her widowhood that Maria Theresa aided Catherine II. and Frederick the Great in the first partition of Poland, and it was the only act in her long life of strife and success that can be held as a reproach to her kingly honor.

It was the "Widow Scarron," created Marquise de Maintenon, who totally-revolutionized the tone of the dissolute court of Louis XIV. found in her cold, calm intellectuality a sense of peace and comfort which he had never felt in the atmosphere of intrigue surrounding his many favorite:. Craftily seizing upon his satiety, she played upon his superstitious nature until he fairly quaked with fear for his soul's salvation, when she calmly announced to him that she had a mission from Heaven to convert him from the error of his ways. By the refinement of craft she made him believe that his salvation depended wholly upon his reliance upon her counsels. She made him more considerate toward his pale and neglected but worshipping wife, who later died in her arms, after having given her the significant present of her royal wedding ring.

After the queen's death she artfully played upon the king's vanity and scruples, until he came to rely implicitly upon her advice, and then, after a skilfully contrived diamatic scene with the dead queen's wedding ring, and her threatened departure from court, she compelled him to offer her honorable marriage. Henceforth, in spite of the most bitter opposition in the immediate family, she was the acknowledged power behind the throne. Louis held his State consultations in her salon, she sat at the council table, and no important State policy was consummated which had not first received her sanction.

Some historians assert that her active influence brought about the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which deprived Louis of a large number of his most industrious subjects, and cast an imputation of cruelty and injustice upon his reign from which it would otherwise have been free. Certain it is, however, that though she may not have been actively engaged in the prosecution of this act of oppression, she yet withheld her powerful influence, and became a passive spectator of the persecutions that followed.

In our own day the greatest sovereign in the history of the Anglo-Saxon people is the widow who now occupies the throne of England. Her reign comprises the best years of the nineteenth century, a century during which change has been more rapidly at work among all the surroundings of Englishmen than any other century of which social history has to tell.

The widow in history has not often been a lovable character, but rarely has she been a weak one. She has matched — often outmatched — her royal brothers in statecraft, cruelty, duplicity, and an arrogant disregard of means so long as her end was accomplished. Yet self-indulgence and vicious pleasures only in isolated cases blinded her to the interests of her country. Her policy was universally aggressive, but patriotism of the purest kind was her guiding star.

Mae Harris Anson.



A COMMONPLACE COMEDY.

OHN ATWOOD had a certain "rubber ball" theory to which he used to refer in moments of exaltation, which, unlike other of his theories, finally worked itself to a practical conclusion—or at least he thought so, which amounts to the same thing—as he walked quickly down the wet, dimly lighted street, away from the house which contained the young woman whom he believed in his anger to have trifled with his affections for the past four years. They had been engaged for three of the four years of their acquaintance. and had quartelled many times.

Miss Trescott was a high-spirited young woman with a will and way of her own; and, having engaged herself to a quick-tempered and jealous young gentleman who also had a will of his own, the consequences were sometimes difficult to adjust. They had parted irrevocably many times, but never with such hot words as on this occasion. In fact, the language employed approached as nearly the point of vituperation as could be used by two persons perfectly well bred

and properly brought up. The point of issue was a man—in this case a very charming and moderately successful young painter, who had only followed his natural bent in falling just enough in love with Miss Trescott to make it pleasant for all parties concerned except the irate and hot-headed fiance of that young lady; and so they quarrelled-for something over the fiftieth time; and, after a heated discussion occupying one hour and twenty minutes of valuable time, he dwelt at too much length on the favorite theory, and darkly intimated that even a rubber ball loses its elasticity. To which irritating remark Miss Trescott replied with more force than politeness in words which implied that she did not care whether the ball ever bounced her way again. This was too much; and so the ball, being already on its feet on the hearth-rug, took its hat, forgot its umbrella, and bounced itself out the front door.

This was a contingency more or less expected by Miss Trescott, for which there were prescribed rules of behavior; therefore she sat down and wept bitterly.

Mr. Atwood, after walking fiercely for two blocks and a half, awoke to the unpleasant facts that a steady drizzle of rain was beating upon his unprotected head, and that his umbrella was perhaps irretrievably gone; so he boarded a passing car, and went home in much bitterness of spirit.

Innumerable and half-smoked cigarettes helped him through the next two hours: for although it was quite eleven o'clock when he reached his room, he was much too angry to go to bed, and was, besides, still young enough to have some idea of the eternal fitness of things. Finally, having destroyed a box and a half of cigarettes and broken the stem of his pipe -a birthday gift from her-he took the pieces, and, together with several books, pins, photographs, and seventy-eight letters, which he carefully counted, removing the blue ribbon with which they were tied and substituting a rubber band, he made the whole into a neat package, which he directed to "Miss Helen Trescott, No. 406 Cedar Street.'

Then Mr. Atwood went to bed. After getting up three times for ice water, which he drank from the pitcher balanced in the crook of his arm, and in consequence spilled up his sleeve, he cursed his luck out loud, went back to bed, and astonished himself by falling asleep.

When Mr. Atwood went downstairs the next morning he carried a package under his arm, which he deposited on the unoccupied chair at his right. He ate his breakfast moodily, and declined both sugar and cream in his coffee. On his way to the office he stopped at a florist's and sent a very large box of roses to "Miss Ethel Thornton, No. 411 Cedar Street." When he reached his office he rang up a messenger boy and dispatched his package, and fiercely added up columns of figures till lunch time.

Mr. Atwood's two packages arrived in Cedar Street almost simultaneously. Miss Thornton opened her box of roses, gave a little cry of pleased surprise, hurriedly arranged them in water, and went back to the pantry, where, in company with the cook, she was cutting sandwiches.

Miss Trescott put her package unopened in her desk, from which she removed ninety-five letters, seven telegrams, and six photographs; to this bundle was added a smaller one containing a bracelet, two cravat pins, a broken tortoise-shell hairpin, and

a diamond ring.

At half past four o'clock Miss Trescott donned a yellow duck dress and a black lace hat and went to the house of Miss Ethel Thornton to play tennis. She did not join in the game, however, but sat in the shade and watched the players. Mr. Cranston also sat in the shade. He never played tennis; it roughened one's hands and sometimes made them shaky, and "a poor devil of a painter must keep his hand steady, you know;" so he lounged at the feet of Miss Helen Trescott, and looked at her with half-shut eyes.

Miss Thornton played vigorously, to the detriment of a large bunch of roses which she wore at her waist. Mr. Atwood also played quite furiously, and was conspicuously tender in his manner toward Miss Thornton; assuring her that she should have more roses on the morrow to replace those with which tennis had played havoc; whereat Miss Trescott smiled to herself and her eyes grew brighter. Miss Trescott's eyes grew brighter at an auspicious moment. When Miss Trescott's eyes got bright and her cheeks flushed, she was a remarkably pretty girl. Mr. Cranston, from his vantage ground at her feet, looked up and softly told her so. Miss Trescott's cheeks flushed redder still. Mr. Cranston's manner grew delicately bland under the benign influence of these added charms. Mr. Atwood, looking for the devastating effect of his trump card, saw only the added brightness of cheek and eye, and an apparent unconsciousness of all existences save two.

At half past six o'clock Miss Thornton's party broke up. As Miss Trescott and Mr. Cranston strolled slowly down the shady street, Mr. Atwood passed them, walking hastily, and removing his hat without further salutation. Miss Trescott's eyes followed him for the space of thirty seconds, and then she turned and smiled winningly at Mr. Clanston.

On reaching his room, Mr. Atwood found a knobby parcel on his toilet table. He sat down on the edge of his bed with the untied parcel in his hands.

After leaving Miss Trescott at her own door, Mr. Cranston walked briskly in the direction of his club, twirling his cane and his mustache, at peace with himself and the world. It is perhaps pertinent to remark that Mr. Cranston's partings were his strong point, and showed conclusively his understanding of the artistic in nature and art. There was a tender and lingering sadness in his manner which seemed to indicate a forced resignation to the decrees of an unkind fate, effectively combined with a subdued but joyous belief in the coming of many to-morrows. Miss Trescott fully appreciated the beauties of Mr. Cranston's good-bye, and when the door was closed permitted herself a gay little laugh and half of a verse of a sentimental song before she remembered that her heart was broken.

After her guests had departed, Miss Thornton put the poor remains of her roses in water, ate her supper, and retired to her room to write a letter to her fianci. Her letter was much like other letters of the kind, and only one part of it needs quoting:

" I am really sorry for Helen Trescott. It must be very unpleasant indeed to have one's

lover always jealous and suspicious. You, dearest, trust in me too entirely ever to doubt me for a moment, don't you? Though I am bound to say for Helen that she does firt outrageously with Mr Cranston—the painter, you know. I cannot understand how any girl who really and truly loves can encourage the attentions of another man."

With which exalted sentiment she closed her letter and her portfolio and went to bed.

At the end of three weeks the situation was, to the uninitiated eye, very little changed.

Mr. Cranston continued to rest from the arduous labors of the past winter, and found no place so well adapted for this purpose as the wellshaded lawn which surrounded the house where Miss Trescott lived. Another of Mr. Cranston's accomplishments was that he "rested" with much grace and comfort to himself and other people. He was long and lithe of limb, and fell quite naturally into good attitudes. He had a ready flow of words and quite a reverent enthusiasm for Friendship, Love, and Art. He also had a deep voice, a caressing manner, and an inconsistent but practical knowledge of the proper point and time for taking The three weeks had leave. made little outward change in Miss Trescott. She still smiled with her eyes and lips, and mounted danger signals in her cheeks; she was well entertained, even interested; but she was growing restless.

Miss Thornton, on the contrary, grew more complacent as the days went by; she habitually wore roses at her waist, and wrote to her lover three times a week. Mr. Atwood's manner of bearing himself in his world had changed entirely. From having been a youth of genial and ready friendliness, he had become a man with demeanor grave and high. There was a certain lordliness in his attitude toward mankind at large to which they had hitherto been stran-Miss Trescott saw the change with growing uneasiness, and occasionally, in the dead hours of night, wet her pillow with a few very salty tears.

Thus matters had arrived at an interesting but apparently stationary One evening at twilight, in the late September days, when the air was crisp and exhilarating, but the withered and drifted leaves suggested more or less melancholy thoughts to a mind not altogether at peace with the world, two manly figures might have been seen striding toward each from opposite directions; emerging from out the gathering gloom, they met on the corner, and, since they could not decently do otherwise, greeted each other with slightly exaggerated cordiality, and walked down the street together. At Miss Thornton's gate they paused for a moment's exchange of forced but airy persiflage, and then with a wave of the hand Mr. Atwood turned in and joined the family gathered on the vine-clad veranda. Mr. Cranston quickened his steps and crossed the street to the house of Miss Trescott, whom he discovered also sitting upon her vine-shaded veranda—but alone. The electric light at the corner threw the vine leaves into strong relief, and gave a shaded and moonlighted effect to the scene, which appealed strongly to Mr. Cranston's sense of the picturesque. This, in combination with the altogether charming appearance of his fair hostess, who wore a much ruffled and laced muslin gown, affected him sentimentally, and he was soon launched in a conversation which approached dangerously near the thin ice of open love-making. Miss Trescott, slightly exhilarated by the fencing required, and perhaps even a trifle intoxicated by the simulated moonlight and the melodious tones and thinly veiled admiration of her companion, began to enjoy the situation. At ten o'clock the conversation had arrived at that highly interesting point when it is carried on chiefly by glances, half smiles, half sighs, and semi-detached words. At a quarter past ten the gentleman had risen from his chair and was leaning in an attitude of respectful devotion against

the railing. The lady played with her fan; the gentleman sighed; the lady glanced up, and the electric light fell in a soft flicker across her face, in which her two eyes glittered like soft stars. And then—such things are inexplicable—all at once Mr. Cranston's artistic temperament got the better of him; he leaned down, and, with a passionate but delicate tenderness, pressed his bearded lips to the charming red mouth which came so temptingly within his reach. Like a flash of lightning from a cloudless summer sky, Miss Trescott was upon her feet, and this misguided lover of the fine arts staggered.

"How dare you! How dare you!"

she cried. "Go! Go!"

"Miss Trescott—Helen—I implore

you!" he stammered.

"No, no! I will not listen! Go!" And, like an offended goddess, she swept within the door and left him.

For full three minutes Mr. Cranston stood, dazed, amazed. Then he looked about him—at the chair which rocked beside him; at the vine leaves; at the door; the moonlight—moonlight? No, it was only the electric light which hung at the street corner. A moment longer he stood; then, picking up his hat and cane, he walked softly down the steps and gently

closed the gate behind him.

When Mr. Atwood joined the group on the Thornton's veranda he found Mrs. Thornton in that friendly but slightly fatigued state which manifests itself in a gracious reception of the visitor and an early and apologetic withdrawal from the scene. Mr. Richard Thornton, after an animated discussion of the coming football season, took himself to the club, and Mr. Atwood lighted a cigarette and sat at Miss Thornton's feet. ball of conversation rolled merrily, for Miss Thornton had spent rather a dull day, and needed excitement. In fact, so very agreeable was she that her companion forgot that his heart was broken. Laughing with honest enjoyment at one of the amusing little incidents which she recited, he threw back his head, and his eyes rested full on the pretty, piquant face above him. The moonlight falling through the vines threw a flickering impish light upon her, and the sparkling eyes and teeth flashed through his brain. From merry tales the conversation drifted to jests, gay badinage, harmless coquetry. A reaction from the dulness of the day set in; the maiden twinkled and sparkled too much; the youth lost his head, and in the midst of a subdued burst of gayety he seized and kissed her.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Miss

Thornton, and fled.

"The devil!" said Mr. Atwood; and then, looking extremely foolish, it must be confessed he picked up his hat and slammed the gate behind him.

Two letters were confided to the tender care of the postal clerks that night, and were duly delivered in the course of the following day.

The first was written by Mr. Atwood, and was adorned with a quick delivery stamp. It ran thus:

Helen: Your cruelty has almost broken my heart. I have tried to forget you, but without success. Every moment of the day and night I think of you, and you are the only woman on God's green earth to me. Unless you tell me that I must not, I will come and implore you on my knees, if necessary, to let me try to win you back, for I know that I cannot live without you.

Yours miserably,

JACK.

In answer to which, by note of hand, Mr. Atwood received a small blue note which contained only the one word: "Come."

The second of the two letters ran thus:

Yes, yes, yes. I take my courage in both hands. Since you say that your life and happiness depend upon it, I will marry you in November. Dear, dear Tom, there is no need for me to tell you that I love and trust you with all my heart and soul, and that no other man in the world makes a particle of difference to me. Write quickly, and say that I have made you happy.

ETHEL.

When the young man to whom this tender epistle was addressed received it he read it over at least a half dozen times, kissed it another half dozen, and put it in an inside pocket. Then he said to himself, "My little dailing, how she loves and trusts me!" Then he walked to the window and drummed the wedding march upon the pane. "My little girl— I wonder if I ought to tell her about Clara—"

For nearly two months Austen Cranston luxuriated in woe. His dark eyes wore a look of settled gloom; he permitted his hair to grow a trifle long, and carefully brushed it into picturesque disorder. He worked very hard, and mournfully declined the well-meant efforts of his admiring friends to mitigate his despair. He had a new charm in their eyes; he was a man with a past, and the

proud owner of a mysterious sorrow.

One afternoon he strolled listlessly into a gallery, and stood, a picturesque figure of profound melancholy, before one of his own pictures. Presently he became conscious that he was observed, and, turning, not too abruptly, he saw, a few yards from him, an uncommonly pretty girl. Her hair was soft and brown, her eyes were clear and gray, her figure was round, and her flesh tints were perfect. He sighed softly, a lingering sigh—the kind of sigh which is bestowed upon the memory of what is irretrievably gone; and then he smiled, for he knew that there is balm in Gilead, even for a bruised heart.

Jean Wright.

SONNETS OF THE AUTUMN.

WOULDST thou be happy e'en in loneliness,
In this chill, silent season of the year;
When e'en the lush green swamp-grass groweth sear;
And though the tanager of scarlet dress
Has lost his wine-wet song by too great stress
Of sorrow; and the larks' notes, smoothed with dew,
Have passed despairingly with summer too;
And though the bobolinks thy spirit bless
No more, with their too happy melodies?
In retrospection, walk these upland leys!
And cull thy gentle mem'ries of the past;
For thou hast surely here watched humming bees
Explore the blossomed bough, where now the last
Dry leaf is shiv'ring on the apple-trees.

And where the ploughboy leans o'er the bright share, The cool-leafed violet thou hast plucked in spring; And heard white-throated sparrows joyful sing Nine golden notes of fame, to charm thy care. What if the purple marshes mist-wreaths wear; And if the sedge conspires in whisp'ring breath To sow the terrors of the coming death Among the trembling fronds of maiden-hair! Hast thou not from the silv'ry pools and ponds Gathered white lilies, and the purple wands Of fleur-de-lis? Hark to the merry stave The bronzed swain whistles as he swings his steel; And see where golden-rods their rich plumes wave; And let some joy thy mournful bosom feel!

John Stuart Thomson.



SOME ORATORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.



MR. McKINLEY.

THE United States, besides gold, silver, provisions, and breadstuffs, also produces a large amount of oratory. The country has been famous for this fact even when it was a mere congeries of colonies.

American institutions, unlike those of other lands, tend to make men and women alike self-possessed, skilful and persuasive speakers. No mere training can produce a great speaker. Speakers, like poets, are born and not made; but when to natural aptitude are added favoring circumstances, the best results possible are obtained.

Thus it is that in every State, county, city, ward, and district is some man who by reason of his talents and experience is chosen as a

spokesman of the circle of which he is a member.

In the great crises of American history there has usually been an accompaniment of oratory. The excitement which preceded the American Revolution will always bring up Patrick Henry, Washington, Jefferson, Otis, and Gerry. The fierce struggle between slavery and its foes brought out Calhoun, Jackson, Toombs, Davis, Clay, Benton, Webster, Seward, and a score of other noted masters of forensic science. The war produced an-



MR. BRYAN.

other group, of whom Lincoln, Anna Dickinson, Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Morton, Beecher, Sumner, Phillips, Butler, and Davis were the more notable. Since then each year has brought out new men and women, and every presidential year has produced scores of talented speakers, who in many cases may be justly classed as orators.

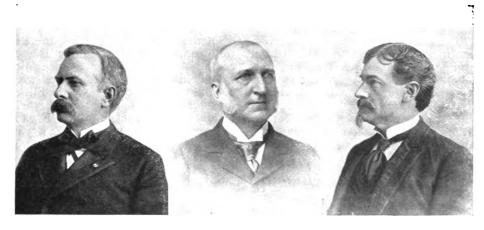
This year is no exception. In fact, this year, on account of the importance of the issues, has been the means of bringing more men into the forum than any preceding presidential campaign for a long time. There are more parties than usual. more parties than usual. There is more excitement than usual. Taking into consideration the parties which have national organizations, we find no less than eight, large and small. There are the Republican, the Democratic, the Sound Money Democratic, the Populistic, the Silver Prohibition, the Non-Silver Prohibition, the Silverites, and the Socialistic parties.

Each of these is represented upon the platform by men of ability. The smaller parties depend more upon their workers than upon their speakers. For this reason their spokesmen are not as well known to the public as those of the larger organizations. Thus, the Piohibitionists have as their chief exponents ex-Governor St. John, the Rev. Isaac K. Funk, and the Hon. Neal Dow. The Socialists, who are even more active, although less numerous than the Prohibitionists, are well represented by Otto

Boehm, Justus Schwab, Professor De Leon, Colonel Richard J. Hinton, and Charles Sotheran. Of this group, Boehm is the intellectual working man, crafty and suspicious, but enthusiastic and indomitable. Schwab is a splendid specimen of German-American manhood. Handsome, intellectual, fearless, good-natured and philosophic, Hinton might have served among the Roundheads in the English Revolution. He carries his opinions even to fanaticism, and seems to have an innate inability to distinguish between theory and practice, the ideal and the real. Sotheran is a huge man, well fed, well read, and well bred. He is a happy combination between Tom Reed of Maine and Professor John Fiske of Harvard. He is a Socialist of the English school, and is usually at swords' points with his American colleagues. He is expelled from the Socialist organization with great regularity, but overcomes all opposition by a geniality as large as its possessor.

The Populist orators are men of practical education and keen observation, and many of them are self-made men who have fought the battle of life and have come out with more or less flying colors. They present the most extraordinary differences among themselves.

Thomas Watson, their candidate



JOSEPH B. FORAKER, OF OHIO.

DR DEPEW.

H. CLAY EVANS, OF TENNESSEE.



for Vice-President, is a typical farmer and country editor, and also a classicist of more than ordinary tal-Šenaent tor Pfeffer is a man of great political shrewdness, business ability, and argumentative power. Lafe Pence, formerly of Colorado, but now of Brooklyn, is a forceful speaker and a clearthinker, with a personal magnetism of a high oider. Had he remained in Colorado he



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE. Photograph by Davis & Sanford.

would undoubtedly have become the great leader of the Populist Party. Ignatius Donnelly is a puzzle to even his friends. A ripe scholar, a polished writer, a logical thinker, a standard lawyer, and a shrewd man of the world, his course has been so eccentric as to alienate the affection and admiration excited by his numerous talents. He will go down to fame as the chief advocate of the theory that Sir Francis Bacon was the real author of all the Shakespearean Thaddeus B. Wakeman is dramas. an eminent New York lawyer who has devoted the better part of his life to assisting unsuccessful movements and parties of all sorts. He is a splendid speaker, a man of unblemished character, a charming companion, and an excellent executive.

The Populist forces rejoice in the

possession of many talented women who take an active part in its councils and also its propaganda. Of these the leaders are Mrs. Anna L. Diggs, of Washington; Mis. Minerva Roberts, of Colorado; Mrs. Marv Elizabeth Lease, of Kansas; and Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, of Brooklyn. Each of this remarkable quartette is a woman of education. eloquence, and intense feeling.

Of the Silverites proper, Senator Teller may be classed as their most brilliant campaign orator. Mr. Teller is an impressive speaker and a man of great force. He is dignified, sincere, courteous, and untirable.

Of the three great parties, the Republican, the Sound Money Democratic, and the Silver Democratic, each is more than well supplied with speakers of high rank. Of the Silver Democrats, necessity has made their candidate, William Jennings Bryan, their official spokesman. Mr. Bryan is a very good type of the young Western lawyer. Tall, fine-looking, well educated, and self-possessed, he affects an audience favorably from the start. Beyond this he has a very good voice, a strong sense of the dramatic, and considerable power as a Thespian. He is earnest, intense, and

emotional. He has a happy knack of condensing his words, and at times he evolves epigrams of considerable neatness. He is deficient, however, in humor, in imagination, and in the ability to make strong contrasts and antitheses.

Of the same forensic class is Senator Tillman, of South Carolina. For swaving the common people Tillman has few if any superiors; but for arguing a great question he is not the equal of scores of distinguished Americans. The nominee for the Democratic Vice-Presidency, Arthur Sewall, is an attractive merchant and manufacturer, with a fine presence and a pleasant address. He speaks clearly and well, and is cautious, slow, and thoughtful. Ex-Senator Stewart is a fair example of the prosperous lawyer and politician. He has an inexhaustible vocabulary, a stout pair of lungs, and a good business like manner which impresses people with a feeling of sincerity and thoroughness. Senator Iones. of Arkansas, is a clever man with a natural talent for stump-speaking. He has a keen sense of the ridiculous, a well-developed power for drawing word pictures, and a happy knack of making his auditors feel at home. William B. St. John, "martyred bank president," might be mistaken for a thoroughgoing New York club man rather than for a financier or political student. He is rather imposing in appearance, with urbane manners and very suave speech. This is the first year in which he has taken a prominent position in the public arena, and he has already acquitted himself with considerable credit.

Richard P. Bland, or "Uncle Dick" Bland, as he is better known in the political world, is a good representative of the patriotic and public-spirited farming class. He made a good record when in Congress, and has always been esteemed in his own State as one who thought much over the progress of events and over the policy and tendency of the administration. As a speaker he relies chiefly

upon simplicity to convince his hearers, and seldom indulges in any rhetorical figure or flight of imagination.

The Sound Money Democrats have a greater array of talent than the Silver division. Among them are many of the men who have been leaders really of the Democracy for many years. The greatest of all is undoubtedly Bourke Cockran, of New York. A grand voice, a superb physique, a marvellous imagination, and a diction and vocabulary which are unsurpassed, make him one of the greatest masters of the forum in the United States. Closely following him are such familiar faces as John R. Fellows, General Sickles, Hermann B. Scharmann, Theodore Sutro, Carl Schurz, Edward M. Shepard, Frederick W. Hinrichs, William M. Ivins, Charles S. Fairchild, Don M. Dickinson, Henry Watterson, and Wheeler H. Peckham.

The Republican organization is as strong forensically as the other two great parties. Both its nominees are trained campaigners, and have made their marks by scores of capital



JOHN SHERMAN, OF OHIO.



MISS ESTELLE REEL, OF WYOMING.

speeches. They both are men of remarkable self-possession, diplomatic patience, and the finest tact. Among the speakers of to day, Major McKinley takes the very front rank. He is a master of the art of varying the treatment of a subject so as to please every class of auditors. In doing this he draws upon history and poetry; upon little bits of descriptions and charming epigrams; upon the highest thought, the heartiest patriotism, and the plainest common sense.

Close behind Major McKinley comes ex President Benjamin Harrison, who in some respects is the greatest speaker of to-day. He possesses a certain intensity, a breadth and variety of knowledge, a strong logical quality, and a mastery of words which will hold an audience upon any topic, no matter how profound or abstruse.

As for Tom Reed and John Sherman, their work is almost too well known to require the least notice. Both of them are kings of the platform. Reed is the fighter, Sherman the sage. Reed is at his best when

tearing an opponent to pieces or making him a laughing-stock for a great audience. Sherman is at his best when giving the history of a movement, the development of an idea, or the consequences of a proposed governmental policy.

Two speakers of national fame, or rather international fame, are the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and General Horace Porter. In England they are voted the greatest orators America has ever produced, while in their own land, unlike the prophet, they have more honor than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals.

Each of this great twain is a gentleman and a man of the world, highly cultured, exquisitely polished, travelled and experienced. Each possesses a fund of knowledge, a supply of wit and humor, and a wealth of fancy that are simply inexhaustible.

Henry Clay Evans, of Tennessee, is a Southerner whose ability and eloquence have made him known and admired in every part of the Union. He belongs to the numerous class of open-air speakers, and has a marvellous gift of arousing the sympathy and winning the confidence of a miscellaneous and strange audience.

Of Pennsylvania, Governor Hastings and Senator Quay are fine



EDWARD BEDLOE, OF NEW YORK.



EX-GOV. DANIEL HASTINGS, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

speakers rather than orators. They are men of eminence and of wonderful familiarity with the history of our government, our political parties and the growth and development of the nation. Both are interesting when in the rostrum, and both exert a strong magnetism over an audience.

Senator Quay is blessed with one of the finest voices ever heard in the Senate chamber at Washington. Besides this, he possesses the wisdom gained by long years of hard work and varied experience in the halls of Congress. Hon. Edward Bedloe, of Philadelphia, and Major Moses P. Handy, of Chicago, may be styled the wits of the Republican campaign.

In the Republican ranks are many talented women speakers. In far off Wyoming, Miss Estelle Reel, a beautiful American girl who might have posed for the Venus de Milo, is the undoubted leader. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster has achieved national name and fame by her addresses as well as by her executive work; and in New York State, Miss Helen Boswell, Mrs. Clarence Burns, and Mrs. Jane Pierce

are the foremost exponents of Republican womanhood.

Neither should we forget such veterans in the cause of Republicanism as the Hon. Joseph B. Foraker, a hero of the war and a political star of the first magnitude in the Commonwealth of Ohio; General Lew Wallace, great as lawyer, novelist, scholar, and ambassador; Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, a genius such as appears but once in a century, and Henry Cabot Lodge, the *Hotspur* of Massachusetts.

So vast is the struggle of the present campaign that all of these named will be heard time and again by the American public between now and election. Besides these will be hundreds of others of lesser note who have done the yeoman's work on behalf of the organization to which they belong, and still further there will be new names and new faces who are to achieve fame in the clash of arguments and the struggle between great tendencies and diverse schools of thought.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER, OF NEW YORK.

A PROPOSAL IN A CANOE.

HIS VERSION.

TAVE a cigar, Jack," said Joe Mills, as he stretched himself in his easy-chair and elevated his feet to the convenient perch afforded by one end of the mantel. Although it was a June evening, a cold east wind had rendered not unwelcome the fire that burned in the open fireplace. "Have a cigar, Jack?"

His friend Jack, or, as he preferred to sign his name to the graceful little verses from his pen that sometimes found their way into the magazines, "J. Carroll Stanley," sat on the opposite side of the fireplace. "No, thanks, old man," he said. "I don't smoke now.'

"Indeed!" responded his friend. "Since when?"

"Since day before yesterday. I promised—some one I wouldn't smoke for six months."

"May I ask the name of the fair 'some one'?" said Mr. Mills, with a quizzical smile as he blew a cloud of smoke from his cigar.

"It is-Miss Somerleigh," swered Jack with a slight flush.

"It is—Miss Somerleigh," chaffed his friend, with a ludicrous imitation of Stanley's embarrassed air. "Has it got to the point when congratulations, etc., are in order, Jack?"

"It has," answered Jack quietly. Mr. Mills removed his feet from their lofty elevation, and turned to

confront his friend with a comical look of dismay. "You don't mean to say you've really gone and went and done it, Jack—proposed, I mean?"
"I really have," said Mr. Stanley,

with an odd little look of dignity that sat well on his somewhat boyish fea-"I have proposed to Miss Somerleigh, and she has accepted me. Congratulate me, Joe."

Mr. Mills dropped his jesting tone. "I do congratulate you, old fellow. Miss Somerleigh is a charming girl, and I wish you all joy. Shake.

The two men clasped hands in a brief but hearty handshake that told of the real and honest friendship that lay beneath their light and jesting manner.

Then Joe settled back in his chair, resumed his former attitude, and began to solace himself once more with his cigar. "Tell me about it, if you like, old man. As much or as little as you please. When, where, and how did it happen?"

"Last Saturday, in a canoe, on the Charles River-'

"Well, go on," as Stanley paused. "Well, we went out to Riverside, and from there paddled down stream for some distance, and then turned and went up stream again. We went some miles above Riverside. Miss Somerleigh had brought a lunch with her, and we left the canoe and ate lunch in picnic fashion in a beautiful place that was like-"

"Like a little Paradise—go on,"

said Mills.

"Well, we started back just before nset. There was a beautiful sunsunset. set; the clouds were the most wonderful rosy hues, and—'

"Oh, skip that," interrupted his friend. "I'll imagine the sunset."

" It was very quiet and peaceful on the river," Stanley went on in a dreamy tone. "The rays of the setting sun were gleaming on the water, and we could hear the birds singing their vesper songs. I ceased paddling and let the canoe drift gently with the stream. I felt as if I could drift like that forever. May—Miss Somerleigh—seemed to feel the sweet influence of the time and scene. I felt that her thoughts were of high and noble things-in perfect accord with our surroundings. I could hardly bear to break the sweet silence that had fallen between us—

"Dear, sentimental old Jack," scoffed his friend. "Why didn't you reel off some of your poetry to her an ode to her eyebrow, or a sonnet to her pet freckle, or something of that sort?"

"Jack, you are incorrigible," laughed his friend. "Wait till your

turn comes."

"Well, go on. You haven't got to the proposal yet."

"I don't think I'll tell you much more," said Stanley. "I asked her if she'd have me, and she said she would.'

"And you sealed the proposal with a kiss?" suggested his friend. "Rather ticklish business in a canoe."

J. Carroll Stanley got up from his easy-chair, stretched himself to his slender height of five feet ten, and twisted his flaxen mustache.

"Well, I must be going. May will expect me soon. Thought I'd just drop in and tell you the news.

Glad you did, old chap. Give my regards to the future Mrs. Stanley, and don't quite forsake your old chum, Jack.'

The two men clasped hands again, and then Jack ran lightly down the stairs that led from his friend's bachelor apartments, whistling "Annie Laurie.

HER VERSION.

(Containing some details which Jack omitted.)

Boston, June 15.

My DEAREST Lou: I know I have neglected you shamefully of late, and it has been ages since I have written to you; but I have not forgotten you, dear, and—well, when I tell you my news I know you will be so much interested that you will forget to scold me for not having written before.

You remember we both promised, long ago, that when either of us became engaged, the other should be the very first to hear of it; and we promised to tell each other "all about it." Well, wish me joy, my dearest Louie. I am really and truly engaged to the best and dearest fellow in Boston. His name is John Carroll Stanley, known to his friends as '' Jack.'

I believe the last time I wrote to you I enclosed two or three poems of his that I had cut from the magazines. It seems so utterly inappropriate— "incongruous" is the word—to think that a poet, a man who can write such charming verses, should earn his daily bread in the office of a wholesale leather and hides firm. That is Jack's father's business. Papa says he has heard that Jack has "a good head for business;" and if that is so, papa says "his poetry stuff won't hurt him any."

Well, it happened thusly: We went out last Saturday afternoon in a canoe on the dear old Charles River. I had a delightful time, of course, as I always enjoy canoeing. Toward sunset we started to paddle back to Riverside. We had taken a lunch with us, of course, and had eaten our supper on the banks of the river. By the way, did you ever make sandwiches of hard boiled eggs chopped fine, with crisp lettuce leaves spread between the slices of bread? They are delicious.

Well, as I said, toward sunset we started to paddle back to Riverside. It was very quiet on the river; there were no other canoes in sight, and the only sound was the croaking of one or two frogs that were tuning up for their evening concert.

Jack drew in his paddle and let the boat drift gently with the stream, while he gazed with a dreamy, faraway look at the beautiful sunset. I gazed at the sunset too, and wondered what color of ribbon to trim my new organdy muslin with. I was hesitating between a pale Nile green and a very faint shade of old rose, when Jack suddenly broke the silence.

"Miss Somerleigh, I wonder ifif—I might call you May?"

"Why, of course you might, Mr. canley," I said. "Lots of the fel-Stanley,"
lows do."

"I know it," he said with a little frown; "but if-if I call you May you must call me something else than Mr. Stanley."

"I haven't the slightest objection to calling you Jack," I said promptly

ly.
"Don't," he said, with another little frown. "I don't like the name. It sounds so harsh and unpoetic. I don't like it even from your lips,

May. Call me Carroll."

Well, I thought that was perfectly silly. I like plain Jack much better; it sounds so kind of jolly and good comradey. However, I didn't say so, but merely murmured "Carroll; it is a pretty name," in my very sweetest tone. You ought to have seen the dear fellow beam when I said "Carroll." You would have thought I had presented him with the title deed to a specially desirable corner lot in the Celestial City. Dear me, how dreadfully irreverent that sounds!

Well, there was another short silence, while I almost decided to have rose-pink ribbons—the color of a tiny cloud that was floating in the west.

Then Mr. Stanley said: "May, wouldn't you like to drift like this

always?"

"Goodness, no!" I said, in my most practical tone—for I thought he was getting almost too poetical. "It wouldn't be pleasant at all in a storm, and it would be awfully cold in winter, and I am sure I should get shockingly hungiy. The egg sandwiches are all gone, and there isn't an olive left in the canoe."

"If a storm came, I would protect you," he said. "May, do you think you could go down the River of Life with me?" (Now, that wasn't very

original, was it, Lou?)

I believe I blushed and said I didn't know. Then he descended to plain prose; told me he loved me, and asked me if I thought I could possibly care for him a little in return.

I told him I thought I could care for him a great deal. (He is a dear,

Lou.) When I said that he beamed as if I had presented him with several corner lots, and started forward to kiss me. I said, "Oh, don't, Carroll, you'll tip the canoe over!"

How it happened I don't know. I suspect it was really my fault; but the next moment the canoe was upset, and we found ourselves in, not

on, the "dear old Charles."

If it had only been out in midstream, where the water was deep, he might have swam gallantly to the shore with me and saved my life in most romantic fashion. However, while we had been talking the boat had been drifting in-stream, and we found ourselves, after a little plashing, standing upright in about two feet of muddy water.

It was really too comical for anything—the suddenness of it; the abrupt interruption to his tender

wooing!

Jack assisted me to wade to the shore, and I threw myself down on the bank and laughed and laughed till the tears came. I had on my last summer's outing suit, and I knew the water wouldn't hurt it any, so I really didn't care in the least, and only thought it a good joke. Jack thought I was a perfect angel not to be cross about it, and begged me to forgive him for his stupid carelessness.

Well, he very blushingly and modestly assisted me to wring my dripping skirts, and then we sat down on

the bank and talked, and-

There! the bell has just rung, and I hear Jack's—I mean Carroll's—voice in the hall asking if "Miss May is in." As if I would be out when I expected him.

Write to me soon, dear, and believe

me, as always,

Your loving May. Ida Kenniston.





NHE theatrical season of 1896-97 will be fairly opened by the time these pages reach the public. Many new plays-both dramatic and comic, builesques and comic operas-are now being performed in the New York theatres, and although a number of travelling companies will start on tour until after election, a good percentage are now testing fortune on the road, and experiencing the joys of one-night stands.

As usual, the first gun of the dramatic season was fired by Charles Frohman, who opened the Garrick with a revival of "Thoroughbred," that clever little comedy which made a hit in the spring. After a few weeks' successful engagement the company was sent on the road, and Albert Chevalier, supported by a wellselected party of vaudeville players, now oc-cupies the Garrick. Note of this entertain. ment will appear later.



MISS GRACE KIMBALL.



MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN.

A large batch of melodramas, native and foreign, were introduced during the past month. About most successful of these was "Under the Polar Star," by Clay M. Greene, staged by David Belasco, and produced on a lavish scale by W. A. Brady at the Academy of Music. The company is a very capable one, including Grace Henderson, W. Thompson, and Francis Carlyle. scenery is magnificent. One scene of especial beauty and realism shows the Northern lights and several massive icebergs.

A few other new melodramas are "When London Sleeps," an English importation, the sensation of which is the escape of the heroine from a burning building by walking on a telegraph wire; "In the Heart of the Storm," a native affair, full of blood and thunder; "The Cotton

Spinner," another Brit-



CAROLINE MISKEL-HOYT.

From her latest photograph by Chickering, Boston,

ish production, with a rather dense plot and an explosion; "The Great Northwest," whose title explains it self, and which contains every kind of crime and disaster under the sun; and "Northern Lights," which, successfully produced last season, was revived under auspicious circumstances.

There was a time when Edward

Harrigan, in partnership with Tony Hart, used to be very popular in New York; and later, when he built his own theatre in Thirty-fifth Street and produced such plays as "Reilly," "The Woollen Stocking," "The Leather Patch," etc., he reached the top notch of his success. Then either his popularity began to wane or his plays to be weaker—anyway, business fell off, until he finally sold his

theatre to Richard Mansfield, and took to the road for a season. fall he came out with a new play, written by himself, at the Bijou, but it must be confessed that "Marty Malone" is not up to the old Harrigan standard. There are a few of the familiar characters, some rather pretty music by Braham, a few competent actors, and a number of inferior jokes and puns. It isn't the Harrigan we all loved and admired a few years ago, nor the Harrigan over whom W. D. Howells enthused. miss the old-time favorites from the cast, too-Mrs. Yeamans, Johnny Wild, Ada Lewis, Hattie Moore, and poor John Decker.

* *

Five years ago Caroline Miskel was rarely heard of, and was playing subordinate parts in Robert Mantell's company. To-day her name is known by everybody, and her pictures have an enormous sale. She happened to

go into Charles Hoyt's office one day, seeking an engagement. The manager was so struck with her beauty that he gave her a part immediately; she played very well, but her personal appearance made a great success. Critics, artists, and public raved over her beauty, and that was enough. Subsequently Mr. Hoyt married her and made her a star. She played all last season in a piece of his making, entitled "A Contented Woman," and this year will appear in a new play written by Mr. Hoyt especially for her.

Mr. Henry Miller, the former leading man of the Empire Stock Company, will be featured in the company A. M. Palmer is forming to play at his new Great Northern Theatre in Chicago. Before assuming this position, Mr. Miller will undertake a short starring tour, opening in Canada. He will present "Sowing the Wind," in which he gives a remarkably fine performance of an old man who loved and lost in his youth; "Frederick Lemaitre," an artistic embodiment of an incident in the great French actor's life; "Liberty Hall," a delightful modern play, and "Gudgeons," in which he does the best work of his life. Character work is far better suited to Mr. Miller than conventional society parts, for in the latter he is apt to grow monotonous and lapse into mannerisms. If he would do more character work his reputation would be enhanced accord-One of the cleverest performances he ever gave was in a burlesque

called "The Poet and the Puppets," produced several years ago, in which he impersonated an æsthetic poet, wore a green carnation and satin knickerbockers, and did a most captivating dance.

Miss Grace Kimball, who for the past few seasons has been leading lady for E. H. Sothern, is a young actress of considerable promise and attractiveness. Perhaps the best work she has done with Mr. Sothern's company was her rendition of Betty Linley in "Sheridan.'



MR. HENRY MILLER.

Photograph by Sarony.

E. H. SOTHERN. Photograph by Sarony.



JOHN DREW. Photograph by Sarony.



Photograph by Sarony.

THREE NEW PLAYS

"THE LIAR."

GUSTAVE BRAVOT, guest of Mime. Rousseau, and suitor for her daughter's hand FRITZ WILLIAMS. GEORGES MAUET, also suitor for Mile. Rousseau's hand, and living in the neighborhood ...W. H. FITZGERALD. LOUIS GUERINOT, nephew of Madame Rousseau, and a guest at her house. GILES SHINE. MONS. PASTUREL, Captain of Police, in love with Mime. Rousseau ...SAMUEL REED. MULOT, of the French Police ...OSCAR FIGINAN. CANARD, alias the "Cherub" W. C. MASSON. PHILLIPPE, Valet to Bravot ...FRANCIS NEILSON. ELAINE ROUSSEAU. KATHARINE FLORENCE. MME. ROUSSEAU. ...ANNIE CLARK. MME. CAROLINE GUERINOT ...ISABEL URQUHART. ROSALIE ...INA HAMMER.

SCENE. Mme. Rousseau's house, outside Paris. TIME.-The Present.

'HIS new comedy produced at Hoyt's is a translation from the French of Alexandre Bisson by Clyde Fitch. The object and reason of the hero's prevarications is his great desire to win a maiden who is a great admirer of bravery. Thereupon the man invents all manner of tales of heroism and courage to excite her love for him. Naturally by so doing he gets into trouble, and this forms the basis of the play. Mr. Fritz Williams, than whom there is no cleverer light comedian on the American stage, essays the principal part. He plays it with that dexterity and ease which denote the true spirit of comedy, and which Mr. Williams knows so well how to assume. Miss Katharine Florence plays with her customary sweetness and delicacy, and is as pretty as ever. Miss Annie Clark is a prominent and valued member of the cast; Miss Isabelle Urquhart is handsome and plays cleverly.

"An Enemy to the King."

A Romantic Drama in Four Acts by R. N. Stephens.

ERNANTON DE LAUNAY, a Huguenot captain ... E. H. SOTHERN, CLAUDE DE LA CHATRE, Governor of Berri,
ARTHUR R. LAWRENCE,
GUILLAUME MONTIGNAC, Secretary to the Governor,
ROYDON ERLYNNE,
VICOMTE DE BERQUIN ... MORTON SELTEN,
BLAISE TRIPAULT, a follower of De Launay,
ROWLAND BUCKSTONE,
GILLES BARBEMOUCHE, a soldier of fortune... DANIEL JARRETT,
ANTOINE ... OWEN FAWCETT,
JACQUES ... Adventurers,
FRANÇOIS ... SAM SOTHERN,
FRANÇOIS ... VIRGINIA HARNED,
JULIE DE VARION ... VIRGINIA HARNED,
JEANNOTTE, her maid ... JEANNETTE LOWRIE,
MARIANNE ... KATE PATTISON-SELTEN,
GIRALDA, a Gypsy ... RAY DE BARRIE.

THE scenes are laid in the picturesque times of Henry of Navarre, and the hero is a Huguenot captain, upon whose head a price is set. The father of the heroine is held in prison, and to secure his release the daughter must deliver the hero into the hands of the enemy.

OF THE MONTH.

Repulsive as the task is to her, she undertakes it. and is befriended on her journey by a young nobleman, who is none other than he whom she seeks to destroy. When the two fall in love, and she discovers that her knight is the king's enemy, she repents of her bargain. In the end her father is released, and her lover receives a free passport. Mr. Sothern's part fits him perfectly. and he plays it with that charm of manner peculiarly his own. In the love scenes, which are very daintily written, he is exceedingly felicitous, and in the quick action his alertness and vigor and his skilful sword play are particularly earnest and convincing. Owing to the illness of Miss Grace Kimball, Miss Virginia Harned originated the part of the heroine, and she is to be congratulated on the beauty and nobility of her performance. Not even in "Trilby" has Miss Harned done better work. Arthur Lawrence as the stern Royalist Governor played with great dignity and strength. The rest of the cast is thoroughly capable, but the parts are not calculated to admit of much individuality. The scenery is magnificent.

"Rosemary."

A Play in Four Acts by Louis N. Parker and Murray Cassan.

SIR JASPER THORNDYKE	IOHN DREW.
PROFESSOR IOGRAM	Daniel Harkins.
CAPTAIN CRUICKSHANK, R.N	
WILLIAM WESTWOOD	ARTHUR BYRON.
GEORGE MINIFIE	
ABRAHAM	FRANK LAMB.
MRS. CRUICKSHANK	
MRS. MINIFIE	MRS. KING.
PRISCILLA	
DOROTHY CRUICKSHANK	

OSEMARY" has made an instant success at the Empire, and it is a well-deserved one. A bachelor of forty years falls in love with a girl of eighteen. An unconscious coquette, she leads him on, to the exasperation of her accepted lover, scarcely older than her-Her elderly adorer persuades himself he can never forget her, and the last act shows that he is partially right—he does remember her, with an effort, however. John Drew gives an agreeable surprise to those who have known him only in "society" productions. Miss Adams has made a great success as the charming maiden of half a century ago. The other characters are well-sustained, Miss Ethel Barrymore creating the part of the maid in a most finished manner. With so much favor has "Rosemary" been received that Mr. Frohman has cancelled most of the company's provincial engagements for the season.



VIRGINIA HARNED Photograph by Schloss.



ETHEL BARRYMORE, Photograph by Falk.



ISABELLE URQUHART. Photograph by Falk.

Two years ago Cissy Fitzgerald first came to "dear America" with the English "Gaiety Girl" company. The dear Americans saw her and she

always appealed to the American youth: she is British, blonde, and beaming. In this latter quality, which is so admirably illustrated in



MISS CISSY FITZGERALD. From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Schloss, N. Y.

conquered them, even as Julius Cæsar conquered Gaul. Cissy possesses

the accompanying portrait, lies her chief claim to success. Her beam three attributes which, as was remarked on her first appearance, have mous. For several months Cissy —it seems too formal to call such a jolly creature Miss Fitzgerald—beamed and winked, and incidentally danced with the "Gaiety Girl,"

up, so to speak, and placed her in his "Foundling" company, where she appeared as the *Tricky Little Maybud*, or some such delightful personage.



From photograph (copyright, 1895) by Morrison, Chicago.

causing the gilded youth to fall prostrate before her and the voice of the poet to be raised in mellow song in her honor. Then the astute Mr. Charles Frohman gobbled her

Here she beamed and winked some more, danced a little and spoke a few lines, displaying a British accent as pronounced and as thick as her famous "Bath bun." Now she is a star



AUBREY BOUCICAULT.

Photograph by Morrison.

attraction at Koster & Bial's, giving a new dance, which she has been studying all summer, and her winking specialty with variations.

* *

It is doubtful if any woman of the stage has ever been more widely advertised or photographed than Lillian Russell, one of whose latest portraits we present this month. Her list of operatic successes is a long one, and during the past few seasons she has usually created three or four new characters, singing seven and eight In "The Little times a week. Duke," which she revived last season, she made a charming appearance, and it is in that character that the picture presented herewith was taken. The title of the new opera in which she will be seen this season is "An American Beauty," and it certainly is an appropriate one, as Miss Russell has for years enjoyed the distinction of being the most beautiful woman on the stage.

It is a trite and accepted saying that famous men do not often have This has been disfamous sons. proved, however, in the theatrical profession by several popular actors who have been or are "sons of their fathers." Aubrey Boucicault, who rejoices in one of the most famous fathers the theatrical profession has ever known, has played in about as great a variety of parts as is possible for a young man of his age. Shakespeare, modern drama and comedy, Irish dramas, comic opera, character work—in all these has Mr. Boucicault appeared, and now he is going into vaudeville for a season. In this new field he will probably give a monologue or one-act sketch, and will open at Keith's Boston Theatre. In parts calling for audacity or romantic swagger Mr. Boucicault is most happy, for he has an attractive manner and is very handsome. In his comic opera venture—" Madeleine," with Camille D'Arville-he was out of place. His acting was clever, but his singing reminded one of the voice of conscience, it was so still and small.

* *

A new play to be seen in New York during the season is "A Social Trust," by Hilary Bell and Ramsay Morris, which was produced in San Francisco late in the summer and scored a decided success. The plot is taken from the disaster of the Cordage Trust, and several domestic and love affairs are involved. Both Mr. Bell and Mr. Morris are experienced writers, and a really strong play is promised. T. Daniel Frawley, who used to be with W. H. Crane, but who some time ago organized his own company in the West, will produce 'A Social Trust."

* *

The Empire Theatre Stock Company, which has been touring the West for about six weeks, will not return to New York for the opening until nearly the first of December, as Mr. John Drew is booked at the Em-

pire for an extended engagement. A new play, probably imported for the occasion, will be the first production by the Empire company.

* *

When Charles Frohman produces the dramatization of F. Hopkinson Smith's delightful story, "Tom Grogan,". Alice Fisher Harcourt will doubtless be seen in the title 1ôle. Mrs. Harcourt is an actress of much virility and vigor, and should fill the physical requirements of the part, at any event. Last season she appeared as the adventuress in "The Sporting Duchess."

* * *

Four or five years ago, during the run of a mediocre comic opera at the Casino, a new dance was introduced by an actress not particularly well known, and which did not make any very great to-do. The novelty of the dance consisted in the voluminous and diaphanous skirts with which the dancer was enveloped, the darkened stage, and the calcium light behind the moving fig-Differure. ent variations of the dance were given, but its greatest glory was

yet to come. Its originator went to Paris, elaborated her work, produced it on a grand scale, and set the town wild. All Paris was talking about La Loie, and going to see her. She danced in that city for two years, and last summer returned to her native land with flying colors and a fabulous salary. She first appeared at Koster & Bial's, then made a short tour of the country, and is now at the Standard, which has but recently become a vaudeville Loie Fuller's dance is a theatre. wonderful and a beautiful thing. It is a work of art. The manipulation of her endless skirts and draperies is accomplished with ease and dexterity,



LA LOIE FULLER.

From photograph (copyright, 1896) by Falk, N. Y.

and the calcium lights which are thrown on her are exquisite in shade and harmonious blending. All the tints of the rainbow and a great many that are not in the primitive color scheme are shown. The fire dance, in which she appears to be a moving flame, is perhaps the most vivid of all, but the rapidly changing shades and mingling of purple and gold, green and pink, yellow and violet, silver, orange, saffron, and red make a constant and joyous feast for the eye.



THE musical world begins to stir and show signs of a little life after its long rest, first coming the announcement of numerous light opera and musical comedy productions, which the theatres have been ringing with for weeks; then the return of the teachers to their studios,

full of new ideas and fresh energy, the students following slowly; the organists at their posts, the choir-singers resuming their positions, and every European steamer bringing dozens of voices trained on the otherside. Every one is on the qui vive for something original and startling, when, in fact, there will be only general bustle and stir, with good, bad, and indifferent results for a month or more before the musical season fairly opens or assumes any dignity or repose. It does not seem strange that we are sometimes thought very lacking in high musical cultivation, when we think of

the number of comic operas brought out every season in comparison with other musical works of a higher order. Were they all, or half, I might say, worthy of musical thought or consideration, their production would be justifiable; however, the public must want them, or managers would not

deal them out so generously. $\mathbf{B}_{\mathbf{V}}$ actual count there are eight new musical productions to be given the first of this season in New York alone -in fact, there really seems to be little else. "The Caliph," music by Ludwig Englander, with the Jefferson de Angelis company; Francis Wilson in "Half a King," an adaptation from the French, with music by Englander; "The Mandarin" of De Koven and Smith; "The Gold Bug, by Victor Herbert and Glen McDonough; "The Geisha," a London production to be seen at Daly's; "Lost, Strayed, Stolen," by Morse Woolson and Cheever



EDOUARD DE RESZKE AS "MEPHISTO,"



MISS FANNIE BULKELEY. Photograph by Rockwood.

Goodwin, and "Santa Maria," from the fertile brain of Oscar Hammerstein, besides a number of new operas being rehearsed here to be heard out of town. In none of these does there seem to be much originality.

Miss Fannie Bulkeley, who is to be

heard for the first time in light opera in New York this winter, has appeared on several occasions in performances of "Rob Roy" and "Manon" out of town with great success. Her extreme youth has been the only fault managers have as yet discovered, for her natural talent as an actress, as well as her rich mezzo-



E A McDOWELL.

soprano voice, have already placed her in high esteem among them. Miss Bulkeley is at present appearing "Lost, in the musical comedy Strayed, or Stolen," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her ambition lies in the direction of legitimate operatic iôles, however, and having so much to start with, particularly under the guidance of a mother who has held the highest positions both here and abroad as a concert and oratorio singer, Miss Bulkeley is in a fair way to attain the loftiest pinnacle of operatic fame some day. Miss Bulkeley is a New York girl, and one might say a representative young American artist.

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The concert season opens this year with many promises of great things, although rather late, possibly on account of the Presidential campaign. Most of the societies resume active

work under their former conductors. It is rumored that Mr. E. A. McDowell, formerly of Boston, will conduct the Mendelssohn This should Glee Club. insure this organization a highly prosperous season. Mr. McDowell has also been appointed to fill the new chair of music in Columbia College. The creation of this chair of music has caused much discussion and comment among musicians as well as the general public. Music has not been treated in any of our universities just as they propose doing in this instance. The study in a general sense, as a fine art—its general history and character—is quite essential to a liberal education. However, it remains to be seen whether it will prove of actual benefit or interest even to the majority of college students if treated as a science,

Certainly theory, harmony, and counterpoint cannot be valuable or pleasurable to those not musically inclined. The public may derive the greatest benefit from the experiment, as it may give Mr. McDowell more time for composing than his very arduous duties in Boston allowed him; and we can but feel delighted at the prospect of adding to American musical literature works of as great strength and value as the compositions already given the public from Mr. McDowell's pen.

* * *

Concert stars innumerable we will have, Moritz Rosenthal possibly attracting the greatest attention. It is now about seven years since his last appearance here, and as he is coming to us very heavily laden with laurels, we hope for a rare treat, such as we enjoyed from Paderewski. The Roumanian pianist was one of the famous

class of remarkable pupils have had during the last few years of his life, and at that time enjoyed the distinction of having a wonderful memory. One of his colleagues said that his one great passion outside of his music was his love for Heine's poems, and equal to his astounding technique was his memory, as he had been known to continue without hesitancy any quotation one would begin from Heine, even telling the page on which it could be found. Rosenthal will first be heard here in November.

Another concert star will be Madame Chaminade, whose music is heard in almost every drawing-room in America. Siereking, the Dutch pianist, is also to come. Gregorowitsch, the Russian violinist, will be heard here, and many others.

Prominent among the new con-

certs talked of are the Tuesday afternoon musicales Messrs. Ruben and Andrews have arranged to take place, beginning in November at the Waldorf, in the new, handsome, and spacious They are ball-room. to be subscription affairs, under the patronage of prominent society leaders, and will afford their patrons the opportunity of hearing such aras Mesdames tists Calvé, Mantelli, Engle and Eames, Messieurs Edouard de Reszke, Cremonini, Ancona, Campanari, Bispham, and Plancon, under the most favorable auspices and amid luxurious surroundings. are sure to become the " smartest" affairs of a social musical nature this season. As these artists will be heard outside of the Opera House exclusively at these musicales, they are undoubtedly positive of a large subscription list. Madame Emma Eames and M. Edouard de Reszke will in all probability sing at the first musicale. Madame Eames has added a number of German operas to her repertoire, which she will be heard in this season.

It is very gratifying to Americans to realize that an American, Miss Alice Mandelick, who has received her musical training entirely in this country, has created quite a little sensation and much admiration abroad by her artistic singing. At a musicale this summer she had the honor of singing to a most distinguished audience, numbering among them King Oscar of Sweden, who crossed the room to her, took both her hands



MISS ALICE MANDELICK.



EMMA EAMES AS "ELIZABETH" IN "TANNHÄUSER."

and said, "You are an artist," which was highly complimentary, coming from so good a critic as well as distinguished personage. Miss Mandelick is a native of New York City, and has held the position of solo contralto in the Church of the Ascension for several years. She will resume her old position upon her return from abroad. Madame Frida de Gebele Ashforth has been Miss Mandelick's only teacher, and deserves unlimited

praise for the success of many American singers both here and abroad.

* *

It is seldom a French production does not lose much of its attractiveness or retain much that is unwholesome in being translated and adapted to our stage. Mr. Cheever Goodwin's adaptation of "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen" has improved rather than detracted from the charm of this

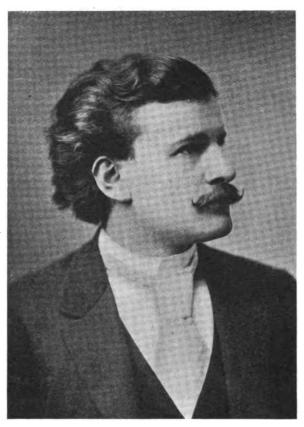
merry, refined bit of nonsense, accompanied by the bright music of Woolson Morse. They have retained enough Frenchiness to make it extremely chic and lively, without being the least risqué. The baby, the interesting pivot on which the story revolves, has enjoyed as much prominence as any other member of the In Chicago, where the company. piece was first presented, the baby, a lovely child of six weeks, belonging to one of the women in charge of the costumes, was obliged to resign its part to a doll, owing to the interference of the society which seems to take special pains to look after children particularly well cared for. The baby still reigns supreme in the company, if not on the stage, however. Miss Georgia Caine, who as Rose has the leading part, is from the Golden Gate State, and although very young and new to New York, has many successes on her list. Last year she was with "Wang." Miss Caine is quite as naïve and charming off the stage as on.

* *

The work accomplished by our church choirs deserves far more notice than it apparently receives. Many of America's most distinguished composers and musicians form the choirs. In fact, choir singing seems to be the only field left American trained voices, operatic and concert work having been almost entirely monopolized by European artists. One of the most distinguished choirs in New York, and possibly in this



THE BABY SONG IN "LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN."



MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

THE PAMOUS ROUMANIAN PIANIST.

country, is the one at the West Presbyterian Church, under the able guidance of Mr. Peter Schnecker, the organist, who stands in the front rank of church-music writers. The choir is composed of home-trained voices, Miss Marguerite Lemmon, the soprano, having always studied here, and Mrs. Carl Alves, the contralto, having been very prominent as one of the most distinguished concert and oratorio singers. Mr. Reiger enjoys the distinction of being considered the representative American tenor, and Mr. E. Buschnell enjoys the same distinction as a bass. With the privilege of hearing similar choirs every Sunday, either in New York or neighboring cities, the musical taste of the public should become strengthened and the appreciation of high-class music should increase.

* *

"The Gold Bug," a musical production at the Casino, is of wide interest, as it savors of the topic at present uppermost in the minds of the public—at least the title leads us to believe so. The story is a lively satire of fads of the present day, the humorous side of current politics, the international match-making and recent local dramatic successes being cleverly woven into a well-defined plot by Glen McDonough. The music, by Victor Herbert, is bright, rhythmic, and of a much higher order than is usual in similar entertainments. The staging and costumes are The first tremely pretty. act is laid in Washington, D. C., and the second on deck of a Naval Reserve cruiser.

Miss Virginia Earl, whose recent success in "The Lady Slavey" and

"The Lady Slavey" and
"In Gay New York" was so pronounced, has the principal character
in this musical comedy, and quite an
opportunity to show her versatility as
a clever actress as well as prima
donna. Miss Earl has been called
the Letty Lind of New York. Better the Virginia Earl of America, as
she has quite as much individuality as
any of her European sisters, notwithstanding she is American, without
European training or triumphs as yet.

"The Geisha," as seen at Daly's Theatre, is certainly a feast of colors as well as bright music. Anything more gorgeous would be hard to imagine. The scenes, of which there are only two, are very Japanese. One

is a tea-house, festooned with wistaria in bloom; the other, an interior of the palace garden, the foreground ablaze with chrysanthemums, while at the back the snow-clad cone of the Sacred Mountain may be seen. As may be imagined, these form extremely picturesque settings for the really magnificent costumes, composed of gorgeously woven kimonos and yamamai in exquisitely delicate shades of silk crêpe embroidered with

flowers. The less elaborate costumes are the minstrel suits of blue silk embroidered in red, and the wrestler's costumes, with their obi or sashes of about seven yards' length, the ends embroidered with the wrestlers' monograms in red and gold, or white, black, and gold.

Miss Dorothy Morton makes a most fascinating picture in her Oriental gowns, and enters into the spirit of the music with her accustomed intel-



MISS VIRGINIA EARL. Photograph by Schloss.

ligence. One of Miss Morton's costumes is of green satin embroidered heavily with real gold thread and ornamented with colored silk designs. Another is a heavy brocade woven almost wholly in gold, with flower and stork designs embroidered in silk.

The production has been a most pronounced success, and the indications are that Daly's will be crowded for some time to come. The music is especially pretty, and possesses that popular quality known as catchiness. The hit of the piece has been made by Miss Violet Lloyd, a young English girl of great beauty and fascination

Notwithstanding two grand opera seasons were attempted last year, with almost failure as the result, we hear talk of three companies coming to New York this year. It is to be hoped they will prove successful, The first to be heard is the Imperial Opera Company, of which Colonel J. H. Mapleson is the director. The company opens in New York at the Academy of Music on October 26. They include in their repertoire all the old standard operas and several entirely new to this country. One of the new operas to be produced is the work of Signor Giordano, and has never been rendered outside of Italy. It is entitled "Andrea Cheniar," and has met with great success in Italy. Among the new voices to be heard will be Madame Dardu, soprano; Mmes. Huguet, Ehrenstein, and Mevsenheim, also soprani. The contralti are Mmes. Parsi, Dubedat, Vedal, and Scalchi. Signor de Marche, the tenor, comes with the company, also Miss Susan Strong, a Brooklyn girl, who has been studying music abroad for some years. She is said to possess a voice of unusual range, purity, and sweetness.

"The Caliph," the new comic opera in which Jefferson de Angelis has scored an acrobatic success at the Broadway, contains some bright music by Ludwig Englander, and the

book is full of the usual absurdities of Harry B. Smith. The Caliph is an Oriental potentate who makes an entirely new set of laws for his subjects. then disguises himself and starts out to break them all. Many ludicrous complications result from this proceeding, and Mr. de Angelis extracts a great deal of humor from the part. He is ably assisted by Mr. Alf. C. Wheelan, who is another genuinely funny comedian; Miss Irene Perry, as pretty and dainty a maiden as ever tripped the stage; Miss Minnie Landes, who sings sweetly; and Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly, who is always delightfully artistic.

"Half a King" as presented at the Knickerbocker Theatre by Francis Wilson and his excellent company is a genuine comic opera in every The situations, dialogue, and music simply bubble over with merriment and some sentiment, while the mise-en-scène is almost up to grand opera standard. The gowns of the women are particularly effective and harmonious in color, as well as historically correct; in fact, Paris in the eighteenth century seems to have been carefully represented in every detail throughout the opera. Englander has never given the public better music. The songs are exquisite, noticeably those of Pierette, sung by Miss Lulu Glaser, and several love songs and duets. Some of the concerted music is much above the average, a septet and choius without accompaniment being exceedingly pretty and original, and the waltz movements very "catchy" and attractive. In the finales Mr. Englander has sacrificed some good musical ideas to noise and dash, which seems out of keeping with the opera as a Mr. Wilson seems to have in whole. this opera greater opportunity than ever before to display his inimitable cleverness as a comedian, and also gives us a glimpse of the sentimental side of Mr. Wilson as an actor. Tireschappe in Mr. Wilson's hands is indescribably amusing.





WARNER MILLER.

Photograph (copyright, 1896) by Schloss.

NE of the most prominent politicians of the Empire State is Warner Miller, whose name appears in the public prints with great frequency, and who poses as one of the apostles of sound ' Republicanism. It is not wholly as a politician, however, that Mr. Miller is known to the people of the United States, for his work in the Senate chamber, par-

ticularly in connection with the Nicaraguan Canal, has made him widely known in this country, as well as in South and Central America. This canal has always been one of Mr. Miller's pet schemes, and it is only fair to him to say that it is one which the United States Government should support with more heartiness than it has in the past. Mr. Miller claims that the canal would bring the Pacific coast and its wonderful products much nearer English ports, would develop the growth and commerce of our Western States, add enormously to the trade of our Eastern coast, and at the same time pay handsome dividends on the investment, which he places at \$100,000,000.

The work and personality of Mrs. Frank Leslie are well known not only to the American public, but wherever feminine industry and talent are appreciated and admired. Always her husband's chief advisor and a hearty co-worker with him, on his death she took up his business and continued to manage it. Her success as a business woman and as the editor of Frank Leslie's numerous publications is a matter of common knowledge. For years she has worked untiringly and conscientiously day in and day

out, never leaving her desk for any social event or entertainment. In the evenings, however, she was always a prominent figure in important functions, and her own Thursday night receptions are celebrated. A year or so ago Mrs. Leslie leased her business for a term of years, and since then has been enjoying an extended vacation. She has just returned from a fifteen months' sojourn in Europe. From time to time rumors have been afloat as to her plans, the chief of which was to the effect that she would establish a new evening paper in New York City. A short time ago Mrs. Leslie told the writer that she had not yet decided to accept any of the offers that have been made her, but that active journalism was extremely fas-cinating to her. For that reason she particularly enjoyed her work on Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly. It was due to her influence that the old Morning Journal first began to use illustrations, which since have come to be so prominent a feature of almost every newspaper now published. Although enjoying her present vacation, Mrs. Leslie is not by any means idle. She has mapped out a new and strong novel, which she desires to get to work upon, and she also has in mind the idea for a new and original play. Not many women have had so busy and suc-

cessful a career, and some of her best work is yet to come.

The Presidential campaign this year will always be remarkable for at least one thing, and that is because of the men that under its auspices have emerged from obscurity into public prominence. Bryan. Hobart,



MRS, FRANK LESLIE.



THOMAS E. WATSON.

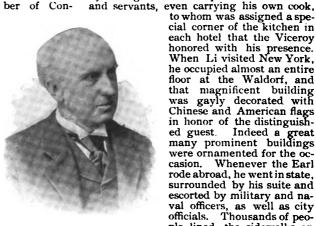
gress from that State achieved notoriety by his erratic speeches. Mr. Watson edits in his spare time a Populist paper, and is a lawyer also. As he was not born great, the opportunity of achieving greatness or having it thrust upon him is still before him.

The attention of all thoughtful people was attracted to the address upon arbitration made by Lord Charles Russell, Chief Jus-tice of England, before the American Bar Association in August. Lord Russell's views are sound and cannot fail to be admired by fair-minded Americans. The evident intention of this, his

second visit to America, is to ascertain the exact attitude of the people of this country toward Great Britain, and it is to be hoped that he will appreciate the public sentiment toward his land, and find out that fair play in arbitration or any sort of controversy is all that the American people ask at English hands. Lord Russell's career has been a brilliant and a busy one. His first fame was gained as an eloquent and impassioned pleader at the bar. Ten years ago he became attorney-general in Glad-stone's Cabinet and was knighted. Two years ago he was made lord of appeal in ordinary and invested with a life peerage. As English consul in the Behring Sea arbitration he became particularly well known to Americans.

Among the remarkable personalities at the national capital for the last thirty years is Richard P. Bland, representative from Missouri. Mr. Bland has always been noted

Sewall, and Watson are four men little heard of previously outside of their own States—the two latter being strangers to many even their immediate neigh-Thombors. Watson, as whom the Populists desire to elect as their Vice-President, is Georgian, who as a member of Con-



LORD CHARLES RUSSELL.

in the vicinity of the Waldorf was alwayscrowded with sight. seers. His gorgeous yellow jacket and peacock's feather made him a con-spicuous ob-ject. The red plush chair in which he was carried to and from his equi page always brought the rear of the procession in a carriage by itself. As is

for his strong common sense, unimpeachable honesty, and his persistent advocacy of the silver theory, his efforts in this line resulting in the enactment of a law in 1879 making the standard dollar full legal tender. It is generally admitted that but for the religious views of his wife Mr. Bland would have been the candidate for President instead of Mr. Bryan. He is a farmer by profession, a lawyer by nature, and an orator by education, and is an exemplar of a large class of American citizens who take pride in being called self-made men.

The visit of Earl Li Hung Chang, Viceroy of the Chinese Empire, to America has been the occasion of great delight to the space writers of all the newspapers, and a matter of respectful curiosity and admiration to the entire public. The Earl was accompanied by a large retinue of personal attendants

> to whom was assigned a spe-cial corner of the kitchen in each hotel that the Vicerov honored with his presence. When Li visited New York, he occupied almost an entire floor at the Waldorf, and that magnificent building was gayly decorated with Chinese and American flags in honor of the distinguished guest. Indeed a great many prominent buildings were ornamented for the occasion. Whenever the Earl rode abroad, he went in state, surrounded by his suite and escorted by military and naval officers, as well as city officials. Thousands of people lined the sidewalks on each occasion of the Earl's appearance, and the street



RICHARD BLAND.



C. A. DANA
Photograph by Rockwood.

they reached the hotel, it was learned that some enterprising man who lived there himself had arisen at six in the morning, and, like the proverbial early bird, caught the coveted worm. A rather touching and impressive act of the Earl's while in New York was his visit to the tomb of General Grant in Riverside Park, where he deposited with his own hands a wreath to the memory of his dead friend, whom he so He also paid a admired. visit to Mrs. Grant, and presented her with a quantity of rich Chinese silk, tea, and other valuable souvenirs.

A strong individuality has always characterized Charles A. Dana and reflected itself on his paper, the New York

Sun. A keen intuition and appreciation of news and a liberal education combine to make him a brilliant editor. For years he has actively supervised the pages of the Sun and been the chief editorial writer for it; even now, at the age of seventy-eight, Mr. Dana still actively oversees the workings of his paper. Conservative to a degree his policy has always been, and the vindictiveness which is a well-known characteristic of the Sun is equally pronounced. It must be said, however, that the Sun is a thoroughly clean paper, well written, and has ever been free from the scandalous and sensational stories in which the "popular" journals delight. It was also one of the very first newspapers to repudiate the Chicago platform in the present Presidential campaign, and is now making a strong fight for sound money.

The little Queen of Holland, who is only

usual in the case of any public man, a number of people tried to advertise themselves through Li Hung Chang, and there was a fierce rivalry between the photographers who desired the honor of levelling a camera at the greatest Chinaman on earth. Arrangements were made to take a picture of him on a certain morning by a firm of prominent photogra-phers, but when



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

a revolver in the other. Mr. Sage, with the assistance of the eldest son of his old confrère, Jay Gould, controls the elevated railroad systems of New York, and with an aggravating calmness smiles blandly upon the often frantic attacks of the newspapers upon him and his road, because of his indifference want.

sixteen years of age, has just been betrothed to her second cousin, Prince Bernard Henry, a grandson of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar - Eisenach. This announcement destroys the fiction that the German Emperor intended his eldest son for the husband of Wilhelmina, who is two years older than the Crown Prince. Her betrothed is, however, second choice, and he is scarcely likely to find much favor with the Hollanders on account of his German connections. The Koning innetje (little queen) is very popular with her subjects, and is a sensible and well-educated girl. She is full of the spirits and fun of girlhood, and probably inherits her mischievousness from her father, the gay King William. Many stories are told of her pranks and cleverness and her strength of character. It is rather an odd coincidence that although, owing to the prejudices of her father, she has not been allowed to learn the German language, she is now betrothed to a

German prince. Just what the little queen herself thinks of the arrangement is not known, but as she is the last heir of a great dynasty, she will probably waive all personal feelings to perpetuate the line of succession in the ancient house of Orange.

Russell Sage and Hetty Green are each remarkable in their way. Both are enormously wealthy, and at times ridiculously eccentric. Mr. Sage has been a sort of "mark" for cranks who have developed an erratic turn of mind in money matters, and his little office down-town is so arranged as to guard him from the sudden intrusion of wild-eyed men, with a written demand for money in one hand and



to what the public think they photograph (copyright, 1895)
want. by Rockwood.

Ulysses S. Grant was a notable man, and in his eldest son, Frederick Dent Grant, the present generation have a personage who, if the opportunity presents itself, may do as much to make himself beloved by his fellow-citizens as his illustrious father. Of early middle age, Mr. Grant the younger has many years of usefulness before him. He was the representative of this country at the court of Austria during the Harrison administration, and is said to be engaged now on certain literary work, which may or may not make his reputation, according as the peculiar taste of the American public may be inclined. He is at present a police commissioner of the city of New York, a position coveted not only for its very comfortable salary, but also for the in-

fluence that goes with it and the absence of hard work in connection with the office. Colonel Grant, as will be noted in the accompanying picture, is remarkably like his famous father in facial appearance. The resemblance is even more striking in the full face.

David Bennett Hill, who has long been one of the most prominent Democrats of this country, and who has enjoyed consider able popularity both in office and out, has



COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT.

Photograph by See & Epler.

stood in rather a ticklish position of late. A possible nominee for President on the Democratic platform, he was snowed in, together with his party, during the Chicago convention; yet he afterward entertained Mr. Bryan at his home in Albany. When Hill was "instructed" to support Mr. Bryan, however, he came out boldly with a statement that he did not indorse the Chicago platform, and that he would act independently and without suggestion from any committee during the present campaign.

Arthur Sewall, nominee for Vice-President on the Chicago platform, is not a man of wide reputation in fact, comparatively few people had ever heard of him until the present cam-

paign brought him into public view. Nor is Mr. Sewall popular with the Free Silverites or with the Populists, as his running mate, Mr. Bryan, is, and for that reason he may be a drawback to the success of the ticket. The recent overwhelming Republican majority in the election of Governor in his own State—Maine—was not a favorable indication of Mr. Sewall's popularity, and a really dramatic element was infused into the election on account of his son being one of his strongest opponents on the other side.

A GOLDEN DAY.

A SUN of suns crept up to greet
A day from all days set apart,
A golden glow o'er all the world,
A golden hope within my heart—
A hope that blossomed like a flower
As morn expanded into noon,
Then faded in the twilight dim,
And died beneath the yellow moon.

Oh, not until the morrow's sun
Proclaimed my day and night far fled
Could I believe that Faith was false,
That Love was cold and Hope lay dead;
And yet how fair and bright it shone,
My golden hope that turned to clay!
Though years have passed, down Life's gray sky
Still shines my golden yesterday.

Clarence Urmy.



AMONG THE LILIES.

THE ADIRONDACK LEAGUE CLUB.



HE love of sport is inherent in human nature. It is not, as many theorists declare, an expression of the destructive faculty, neither has it any

relation to cruelty or inhumanity. It is in reality a survival of man's past, of the period when the individual depended upon the chase or the water for his daily food.

The true sporting man is the one who does to-day what his savage Saxon ancestor did two thousand years ago. He journeys to the district where his prey is to be found and captures it with the greatest skill he can employ, and then he utilizes his capture for his own appetite or for those near and dear to him.

The Berserker vanished into the

woods or upon the wave in the morning, and when he had succeeded in his quest, returned home triumphant with a bear or boar, elk or deer, salmon or wild bird which he had taken. Then with his yellow-haired wife and brood of little ones, he enjoyed a meal cooked over a roaring wood fire better than any monarch ever enjoyed a banquet.

So the true sportsman goes out into the forest or the valley; into the marshes or out upon the sea, and returns to his home, his camp, or his club, laden with the trophies of his toil. There he has a feast either with friends or kindred which has a zest such as no money can purchase.

With the development of civilization and the growth of population, game becomes scarcer and sport becomes more difficult to pursue. Our ancestors shot bear where Boston now stands; and at one time Long Island,



ON HONNEDAGA LAKE,

even near New York, was famous for its herds of deer. Where Pittsburg stands the wild ducks and geese flew past in such countless armies that they darkened the sky like thunder clouds; and the Hudson River, now alive with craft, was at one time so full of salmon that the people along the banks looked down upon that noble fish as a very cheap, unpleasant, and vulgar food.

Even in the present century the slave-owners of Virginia, in leasing their slaves to farmers, put a clause or covenant in the agreement prohibiting "the feeding of the chattels with terrapin and canvas-back ducks, and stipulating for hominy, pork, ham, beef, indian meal, molasses, and similar wholesome foods."

Think of it to-day, with diamondback terrapin at eighty dollars a dozen, and canvas-back ducks at seven dollars a pair!

These social changes have necessitated the setting aside of tracts of wild land as preserves or parks and the formation of clubs and leagues of sportsmen who desire to keep together the charms and attractions of wild country life. In some cases it takes the form of national or State parks and reservations. Of these, good illustrations are the Yellowstone Park, the Garden of the Gods at Manitou, Col., and Niagara Falls Park.

Much more common, however, are the territories leased or purchased by associations of sportsmen and lovers of nature. Gardner's Island, east of Long Island; Jekyll's Island, on the Georgia coast; and, greatest and most famous of all, the great estate owned by the Adirondack League Club, are representatives of this class. These tracts of land are to be found to-day in Canada, Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Georgia, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, and Oregon. All of them are conducted upon the same general plan, and all are practically sanitariums for overworked professional and business men. The description of one is to a certain extent the description of all; the smaller ones taking their cue from the larger ones.

The Adirondack League Club, which may be regarded as the highest type of the clubs of this class in the world, was organized in 1890 by Robert C. Alexander, M. M. Pomeroy, Henry C. Squires, Mills W. Barse, and O. L. Snyder. All five are men of affairs who preserved a deep love for nature and open-air sport, and who saw the increasing necessity for bringing together those who shared their opinions, and also for protecting the game in the wilder districts of the State.

They were soon joined by others, and in August became the owners of a princely territory when they bought a tract of land containing one hundred and four thousand acres in townships two, five, six, seven, and eight in Hamilton and Herkimer counties. Besides this magnificent realm, the club has a leasehold interest and owns the exclusive hunting and fishing privileges of seventy-five thousand acres more, or, in all, a little empire of about one hundred and eighty thousand acres, or two hundred and seventy-five square miles.

Of the one hundred and four thousand acres, ninety-three thousand are

still covered by the virgin forest-the largest forest belt left in the Adirondacks or the State of New York. Most of the forest is birch, maple, and beech; the rest consisting of spruce, pine, fir, hemlock, tamarack, hackmatack, cherry, elm, hickory, chestnut, and ash.

The annual growth of the wood alone is worth between thirty-five and forty thousand dollars; so that the

club, if so disposed, can cut down that much timber every year, receive that princely income, and still keep the wilderness unchanged. In other words, the place itself is really a magnificent investment, which pays thirty-five thousand dollars a year from the timber alone.

The land is practically the highest plateau in New York State. Honnedaga Lake, one of its most beautiful bodies of water, is twenty-two hundred feet above the level of the sea, while the West Canada lakes, in another portion of the territory, are two thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet above the level of the sea, being the highest lakes of any size in the Empire State. The mountains are, of course, much higher. They aid the lakes in cooling the atmosphere and in reducing the extreme heat of the summer.

What with the altitude, the large amount of water surface, and the primeval forest, the club preserves are about the coolest spot in the dog days in either the Eastern or Middle States.

The fierce temperatures which prevail at the sea level, or even on lowlying bodies of water like Lake Champlain, are utterly unknown in



A DAY WELL SPENT.



A BOLD DASH FOR LIBERTY.

this wild paradise. In winter, on the other hand, the great forests and the water surface militate against intense cold and breaks the force of the northern winds. People spend December and January without trouble or discomfort, and apparently without feeling the cold as much as they do in the metropolis or the cities of the State. Of the wonderful healthfulness of the place it is hardly needful to speak. Like most of the Empire State, its geological formation is silurian, composed of hard crystallized rock, and singularly devoid of marshy or boggy surfaces. The natural drainage is excellent, and the watercourses so free and so numerous that they quickly carry off any surplus rainfall. This prevents the accumulation of decaying organic matter. The great forests still further increase the healthfulness of the atmosphere by the liberation of oxygen and the pouring forth of their piney perfumes.

Hay fever and rose fever, malaria and miasma, typhoid complaints and cutaneous disorders are unknown. Pulmonary complaints are only found in those who have come from the great cities or the lowlands, and not among the natives.

It is a paradise for the hunter and fisher. The woods abound with bear. deer, and all kinds of game birds; the waters with trout other fish. and The entomologist finds hundreds of species of butterflies, moths, and other curious forms of minute The geololife. gist and mineralogist have an endless wealth of rocks and odd lithologic features. The student of arboriculture will find over one hundred and

ten varieties of trees. The botanist can pick his collection from over eight hundred different species. The biologist can pass a happy week at the fish hatchery, and the lover of nature can find a thousand places with ever-varying contrast of land and water, of forest and cliff, of waterfall and gorge, of rushing streams and silent clearing.

The club has wisely left nature alone. It has not endeavored to improve the majesty which is to be found in a primitive forest. work it has done has been for human comfort, safety, and ease. It has, first, a superb club house upon Honnedaga Lake, and another on Moose Lake. Both houses have been built in a way to make them seem appropriate to the surroundings. They are lodges and not villas. They answer the line of the poet: "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade !" They are large, roomy, cool, and comfortable. There is a certain massiveness about them which enables them to meet the strongest storm with impunity. There are quaint corners within gloomy corridors, long halls, broad stairs, and immense chimney-places, where the cool breezes play and make merry day and night. The great timbers out of which each building has been constructed are of aromatic wood, and send balsamic odors in every direction continuously. Sitting in the hall, you breathe pine and cedar, hemlock and spruce, fir and larch. To this is added the richer perfume that comes from an old fashioned fireplace, where the back log and the fore log and the smaller sticks between throw flame and sparks up the chimney and rare, delightful odors out into the room.

Each lodge is a model in its appointments. There is a brave kitchen with a noble *chef*. There is a diningroom where you can have the damask, porcelain, and crystal of the Waldorf or the rough plates and clumsy utensils of the forest camp. The club member on your right may be eating a *vol-au-vent à la Perigord* made and served faultlessly, while the member on your left may be relishing venison which a few days before was nibbling the green herbage of a distant hillside.

Here and there in the forest, on the lakeside, or by the river-bank, you

run across the camp or lodge of some member. Here there is infinite variety. Some want to go back to Mother Nature and camp out, making their home a lean-to or a mere tent. Others still wilder build a fire when night comes, wrap themselves in a blanket, making a bed of the bare earth, somewhat softened by pine needles and the branches of small trees. Still others like to combine city and forest life and build for themselves dainty little homes that look as if they had been taken out of a picture-book.

They are of all sorts and kinds. Thus, the home of Rob De Peyster Tytus is a delightful little building which looks almost like those seen in Norway. Strong and compact, these lodges are so skilfully built that in summer they are coolness itself, and in winter they represent what has been felicitously termed solid comfort. The one referred to is two stories high with a basement beneath. A great peaked roof covers the upper story, and smaller ones cover each projection and extension on the floor beneath. There are stair-



A TYPICAL CAMP COTTAGE ON HONNEDAGA LAKE.



LITTLE MOOSE LAKE,

ways to the first floor and doorways to the basement. Everywhere there are windows—dormer, peak, and angle. All over the place is a look of hospitality and of lazy comfort which appeals to every spectator.

Intermediate between this charming summer home and the simple log structures described are any number of edifices of different styles and kinds. All are marked by comfort and common sense. None are marred and none mar the wild beauty of the scenery by glaring colors or inappropriate architectural effects. Each is what some settler might have put up for his family. These little camps are the chief evidences of human life in this great preserve. It must not be supposed that no improvements have been made barring those named. Upon one lake is a little steamer which carries passengers and baggage a long journey, but one which saves much time, trouble, and expense. At other points there are roads from the outer worlds into the wilderness, and everywhere here and there are trails or blazes which enable the

new-comer to find her way, though slowly and with hesitation, through the exasperating thicket and the dark and gloomy avenues of the woods.

Springs have been arranged so that the tired hunter can easily quench his thirst; and ancient camps have been kept intact and in good order for the use of members desirous of remaining out in the summer nights. Upon the lakes are excellent boats, and at the three chief lodges are guides to whom the country is as familiar as is Broadway to the children of Gotham.

The benefit produced by the club system is very evident when a brief comparison is made between the club territory and that of other districts. In the one the timber is uninjured and maintains its pristine beauty; in the other it has been attacked at irregular intervals and has been disfigured and taken away so as to produce a very unsightly territory. The brooks, ponds, and lakes in the club territory swarm with fish, while those in other districts are almost fished out. It is the same with the game and with the birds. In fact, the



ROBERT C. ALEXANDER.

President of the Adirondack League Club.

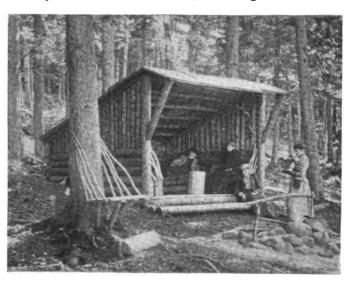
greater care bestowed upon the club property brings birds from districts which they once frequented, but in which they are no longer able to obtain a living. Thus it is that in the club preserves wild duck and quail, hare and rabbits, woodcock, grouse, partridge, snipe, plover, tail, cranes and blackbirds, robins and finches are innumerable, while in other neighborhoods they are extremely scarce.

Where everybody can go and shoot and fish ad libitum; where there are no restrictions; where the game laws of the State are not properly executed, and where the pothunter and professional fisherman are permitted pursue their calling without let or hindrance, it is obvious that an inroad is being made upon the four-footed and twofooted creatures which is bound to ultimate in the ex-

tinction of each and all. The Adirondack League Club even goes to the opposite extreme. It is opposed to any wanton slaughter in the air, the woods, and the waters. It believes in sport, but not in wholesale killing. Where it finds lakes and ponds running behind it restocks them with small fry, so that in a year or two their waves are alive with silvery denizens. They believe in killing off the destructive agencies such as the owl and hawk, the cat and wildcat, the pariah dog and the serpent, the eel and carp in the waters, so that each variety of game may develop as rapidly as possible.

This wonderful little forest kingdom has thirty or forty lakes and several hundred ponds and pools. It has miles and leagues of beautiful brooks and rushing streams. It has rivers, rapids, and cataracts. It has groves so thick that there is perpetual night within their centres. There are hills and mountains which break the surface into magnificent valleys or wall it into river-threaded plains.

There are brakes and underbrush where the deer or the bear may hide themselves for weeks at a time. There are gorges where the sunlight seldom falls, and rough caves which



SOLID COMFORT IN THE WOODS.



LODGE AND BOAT HOUSES ON HONNEDAGA LAKE.

may have afforded shelter to Sagamores in long-gone years. There is no charm of Northern scenery but what it contains; there is no beauty but what is to be found within its long borders.

The club is not a very large one, naving about two hundred and

twenty-five members. These are drawn from the great professions and other callings of the countrybankers and brokers, lawvers and clergymen, editors and physicians, merchants and manufacturers, publishers and writers. Like

all of the newer and

more progressive

clubs, it admits

women to its membership, so that the members may have as their companions their wives and daughters.

The officers are all men of a State or even national reputation. The President is Robert C. Alexander, the well-known editor, writer, and lawyer. The Vice-President is Hon.

Warren Higley; Secretary, W. H. Boardman; Treasurer, Spen-Aldrich; cer and the Assistant Secretary, E. A. Simmons. The trustees includethe gentlemen named and also ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, Mills W. Barse, Ole I. Snyder, William G. De Witt,

George W. Park-

READY FOR A DAY'S SPORT.

hurst, Robert F. Wilkinson, C. N. Hoagland, Louis B. Jones, Frederick A. Booth, Henry S. Harper, and William H. H. Wooster.

While the club has been devoted to sport, recuperation, and recreation, its members have found time to do excellent work both for themselves and the general public. They have thoroughly mapped their own property, as well as much of what sur-Their maps give not only rounds it. the geography, but also the topography, and so show a definite and accurate idea of at least six hundred square miles in the northern part of the State. They have listed the fauna and flora, and made interesting collections of the flowers and fruits, nuts, leaves, and woods of the vegetable kingdom; of the feathers, eggs, nests, and bodies of the birds, as well as of the insect, reptilian, and fish life found within their borders.

They have attended to the social graces, and have extended a broad

and genial hospitality to groups of friends in every part of the country and from abroad. The improvements they have made have been numerous, and in many cases very costly. The three main lodges which belong to the club are superior to many fashionable hotels, while the camps and cottages of the members represent much labor, thought, and cost.

Where improvements can be made by cutting out ugly underbrush or removing old stumps or straightening paths without interfering with the natural beauty of the place, the change is always made. Under these auspices the estate grows more beautiful from year to year, and we may expect the Adirondack League Club to lead all others in the new world as well as the old, and its magnificent preserve to become a veritable paradise to the sportsman, the gentle disciple of Izaak Walton, to the seeker after health, and to the artist looking for new inspiration and beauty.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.



A CANCE TRIP OVERLAND.

LADY MEG OF POVERTY BARRACKS.

As the rambling old supply wagons appeared creeping over the crest of Crow's Hill, half a dozen men sauntered forth to meet them in anticipation of some word from the great palpitating world beyond the dreary confines of Cromley's Mines. The mail bag was tossed from the foremost wagon to a slim, rather pleasant-faced young fellow, who carried it into a big tambling shed of a domicile familiarly called "Poverty Barracks," and poured its contents on a table littered with fragments of gold tock and quartz.

"Mostly papers, of course," he said tersely. "Some letters for Theoveldt; two for Little Dicky; one apiece for Gregson and Summers;

all the rest papers."

"Heard about the accident down at Chevors?" the purveyor of rations called, drawing rein before the open door.

"What about it?"

"Mine busted up last week—went up like a rocket."

"Anybody killed?"

"Terrible record out. Don't know the 'xact truth yet, but count a hundred at the lowest figger."

"Good Lord, how terrible!" Little Dicky exclaimed, forgetting for the moment his precious letters.

Gregson began reading aloud from an Eastern paper the harrowing details of the accident, while the men gathered about him with sobered faces. "All underground workers buried alive. Widows and fatherless crazed with grief—"

"How terrible!" Dicky reiterated; but the poor fellows are past all

feeling now."

"Well, boys, we've growled over this dull hole long enough, I guess," Gregson remarked presently, flinging the paper aside. "We're a sight better off than most of us deserve. Think of those poor devils going off like that!"

"We'd be a darned sight better

off, too, but for our own devilishness," Summers interposed gloomily. "We're truly a fine promising lot all in all, and not one of us but has seen decent living. I tell you a year out here undoes a lifetime of civilization. I've a mind to toss up the whole cussed business and dig potatoes for my grub just for the sight of civilized folks."

"You're an ungrateful chump, who doesn't deserve his salt," Gregson put in grimly. "Now, there's Theoveldt, who puts up with the whole rioting lot of us as if we were his equals instead of the wrecked hulks we are. If he's satisfied, I guess we can put up with the inconvenience of each other's company a little longer. There isn't a better man in Colorado than Theoveldt, even if he calls himself the names the rest of us deserve."

"Yonder's Theoveldt!" Dicky exclaimed, looking out of the dusty window to the mountain trail, where a horseman appeared riding slowly. "What in the world has he got flung over his saddle?"

Theoveldt saluted cheerfully as he passed a group of men lounging at the open door. "Here, one of you," he called, "take this parcel of goods, please. Careful, Morris, it contains valuables. Thanks, I'll take it now," flinging his bridle to Little Dicky, who stood by expectantly. He entered the barracks and proceeded gravely to extricate the "valuables," which proved to be a little girl of perhaps three years old, with a sweet, demure face lighted by great serious brown eyes that wandered slowly from man to man in search of some familiar face.

"A hundred-dollar girl," Theoveldt said, making a rather awkward attempt to dispose of her dingy little hood. "Here, Gregson, can't you do this business and tidy her up a bit? You are the only womanly man in the lot of us."

"Where in the world did you run across such a curiosity?"

Gregson laughed, and went promptly to the rescue: but the child began to cry softly, and stretched out her arms to Theoveldt, who reseated himself beside her while the men gathered around to hear her story.

"When I passed Chevors two days ago I went down to the scene of the disaster, and I tell you, men, 'twas an awful sight-the great chasm at the mouth of the shaft, and that grave with a hundred men buried under-Things looked indescribably neath. desolate, and everybody seemed trying to get away from the sad sight. I stopped at the sheds, where a sort of hurried auction was going on for the disposal of household goods of widows who were anxious to go back East with their fatherless children; some women stood by with little wide-eyed youngsters clinging to their gowns, while they offered all manner of furnishings and ornaments at any figure people were disposed to pay. At last the old villain who cried off the stuff lifted this baby to the table. half in jest, half in earnest, saying as she'd been orphaned by accident, and was without kith or kin in the world, she'd better go with the rest. It was not a pretty sight to me, I tell you, though I've seen some mighty tough sights. I put up a hundred dollars, clear bid, without one opposing voice, and she was promptly knocked off to What to do with her is another thing. For the present I'll hand her over to you, Gregson; you must be sort of head governess and nurse, you know. She seems a quiet little tyke; she's a bit confused by the strange happenings of the last few weeks, but she'll soon get used to us."

While they discussed her possible future the child fell asleep, nestling close to Theoveldt, who laid her gently on the table beside him, covering the delicate little face from the cold draught with an end of her frayed

"What's her name?" Gregson queried presently, establishing himself beside her.

"Mystery. All I can get out of her on the subject is Pinkey, which is not very definite. We must give her some Christian-sounding name, I suppose."
"Wouldn't Margaret do?" Little

Dickey suggested eagerly.
"Margaret," Theoveldt echoed brusquely, "not at all. It has an uncomfortably fickle sound grates." He glanced down at the innocent baby face beside him as he spoke.

"It's a pretty name," Dicky persisted half apologetically. "I know a woman by that name—a very pretty

woman.'

"I've no doubt. So do I-a very pretty woman indeed. I guess most of us have had experiences that do not concern the world at large—little dramas all played wrong, with only a ghostly remembrance to remind us of what should have been the end. We are a fine lot to bring up a-a lady, let us say-for so she must be in time.'

"If there's any one to do that you're the man, Theoveldt," Gregson said gravely. "I wish no child ever had a worse bringing up than what you'd give.'

"You mistake altogether," he answered, meeting his friend's looks with a very faint smile. "If I had seen myself the wreck I am five years ago, I'd have done myself the good turn of ending my worthless life. Nobody's fault but my own, either; that's what hurts."

"Was there a woman?" Summers

'Oh, yes, a woman. Depend upon it, there's a woman's influence for good or evil in every man's life. But she was a very good woman-beautiful too, with all the indescribable attributes a man ascribes his one queenly ideal. Her father had swamped two fortunes, but was on steady pegs when I first knew him, only he hadn't the brain to let well enough alone. He struck oil in a little business venture—purely a stroke of luck; took the gold fever, and insisted on going it very deep in a shaky scheme, like a rainbow bubble, good to look at, but ready to burst up at first touchwhich he didn't have the sound sense to see. I was in the company's employ at the time, and tried honestly, for Margaret's sake, to stop him; but, with his usual conceit, he poohpoohed my advice, and stalked right into the trap. There was another man, an oily-tongued villain, with a blank, sanctimonious face, that struck the old man's fancy. I could never make out whether he intended to court Margaret or her younger sister before then, but I soon found out. Well, the old fellow's money went up in a cloud of smoke, and he came to me half crazed with disappointment and abject fear at being levied for an enormous loan that he couldn't pay by hook or crook. He wanted me to make him a secret loan of the company's funds to save him from the everlasting ruin which he richly deserved. Heaven knows it cut me to refuse him for Margaret's sake, but I knew she'd sooner starve than stoop to such dishonorable means. Lamont stepped in with his 'heartfelt sympathy '-the snivelling cheat! Old Preston snatched greedily at his offer of salvation at the eleventh hour. without the least thought of the cost to Margaret. Well, to sum up the whole infamous cheat, they exacted her promise to marry him to save her father from exposure and ruin. think I could have killed her before seeing her married to the wolf in sheep's clothing—it would have been far more merciful. But when she told me I lost all pity for her-she was so stonily calm, colder than the snows of winter-and for that wretched hour I hated her as I hated myself and the whole world. I did not stay to see her heart broken; instead I made a wreck of my own life too. I used some time to wonder if, after all, Lamont was not the better man, because he's a scoundrel all through the grain, while I had a good start.

"And Margaret, where is she?"
"God knows. Dead, I hope.
never saw or heard of her since.

put myself as far out of the old life and surroundings as possible. And to what end?"

"To the end of bringing up a lady like Margaret, perhaps," Gregson

suggested dryly.

"Oh, yes, we must bring her up a lady certainly; and, by Jove! we've got a great job on hand," laughing mirthlessly.

"Why not call her Lady?"

"Why not, indeed? It's most appropriate for her surroundings. Lady Meg, for instance. How does that sound, Gregson?"

"Rather odd, I should say; but there's virtue in variety. Lady Meg of Poverty Barracks wouldn't be bad. Not apt to be duplicated, either."

"Very well. The Lady Meg it

shall be henceforth."

"Here's to her health!" Summers responded, producing a jug of "mountain dew" and passing the contents around in generous draughts.

She proved to be a sweet, grave child, with quaint, womanly ways and wise baby speech. She took very kindly to her new home and all her blustering, warm-hearted friends, especially Gregson, who did his utmost to please and amuse her: but under the faintest pressure of fear or unusual happenings she invariably turned to Theoveldt, whom she considered her natural protector. She was too young to give any lucid account of her former home. Sometimes, in her reflective moods, she spoke of "Daddy," but never by any chance of her mother.

She used to patter about the great barn-like barracks dressed in curiously contrived garments—the joint efforts of the "handiest" miners—intent on mysterious quests of her own imaginings among a collection of rubbish called "playthings," of which she often found cause to caution her careless friends, who pounded about in destructive top-boots. Every man of them contributed in some way to her happiness, and she repaid them by sweet, childish prattle and winning smiles; her innocent presence influenced the most pro-

fanely inclined men to Christian quietness of speech and behavior.

Winter drew on with increasing severity. By December the world wore a stainless white robe, shrouding rugged rocks and chasms and all the scars of the wide barrens between the Elk River and the Grand Mesa. The supply wagons lagged for hours over the dreary dazzling expanse of snow between Station F and the Barracks.

"Christmas will soon be here!" Theoveldt exclaimed one night with an air of discovery, when they circled about a roaring fire, with Lady Meg in their midst. "We ought to have a Christmas tree for Lady Meg. How would you like a Christmas tree, my little lady?"

"What is a Trismas tree?"

"Oh, it's something very nice," he explained lamely. "Every one is very happy and very good about Christmas time, and tries to make everybody else happy. What would you like for Christmas, little lady? A beautiful doll, for instance?"

"Yes," she assented cheerfully.

"What else? Candy?"

"Yes, candy too."

"By Jove! men, we must have some little surprise for her ladyship, and I'll fix it up if I have to go down to Rushville myself. We can't do anything at the station, of course. Suppose I go down to-morrow? The roads are awful, I know; but they won't improve this season."

"Pretty risky business," Gregson put in gravely. "The air is full of snow that'll fall some time before twenty-four hours sure. Better wait."

"Why, man, there's no time. Today's the eighteenth. Why on earth didn't some one keep track of dates, like Christians! You're a nice one, Gregson, to bring up a child. I'll risk it if it doesn't snow to-night."

It did not snow that night, but the morning dawned gray and cold, with the low, chilling winds of an approaching storm. The gloomy prospects annoyed Theoveldt, but did not defer his plans. In spite of his men's contrary advice he started for Rush-

ville, seventeen miles down the valley. Meantime the cold increased rapidly, and toward noon a raging, tempestuous north wind rose with a blinding fall of snow that finally culminated in a blizzard of terrific violence. The men at the Barracks knew that nothing short of a miracle could save Theoveldt; and as they did not believe in miracles, they grew very silent and gloomy, for every man of them loved Theoveldt unreservedly. Lady Meg added to the general depression by persistent inquiries for her friend, which ended so unsatisfactorily that she cried herself to sleep.

The storm continued with unabated fury throughout the night. None of the men slept. At dawn four of them started out through the unbroken drifts on a hopeless quest, to return at night utterly exhausted and discouraged. Four anxious days passed in fruitless search, and at the end of that time hope died in the hearts of the most sanguine.

At noon of the fifth day the supply wagons emerged slowly from the waist-high drifts over the dazzling crown of the bluffs, bringing the cherished letters, which Gregson hastened to extract from the pile of rations. As he thrust the canvas wagon-cover aside he uttered a cry that brought all the men to his side.

"Hold, Gregson! It's I," said a weak, familiar voice from the depth of the wagon bed as Theoveldt's pale, ghastly face rose from his pillow of buffalo skins. "I'm sadly out of joint and stiffer than a ramrod, but perhaps I can pull myself together again with your help."

Half an hour later the dull, gloomy Barracks was turned into a house of joy, with Theoveldt the hero, miserably weak and ill, but triumphant, ensconced on an improvised couch before the fire, telling his story.

"It wasn't pleasant from the beginning," he said with a feeble revival of the old cheerful spirit. "I drove right in the teeth of the biting wind, guided by my compass till the sullen light gave out and I had nothing to depend on but my horse, who

toiled bravely on till a sudden misstep sent us over the ledge of rocks below Devil's Point. When I recovered from the shock of the fall all about me was as black as Hades, and I was unable to move by reason of the wrenches and bruises I had received; but I found myself somewhat sheltered by the rocks and the dead body of my horse, which, fortunately, had not fallen on me, but so close as to keep off the edge of the freezing blast. I had just strength enough left by morning to call aloud in chance of rousing some passer-by; but in my heart I counted on just forty-eight hours of torture before the end should come. I fancied from time to time that I heard the reverberations of wood-cutting, but it was probably the snapping of dry twigs in the frosty Why Denby finally found me I must live to prove, for it was truly a miracle—and miracles are not wrought for nothing. He did what was the principal thing—by instinct he said -and took me to his solitary cabin in the valley for such repairs as we were capable of between us. From there he took me in a snow drag in time for the supply wagons. Why should a man remember the details of a horror. All is well that ends— Ah, Lady Meg, queen of the Barracks, you shall have a Christmas tree after all," he concluded, pointing to divers bags and parcels scattered about. "The best the men could do at the station. It's a poor treat, little maid, but you'll not complain, I know."

Christmas Day dawned clear and wonderfully mild for Colorado. Barracks wore a distinctly festive air, with its sprigs of fir and holly covering the unsightly walls, and in the midst a fir tree decorated with homely offerings of clothing and playthings, all specimens of the miners' handiwork, and a goodly variety of questionable sweets. There were a number of small arm-chairs of original pattern, a couple of wooden jackdolls, two tables on abnormally short legs, and a bureau that resembled nothing so much as a wrecked drygoods box ornamented with empty

spools for knobs. There was also yards upon yards of bright blue worsted stuff—a couple of shawls such as the squaws of fiction usually wear—and candy of infinite variety and size; but the crowning glory of it all was a carriage sled painted blue and red, to be drawn by Lady Meg's devoted subjects. The child was delighted beyond expression. Her occasional little joyous outbursts were like a sudden radiance of sunshine, without call or cry, but full of infectious warmth and pleasure. conflicting stories of Santa Claus told in confidence by each of her friends confused her sense of justice somewhat, but her natural generosity came to the fore, and she offered parts of her treasures in turn to every man of them.

In the midst of the revellings some one rapped smartly, and Gregson threw open the door to admit two strangers, a man of rough but kindly exterior, evidently of the working class, and a lady, unmistakably a lady. After a civil salutation the man went to the fire and began rubbing his mittened hands briskly, while his companion took in the festive scene in one sweeping glance. She was a tall, fair woman with grave eyes and delicate features, and pale, clear skin, now slightly flushed with the frosty atmosphere.

"I do not know whom to address," she said, looking about helplessly, "but may I ask" (Lady Meg rose suddenly from her circle of small furniture on the floor and looked over the edge of the table at the intruder in troubled wonder)—" may I ask whose child that is?" the stranger continued, taking a step forward—she had refused to be seated.

"She belongs to the Barracks," Gregson found voice to say civilly in the face of a lady's unusual presence. An irrepressible smile spread over the attentive faces ranged about. "No one in particular," he added, as an afterthought.

"I was told that a child was adopted by a miner living somewhere near the Elk River—Cromley Mines, I

believe. Am I right in thinking this

the place?"

The wide spreading branches of the tree limited Theoveldt's range of observation to the fur-trimmed edge of her garments: but he raised himself and leaned forward, listening intently. while she began to explain the object of her visit in a peculiarly clear, liquid voice that ran through his tumultuous thoughts like an undertone of rare but familiar music.

"I have reason to believe that she is my niece," she said calmly, after a little prologue of details, "the daughter of a miner who lost his life in the

Chevor casualty."

"That may be," Summers said gravely, "but she belongs to us now. fair and square, by a cold business deal. You may not know that she was sold at auction.'

"Sold at auction!" she echoed, paling suddenly. "Such a thing cannot be possible even in this God-forsaken land.'

"Nevertheless it's true. Theoveldt will show you the bond of his purchase.'

At the mention of his name she threw a startled glance around the

"Margaret!" he cried involuntarily, leaning forward deathly pale, when she turned and faced him with a little shudder of pained surprise.

"Gerry-Mr. Theoveldt! Are you ill? Ah, pardon me, I am so sorry to

see you so."

"No, no," he contradicted in the face of overwhelming evidence, "it

is nothing.

A little embarrassed pause followed, during which Margaret stood by helplessly. "Won't you tell me about the child?" she asked, taking the proffered seat facing Theoveldt.

"There is nothing to tell but what Gregson has just explained. I don't see but that she belongs to us by right of bond. Of course, if she's your niece—but I really hope you may be mistaken, for I don't see how we can let her go now."

"We simply couldn't," Gregson insisted, looking about him conscious

" Von of the support of his fellows. shouldn't ask it, you know.'

"I have conclusive proof that she's my sister's child," Margaret answered, weakening visibly under the strongly apparent opposition.

"She is the joy of the Barracks." Gregson went on doggedly. one of us would give her up willingly -can't you see that?-while likely you have others-"

"No, I have no one," she said, drawing a deep breath like a sigh

suddenly checked.

"Where is Lamont?" Theoveldt involuntarily asked in a voice so low that she barely heard it.

"Do you not know that he married Lois after—and this is his little

daughter?"

"Lamont's child!" he echoed, raising himself with a painful effort. "Come here, Lady Meg." slipped from Gregson's lap, where she had established herself at the first shock of surprise, and made her way timidly through the chaos of Christ-

mas gifts to Theoveldt.

"There's not the faintest likeness to that scoundrel Lamont," he said, drawing the shy little girl closer to him, looking earnestly into her inno-cent upturned face; "but she has somewhat of your look, Margaret. All things beautiful always remind me of you. Lady Meg, do you wish to leave us for a better home with this lady?"

"No," she replied, answering his

steady gaze with looks of love.

"You see, Margaret, she does not want to leave us. It's a close call be-tween us, I admit. Perhaps the law—"

"The law!" she echoed, a little note of scorn threading her voice.

"I have no doubt your father will take the matter before the courts."

"My father is dead, Gerry," she said, speaking the old name unconsciously.

"And you are alone?"
"Yes," quietly. "And this little

girl-'

"She would be a great joy to you also, I know. She's a wonderful little sunbeam. The Barracks would

be a dreary, godless place without her.

"But what of her future? A child needs so much care aside from sup-

plying her physical wants."

"That is true. She needs a wom-We might persuade a an's care. suitable person to live here for a time—we've thought of that; but we decided to wait a little while, for we must have a lady to care for hertruly a lady-which makes our quest very difficult. You see, we all want to give her the very best of everything, with the condition only that she must stay with us."

"Have I, then, no claim to her? That is very hard, Gerry."
"There is only one way out of it, Margaret. You see, we can't let her go. Will you stay with us? It will be a good deal easier, you see; for if you take Lady Meg away you'll have to take all the rest of us, which might be inconvenient. This is a dull, dreary place; but you could make a palace of a hovel.'

The ensuing silence was painful. Margaret paled and flushed by turns, and all eyes were upon her, for every man among them held his breath involuntarily with the tension of keen expectation. They could not understand that a woman, having once loved Theoveldt, could ever forget

his worth.

'Tell me, Margaret," he asked presently, " is there any one else?"

"There has never been any one-

else," she answered simply.
"That is far more than I have de served," with a swift, brilliant smile that transformed his dark, pale face as a rift of sunlight makes a gloomy "I have not landscape beautiful. lived a blameless life, but I have loved you always, Margaret, since first I knew you, and through all the dark hours between that time and the present the thought of you has been the one joy of living. The past-"

"What have we to do with the past?" she interrupted gently. too have been to blame. There is but one way-to begin all over with

new hopes and aims.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," with a tender little smile.

"All the happiness possible to one little human life has been put into this hour for me, Margaret," he said simply.

Gregson stepped forward and laid his hand on the door, with a quick backward glance at his fellows, who followed him out silently, even to the

stranger.

Half an hour later Margaret opened the door for Lady Meg, who stood for a few seconds blinking helplessly in the sudden contrast of dazzling light; then, lifting up her clear childish voice, called cheerily, "Tum back! Dreds'n, Yiddle Dicky, an' ev'body; tum back !"

Emil O. Peterson.

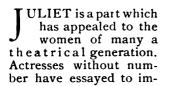
THE POET.

E dwells apart, the birds and bees Tell him their sweetest mysteries; From nature, tender, good and true, He garners wisdom's honey-dew.

> The sky, the mountain, and the mead Are precious books where he may read, Writ in the sunshine on the sod, The word, the thought, the love of God.

> > Robert Loveman.

A A A A A B STANDUS PRINCES A A A A A A



personate the fair maid of the Capulets-some in impulsive, untrained, but ardent youth; others with years of experience and polished grace to balance their lack of girlish beauty. As Hamlet has been said to be the goal of every actor, so might Juliet be said to be the ideal of every actress; and as no actor has completely failed in the character of the Danish prince, neither has any actress yet completely failed in portraying the tragic heroine of Verona. One may have possessed special personal beauty or grace; another may have exhibited the ideal tragic temperament; still others may have brought to the part in turn new attributes and "business" in the various scenes—coyness, coquetry, youth, pathos, passion, fear, fervor, abandoned grief, exaltation, and tragic despair—and over Juliet, perhaps more than any other character in the history of the drama, has been shed the brightest light of histrionic genius.

As to the source of the story of the Veronese lovers, it has been traced to many Italian legends both in prose and poetry, and even as far back as to a Greek romance of the Middle Ages. A story which may or may not have been the original of the in-



OF OLDER

TIMES

FIND NEW.

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spiration which resulted in "Romeo and Juliet," as we know them to-day, but which has never been referred to in this respect, is the ancient tale of

Pyramus and Thisbe, who lived during the reign of Semiramis, Queen of They were children of two Assyria. noble houses between whom there existed an ancient grudge, and a high and cruel wall prevented the lovers from meeting to exchange their sweet vows. One day, however, they were to meet under a certain white mulberry tree. Thisbe reached the tryst first, and, while waiting, a savage lion sprang out from behind a rock and forced her to flee for her life. In escaping, she dropped her veil, which the lion rent with his bloody jaws. Pyramus, arriving a moment later, beheld this frightful spectacle, and believing that his Thisbe had perished while awaiting him, was so overcome with grief and remorse at having persuaded her to meet him, that he drew his dagger and plunged it to his heart. Sinking beneath the mulberry tree, he died; his blood was absorbed by the roots of the tree and mounted to the fruit, which turned purple. The lion having gone away, Thisbe came forth from her hiding-place, and was horrorstricken upon seeing her beloved Pyramus dead before her. Seizing his dagger, she gave one blow, and fell dead across his body. The lovers were thus found by their parents; the differ-



MRS. CIBBER.

THE MOST PASSIONATELY PATHETIC OF ALL THE JULIETS,"

ences of the families were reconciled by common sorrow, and they united in building a magnificent monument to Pyramus and Thisbe. Who can read this ancient fable without immediately thinking of Romeo and Juliet? Whatever the source, Shakespeare's drama has stood, and will stand, for all time as the most beautiful, poetic, and sublime love tragedy ever written, and the two characters have become symbolical of all sighing, lovelorn, and unhappy youths and maid-

One of the most notable events in the history of "Romeo and Juliet" was the rivalry between David Garrick and Spranger Barry in London, 1750; but this memorable occasion was a battle of Romeos rather than of Juliets, as the actors in question were of greater prominence than their leading women. Nevertheless, two beautiful and talented Juliets vied with each other to gain the greater renown and to render her Romeo victorious. Mrs. Georgiana Bellamy (or George Ann Bellamy, as she is usually called) was the Juliet to Garrick's Romeo at the Drury Lane, while the "silvertongued" Barry, at the Covent Garden, had for his partner Mrs. Cibber, "the most passionately pathetic of all the Juliets." By reason of his extreme grace and manly beauty, and a special aptitude for the part, Barry's Romeo surpassed that of Garrick, who, though intellectually superior to Barry and a man of greater genius, still lacked the personal attractions of the ideal Romeo. In after years the two men played again at rival theatres in the character of Lear, and Garrick easily eclipsed Barry.

But to return to our Juliets. George Ann Bellamy made her début at the age of fourteen, and her beauty and intelligence created a considerable impression. It is said that Lord Byron was so infatuated with her that he actually abducted her after she had refused to listen to any of his proposals "except marriage and a coach." The youthful actress was rescued, however, and she played with Garrick for some time. In Dublin her "fair face and blue eyes" created such a furore that a riot occurred at the theatre, and one young enthusiast



GEORGE ANN BELLAMY. DAVID GARRICK'S " JULIET."

climbed upon the stage and burst into her dressingroom. Sir Joshua Reynolds called her "an accomplished actress,' and Dr. Johnson affirmed that "Bellamy left nothing to be desired.' Although conceded to be the most beautiful woman of her day and an actress of great prominence, she gradually drifted away from the circle of talent and respectability, finally becoming but a wreck of her former self. In 1785, worn by poverty and sickness, she

was given a benefit at Drury Lane which brought enough to keep her comfortably until her death, three years later. In the heyday of her prosperity she had given one thousand pounds toward the better clothing of the British soldiers stationed abroad, and after this noble act of generosity she never passed a sentinel on guard without receiving a blessing.

Mrs. Cibber, wife of Colley Cibber, the dramatist, was more famous for her artistic temperament and passionate power as *fuliet* than for the personal beauty she brought to the part.

One of the most romantic stories which has an actress for its heroine—and there are many—is that of Mrs. Mary Robinson, nee Darby. Married at the age of sixteen to a man who failed to provide for her, she was obliged to seek the stage as the best means for a livelihood. Garrick engaged her for the Drury Lane, and she appeared at this house in 1776 as Juliet. Her youth and talent at once made an impression, and in a short time she found herself the favorite of London. By royal command she ap-



ELIZA O'NEILL.
"THE IRISH SIDDONS."

peared as Perdita in "The Winter's Tale." Again her ability charmed, and she greatly pleased the fancy of Prince George of Wales. He wrote to her, addressing the letter Perdita and signing himself *Florizel*—herlover in the play. Their acquaintance ripened into a liaison, which, however, did not last for long. When the fickle prince deserted her, Perdita disappeared. She was heard of in Paris, and then dropped out of sight. About this time in America a

Mrs. Robinson was playing in Lindsay & Wall's company at the Baltimore Theatre. She enacted *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of Mr. Wall, and the general supposition is that she was identical with the popular *Perdita* of London. The real truth of her sad life is not known.

Sarah Siddons, probably the greatest actress the world has ever seen, played *Juliet* in 1789, long after she had won triumphs in more robust parts, and after Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted the famous picture of her as "The Tragic Muse." At this time she was twenty years older than the age ascribed by Shakespeare to his heroine.

Eliza O'Neill, who was frequently called the "Irish Siddons," was a famous Juliet in her day. She is described as having been remarkably beautiful, with dark, glossy hair and skin like marble, while her acting combined both witchery and pathos. During her career in London no other actress appeared as Juliet, in which part she made her London début. Her success was immediate, and she con-



ELIZABETH FARREN.

tinued a great favorite until her marriage and retirement in 1819. Her life was not only a celebrated and remarkable one from a dramatic point of view, but her private character was one of beautiful purity. It is related that Miss O'Neill always felt to an extreme degree the character she was playing, and abandoned herself entirely to the emotion of the moment. One writer called her a "hugging actress," and Macready is quoted thus: "She was an entirely modest woman, yet in acting with her I have been nearly smothered with kisses."

Elizabeth Farren (1759–1829) also played Juliet, although her forte was in the portrayal of the fine lady in the comedies of the day. She possessed considerable beauty and much elegance of manner. The Earl of Derby paid her marked attentions for years before the death of his wife, and it was only six weeks after this event that Miss Farren became Countess of Derby. For all this she was received at court by such a rigid discriminator as Queen Charlotte, who accorded the actress many marks of favor and recognition.

Another old-time English actress

who was celebrated for her Juliet was Mary Dyke, better known as Mary Duff. She was born in London in 1794, and made her first appearance on the stage in 1809 at Dublin. Her two sisters appeared with her, and their first work was dancing. All were beautiful and of attractive personality. The poet Thomas Moore acted with them in a charity performance, and fell in love with Mary, but her heart had been given to John Duff, a rising young Irish actor. Moore subsequently married her sister Elizabeth, but his poems contain many allusions to Mary. Mary was only sixteen at the time of her marriage. The young couple came immediately to America, and Mrs. Duff's first appearance on the American stage was made as Juliet at the Boston Theatre in 1810. After the death of her husband, in 1831, Mrs. Duff had a most distressing experience on account of the poor salaries paid to artists in those times, and having ten children to provide for. Much trouble almost unbalanced her reason, but in five years she married Mr. J. G. Seaver, with whom she went to New Orleans, and spent the last few years of her life. Her stage experience lasted nearly thirty years, and



MARY DUFF.

SAID BY THE ELDER BOOTH TO BE THE FINEST ACTRESS IN THE WORLD.

her list of parts numbered over two hundred. She was considered an actress of exquisite sensibility and melting tenderness. In the impersonation The elder Booth once declared that she was the finest actress in the world. Frances Ann Kemble, or Fanny Kemble, as she has always been



FANNY KEMBLE.

WELL KNOWN IN AMERICA FROM HER FRIENDSHIP WITH THE LITERARY COTERIE OF NEW ENGLAND.

of suffering and plaintive grief she was unrivalled. Her private character was one of rare beauty and benevolence. She died in 1857, and is buried in Greenwood Cemetery

known, came by her dramatic talent naturally. She was the eldest daughter of Charles Kemble and the niece of Mrs. Sarah Siddons. In her "Records of a Girlhood" she tells of her



CHARLOTTE AND SUSAN CUSHMAN
AS "ROMEO AND JULIET."

début at the Covent Garden, on which occasion she played Juliet. The night of the performance she was fearfully nervous, and in her dressing-room, fully garbed for the part, she was half fainting when her cue came. As she stood in the wings waiting for her entrance she had to be supported, and when the Nurse finally called "Juliet!" the girl had to be pushed on to the stage. Miss Kemble writes as follows: "I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist. . . . I got hold of my mother (who was playing Lady Capulet), and stood like a terrified creature at bay. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible. In the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself. In the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and for aught I knew I was Juliet."

Miss Kemble was not a beautiful woman, but her utter absorption in her part and her great power of expression won her an enviable reputation. She did not love the theatre; in fact, she said that the stage was " positively odious" to her. After playing Juliet, other Shakespearean rôles, and various parts of the day successfully in London and the provinces, she came with her father to America, and acted here for two seasons. At the close of her second triumphant tour she married Mr. Pierce Butler, and went to live on his Georgia plantation. Her mairiage was not a happy one, and she obtained a divorce, after which she did not act again. She purchased a country home near Lenox, Mass., which she called "The Perch." By rea-

son of her brilliant mind and engaging personality she was a general favorite in the neighborhood, which numbered many prominent literary and political men. On her black horse she was a familiar figure for miles around, and a sort of bloomer costume that she used to wear excited a good deal of comment. On special occasions, while picnicking with congenial spirits, she would mount a crag or lofty rock in the midst of the forest and declaim Shakespeare or scenes from her old parts, to the intense delight of her hearers. This was the life that she enjoyed, and she lived it for twenty years, emerging occasionally to give readings from Shakespeare. Her reputation as an

actress is augmented by the fame she won as an author. Several of her books are of an autobiographical nature, such as "Records of a Girlhood," "Journal of Frances Ann Butler," "A Year of Consolation," and "Records of a Later Life."

The Juliet of Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean) was not a remarkable performance, fine as this actress was in other parts. In London and America alike she was held in high esteem as a woman, and was greatly honored as an actress. On one occasion, for her own benefit she enacted in London the part of Romeo to the Juliet of Fanny Kemble. This performance, however, was more notable for its uniqueness than for its histrionic Miss Kemble records that merit. Ellen Tree was an excellent fencer, and the first Romeo with whom Miss Kemble had ever acted who "looked the part."

Another female Romeo, the finest who ever trod the stage and the greatest actress America has ever produced, was Charlotte Cushman. Her career as an actress, which is too well known to call for comment,

extended over forty years, and was full of triumphs. Her wonderful genius made her peculiarly able to enact such parts as Lady Macbeth, Queen Katherine, Meg Merrilies, and Nancy Sykes. In male parts, she won fame as Romeo, Claude Melnotte, Hamlet, and Cardinal Wolsey. Her Romeo was a "marvellous assumption,' full of strength, grace, and romantic beauty, with an intentness of passion and delicacy of execution that were unequalled. In London her sister Susan played Juliet to this performance, and Lester Wallack, then billed as "Mr. Lester," was the Mercutio. Susan Cushman, although a beautiful woman and an actress of much ability, was scarcely equal to her part; but the performance as a whole and as a novelty was tremendously successful.

It was entirely by accident that

Helen Faucit came to play Juliet. Her sister was an actress, but she had no intention of going on the stage herself. While rehearsing with this sister for their own pleasure, they were overheard by Mr. Willis Jones, the manager of the Theatre Royal, Richmond, Surrey, and he was so impressed with Miss Faucit's ability that he insisted on her appearing at his theatre. She made her début in 1833, billed simply as "A Young Lady," and won marked success; but the strain on her was too much, and she retired for three years, at the end of which time she made her first professional appearance at the Covent Garden, London, with Macready as Romeo and Charles Kemble as Mercutio. History says that her acting was the perfection of pathos, and her Juliet is accounted to have been a noble and beautiful perform-

The stage career of Anna Cora Mowatt was remarkable for its immediate success and the great affection in which she was held by the Ameri-



ANNA CORA MOWATT.

can public. She was a wonderfully "quick study," and for continued labor in the playing of many parts during the first year of her stage experience no one has ever equalled her. Herextensive repertoire included Julict, which part she played with extreme delicacy and fascination. In London she was also successful: but her stage career did not cover quite ten years. Her farewell was taken at old Niblo's Gar-



THE "JULIET" OF ELLEN TERRY.

den in 1854, and following this she lived abroad until her death. She was the author of dramatic works, novels, and miscellaneous literature, and, before her dramatic début, had given Shakespearean readings. On one occasion, while playing *fulict*—so she records in her "Autobiography of an Actress''—the property man forgot the bottle containing Juliet's sleeping potion. The omission was only discovered at the moment the vial was needed, and the property man in his haste snatched up the first small bottle at hand and gave it to the Friar, in order that the latter might deliver it to Juliet with the usual solemn charge. The bottle happened to be the prompter's, and contained ink. When Juliet, alone in her chamber, finally reached the end of the thrilling potion scene and placed the vial to her lips, exclaiming:

"Romeo, I come! This do I drink to thee!"

Mrs. Mowatt swallowed the ink, not having understood the contents of the bottle. When the scene closed and Juliet discovered her plight, the prompter rushing frantically to her, exclaiming, '' Good gracious! you have been drinking from my bottle of ink!" Mrs.

Mowatt could not refrain from retorting, "Let me swallow a piece of blotting-paper."

In 1840 Jane Mordaunt, not particularly known to fame, enacted Juliet at the second Covent Garden Theatre according to the original text for the first time since the Commonwealth. This failed to produce any impression, however, and the experiment was not tried again. Another unique performance of "Romeo and Juliet" was made at the Haymarket Theatre. Robert Coates, a West Indian, impersonated Romeo. The name of the Juliet has not been handed down, as the chief interest centred in Mr. Coates, who was well known for his frequent acts of eccentricity. On this occasion he appeared in a most

grotesque costume, including a skyblue spangled coat and an opera hat. His acting was nothing better than burlesque, and the audience humorously "guyed" him throughout the performance. In the final scene, having swallowed the poison, he carefully spread a large silk handkerchief on the stage, and using his hat as a pillow, laid down composedly and died. The audience roared, but Mr. Coates called out, "Ah, you may laugh, but I do not intend to soil my nice new velvet dress upon these dirty boards." The delighted house shout-

ed "Encore," and the obliging Mr. Coates arose and went through the performance again. When they wanted it repeated a third time, however, the Juliet, who desired to join in the fun herself, rose from her bier, and paraphrasing the famous lines, said:

"Dying is such sweet sorrow,
That he will die again till it be morrow."

Ellen Terry played Juliet in her youth to the Romeo of Henry Irving; but dramatic history tells us that performance the was unsatisfactory, and it was not often If this repeated. be so, then Juliet stands alone as the only character in which the matchless Terry failed to achieve a signal triumph. Mrs. Kendal also played Juliet in her early days; but the character of the Southern maid could not

have been compatible with her calm, unimpassionate method. Kate Terry, afterward Mrs. Arthur Lewis, was a successful *Juliet*, as she possessed all the fire and strength requisite for the stronger scenes. Her last appearance before her marriage and retirement was as *Juliet*.

Matilda Heron, that remarkable yet erratic woman, in whom the dramatic fire burned fitfully, played *Juliet* to the *Romeo* of Charlotte Cushman in Washington, but won her greatest fame as *Camille*. Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft), though excelling in com-



ADELAIDE NEILSON.

CALLED THE IDEAL "JULIET."

1074 A FEW FAMOUS JULIETS OF OLDEN TIMES AND NEW.

edy, also played *Julict*, on one occasion having a female *Romeo* in the person of Miss Ada Swanborough.

Adelaide Neilson, who has been generally conceded to be the ideal *Juliet*, made her *début* in that part at the age of seventeen in London in

poetic nature, exquisite beauty, and great natural grace, combined with a passion and a power that were marvellous in their effectiveness, made her *Juliet* a never-to-be-forgotten performance.

Helena Modjeska, that magnetic



MARY ANDERSON.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE "JULIET."

1865. Her success was not immediate; but several years later she again played *Juliet* in London, and won a complete triumph. Her visit to America was a continued ovation. Her *Juliet* was called "not a representation, but an embodiment." Her

woman and noble actress, played Juliet in Warsaw before she adopted America as her home, and later, at Booth's Theatre, New York. Her performance must have been one of rare grace and beauty, for to all of her work this accomplished woman

brings a delicacy and a womanly intelligence that are not surpassed by any other living actress.

The gentle Mary Devlin, first wife of Edwin Booth, played Juliet to the Romeo of Charlotte Cushman; and Mary McVicker, Booth's second wife, although an inferior actress to Mary enacted Devlin, *Iuliet* to her husband's Romeo at Booth's Theatre, "Romeo and Juliet" being the opening bill of the new building erected after the destruction by fire of the Winter Garden. Minna Gale. for several seasons leading woman of the Booth-Barrett combination, and later an independent star, impersonated Juliet with girlish grace and considerable emotional power.

Margaret Mather was another popular *Juliet*, and one of much passionate force.

Of course Mary Anderson will go down to posterity as the great American Juliet, and as the greatest American actress since Cushman. It was in the trying rôle of Juliet that she made her debut, at the age of sixteen, and won immediate success. Her natural power was something wonderful; her personal loveliness and purity of spirit imparted to Juliet a physical beauty and a noble strength that were unique.

The two prominent *Juliets* of today are Cora Urquhart Potter and Julia Marlowe-Taber. Mrs. Potter's



JULIA MARLOWE-TABER.

Photograph (copyright 1892) by B. J. Falk, N. Y.

Juliet is without doubt the most picturesque impersonation of the character seen for many generations. Possessed of a 1emarkably delicate intuition and poetic nature, she presents her Juliet as a joyful child, to be awakened to a rapturous womanhood at the first words of love from Romeo. Her playfulness with the Nurse, her tender words in the balcony scene, are charming exhibitions of a lighter vein, while her potion scene is rarely impressive. Her exquisite personal beauty and rare grace make her an ideal Juliet.

Mrs. Julia Marlowe-Taber's Juliet is marked for its womanliness and its passionate power, its deep tone of melancholy, and her fine reading of Shake-

speare's lines. Her large dark eyes burn with fire, and her whole being throbs with emotion, so deeply does she feel the part.

A long list, is it not? And this is only a partial enumeration of those daughters of Thalia who have personated the ancient heroine of Verona. From generation to generation they come in all their beauty, their youth, and their genius; and as long as Shakespeare shall endure, and as long as people appreciate dramatic art, so long will the greatest talent of the stage continue to illuminate the character of *Juliet*.

Beatrice Sturges.

THE PASSING OF AN IDEAL.

JASN'T there some sort of story about this man and Mrs. Beverly — while she was still only pretty Dorothy Max-

ton, you know?"

"I believe there was, Colonel Stafford; but, not being gossipy, I am inclined to forget these things. Sure enough I begin to recall something of it now. She was poor and pretty, and he was poor and—and bad, was he not?"

"Well, he was not exactly saintly, I believe. Still they say now that he was not guilty of that forgery—you recollect that he was accused?"

"Yes; but he was not manly enough to stay and brave it out."

"Well, no, Mrs. Outte, he was not. Brave men live mostly in books—the books that women write. But the money has been paid back and the thing smoothed over, and this fortune that has been left him is the sort of charity that covers a multitude of sins, Mrs. Outte."

Mrs. Outte laughed in her soft,

lazy way.

"Yes," she said, still laughing, "there is nothing like a dash of-eh, wickedness?-to give piquancy to a young man, you know. It is a pity that he must find his sweetheart married to a humdrum country doctor. She might have waited the five years.'

"Only she could not be expected to know that there would be but five. Besides, woman has always been false, you know," depreciatingly.

"Alas for the chivalry of longgone days! But this affair rather interests me. It promises a diversion. Were they engaged?"

"I believe I never knew, really. It is likely; and I dare say they were. My memory is distressingly short."

"I was visiting in their county before the—the unpleasantness between Dick Donnelly and his employer, and I recollect seeing them at the Dwight ball. It was her first, I think, and she was not the cool, dignified woman who is our hostess to-night, but a slip of a girl, pretty as a picture, and he was the handsomest man in the room, though he was little more than a boy-twenty-one or that. They danced together more than was proper, for she had no chaperon, unless her half-dead and very indulgent father might be regarded as

something of the sort."

Colonel Stafford laughed. He was feeling very comfortable to-night. Mrs. Outte was handsome and pleasant to talk to; the supper had been excellent—Dr. Beverly's suppers always were. The music was fine, and the night all that a summer night should be. The full moon flooded the garden with soft, bright light, the flowers threw out a hundred perfumes to the coaxing breeze.

And so these two chatted on, and Dorothy Beverly, walking slowly along the garden path, heard her name and that other name, and after that her little feet were like leaden weights, and she could only drag them into the shadow of the magnolia tree. She leaned against the trunk of the tree and heard it all.

Every slowly spoken, careless word came to her clear and distinct. Far away the band was playing, and the music throbbed and beat through the scented air and crushed against her aching heart like some heavy, deadening weight.

"I wonder if she knows of his for-

tune and his home-coming?"

" Hardly. The wife of Dr. Beverly would not be likely to keep up with a man like Dick Donnelly; and it was only just now that I heard it —all about his good luck. You are the first to have the news from me. We shall be invited to 'The Willows' again now that he is master there."

"Indeed? And now I think we must be going in, Colonel Stafford. My half dozen girls will be taking me to task. By the way, I have two that are a—eh, a little difficult. They are

the Briggs girls. I *left* them with partners, but I'm sure to find them without. Can you scare up a man or two and introduce them? Ah, thank you."

And neither of them noticed the slight figure leaning against the magnolia tree. Even the gentleman who had gone back for Mrs. Beverly's shawl passed on under the impression that she had walked farther, for the shadows were heavy under the low-limbed magnolia, and Mrs. Beverly was wearing a gown that was for all the world like a bit of soft gray shadow.

That was how it came that she stood there alone until the first shock was passed.

She had been so young and so happy five years ago. All day she used to think of her handsome lover, and when she slept he was the hero of all her dreams. She was too timid to speak often to him, and always she used to feel afraid that he might find some flaw in her that would disappoint him; so she had never been comfortable in his company, but always sat quiet and a little confused, flushing if he spoke to her, and trembling if by any chance he touched her hand.

And then had come the awful time when her idol had fallen.

After that her father died, and, dying, had given her to his friend, Dr. Beverly; and then somehow the marriage had come about. Partly because she knew it had been her father's wish and partly because of the peace and comfort she always found with the quiet, considerate friend she had trusted for so many years, she had consented; and she had been happy. She believed until to night that the old passionate love was stifled, starved, dead. She had kept the memory of it out of sight in some remote recess of her heart, and she had never thought of the possibility of this safely hidden ghost stalking out boldly into her life.

But the words she had listened to brought the sweet memory back to her. She looked it squarely in the

face and trembled.

What had she done? He was innocent, this handsome lover of her youth. Innocent of the crime that had parted them. Falsely accused! All her heart went out to him, and she was powerless.

Men and women passed her, chatting, laughing—some of them whispering soft love stories; but for a long time she stood there in the shadow alone, sorry for herself and for her old lover, and for the good man whose wife she was.

It was when the music ceased that she recollected her duties, and with a mighty effort dragged herself away.

She went to her own room first. She must look at this heavy-hearted woman before a hundred curious eyes should search her face. The lamps were burning on the dressing-table, and, leaning forward, she looked in the glass. Her blue eyes were a little darker, her face a little paler, that was all

She was surprised. This was not what she expected, but it was very fortunate that she could suffer and make no sign, as she was likely to have a good deal of suffering to do.

When she went down half a dozen people were looking for her. Mrs. Outte joined the group that surrounded her and began to tell the story she had just listened to in the garden—the story of Dick Donnelly's good fortune and home-coming. Turning to Mrs. Beverly she smilingly went on :

"You will be glad to hear this, Mrs. Beverly, as I understand you were quite good friends in the old days."

"Yes, I am very glad to know that the fickle goddess has smiled upon a man who must have grown used to expecting the other thing, you know."

She said it carelessly, and just as she finished her husband brought her a message and took her away.

They were all gone after awhile, and only Dorothy and her husband were left in the long front parlor.

"And now you must go to bed, and don't let me hear of your getting up before nine."

"And you?"

"Me? Why, I have a patient who must be seen before morning, and, now that I am awake, I'd better go to him.'

"But you are tired."

"Not very. I shall get two hours later on. Good night—or is it good-

morning?"

She wished that he could have remained at home. She wanted to tell him of that old love of hers that had not died after all. She felt sure that he knew nothing of that bit of romance; but he ought to know now. She felt that this was her time to tell

"I am sorry you must go. I feel inclined for a long talk," she said.
"At this hour? No, no, you must

be fast asleep in ten minutes from

She saw him later as he passed her door in his everyday business clothes. A tall man, not exactly young, with keen gray eyes and a full brown beard. It struck her just then that she did not know him very well, though for four years she had been his wife. He was devoted to his profession, and his hours at home were few.

There had never been any lovemaking between them. She had always believed that her heart was capable of one love only. This love had blossomed and ripened early, and it had been crushed and ruined. She had felt safe in giving what was left to the quiet man who asked so little. Until now she had never regretted it.

She had been calmly happy, and if she missed the rapture that she used to think belonged to a happy marriage she put the thought away with the rest of the might have beens.

People thought her cold and undemonstrative; and to-night people were telling each other the reason why this was so!

She knew that sooner or later she would have to meet this man who had been her lover; this man who had been falsely accused and who had gone away under a cloud. He was coming back with his innocence established,

rich and fortunate. He was a hero. The instincts of her heart had been Why had she not trusted herself? Why had she not trusted him?

Her eyes were heavy when she went down in the morning. Her husband was busy over a box of books that had just arrived. She felt that she could not tell him now in the prosaic light of day. Besides, his manner was too matter of fact to inspire such confidences. She began to think that it was well enough that she had been kept from speaking last night. What would a practical, common-sense man like this think of her poor little love story? Most likely he was never really in love himself.

Dr. Beverly looked up and spoke pleasantly as she dropped into a window-seat. He was unpacking the books with his back to her, and after awhile, without turning round, he

"At the station this morning I ran up with an old friend of yours. Donnelly-you remember him? Tut, tut! I don't believe they have sent that last book of Buchanan's. Ah! here it is. A new theory concerning the brain, you know."

But he did not turn his face to her; and, laying down the book after a

glance inside, he went on:

"And I asked him over, of course. He accepted the invitation for to-night. 'The Willows' is awfully run down. There's hardly sleeping accommodations for a rat. That's why I offered him a bed."

She could not speak, and he went on: "He may be here for a day or

so; but it isn't likely.

And then the doctor lost himself in a heavy medical work, and seemed utterly oblivious to everything else.

Dorothy sat in the window-seat, thankful that Fate sent the box of books just in time, for she felt that one glance from those keen eyes would surely read her whole heart.

The breakfast was brought in, and twice she called her husband, but he seemed intent upon examining an engraving of the lobes of the human brain, and, somewhat to her surprise, when at last she went to him he was holding the book that contained it upside down!

"Ready? Ah, yes; and I'm in a

hurry, of course.

When the meal was half over, he

"I believe I mentioned Donnelly's

"Yes. It is very kind of you. At one time father had great hopes of the poor boy."
"Well, he may be something even

yet."

She dreaded the evening that was to bring him. How should she meet him? If only her husband, who was always so kind, had but spared her this.

She was not used to receiving pain at his hands. Of course he did not know how this would hurt her. Somehow she began to think of his unfailing kindness to her, his quiet tenderness and unobtrusive devotion. She had fallen into the habit of taking a great deal as a matter of course; for just at first she had been taken up with grieving for her father, and after that she had grown used to her husband's unselfish way of making her She heard the carriage stop at the door, and she knew that the time for the dreaded meeting had She went down, a self-possessed, dignified woman, determined to suffer and make no sign.

He came forward, holding out his hands. She lifted her eyes, ready for the struggle that she felt was before her; and as she looked at him a great joy grew in her heart, and with a cordial smile she welcomed him to her

"I hadn't hoped to see you so soon, Dolly. I was already beginning to plan for the pleasure when the doctor asked me to come.'

" Dr. Beverly knows the condition of 'The Willows,' and thought you would be more comfortable here,"

she said, smiling.

"A sort of good Samaritan? Well, I'm glad he happened to be waiting at the station. And you are really glad to see me?"

"Yes, really glad," she said, a

"I am strange thrill in her voice. always glad to entertain my old friends in my new home."

She sat down, and he followed her example. She had a strange feeling of not having met the person she had expected to see, and yet he was scarcely changed at all. A trifle older, the recklesslook a little more pronounced, but that was all. His blue eyes and yellow hair and bonny face were hardly changed, and yet he was not the man she had expected to meet.

"You are not changed, Dolly," he

said.

" It seems to me that I must be very different," she answered.

And then Dr. Beverly came, and she dropped out of the conversation. Her husband talked more than was usual for him.

It was after tea, and the doctor had gone to see a patient. The moon was, shining, and the great white moon flowers on the piazza and the sweet nicotiana along the garden walks were shining white and pure in the soft light.

Dorothy was sitting on the steps, where half an hour ago her husband had left her, and Dick Donnelly threw away his cigar, and, coming up the

walk, joined her there.

"Can't we stay here?" he said as she stood up, "the night is so per-

fect, and I want to enjoy it."

"Certainly," she answered, gathering a spray of moon flowers and twisting it into a wreath for her dark

"Do you know that I never hoped for such happiness as this? It is like living after one has been dead," he said, a happy smile on his lips.

"Rather an uncanny sensation, I should think," she said, laughing

lightly.

He looked at her in surprise. After

all she was changed.

"Dolly, do you think that I have forgotten the old days? Have you

forgotten them?"

"No, I remember them all. And since you came I have been thinking of the ones we spent so pleasantly together."

"And you can speak of that time so carelessly? I thought you loved me." His voice was low as the sum-

mer night wind.

''Yes,'' she said clearly, '' I thought so too. Is it not singular that we should both make the same mistake? I hold that a woman can love but once, and as I certainly love my husband, I could not have loved you.'

Her voice sounded clear and steady, and there was a glad thrill in it. As she finished speaking she saw her husband quite near, coming up a side

walk toward her.

"My patient didn't need me after all," he said, dropping down at his wife's feet.

His face looked white and wan in the moonlight.

Bending over him, she laid her 'hand on his head. It was the first caress that she had ever given him.

Reaching up, he took the hand and drew her down beside him, and Mr. Donnelly, with a word or so about important and unanswered letters, left them.

"I knew all about it, Dorothy, from the first, more than five years ago, and I loved you too well to let you run any risks. I felt sure you'd be happy here with me, and I knew, dear, that he was not the sort of man for you. So I brought you here. Are you sorry?"

"No. How patient you have been with me!"

"Does it seem so to you? I have

been very happy waiting; and now I have my reward."

"I think I have loved you all along, only—" she stopped, and he finished the sentence for her.

"Only a girl's ideal stood in my

way.''

"I think that is it. I am glad it

has passed away."
"And so am I. You see, I guessed at that, and that was why I managed this matter-of-fact meeting. In thinking it all out this seemed best. You see, I had time to think, for I heard, just as you did, that conversation in the garden last night."

In the early morning Mr. Donnelly went to "The Willows," and there he found an invitation to Mrs. Outte's

informal tea party.

Mrs. Beverly was a trifle late, and

Mis. Outte hurried to say:

"We have an old friend of yours,

my dear."
"Mr. Donnelly? Oh, yes. He band took him in charge and insisted upon the valuable 'ounce of prevention,' you know. There was not an aired room in 'The Willows,' and we have patients enough already. The doctor has almost no time at home;" and with a little laugh that was brimful of gladness she turned to Mr. Donnelly and asked some commonplace question about his baggage, while Colonel Stafford looked surprised, and Mrs. Outte sighed as she cast a half reproachful glance in his direction.

Ellen Frizell Wycoff.



American Naval Heroes.

VIII.

Silas H. Stringham.

David H. Farragut.

John L. Worden.

Louis M. Goldsborough.

Stephen C. Rowan.

JHILE Foote, Porter, Walke. and Farragut, chiefly with newly devised ironclad gunboats, were running the Confederate batteries and opening the great waterways of the West to commerce and to the passage of the Federal Army into the very heart of the Confederacy, the navy in the East under Stringham, Rowan, Goldsborough, and Worden were gaining possession of the Atlantic seacoast and recapturing the forts that commanded the harbors and bays of Virginia and North and South Carolina. The old shipsof-the-line and other sailing vessels had been called into active service

again, not to do fighting as of old, but as transports and guard ships to watch the operations of the Confederate government, known to be building ironclads and refitting steam frigates left at their wharfs and captured by them when the Stars and Stripes disappeared from their flagstaffs and no longer waved over the forts and custom houses. The destruction of the navy yard at Norfolk, Va., had been so incomplete,

when deserted by the remnant of the naval officials who remained loyal to the flag, that the new steam frigate Merrimac, the largest and most formidable vessel in the United States Navy, had been raised and floated into the government Her engines and madry dock. chinery had been found uninjured, and workmen soon were busy remodelling her into an apparently impregnable floating battery and ironclad frigate combined. To meet this activity, the United States Navy was pushing forward similar ironclads; but instead of building upon the hulk of an already sturdy ship, they built

from the keel, and necessarily were far behind in the race. The old navy was largely con-centrated at Fortress Monroe and Hampton Roads, where were anchored the Congress, Cumberland, Minnesota, and ships of their class, whose decks had been trod by naval heroes who never dreamed that a time would come when Buchanan, Barron, Iones, Semmes. and others as brave and loyal sons of the navy



SILAS HORTON STRINGHAM.



GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

would desert their country's flag, impelled to the course by superior loyalty for the State of their birth or adoption.

While waiting for ironclads, the navy was not idle. The steam sloops and frigates in commission were patrolling the Atlantic coast, to intercept the ever-increasing number of blockade-runners. Ferry-boats and passenger steamers were impressed into service and hastily converted into armed transports and gun-

boats, and the army was being transported under their convoy to points in Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, that by possessing the coast they might the better cut off the supply of English war material and provisions for which an exchange in cotton premised so profitable a market.

Among the early expeditions fitted conjointly by the War and Naval departments was the expedition to Hatteras, under Major-General B. F. Butler, in command of the army, and Commodore Silas Horton Stringham, of the United States Navy, afterward rear-admiral. He was born in Orange County, N. Y., in 1798, and entered the navy as midshipman when twelve years old. He served through the War of 1812 under Commander Rodgers on the President. His heroism and daring. coupled with the strict regard for discipline he exhibited in the discharge of his duty as subordinate, won for him the esteem of his

superior officers and the admiration of his companions. At the close of the war he was recommended for promotion, and was made lieutenant December 9, 1814. The next year he saw active service on board the brig Spark, under Captain Gamble, one of the fleet of Decatur's squadron in the war with Algiers. Here he took part in the capture of an Algerian frigate.

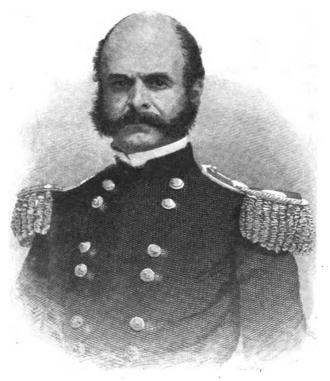
In 1816, while the Spark was lying off Gibraltar, the crew were witnesses of an accident which befell a French

brig in the harbor. She was struck by a squall and capsized, the entire crew being thrown into the water. The American sailors came to their rescue, and Lieutenant Stringham was conspicuous in that he himself saved the lives of three sailors. In 1819 he was transferred to the Cyane, engaged in the suppression of the African slave trade. The cruise resulted in the capture of four ships, of which he was made prize master, and he carried them into port.

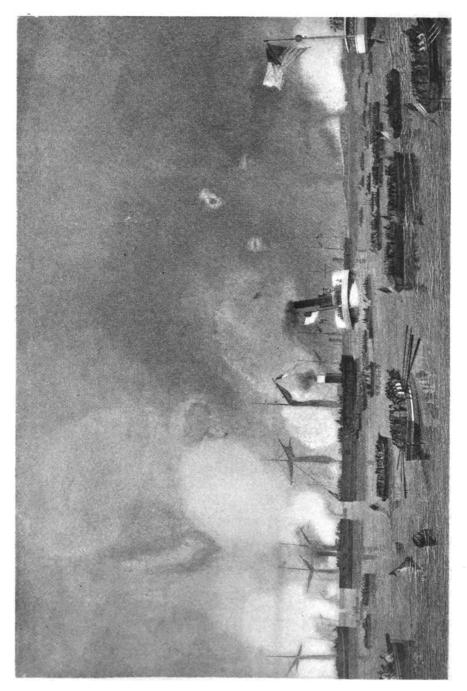
In 1821 he was promoted first lieutenant and given command of the Hornet, with which he captured a noted slaver and pirate. He was subsequently in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard and on various duties at home and abroad. He was commissioned captain in 1841, and commanded the ship-of-the-line Ohio in the Pacific squadron. He was present at the bombardment of Vera Cruz during the Mexican War, after

which he commanded the Brazilian squadron. In 1852 he commanded the Mediterranean squadron, with the Cumberland as his flagship. On the outbreak of the Civil War Captain Stringham was made flag officer of the North Atlantic blockading squadron, and in August, 1861, commanded the naval forces which co-operated with the army under General Butler in the capture of Forts Hatteras and Clarke on the North Carolina coast. those attacks he was opposed by Commodore Samuel Barron, who had entered our navy about the same year as Stringham. He had for a time commanded the United States frigate Wa-

bash, which in this expedition was one of the fleet operating against the The result of the bombardforts. ment by Stringham's fleet was the surrender of the fort and of the garrison, including Commander Barron and all his officers, with 715 men, 1000 stand of arms, 75 kegs of gunpowder, 31 cannon, as well as several stands of colors and various stores of provisions and cotton. Commodore Barron afterward was exchanged and went to England, where he engaged in fitting up blockade-runners and privateers for the Confederate service. This achievement of the navy coming on the heels of the defeat of the army at Bull Run in July greatly cheered the Union forces, and Captain Stringham was for the time the lion of the day. His action, however, in returning with his fleet to Fortress Monroe immediately instead of following up his victory by sailing with his fleet into the sound and cap-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE.



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turing the stores there awaiting transit for Europe was condemned. He was found to have strictly obeyed the orders given him on setting out on the expedition, and a later attempt to navigate the shallow waters of the sounds with ships of deep draught proved disastrous. His pride was deeply hurt in that his countrymen criticised his action and questioned his courage and loyalty. He asked to be relieved of the command of the squadron, and his request was granted. In July, 1862, he was commissioned rear admiral, and detailed to special duty. In 1864 he was again given command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and in 1871 was made Port Admiral of New York, which position he held up to the time of his death, which took place at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 7, 1876.

The success achieved by the navy under Flag Officer Stringham was followed up by Commodore Stephen Clegg Rowan. This gallant officer was born in Ireland, near the city of Dublin, in 1808, his birthday being Christmas of that year. His parents removed to America the next year and settled in Ohio, where the boy attended the district school and assisted the family in making a home in the wilderness. He was appointed midshipman in the United States Navy when eighteen years old, and made his first cruise on the Vincennes, under Commodore Balton, who between 1827 and 1830 made with his ship the circumnavigation of the globe, the first naval officer to sail a United States man-of-war around the Upon his return to America he was promoted passed midshipman, and for four years was stationed in the West Indies. He took part in the naval operations against the Indians in Florida during the Seminole War. As lieutenant he served in the Coast Survey, and from 1843-46 on the frigate Delaware, and afterward on the Ontario. He then succeeded as executive officer on the Cyane in the Pacifice squadron. In the Mexican War he participated in the capturing of Monterey and San Diego. He was

wounded while serving under Stockton at the battle of Mesa, and won great praises by a bold night attack which he led against the outposts at Mazatlan, as also at the bombardment of Guaymas. While operating in the Gulf of California he captured 20 blockade-runners, besides destroying a number of Mexican gunboats. When peace with Mexico was declared he was made inspector of ordnance, organizing that department in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. In September, 1855, he was promoted commander, and served as such on the United States supply ship Relief. When the Civil War broke out he was on ordnance duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and in January, 1861, was placed in command of the United States steam frigate Pawnee, and took her from Philadelphia around the capes and up the Potomac to Washington, where she was anchored, as the only naval vessel in commission for the protection of the national capital. It was a part of his duty, soon after the inauguration of President Lincoln, to cover with his ship the landing of Colonel Ellsworth and his regiment of New York fire zouaves at Alexandria, Va., the day that gallant officer met his death while in the act of removing the Confederate flag from the flagstaff of the Marshall House. Commodore Rowan was at this time a resident of Norfolk, Va., and had wedded a Virginia lady. He did not, however, hesitate to declare his allegiance to the Government that had taken him as a lad, trained him in its service, and advanced him in rank and position in its navy. While so many of his fellow-officers claimed for the State of their residence their first allegiance, he recognized his duty to be to protect the flag he had sworn to defend and the Government he had promised to serve. His first active engagement in the Civil War was at Acquia Creek, Va., May 21, 1861, where, with the Pawnee, he endeavored to capture the batteries erected by the Confederates at that point. His ship was struck by the enemy's heavy shot nine times, and he was



ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES 1817-29.

obliged to withdraw out of range of the guns. This was the first naval engagement of the Civil War. He joined Flag Officer Stringham in his expedition to Hatteras, and after the return of the fleet to Norfolk commanded there the Brooklyn and Delaware successively, until in February, 1862, when he led a naval flotilla of light-draught vessels in the expedition of Commodore Goldsborough to North Carolina, and with it, on February 8, was one of the prominent officers in forcing the surrender of Roanoke Island. He then pursued the retreating Confederates into Albemarle Sound, destroying their earthworks and capturing their entire fleet of transports and gunboats. He took his flotilla as far as Elizabeth City and Edenton, and effectually obstructed the canal leading to the Chesapeake. He conducted various other success-

ful expeditions in these waters, and upon the return of Commodore Goldsborough to Hampton Roads he succeeded to the command of the entire fleet. On February 10, co-operating with General A. E. Burnside, he captured Winston, and on the 12th Newbern, following it, on April 25, with the capture of Fort Macon and the town of Beaufort. For these signal services he received the thanks of Congress, and in July 16, 1862, was commissioned as captain, and for his gallantry further promoted to be commander, his second promotion to take effect the same date. He then joined the blockading squadron under Commodore Dahlgren in Charleston Harbor, and as commander of the ironclad New Ironsides took a leading part in the reduction of Forts Gregg, Wagner, and Moultrie. The New Ironsides was under fire in

14 engagements in Charleston Harbor, and during the period was struck 133 times. He commanded the entire South Atlantic squadron in the early part of 1864, during the absence of Admiral Dahlgren. The New Ironsides was disabled by a torpedo, and Rowan was transferred to the ironclad Nadawasco. He was made rear admiral July 25, 1866. From 1868-70 he was commander-in-chief of the Asiatic squadron. He was promoted vice-admiral in 1870, commanded the Brooklyn Navy Yard, 1872-79, after which he served as naval examiner, governor of the naval asylum at Philadelphia, superintendent of the Naval Observatory, and chairman of the Lighthouse His active life at sea covered over twenty-five years. His eminent services, while not distinguished by incidents of special personal daring, were marked by calm and resourceful

expedients in time of emergency, and while he avoided the theatrical, his energy and incessant activity were ever conspicuous. He served his adopted country long and well, and died at his home in Washington, D. C., March 31, 1890, having won honor as one of the distinguished American naval heroes born of the Civil War.

Another of the conspicuous naval heroes who gave aid to the early efforts of the Federal Government in its endeavors to suppress rebellion was Louis Malesherbes Goldsborough. He was born at the national capital February 18, 1805, son of Charles Washington Goldsborough, who was for years connected with the Navy Department as chief clerk. Young Louis was appointed midshipman when only seven years old. He entered the service when eleven years of age, having, in the mean time, com-

pleted his academic education. He served under Bainbridge from 1817-24, and became a thorough sailor under that able instructor. He cruised in the Mediterranean and Pacific, most of the time under Stuart. In 1825 he was promoted lieutenant, and for two years studied in Paris. He then cruised in the Grecian archipelago on board Porpoise, and made this daring cruise conspicuous by leading a boat expedition made up of a crew of volunteers like himself, who undertook and succeeded in recapturing the British brig Comet, which had fallen into the hands of Greek pirates. During the encounter go of the privateers were killed. He then resigned

from the navy, married a daughter of the celebrated jurist William Wirt, and settled on a farm in Being there during the Florida. Seminole war, he took part in that disturbance, enlisting and commanding a volunteer company of cavalry. He also obtained a steamer, which he armed and commanded. After the Indian troubles had subsided he re-entered the navy, and in 1841 was promoted to be commander. Upon the acquisition of California and Oregon he served on the commission of exploration sent there by the Government. He was raised to a captaincy in 1855, while serving as superintendent of the naval academy. When the Civil War called for active naval commanders he was made flag officer of the North Atlantic squadron fitted out in August, 1861. Upon the return of Commodore Stringham from the first expedition to the coast of



LOUIS M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

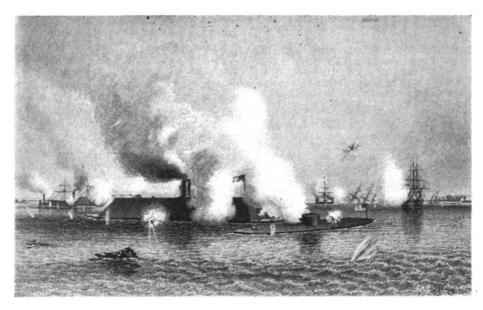


JOHN ERICSSON.

INVENTOR OF THE MONITOR.

North Carolina, Flag Officer Goldsborough, in January, 1862, sailed with a fleet from Hampton Roads to co-operate with General Ambrose E. Burnside in the capture of Roanoke Island and the conquest of the entire coast of North Carolina. For this service he received the thanks of Congress. Upon his return to Hampton Roads he co-operated with General McClellan in his peninsular campaign, pushing his gunboats up the York and James rivers, and finally covering the retreat of the army after its disastrous defeat. In July, 1862, he was made a rear admiral, and at his own request was relieved of his command of the North Atlantic squadron in 1863. He was then engaged in preparing a code of regulations for the naval service, and revised the naval book of allowances. He commanded the European squadron for two years immediately after the Civil War, and was placed upon the retired list in 1873. At the time of his death (February 20, 1877) he was senior officer of the navy as counted by length of service.

Another notable naval officer came conspicuously before the public eye early in the Civil War, and possibly the service he helped to render effective had more to do with turning the fortunes of war in favor of the Federal Government than any other. At least his valor, wisdom, and promptness averted a terrible calamity to the This conspicuous naval country. hero was John Lorimer Worden. was born at Mount Pleasant, N. Y., March 12, 1817. His education was acquired at the best schools of his native county, and he was appointed midshipman in the navy before he was seventeen years old. His first sea service was on board the ship of war Erie, and extended for three years in Brazilian waters. In September, 1837, he was transferred to the Mediterranean squadron, and after two years' service he attended the naval school at Philadelphia for nine months, when he was made passed midshipman, his commission bearing date July 16, 1840. After the usual round of service on ship and ashore, upon the outbreak of the Civil War he reported at Washington, requesting to be put into active sea service. This was April 6, 1861. The next day President Lincoln, in consultation with Secretary Seward, sent him overland with dispatches to Captain Adams, commanding the fleet off Pensacola. This was a delicate and dangerous commission, and after a three days' journey he reached Pensacola, but could not communicate with the fleet or with Fort Pickens on account of a heavy gale prevailing. He thereupon destroyed his dispatches, having first committed them to memory, and awaited the subsidence of the storm. The next day about noon he succeeded in reaching the fleet. After communicating his dispatches and receiving orders, which he was to carry with all expedition to Washington, he took rail to Montgomery, Ala. Before reaching the city he was arrested by Confederate officers and detained as a prisoner of war for over seven months. health breaking down by reason of his confinement, he was paroled November 14, 1861, and ordered to report to the Secretary of War at the Confederate capital. Upon reaching Richmond he was sent through the



THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR IN HAMPTON ROADS.

lines, his release being conditional upon his promise not to divulge anything he might have seen while travelling through the enemy's country that could be used to the harm of the cause of the Confederacy. At Norfolk he was exchanged for Lieutenant Shafer, a Confederate officer captured by the Federal army. The condition of his health precluded his reporting for duty until February, 1862. The next month he was placed in command of a new ironclad just built by Captain John Ericsson under his supervision and offered to the Government on trial, its purchase depending upon its effectiveness as an engine of war. Here was a war vessel both unique and uncertain. The ablest naval constructors had condemned it as impracticable and unsafe; and only one naval officer (Captain D. D. Porter) had any confidence in its effectiveness. Lieutenant Worden took the novel craft from its anchorage in the Brooklyn Navy Yard and proceeded with it to Hampton Roads. Captain Porter had been sent to New York to examine and report as to its ability and seaworthiness. He telegraphed to the Navy Department in

these words: "This is the strongest fighting vessel in the world, and can whip anything afloat."

In his admirable "Naval History of the Civil War," Admiral Porter thus describes the coming of the Monitor and the circumstances that led to the occasion that made Lieutenant Worden's name a household word throughout the length and breadth of America, and his achievement with the little gunboat derisively called "a cheese-box on a raft," a chapter in the history of our navy worthy the pen of so able a writer:

"A month before the Monitor was launched the Confederates, through their spies, had learned the exact condition of the vessel and the day on which she would probably be put into the water, in consequence of which information the number of workmen on the Merrimac, which was building at Norfolk, and against which the Monitor was soon to be pitted, was doubled, and the work carried on by day and by night. This extra energy made all the difference in the world, and doubtless gained the one day which enabled the Confederate vessel to commit such havoc without any effectual opposition. Lieutenant John L. Worden, who had been assigned to the command of the Monitor, watched her building for several months, urging on the work by every means in his power, in which he was heartily supported

by the inventor. When the vessel was launched and equipped, Lieutenant Worden started at once for Hampton Roads without a trial trip and with no means of judging how the vessel was going to behave. At one time in his passage he was doubtful if the little Monitor would live through the rough seas and arrive in time to be of any assistance to our fleet; or, even if she did arrive, whether she could accomplish what her inventor claimed for her. In fact, Worden was somewhat doubtful whether he should ever again set foot on land, for his vessel was almost inundated, and leaked apparently enough to sink her. In the mean time, the Merrimac alias Virginia was all ready to leave the Norfolk Navy Yard on what was said to be her trial trip, and up to the last moment she was filled with mechanics working to complete her. On March 8, 1862, the ironclad got under way and proceeded down the Elizabeth River, cheered by hundreds of people who crowded the banks as

Captain Worden arrived in Hampton Roads on the evening of March 8,



LIEUTENANT JOHN L. WORDEN.

He proceeded immediately to where the Minnesota lay aground, just below Newport News. He found the Merrimac had worked terrible havoc that day as she made her way almost unopposed among the helpless Federal fleet. The sides of the Cumberland had been crushed by the iron prow of the powerful rebel ram, and she was sinking. The Congress was on fire, and her crew, helpless and unable to leave the ship, had been obliged to strike their colors to save themselves from being roasted alive. The Minnesota and Lawrence were With the Federal fleet in this condition, Worden arrived with his little untried "nondescript" armed only with two guns in a cramped revolving turret. The blaze from the burning Congress lighted the sky on that eventful Saturday night. Soon

an explosion shook the waters and reverberated along the shores. The fire had reached the magazine, causing an explosion, and the great ship was a total wreck. Sunday morning dawned bright and fair. The Merrimac passed out of her berth to complete the destruction wrought the day before. She steamed toward the grounded Minnesota, expecting to ram the helpless enemy, when suddenly between the two appeared the little Monitor, and from the "cheese box" belched sudden roar as a 170 lb. shot struck the iron plating of the Merrimac with an effect that astonished the complaisant officers and crew. They found that they must rid themselves of the little craft that clung so persistently at their side. Turning her huge iron hulk, the 🛴 Merrimac delivered her full weight, prow forward, against the half-submerged Monitor, expecting to run upon the low deck and sink the little craft by her weight.



ADMIRAL DAVID H. FARRAGUT.

At that moment, however, another well-directed shot from the little turret sent a heavy sphere crashing against the railroad iron that formed the shield of the monster antagonist. The effect was to shake the battery so severely as to cause the sailors to rush to the deck, expecting they were sinking. This confusion diverted the course of the Merrimac, and the Monitor ran from under the immense prow, but kept close to the monster's side, continuing to deliver her heavy shot as the turret was turned, so as to bring the guns alternately into position. The

officers of the Merrimac, finding their shot had no effect upon the deck or turret of the little craft, directed the gunners to aim for the pilot-house, which surmounted the turret. The vessels almost touched, and Worden was directing both the firing and the movements of the Monitor from his lookout in the pilot-house when a shot struck the slot used as a lookout, and the concussion forced iron splinters and dust through the opening, blinding the brave commander and rendering him for the time senseless. The effect of the heavy shot at so short a range was as astonishing as the readiness with which the iron armor of either vessel repelled the tremendous momentum of the iron The concussion was a new experience in naval warfare, and each discharge threatened to shake the vessels into pieces. The fight had continued without interruption from 8.30 A.M. to 12.15 P.M., and had been witnessed by crowds on shore and on the vessels anchored on the roads. With the fall of Worden the Monitor changed her position and appeared to those on the Merrimac to be leaving She, however, turned the scene. again toward her antagonist only to find the Merrimac drifting and calling to her aid two tugs, which took her back to her berth. The duel between the giant and the dwarf was over

The Monitor took her position near the Minnesota, and awaited the movements of her antagonist. But the Merrimac, badly crippled and leaking, ran aground and never came out to renew the fight, but was soon after destroyed to prevent her falling into the hands of the Union navv. Commodore Worden, when he recovered consciousness, turned to his attendants and asked: "Have I saved the Minnesota?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then I don't care what becomes of me," said the hero. The Minnesota was not all his heroism had saved: he had saved from total annihilation the remnant of the United States Navv and the honor of the nation. The

news of the exploit spread through the world, and opened a new era in naval warfare. On July 16, eight davs after the battle, Worden was promoted commander, and upon his partial recovery-for he never fully recovered from the effects of his terrible experience—he superintended the construction of the ironclads building in New York. In October he was given command of the ironclad Montauk in the South Atlantic Squadron. With this formidable little turreted gunboat he, in January, 1863, attacked Fort McAllister, guarding the passage to the Ogeeche River. and kept up a continuous bombardment for four hours, until he had exhausted all his ammunition. shot from the fort were entirely harmless as against the armor of the Montauk. On February 28 following he destroyed the Confederate privateer Nashville under the very walls of the fort and in the face of a fire from the guns that sent shot against the little ironclad, striking her 46 times. February 3, 1863, Commander Worden was made captain, and aided with his ironclad in the blockade of Charleston Harbor and in the operations against Fort Sumter. On March 29, 1872, he was commissioned rear admiral, and commanded the European squadron from 1875-77. He was retired by reason of failing health, December 23, 1886, with full pay and the thanks of a grateful nation.

John Howard Brown.



THE MONEY OUESTION.

HIS question suggests to the mind of the average citizen a labyrinth of insoluble mystery. This is true principally because of the multiplicity of theories on the subject, and of the abstruse method and technical phraseology employed in its discussion. For the sake of simplicity we will avoid all technical terms in this article, and will simply state the facts, accompanied by a few personal reflections, in the plain language of the people, rather than in the phraseology of the expert financier and professional political economist.

A temporary impression has been produced on the minds of a certain class of uninformed or misinformed citizens, who have been induced to believe that the Eastern States are disposed to discriminate against silver simply because it is silver, and because it is the product of the West and not of the East. This misconception of the subject is to be deeply

deplored.

It is wholly untrue, and an offensive abuse of special pleading, to say that the people of the East are wedded to gold simply because it is gold. There is no capricious discrimination between the two metals in the Eastern States, just as there is no capricious or invidious discrimination here as between citizens before the law, or in the matter of civil rights and po-There is, of course, litical privileges. in the East, as in the West and elsewhere, a form of discrimination that is inevitable as between dissimilar This discrimination is the things. corollary of an essential difference. This is as true of metals and money as it is of men. A gold dollar will be preferred to a silver dollar so long as it is worth twice as much as is the silver dollar. But there is no discrimination in this preference based upon prejudice or caprice. It is sim ply a discrimination between the money quality of the two metals, based upon their respective and relative values. A United States note or a national bank bill is always acceptable, because it represents the best money in use. There is no discrimination in this between the two metals. If the holder demands payment in silver he can get it, but he has the right to demand gold, and so long as gold is more valuable than is silver, he is certain to demand gold, whether he be an Eastern banker or a Western silver-mine owner

All this, however, is entirely distinct from the proposition to force upon private and public creditors, whether they be wage-earners or money-lenders, half payment of their just claims by means of 50-cent silver This proposition would be equally objectionable and censurable if the 50-cent dollar were made of gold instead of silver. It is not the particular metal, but the money quality of the metal that makes the difference and causes the discrimination. Sufficient silver can be put into the silver dollar to make it worth 1co cents. But the difficulty would be to keep it at that value. Every nation that has tried it has signally failed. The changes would have to be so frequent and violent that endless confusion would inevitably ensue. So long as gold is the international standard of value and medium of exchange, and silver continues to fluctuate in its commercial value, the silver dollar will be compelled to take its place in the money world as determined by the gold standard.

Moreover, the Eastern States are not responsible for the international gold standard. Neither is the United States responsible for its establishment or continuance. It is important to note the action of other nations in this connection. In 1871 and 1873 Germany enacted laws demonetizing silver and calling in all silver coins previously issued and circulated in the seven States of the German Empire. In 1872 Norway, Sweden, and Denmark entered into a monetary treaty for the practical demonetization of silver. Holland followed the

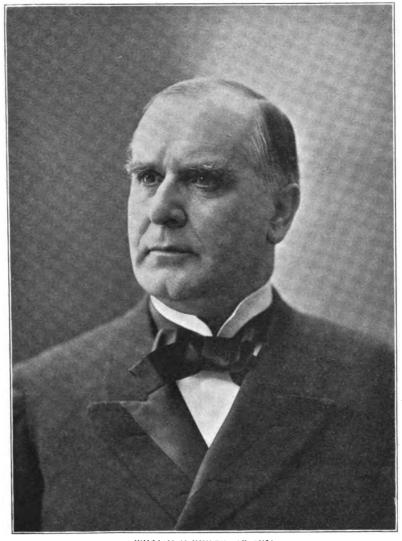
example of Germany in 1875. Russia suspended the coinage of silver in 1876, except as to such an amount as might be required for trade purposes with China. Austro-Hungary also suspended silver coinage about the same time. The mint of India suspended in 1893. It is worse than folly to attempt to lay the blame for these successive failures in silver coinage at the door of the United States, or of any geographical division of the United States. One of the secrets of these failures is found in the wonderful increase of silver production throughout the world, as indicated by the following table:

	World's Production.	
	Gold.	Silver.
	Ounces.	Ounces.
873	4,650,000	62,267,000
374	4,390,000	55,300,000
875	4,720,000	62,262,000
876	5,016,000	67,753,000
B77	5,515,000	62,648,000
378	5,756,000	73,476,000
379	5,262,000	74,250,000
380	5,149,000	74,791,000
881	4,984,000	78,890,000
382	4,934,000	86,470,000
383	4,615,000	89,177,000
384	4,919,000	81,597,000
385	5,246,000	91,652,000
386	5,136,000	93,276,000
887	5,117,000	96,124,000
888	5,333,000	108,827,000
889	5,974,000	120,213,000
890	5,749,000	126,095,000
891	6,320,000	137,171,000
892	7,102,000	153,152,000
Ba3	7,609,000	166,092,000

We have proposed international monetary conferences, and taken part in those proposed by others, but as yet to no avail. We cannot force the silver dollar into use against the combined opposition of the great commercial and monetary powers. For us to stand alone upon a silver standard would simply mean that we would have to pay other nations in gold, and that they would compel us to be satisfied with silver from them. And as we are a debtor nation, the process would be disastrous beyond all calculations and conception.

It requires but a glance at our trade relations with the world to show what a momentous commercial and financial crisis would confront us if we were to throw down this free silver gauntlet to the nations of the earth. Our material and moral status among the nations depends upon our prompt and honest discharge of obligations. No government ever so successfully or so easily carried a vast debt like that which burdened the United States at the close of the late war. It has been easy to carry these colossal obligations because the world has had unfaltering confidence in American honesty and good faith. As the public debt was steadily reduced and the public credit constantly advanced, American enterprise and integrity became the marvel of man-The magical development of our internal resources mystified the world, and gave the Government a debt-paying power which has no parallel in history. Industrial independence at home afforded the country a stepping-stone from which it advanced into the foreign markets as an exporter, and thus it assumed an intimate, vital, and invaluable relationship with the galaxy of great commercial powers. Our country is to-day a member of a mammoth international business union, which by concerted action under unwritten laws controls the commerce, the credits, and the values of the civilized world. As against its decrees, the dicta of parties, dynasties, and governments, count for nothing. world's politics is always subordinate to its business influence, and while Ministries and Cabinets and party leaders may argue to the contrary, their leases of power are all dependent upon the measure of their compliance with the high standard of commercial and financial integrity.

For nearly thirty years following the war the United States faithfully kept her obligations as a member of the world's commercial alliance. Now, however, it is seriously proposed that we shall break faith with our sister nations by forcing a radical change in the standard of value in which international transactions are conducted. At this dangerous threat the commercial world looks with sus-



 $\label{eq:WILLIAM_McKINLEY} \textbf{OF OHIO}.$ Sound money candidate for president on the republican ticket.

picion and alaim. The result is general foreign distrust of American stability, and a widespread unwillingness to engage in any but the actually necessary transactions with this country until it is ascertained whether we, as a debtor nation, propose to pay our obligations in full, or repudiate them to the extent of 50 per cent by wantonly debasing our currency to a free silver level. The adoption

of free silver coinage would mean the financial boycotting of the United States by the great commercial powers. It would mean a halt in the magnificent progress which we have maintained through our honest money, stable credits, and a reputation for business integrity. The pledge, therefore, of American prosperity; of the nation's permanence as a commercial power; the guarantee of the

security of our honor and progress, lies in the rugged patriotism which declares that our obligations shall be faithfully discharged and that there shall be no repudiation under the thin disguise of free silver.

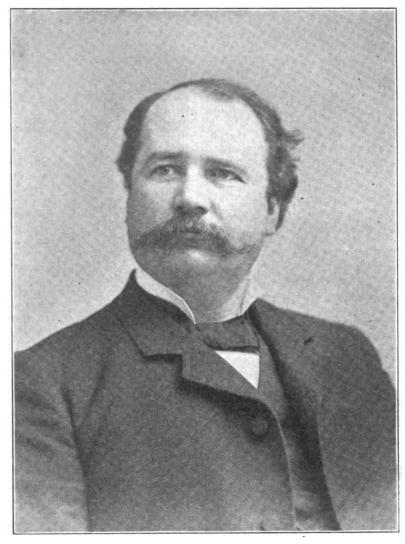
It is well to study for a moment the real significance and scope of this proposed repudiation of obligations. It requires no elaborate argument to show the close connection between inflation and repudiation. Inflation is essentially repudiation when it destroys equivalence in exchange. one can successfully deny that existing contracts are based on gold values. Some of them stipulate expressly for payment in gold. To make payment in half-value silver dollars in satisfaction of these contracts would be nothing less than dishonest, provided such payments are effected by the compulsion of legal tender and against the option of the other parties to the contracts. would be no more dishonest to withhold in the payment of the stipulated consideration a sum equal to the difference between the payment in silver and one in gold, or in the representative of gold. Let us be clear and candid on this phase of the case. No one will attempt to contend that those who stand on the creditor side of these contracts ever expected, when fixing the price or consideration, to be paid in silver. It is equally true that those who stand on the debtor side of these contracts never expected to pay in anything but gold, or that which represents gold.

To force this country into a general repudiation of such obligations is to force it to abandon or forfeit all claim to the respect of its own citizens as well as of the entire civilized world. The first step in that direction would precipitate a panic such as has never been paralleled in the history of this or any other nation. Our securities held abroad, which range among the billions, would be dumped on our market when we would be least able to protect them from sacrifice. Such a process would demoralize all values, and force the country into general

liquidation under conditions involving widespread ruin. Our national, State, county, and municipal bonded indebtedness is about \$2,200,000,000. Some of this indebtedness is specifically payable in gold, but substantially all of it is on a gold basis.

Gold or its equivalent was received for all of these bonds that were sold since 1879, and those sold prior to that period have been drawing lower rates of interest in consequence of the understanding that all such indebtedness would in the future be paid on a gold basis. In addition to these bonds there are mortgages outstanding on real estate to the amount of \$4,500,000,000, almost all of which were made since 1879, when the resumption of specie payments went These mortgages were into effect. given in a large measure to secure the payment of the remainder of the purchase price, and to refuse to pay them on the same money basis that they were given and accepted, would be as dishonest as would have been the taking of the property involved without any consideration.

The reputation for common honesty to a great nation like this is of more value than would be the fraudulent gain of 50 cents on the dollar of a debased currency. Then there is the \$5,000,000,000 of deposits in the national, State, savings, and private banks of the country, representing about 3,000,000 of depositors. Does any one pretend to believe that it would be honest to shrink that vast amount by one half for the mere sake of favoring by legislation a depreciated money metal? The alleged fact that this metal has unjustly suffered under an unfair competition, does not change the moral quality of the question. Let us be honest and fair to our fellow-men, even though a money metal should suffer under an apparently unjust depreciation and discrimination. Then consider the about \$3,000,000,000 paid annually to the industrial wage-earners of the country. Are they to be robbed of one half of their hard-earned wages? That would be the inevitable result.



GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

SOUND MONEY CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT ON THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Their wages would be worth about one half what they are now, and in addition their employment would be extremely precarious at any wagerate. The price of all living expenses, such as food, fuel, clothing, and rent, would be doubled. Could such conditions be justified on the score of honesty? Must all this waste and loss and suffering be endured for

the sake of the silver-mine owner's temporary gain? We cannot believe it.

It is perfectly demonstrable that the workingman would be the first and greatest and longest sufferer from a debased currency. No act of government could relieve him. There is no power that can make sixteen ounces of silver worth one ounce of gold in the United States so long as the owners of silver bullion in all other countries are willing to give over thirty ounces of the white metal for one of gold. There is nothing more certain than that if silver were to be coined without limitation as to quantity, the coin would have no greater value than that of the bullion it contained. The result would be that it would take twenty of the silver dollars at the ratio now demanded to buy as much as can be purchased with a ten-dollar gold piece. fact has everywhere been demonstrated, when put to the test, that the value of silver money, and, indeed, of all metal money, is determined by its bullion value. With slight variations this fact is illustrated by the following table:

COUNTRY.	Coin.	Gross Weight.	Net Weight Bullion.
France	Ďollar. Dollar. Crown. Rupee. 5 marks. 5 pesetas.	365.8 417.79 412.5 436.355 180 428.666 385.8 416	347.22 377.17 371.25 403.628 165 385.8 347.22 374.4

It will be observed that both the yen and the Mexican dollar weigh more and contain more silver than does the United States silver dollar, but they are worth only about 50 These silver coins are constantly fluctuating in value, and wherever there is free silver coinage, the money value always corresponds with the bullion value. Our silver dollar has not lost its full money value in domestic trade, because the Government has pledged itself to maintain its parity with gold. This is effected by making the silver dollar as good as the gold dollar for the payment of public dues. Still, the silver dollar is worth only 52 cents intrinsically, and that is all that it will bring in foreign exchanges, or whatever may be its bullion value at the time it is presented. Under free coinage it would invariably be rated according to its commercial value. The Government's moral support would then be withdrawn. It would then be coined on private account, and not on Government account.

The weakest plea made by the free silver advocates is that which they regard as their strongest. Their one cry is that the Western and Southern farmers, and the poorer classes, are being crushed beneath a burden of debt that is out of all proportion to their possessions and income, and that in addition the currency is so contracted by the so-called creditor class, that they cannot get money enough with which to pay off their indebtedness. Now, let us examine this complaint, under its two heads, and ascertain if there are any facts for its support, or if there is any logic for its justification. Turning our attention first to the question of indebtedness, we find that the total indebtedness in the United States is about \$20,000,000,000. The total valuation of property is placed at about \$65,ooo,ooo,ooo. The total indebtedness is about 31 per cent. of the total valu-As the railroad corporations are most frequently denounced by the free silver and fiat money agitators, it is only fair to refer to them first. We find that the railroads of the country own \$8,401,500,000 of the national wealth, and the street railways \$283,ooo,ooo. On these vast amounts the railroads owe 67.48 per cent, and the street railways 64.19 per cent respectively. Now, for a few comparisons.

The encumbered farms occupied by owners, worth \$3,055,000,000, have upon them only 35.55 per cent of debt. Encumbered homes, occupied by owners, worth \$2,632,000,000, have upon them only 39.77 per cent of debt. Then, claiming particular attention, we find that the taxed real estate and untaxed mines of the country, worth the enormous amount of \$36,025,000,000, have only 16.71 per cent of debt. It is also important to note that encumbered homes in the twenty-eight cities of 100,000 population and over, worth \$934,000,000, have 42.07 per cent of debt. Homes of the same class, outside of cities and towns of 8000 population and over, worth \$958,000,000, have 37.7 per cent of debt. Homes of the same class in the 420 intermediate cities and towns, worth \$740,000,000, have

39.55 per cent of debt.

It is thus made clear that the owners of farms and town homes have a much less per cent of debt on the average value of their property than have those who own other forms of wealth, especially those who live in cities. We have here a complete answer to this gush about cheap money for the farmer, in order that he may get even with his creditor. This argument is absolutely silly, from the fact that as the large corporations owe about 30 per cent of the country's entire indebtedness, the 50-cent dollar would be a great boon to them, so far as debt paying goes. It would simply be equivalent to placing in the coffers of the wealthy stockholders a clear gain, or "an unearned increment," amounting to about twice the total currency now in circulation in the United States. This would be "cheap money for the poor" with a vengeance. Paradoxical as it may seem, the so-called poorer classes really belong to the creditor class instead of the debtor class. The socalled capitalistic class holds in trust the wage fund from which labor is constantly drawing, and the savings institutions, the building and loan associations, and the insurance companies are all debtors to the plain people.

Now, let us consider the other part of this complaint, that the currency has been arbitrarily contracted for the benefit of the rich. It is specifically charged that the gold men wilfully contracted the currency by passing the act of 1873. This is ridiculous. Prior and up to 1873 we had coined 8,000,000 silver dollars; since 1873 we have coined about \$500,000,000 in silver. they charge that the national bank circulation was arbitrarily contracted by the money power from 1882 to 1893 to the amount of \$189,000,000, thus compelling the people to depend . upon them for money on such terms as they were pleased to impose. This is a specimen free silver argument. What are the facts? The truth is,

that the highest amount of national bank circulation outstanding at the close of any fiscal year was \$358,742,-032 in 1882, and the lowest was \$167,-550,906 in 1891, and that this decrease simply followed the decrease in Government bonds, upon which the national bank circulation entirely depends. The bonded debt decreased from \$2,166,000,000 in 1868 to \$649,-000,000 in 1892. From 1882 to 1886 the 3 per cents replaced the 3½ per cents, and during the greater part of this period such bonds could be purchased at par, or at a very slight premium; while the 4 per cents were quoted at a premium of from 17 to 29 per cent, which placed them beyond the reach of banks.

In 1882 there were over \$1,500,000,ooo of bonds still out. In 1886 the amount had fallen below \$1,200,000,-Between 1886 and 1891 nearly one third of the 4 per cents were retired, and all but \$25,000,000 of the 4½ per cents, this small amount being continued at 2 per cent; thus leaving available only \$560,000,000 of 4 per cents and \$100,000,000 of the new 5 per cents recently issued. This total of \$660,000,000 was further reduced in 1892 to \$649,000,000. much, then, for the alleged dishonest contraction of the currency. banks cannot circulate money without bonds, so long as bonds continue to be the only legal basis of such circulation. This is truly a shallow plea.

It is clear that this silver excitement is abating. The people cannot long be deceived as to the merits of a great public question. They have penetrated the delusive veneer of plausibility with which this subject has been ingeniously inlaid. They now realize that their condition, however unfortunate it may be, is not susceptible of improvement by any such radical innovation as a 50 per cent reduced value of the currency.

William McKinley, thus representing the safe side of this great issue, will undoubtedly be elected, and the country will then take a long breath of relief.

A. Willis Lightbourn.



"AMERICAN Naval Heroes" has met with such popular and wide success that, in response to many requests, the publishers have decided to issue the articles in book form on the conclusion of the series in the magazine, which will occur in November. The volume, with all the illustrations that have appeared in The Peterson during the run of the nine instalments, will probably be issued in the middle of November. No student of American history can afford to be without this valuable series, which has been treated in The Peterson as in no other publication.

THE regular subscription season now being at hand, orders may be given to newsdealers or postmasters in any town, as they are authorized agents for THE PETERSON MAGAZINE. Caution should be exercised in placing orders, unless the agent is personally known to the subscriber, or can show an authorization from some Subscription Agency or THE PETERSON MAGAZINE.

AN easy and pleasant way to make money is to solicit subscriptions for THE PETERSON MAGAZINE. It is a bright, clean, well-written, and beautifully illustrated home monthly, which will be a welcome visitor in any family. Liberal commissions will be allowed to anyone caring to undertake the work, and those who try it will be sure to succeed in placing orders.

THE pleasure of visiting that garden of the tropics, Florida, is still only possible to the few, but the choicest fragrance of that land of flowers is brought within the reach of all in the genuine Murray & Lanman Florida Water. To the sick room its balmy breath imparts a delicious freshness, ever welcomed by the most delicate invalid, while, as an enjoyment to those in health, it is invaluable.

whether used in the bath or at the toilet. To distinguish the genuine article from its numerous imitations look out for the "Trade Mark."

SHORT stories, afticles, and poems suitable for the Christmas Number of THE PETERSON MAGAZINE will now be received and examined at this office. Manuscript should be typewritten, and in every case postage must be enclosed. Decision on manuscripts is always made as soon as possible, and they are judged, not by the standing or prominence of the author, but solely according to their own merit, and their value to this publication.

THE new series of articles on the Pioneer Literary Men of America will be inaugurated in an early number of THE PETERSON. The subject is one which, we believe, will meet with much favor, and the articles will be presented in as attractive form as possible, both from a literary and pictorial standpoint.

THE PETERSON MAGAZINE is one of the few ten-cent magazines that give regular critical reviews of new books. In our literary department each month will be found criticisms of the latest volumes published, illustrations from popular books, and original notes of books and authors. We endeavor to present this department in a worthy manner, and the many publishers who are represented in it from time to time have expressed their appreciation of the method in which their books were treated.

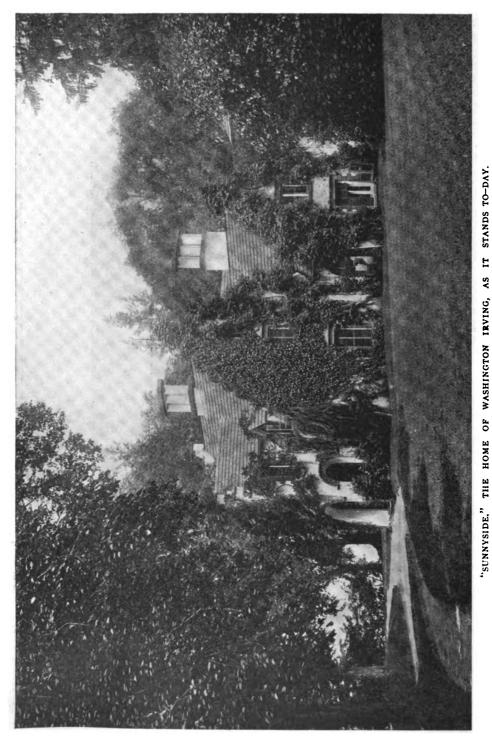
A Good child is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infants' food; so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.





"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth; Her eyebrow's shape was like the aërial bow, Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth, Mounting at times to a transparent glow, As if her veins ran lightning."

-Byron.



The two rooms covered with ivy were his study and bedroom. The open blind is at the old kitchen window. The roof and wall faintly seen at the extreme right formed the original "Wolfert's Roost." See page 1116.

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PETERSON MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES-Vol. VI. NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 11.

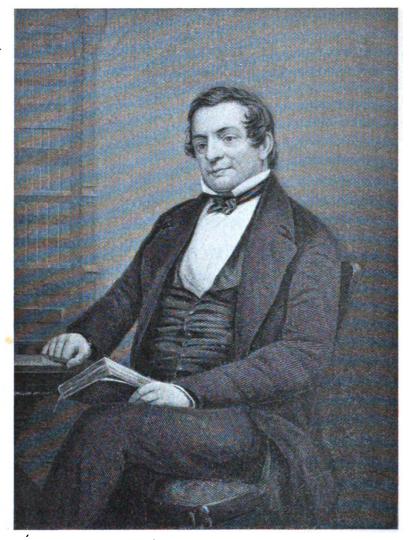


I. WASHINGTON IRVING.

HIS article is not intended to be a critical essay on Irving's works, but an appreciation of his singular genius, his fascinating style and his dreamy influence. Perhaps the narrative is rambling, but at any rate it is sincere in its desire to present a truthful and readable account of the life and works of the great man, colored by recollections of a pilgrimage to Sunnyside and Sleepy Hollow. For all those who worship at literary shrines, but have never made this journey, there is in store more picturesque delight and refreshment for the soul than this cold type can suggest.

Few figures in the history of literature offer a more attractive subject for the student, the aspirant or even the casual reader than Washington Irving, the "Father of American Letters." His character as a typical American, his unique and marked success abroad, his speedy recognition in his own country, his pathetic romance, his gentle, quiet and simple life, and his peaceful death, embrace the highest and best elements in human nature and in the line of work

in which he was the pioneer. As a humorist he occupies a distinct position. The quality of his wit was peculiar; dry, genial and winsome; not merely the flash of sudden inspiration, but the continued atmosphere of delicate sarcasm, apt allusion and sustained humor that scintillates in every well-turned sentence. This quaint atmosphere pervades the entire "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and by its contrast with the exquisite pathos of many essays in "The Sketch Book," forms one of the most striking examples of the author's versatility. Compare the story of "The Widow's Son" with the narrative of "The Stout Gentleman"-one the extreme of sadness, the other the height of drollery; contrast the phlegmatic Knickerbocker with the delicately beautiful Wife of "The Sketch Book"; linger over the pathos of "Rural Funerals," then dry your tears with the whimsical fantasy of Ichabod Crane. And Rip Van Winkle—that immortal creation of Irving's genius, rendered still more enduring in fame by the art of Joseph Jefferson—the best known in the few legends America owns, and the quaint-



IRVING'S BEST KNOWN PORTRAIT.

From the painting by Chappel, after a daguerreotype in the possession of the family.

est; the child of two geniuses, famous in two fields and loved by all. Who has not smiled in sympathy with young Rip, the careless, gay and winsome vagabond, playing with the children and romping or hunting with his dog? Who has not wept when the exasperated and outraged Gretchen turned him out into the dark night, with wind and rain to beat upon his unprotected, good-for-nothing head? And who has not pitied the sorrows of poor old

Rip, with youth, friends and even dog passed away—vanished into the thin air of yesterday, with not even a stray little gnome left to explain the mystery of the mysterious sleep. Have not your very bones ached in sympathy with the rheumatic joints of the ragged, white-haired old creature, stiff and weary with his long rest?

Then the boastful schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, with his gaunt limbs and presuming yet diffident face;

his snug complacency in anticipating the riches that Katrina would bring him, and the air castles he built while sitting so comfortably at her father's fireside. Then the fearful midnight ride through Sleepy Hollow-that gallop with the spectre horseman; that race against the headless figure, passing the bridge in safety only to be crushed and overthrown with a pumpkin head. Then the mysterious disappearance and the fruitless search for the lean, lank pedagogue, until all there remained of Ichabod was the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, the story of the schoolmaster's night ride with the Headless Horseman.

But all this is digression. Irving's works, however, containing so much of his own individuality naturally induce one to dream and muse, for he himself was a born romancer, a dreamer of dreams and a weaver of fancies, one to whom all things beautiful, quaint or romantic served as an inspiration. The blue of the sky, the song of a bird, the soft lapping of the waves on the shore, a green grave in a wayside cemetery, a chord of music

-all these filled him with beautiful thoughts and poetic fancies. This disposition must have been inherent and original with him, for he could scarcely have inherited it from his parents. His father, descended from the sturdy Scotch blood that flowed freely for the hero Robert Bruce, was a strict disciplinarian and the bluest of blue Presbyterians. An American by choice, William Irving, the first of that family to settle in the colonies, was an ardent patriot throughout the Revolutionary period. The mother was a gentle, cheerful English woman, in perfect sympathy with all her eleven children, of whom Washington was the youngest. The second generation of Irvings adopted their mother's religion and became members of the Episcopal Church. Washington was confirmed without his father's knowledge. It was in the year of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States (1783) that the "Morning Star of American Literature" was born, the exact date being April 3. New York was then a city of but twenty-three thousand inhabitants, and the Irving



SLEEPY HOLLOW.

As it was some years ago. The stream is very small at the present time. Along the road at the right galloped Ichalod Crane and the Headless Horseman, passing over the bridge in the centre. This is not the original bridge, however, but a comparatively modern structure.

residence on William Street. between Fulton and lov, was centrally located. No trace of the house is in existence to-day. but the neighborhood has long been one of business and far removed from the residence portion of the city.

An anecdote which Irving himself delighted to tell is of his first and only meeting with Washington, whose illustrious name his patriotic parents had bestowed upon him.

By per, G. P. Putnam's Sons. The Scotch nursemaid who had him in charge in his early youth, one day followed the President into a shop, and courtesving to the great man said, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn named after you." With characteristic gentleness, Washington rested his hand upon the young hopeful's head and gave him his blessing, little dreaming that he saw his future biographer. "That blessing," said Irving years afterward, "has attended me through life."

Like many other great men, Irving was not fond of study. Arithmetic, particularly, was hateful to him, but music was his delight. Tales of travel and adventure, romances and poetry he devoured, and often spent his school hours in poring over "Sinbad the Sailor,""Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe" and even "Pilgrim's Progress." Naturally "compositions," the bane of so many a school-boy, were like play to him, and he frequently wrote them for other boys, who worked his sums in return. At the advanced age of thirteen he wrote a play which was performed in a friend's house, but which has not been handed down to posterity. This early liking



IRVING AT THE AGE OF 27.

From picture by Jarius.

stronger as his vears increased.but although a devotee of fine acting, he never again turned his talents in the direction of play writing. On account of

for the drama grew

his delicate health. Irving was not sent to Columbia College as his brothers were, but after his desultory school education he entered the law office of Judge Hoffman at the age of sixteen, and remained in this position for two years.

Here again he spent much time in reading and did little work, for the dry and prosy routine of a young barrister's life had no attraction for his romantic and dreamy disposition. The pulmonary weakness that affected him in youth threatened to become permanent; in fact several officious persons consigned him to an early grave, but he outgrew his delicate health eventually. About this time he made his first voyage up the Hudson, enthusing over its picturesque beauties and being the first to write of them. In 1804 he went to Europe for two years, the captain of the vessel on which he sailed sympathetically remarking, "That chap will go overboard before we get across." Another incident of the voyage was the boarding of the vessel by a privateer. In the Mediterranean he had the good fortune to see Nelson's fleet just sailing for Trafalgar. Rome he met the artist Washington Allston and was almost persuaded to follow his profession, but in Paris he gave himself up to enjoyment, excusing his neglect of home correspondence with that now historic phrase, "I am a young man and in Paris."

When this fit was over he journeyed to London and had the intense pleasure of seeing Mrs. Siddons and John Philip Kemble act. When this trip was ended he resumed his law studies in New York, although feeling, as he said, "a fatal propensity to belleslettres." He contributed letters on the drama and various customs of New York to his brother's paper, T.he Morning Chronicle, under the pseudonym of Jonathan Oldstyle, and became a great favorite in society—"a champion at the tea-parties." It was at this time that his one romance reached its unhappy culmination. He had long been enamoured of Miss Matilda Hoffman. the daughter of Judge Hoffman, in whose law office he was employed. She was described as being a lovely maiden, "too spotless for this contaminated world," full of feminine graces, and devoted to her admirer. But grim death put a stop to the pretty love story—smiles were changed to tears, and instead of bridal robe they fashioned a shroud for the fair young girl, whose life went out when scarce eighteen vears had

passed over her head. Irving never recovered from the effects of this blow: it saddened his entire Not that he became morose or melancholy, for his nature was too sunshin y genial for that, but her memory was ever fresh tender with him and he could not bear the slightest reference to her in after years. Thirty vears after her death, while visiting the Hoffmans,

By per. G. P. Putnam's Sons. and faded ema piece of worn from between. broiderv slipped

the covers of a book. Mrs. Hoff-

man picked it up and handing it to Irving said, "Washington, this is some of poor Matilda's workmanship." Irving, who had been in buoyant spirits and conversing brilliantly, ceased talking almost immediately and soon left the house with saddened countenance. Her bible and prayer book he kept always with him, and in the early days of his bereavement slept with them under his pillow. After his death, there were found among his private papers her miniature and a lock of hair. In many of his writings a vein of melancholy is visible, as, for instance in "Bracebridge Hall," the following words:

"There are departed beings that I have loved as I never shall love again in this world, that have loved me as I never again shall be loved."

And in a private note-book he has written in the year 1822, thirteen years after her death, "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful."

The heartrending pathos of his meditations on the graves of loved

ones in "Rural Funerals" ("The Sketch Book") could never have touched the reader so deeply had not the words sprung from real and personal grief.

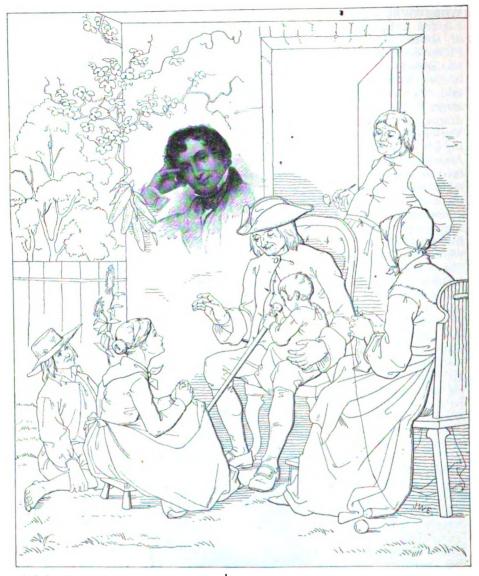
Before Miss Hoffman's death Irving was preparing his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and afterwards he revised and finished it, but naturally the book had sad associations him, and he said. "The time and circumstances in



MATILDA HOFFMAN.

Irving's First Love.

which it was produced rendered me always unable to look upon it with satisfaction."



OLD DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, IRVING'S IMMORTAL CREATION, TELLING STORIES TO CHILDREN.

From an etching by Elminger. The portrait of Irving is one of his best, and is from a drawing made by Charles Martin at "Sunnyside," Dec. 15, 1851.

In spite of this, the book was a great success. It has been called one of the few masterpieces of humor, and had quite a circulation in England as well as this country. Before its appearance various advertisements were inserted in the New York Evening Post, inquiring as to the whereabouts of "a

small elderly gentleman in black coat and cocked hat who left a MS. behind him at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry Street." In this way public interest was stimulated until the quaint little volume was published. Sir (then Mr.) Walter Scott was the first Englishman to "discover" Irving and to praise his

work. "A most excellently jocose history," he called the Knickerbocker book, and added that both Mrs. Scott and he "were sore with laughing at it."

The Salmagundi, a fortnightly magazine edited by William Irving and J. K. Paulding, a brother-in-law, contained many humorous papers by Washington Irving. The interest and the allusions in the magazine were chiefly local, but Irving's genius made the paper a brilliant one. It was called the American Spectator, and in comparing Irving's work with that of Addison, considering both as essayists (in fact, the only ground on which they meet), the American certainly excelled the Englishman in versatility and range, not to say as a historian, which Addison never was.

Irving confessed that he loved illusion and did not care to have his ideals destroyed with the ruthless hand of realism. He was "ever willing to be deceived when the deceit was pleasant and cost nothing." He expresses the same idea in regard to women. "I am superstitious in my admiration for them and like to walk in a perpetual delusion, decking them out as divinities. I thank no one to undeceive me and to prove that they are only mortals."

One of the best examples of his powers of observation and ability to delineate character is his description of the old country gentleman, newly rich, in the old parish church ("The Sketch Book") contrasting this bumpperson tious with the unassuming high born aristocrat. After describing the gorgeous equipage

which the o. c. g. drove up to church, he tells of his conduct during the service:

"He thought that religion belonged to the Government party, and was a very excellent thing and ought to be kept up. When he joined so boldly in the service it seemed more by way of example to the lower orders to show them that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious. As I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful and pronouncing it 'excellent food for the poor.'"

His pungent satire is nowhere stronger than in those sad but witty chapters of "Knickerbocker's History" in which the Dutch settlers are caustically rebuked for their treatment of the Indians.

"Not only were these poor creatures (the Indians) deficient in the comforts of life, but what was still worse, most piteously and unfortunately blind to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin and brandy, and the other comforts of life; they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed, and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of those medicines they previously introduced among them the diseases they were calculated to cure."



IRVING'S ROOM AT RED HORSE HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, WHERE MUCH OF "THE SKETCH BOOK" WAS WRITTEN.



THE OLD GRIST MILL.

From a photograph by Ahrens.

"In a remote part of the Hollow where the Pocantico forced its way down rugged rocks stood Carl's Mill, the haunted house of the neighborhood. It was indeed a goblin-looking pile: shattered and timeworn, dismal with clanking wheels and rushing streams."—From "Wolfert's Roost, and Other Papers."

Three familiar individuals he characterizes and graphically describes in few words.

"The diner-out of first rate currency when in town, who has been invited to one place because he has been seen at another; the widow of uncertain age. 'free, rich and disconsolate'; the girl graduate, who must be invited and who always consented 'to skylark it up and down the piano,' and then the 'look of the man who has the oppressive burden of providing other people's amusements on his mind.'"

Politics was something in which Irving never took any interest. His experience in a single campaign so disgusted him that he wished never to repeat it. Referring to this period he wrote:

"Truly this saving one's country is a nauseous piece of business, and if patriotism is such a dirty virtue, prythee no more of it."

In regard to his aversion to "show off" he once wrote Miss Mary Farlie, one of his early friends, and the original Sophy Sparkle of "Salmagundi":

"By some unlucky means I have got the character of being an interesting young man. Now of all characters in the world, believe me, this is the most intolerable for any young man with a will of his own to support, particularly in the warm weather."

His modesty often stood in the way of his advancement, and his natural inclination to hide his light under a bushel was a sad detriment to the various Mrs. Leo Hunters who wished him to adorn their drawing rooms. As he grew older, though, and more experienced in the world's ways, social life became more tolerable to him, and during his second visit to Europe, in 1815, he was warmly welcomed as a social favorite and a literary light. Financial reverses now compelled that he find as he called it "a market for his wares." Through the influence of Scott he became well known, but Murray, the publisher, declined the publication of "The Sketch Book," which by the way was written in England and sent piecemeal to the United States for publication here. Encouraged by the praise of Scott, Irving

brought out "The Sketch Book" himself in England, and the volume met with such speedy and favorable notice that Murray finished the first edition and got out a second. The Literary Gazette criticised the book most kindly. Byron said that he knew it by heart. Irving's friendship with Scott was long and gratifying; Kean, Campbell, the poet Moore, Rogers, D'Israeli, Jeffrey, and the publishers Constable and Murray were all new

acquaintances.

Irving was always averse to public dinners, and still more opposed to making speeches at them. Many humorous anecdotes are told about his habit of falling asleep in public, which of course are greatly exaggerated. D'Israeli relates that Irving "always slept at dinner. One day as he was dining at Mr. Hallam's they took him asleep to Lady Jersey's rout, and to see the Sieur Geoffrey when he opened his eyes in the illumined saloons was really quite admirable — quite an Arabian tale." He usually slept poorly at night, and for this reason may easily be pardoned for drowsiness at the tedious functions to which

he was so often bidden. Ιn 1826, a story was circulated and even found wav into print linking his name with that of the Empress Maria Louisa. and commenting on their alleged proposed marriage, but the tale was too absurd to gain credence among sensible folk.

In favor of his literary pursuits he declined the mayoralty of New

York, a seat in Congress and the secretaryship of the navyunder Van Buren, preferring to remain abroad, to roam and write at will. "Tales of a Traveller" were produced about this time. His appointment as Secretary of Legation at Madrid soon followed. His life in Spain was one of the most productive periods of his entire literary career. Here he translated Navarrete's "Voyages of Columbus," and undertook his own "Life of Columbus," which was destined to win him much glory as a historian. It gained for him the medal offered by George IV for historical composition. During the busy summer of 1829 he lived in Lindaraja's apartments in the Alhambra, and with poetic surroundings he was inspired to write his "Conquest of Granada and the Alhambra." It was in this summer also that he made a rambling expedition with Prince Dolgorouki, of the Russian embassy at Madrid, from Seville to Granada, along the picturesque hills and verdant valleys of Spain. Their way wended by the River Guadaira, "whimpering among reeds, rushes and pond lilies," and whose banks bloomed with

vellow myrtle scarlet and pom egranate. The orange and citron shed their perfume on the warm air, and the nightingale sang its love song to the enchanted wanderers. Amid such scenes as this 'tis small wonder that his pen flowed fluently; and when the travelers had reached the romantic ruins of the Alhambra, that relic Spanish grandeur, so beauti-



FROM C. R. LESLIE'S PAINTING OF IRVING.

ful in its picturesque decay, it is not surprising that his brain wove many fancies of ancient knights and ladies, and recalled the chivalrous deeds and daring expeditions of bold warriors, the flashing eyes and clicking castanets of beautiful señoritas, and the ancient pride and glory of old Spain.

Returning to more prosaic England

"Sunnyside," the house which has been so inseparably linked with his name, and settled down to the enjoyments of domesticity, with his brother and his family, and a number of nieces.

Freehearted and generous hospitality was found within his walls; his friends were entertained royally. Two of his most distinguished visitors were



IRVING AT SEVILLE, 1828.
From the drawing by Wilkie.

as Secretary of Legation at London, he received the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford, and edited Bryant's poems, securing for his countryman an English audience. Two years later, in 1832, he returned to America and was given a great ovation in New York. A banquet was tendered him and honors of all kinds were heaped upon the first American to win a name in letters both at home and abroad. He purchased

Daniel Webster and Napoleon III. A Western trip, taken to familiarize himself with his own country, resulted in the works "Astoria," "A Tour on the Prairies," and "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville." His cherished plan to write a history of Mexico was sacrificed when he heard that Prescott was at work on the same theme. Nothing in his whole life is more indicative of the generosity and kindliness

of the man's nature than this incident. In 1842, in spite of his determination to remain at home, he went to Spain again, having been appointed United States Minister. The honor was entirely unsought by him, and he was reluctant to go. "It is hard, very," he humorously remarked, "but I must try to bear it." Queen Isabella II and her regents were making troublesome times in Spain at that period, and the minister had little leisure for literary work. In 1846 he resigned the position and left Europe for the last time. His life was quiet and retired from this time on. In 1855 the first volume of his "Life of Washington" was brought out, and the work on this continued until 1859, when the fifth and last volume was issued. He had meditated and pondered on this work for thirty years. The idea was suggested to him by Constable, the publisher, in London during his second visit. His other successful and most entertaining biography is that of Oliver Goldsmith. Lives of Mahomet and Columbus succeeded these works.

His last years at Sunnyside were passed in peace and happiness. Genial, kindly and cheerful in his old age, treating with utmost courtesy those who pursued him to his retreat, receiving "all sorts of letters from all sorts of people. They tore his mind from him in strips and ribbons." Of the way he passed the time he tells us of trudging about the farm, revising his early works, dozing over a book, the girls all silently sewing about him. "As a man grows old," he used to remark to his nieces, "he must take care not to grow musty or fusty or rusty,an old bachelor especially." And Irving never grew musty or fusty or rusty,-quaint and humorous to the last, commenting on his weakness with characteristic spirit. "I am apt to be rather fatigued, my dear, with my night's rest," he once told his

niece in reply to her solicitations as to his condition.

In speaking of Irving's beautiful character Thackeray, who knew and loved him, used these words: "In his family, gentle, generous, goodhumored, affectionate and self denying; in society a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood, quite unspoiled by prosperity, never obsequious to the great; eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit, always kind and affable with the young members of his calling, an exemplar of goodness, probity and a pure life."

He died as he had lived, peacefully, quietly, "with all sail set." The whole world of letters paid him homage. Statesmen discoursed on his worth; preachers spoke of his pure spirit and clean life; poets sang his requiem in tender verse; friends eulogized his character and his works; the people wept. Historical societies and municipal organizations passed resolutions of respect and regret; such orators as Edward Everett and George Bancroft delivered enthusiastic addresses; the poet Longfellow spoke tenderly of his friend—the author of the first book he ever read. Flags were floated at half-mast in New York City, and on the day of the funeral many shops were closed in Tarrytown. It was the first of December, but a balmy, Indian summer day which seemed created especially for him who loved sunshine so well. The procession wound its length through the road of Sleepy Hollow, past the spots made famous by his magic pen, to the little church, around which were gathered the simple villagers who loved him as a friend. The setting sun touched the trees with mellow light, caressing the hallowed ground in which the precious dust was laid—a simple, beautiful, touching end to a simple, beautiful and touching life.

"I rose softly, slipt on my clothes, opened the door suddenly and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. They were going the rounds of the house, and singing at every chamber door, but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment, playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until as if by one impulse, they scampered away."—The Sketch Book.



"THE WIFE."

"I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel-walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white, a few wild flowers in her hair, a fresh bloom was on her cheek, her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely."—The Sketch Book.



"CHRISTMAS AT BRACEBRIDGE HALL."

CHARACTERISTIC THE BEST WASHINGTON IRVING'S



"THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE."

"She never even mentioned her lover's name, but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence." — The Shetch Book.



"RIP VAN WINKLE."

SCENES FROM KNOWN OF SHORTER SKETCHES.



"THE WIDOW AND HER SON."

"He sank on his knees before her and sobbed like a child. 'Oh my dear, dear mother, don't you know your son?'"—The Sketch Book.

"Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree." . . . "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"—The Sketch Book.



"THE YOUNG ROBBER."

"There was a forlorn kind of triumph at having at length become her exclusive possessor. I bore her off into the thickness of the forest. She remained in the same state of insensibility or stupor. I was thankful that she did not recollect me, for had she once murmured my name, I should have been overcome. slept at length in the arms of him who was to poniard her. Many were the conflicts I underwent before I could bring myself to strike the blow. . . . I separated myself gently from her, and seizing my poniard plunged it into her bosom."—Tales of a Traveller.

"Sunnyside" to-day presents outwardly the same aspect as it did when the genial spirit

of its master pervaded every room. The little slip of ivy that Mrs. Jane Renwick brought from Abbotsford has wellnigh covered one side of the house, completely veiling the side in which Irving's own rooms are situated. Wisteria, with great gnarled roots, has also found an abiding place here, and Virginia creepers caress the west wing. At the top of the stone coping over Irving's bedroom is a weather-vane, a cock, sent to him by Scott. The weather-beaten horse which has swerved to the wind for so many years over the topmost front pinnacle of the house, used to stand proudly on the old State House The original "Wolfert's at Albany. Roost," which Irving purchased, made his additions to and rechristened was the home of one Wolfert Acker, who inscribed his favorite Dutch motto, "Lust in Rust" (Pleasure in Quiet), over the door. This was commonly called "Wolfert's Rest," and was later "Wolfert's Roost." corrupted into When Irving took possession of the place he modelled his additions by the same Dutch architecture. Four years before his death he erected the porch as it stands now. The various wings that have been added since his death have just been torn down, and extensive alterations and repairs are being made by the grand-nephew, who has but recently purchased the place. new part of the building will follow the same Dutch lines of architecture as the original, so when finished the whole will be a symmetrical and typical old Dutch mansion. The two nieces of Mr. Irving who were with him at the time of his death have lived at "Sunnyside" ever since (not always during the winter, however); but having grown very old and feeble and unable to keep the place up as it should be. they disposed of it to the grandnephew, who will move in next spring. The old furniture has been removed

IRVING'S HOME TO-DAY.

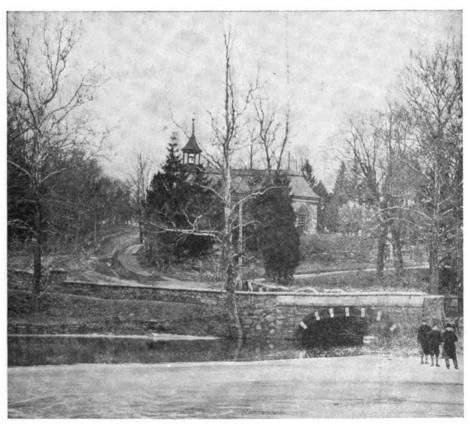
and stored for safe keeping, but before this was done, the rooms were photo-

graphed, that everything might be arranged in exactly the same positions as before.

Three of the noble elms before the front door were planted by Irving himself. No doubt it was in these very branches the birds he so charmingly describes in a chapter of "Wolfert's Roost and Other Papers" built their little nests and chirped their choruses for him. As one wanders about the grounds to-day, the imagination conjures up the spectacle of Irving opening his window blinds of a bright, sunny morning (I say bright and sunny, because it does not seem possible that gloomy weather could visit so delightful a spot) and looking out over the smooth stretch of lawn that surrounds the house. There are cedar trees and elm trees, oak trees and spreading horsechestnuts, which drop their heavy fruit on the walk. Just beyond the driveway, a little brook leaps down the wooded hill, over browned stones and rolling pebbles, to lose itself in the broad river which glides so majestically past. Opposite, the beautiful Palisades rise all their precipitous grandeur, crowned with verdure and enduring as the ages. Up the river gleams out the white tower of the lighthouse on Kingsley's Point. "Sunnyside Lane," which leads to the house, is the most picturesque thoroughfare imaginable. It is thickly lined with trees, whose boughs interlace overhead. Along the sides are tangled growths of bushes and wild flowers. The same little brook tumbles hastily down the hill, and here and there a stray chipmunk or squirrel darts along the stone wall, which is tumbled with age and coated with moss and lichens. One leaves "Sunnyside" reluctantly, and makes the way through beautiful Irvington, past the homes of the great and wealthy, by the Memorial Church which Irving attended, over the broad,

smooth roads, roofed in with noble trees, three miles to Tarrytown. From here the road is beautiful as ever, but the houses are more frequent and less elegant. The statue to commemorate the capture of the unfortunate Major André stands on a little hill, above the main street. Finally as the way grows more wild and woodsy, one perceives in the green distance a gleaming of white shafts among the trees. The path declines; a little stream murmurs by, lined with a long row of weeping willows; on either side are rocky, wooded hills, on which the verdure is taking the red and gold tints of autumn; the marsh grass grows green and lush; there are apple

trees freighted with a luscious burden of yellow fruit; golden rod proudly waves its regal banner; a soft stillness pervades the air; the sun is warm and sweet; the scene lulls the senses into a delicious languor: it is Sleepy Hollow. Here is the path along which poor Ichabod Crane was pursued by the Headless Horseman: here is the very spot where he met with disaster. The old bridge has long ago crumbled to ruin, and a substantial brick and stone structure takes its place; the stream has dwindled to small proportions, shallow, spreading out to make the Hollow marshy in cer-tain places, but the old Dutch church still stands, just



THE ENTRANCE TO SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY, SHOWING THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH AND A NEAR VIEW OF THE FAMOUS BRIDGE.

From a photograph by Ahrens.

did nearly two hundred years ago. A stone tablet over the door announces that it was erected in 1699 by Frederick Philips and Catharine Ann Cortland, his wife. A quainter edifice it would be hard to find. Services are held in it for three months in the summer, but the rest of the time it is left alone to brood over its memories of the past and ponder on the future which awaits its historic walls. The cemetery is on the hill back of the church, the Irving lot being on the summit, commanding a view both sweeping and superb. The lot is boxed in with a green hedge, and tall trees wave above the resting place of several generations of the fine old family. The first tombstone of Wasnington Irving was entirely chipped away by relic hunters, but the new one which replaced it is more carefully

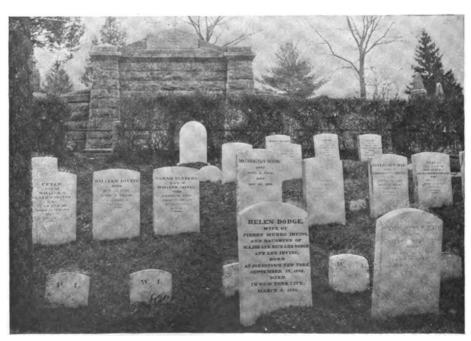
guarded. Its corners are rounded, and the slab bears upon its face the simple inscription:

> Washington Irving Born April 3, 1783 Died Nov. 28, 1850.

His mother is buried on one side, and his brother William on the other.

From this spot one looks down into Sleepy Hollow in all its picturesque decay. In the distance to the west sweeps the broad Hudson; on the other side are the autumn-clad hills, touched by the afternoon sun into a blazing glory; the quiet graves and the solemn church near at hand fill one with a strange repose—an ideal spot in which to dream, a perfect place in which to live, a peaceful, restful home for the dead.

Beatrice Sturges.



THE IRVING LOT IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.

From a photograph by Ahrens,



"And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

-Byron.

A BOAT SONG.

ROW! row! with a steady stroke, That's sending my bark to sea; The air is soft, the ocean calm And my love is along with me.

Pull! pull! we go with the tide On the dimpling water's breast; We rise and sink, but steadily on To the radiant, amber west.

Down, down, goes the sinking sun Through clouds of flaming yellow, The waters change, with changing lights, To tints that are warm and mellow.

So, so, does my love's sweet face Change with her feelings ever. She tries to hide what I know well, But ah! with a vain endeavor.

Red, red, she has caught the glow Of the red sun on her lips, A golden light is in her hair As the sun in the water dips.

White, white, oh! the snowy clouds Are touched with brightest pink; But pink and white, her velvet cheeks More beautiful are, I think.

Blue, blue, is the sky between
Where floating clouds they sever,
And deepest blue, her eyes that speak
Of faith that is true forever.

Swing, swing, now around, my boat,
For the evening star is bright,
Drift with the tide that bears us home
By the waning moon's soft light.

F. L. Ward.



A FLORENTINE POET. From the painting by Cabanel.

FAMOUS STUDIOS IN PARIS.

IT is very true that some studios in Paris are as well worth seeing, as the famous art collections of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. They are, in fact, art exhibits of a kind, and prove intensely interesting, helpful and enjoyable to the art student and connoisseur. The successful Paris painter likes to live in a palace, and often begins to build before he quite knows how he is to finish. His ambition has made the beautiful quarter of Parc Monceaux a sort of Belgravia of the brush.

Meissonier reared here a mansion in the style of the Italian Renaissance, built from first to last after his own designs, and also another quite as fine at Poissy. Two studios in the town house occupy nearly all the upper story; the large one he reserved for the life-sized figures of the heroes in his "Napoleonic Cycle"—to confound the critics, who said he could paint only on a microscopic scale. The studio in which he did most of his work communicated with the terraced roof of a

lovely colonnade where he took his fresh air. He spent much time at Poissy and was of local celebrity, honored in his own parish as well as throughout the world. Poissy in its own way added its mite to the tribute of universal admiration by naming him mayor. He took the compliment quite gravely and served his term.

The popular American painter, Ridgeway Knight, lives next door to the Meissonier home at Poissy, in a delightfully old-fashioned home with all sorts of ecclesiastical and political memories—a house with the *reality* as well as the style of old age. The great staircase with its wrought-iron balustrade leads to room after room filled with costly and tasteful bric-a-brac—the spoils of the Hotel Drouot.

Munkacsy, the Hungarian, is undoubtedly the best known of the many foreign artists settled in Paris, and has a superb studio in the Ave de Villiers. He occupies the whole of the house, and his atelier is reached through corridors of rich artistic gloom. The



CALLING THE FERRYMAN.

From the painting by Ridgeway Knight.

light falls through stained windows, and tapestries, mirrors, plants, statuary and rare paintings are so combined as to make one finished interior, As we entered, we found the dear old man, of robust form and curly white hair, standing before an enormous canvas, "The Scourging of Christ." Can we ever forget it? The great motley throng had gathered to place upon the divine head, the crown of thorns, and the red robe; the familiar story, so graphically portrayed made us long for the day when the last stroke of the brush would be placed on the canvas and the great picture displayed where the world might see and rejoice in a crucified and risen Saviour. The French themselves recognize the old Hungarian as a master. He is a leader, even in Israel. He has brought a new style with him-a new way of looking at nature. His very methods are his

own—at any rate they are not French. He is not merely a product of the Beaux-Arts, exhibiting under a foreign name; this attitude of superiority to French art and to all art but his own has sometimes given offense.

Munkacsy no longer exhibits at the Salon but in a gallery apart, and he usually contrives to time his public appearances by those of the rank and file of his brother artists. The exhibition of his "Christ before Pilate" was the first of his innovations in established practice. The renowned sequel to this picture—"Calvary," now in the Dresden Gallery—was the next exhibited, and both amply justified the painter's confidence in himself. "Milton dictating 'Paradise Lost' to His Daughters" won for him the first medal of honor and European fame. The picture speaks to the heart as well as to the eyes, and is finely composed.

It now occupies a prominent place in the Lenox Library, New York.

The great Hungarian painter and his most accomplished wife, Madame Munkacsy, have become famous in Paris for their unique social entertainments, and the nobility of foreign courts, with the élite of art and literature, have mingled in sweet converse in the palatial home. Since it was the writer's pleasure to visit this rare couple, they have bade farewell to Paris, and have returned to Hungary, where the artist's countrymen have honored him with the presidency of the National Art School at Buda Pesth.

The handsome studio of Cabanel in Rue de Vigny commands a fine view of Parc Monceaux, which the artist, in his peculiarly single-minded devotion to his work, rarely enjoyed. As a product of his genius, "The Birth of Venus" ranks very high, and attracts much attention and admiration from visitors to the Luxembourg—the lovely figure of the Goddess, reclin-

ing on the green wave, with her long golden tresses floating on the seafoam, while above her is a group of cupids descending to waken her, is indeed worthy of the admiration and fame bestowed. Cabanel was a prince of draughtsmen; he knew how to draw, but he did not know always what to draw. His great historical compositions have a certain tameness and coldness, and are wanting in the power of realizing life as it is lived. He is seen perhaps at his best in his mural decoration in the Pantheon, in Paris.

Across the Seine, from the Place de la Concorde, we drove to the home and studio of the first American woman, whose talent and artistic merit awarded her a place in the Salon—Miss Elizabeth Gardner, of Exeter, N. H., who has studied in Paris for twenty successive years. She is an indefatigable worker, a devout pupil of Bouguereau, and her work amply justifies the years of devotion to her art. As we entered the studio the singing of birds and the joyous sunshine



MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

From the painting by Munkacsy.



BUBBLES.
From the painting by Elizabeth Gardner.

greeted us; the spacious apartments were hung with tapestry, and casts of renowned sculptors were in nooks and corners, intermingled with rare palms and ferns.

We were attracted at once to the large canvas exhibited at the last Salon, and of which the little woman

artist was justly proud, for "David" received "Honorable Mention." The young shepherd has rescued a lamb from the jaws of a lion. The picture is full of life and strength, harmony and finish. The artist delights in painting children of all ages and in all attitudes. Her many portraits of

women are likened to enlarged miniatures, so soft and exquisite are they in detail.

Across the courtyard from Miss Gardner's home is that of her famous teacher, Bouguereau, to whom this gifted American artist has recently

been married. Bouguereau's pictures have brought enormous prices, and exhibit three qualities which justify his reputation, viz., taste, knowledge and refinement. He never forgets that he is painting pictures to be bought by the rich, and is careful that nothing in them shall be out of keeping with the elegant things that shall surround Hardly any them. French modern painter can be named who is more widely popular in America.

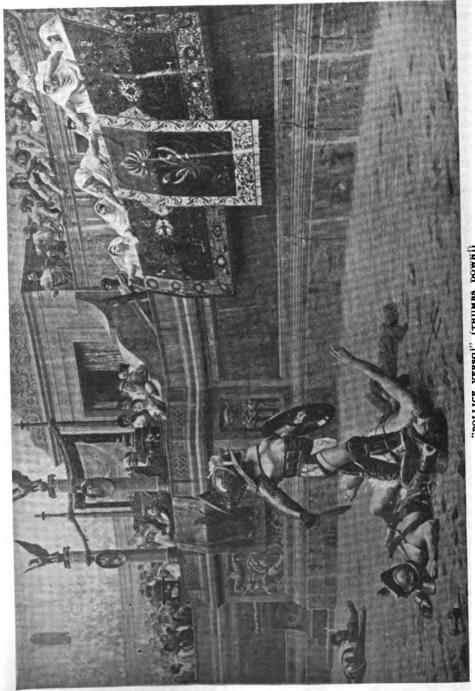
Gérôme, in youth, revived the taste for antiquity, and brought more learning to it, than the old conventional classics of the school of David.

This studio is a storehouse of wonders; he has evidently sacrificed an ample fortune to a whim of genius. The carved furniture, the broad and elegant gobelin tapestries, the bronzes and marble, the gladiatorial armor, the weapons, all so wonderfully arranged to array his walls, are used to portray Greek and Roman life through

his brush, and as accessories of his pictures of the modern East. He is a most graceful man, tall with gray hair and keen eyes, and of gracious manner, and is classed among the great living academic painters, such as Bouguereau, Le



THE LITTLE MARAUDER. From the painting by Bouguereau.



"POLLICE VERSO!" (THUMES DOWN!) From the painting by Gérôme.

Febre, Boulanger, and even the great and much admired Meissonier. He is sculptor as well as painter, and the place given his finely wrought marble in the Luxembourg, bespeaks for him a great and worthy name among French artists.

Bridgman's studio is in the Boulevard Malesherbes, at the end of his lovely garden. Both his house and work room are finished in superb taste, and form one of the most artistic interiors of Paris. Paintings, statuary, bronzes, are seen in a suitable light.

balcony surrounded by this interior, and at the right are enticed into an Egyptian room, the floor covered with a peculiar rug, the ceiling of old buff tapestry in conventional pattern, a frieze of terra cotta background with papyrus leaves and blossoms in bäsrelief, while a narrow shelf around the room, ornamented with Egyptian vases, ewers, and bric-a-brac, forms a finish to the deep dado below. In the centre of the peculiar mantel are an idol and various curios. The tables are of pyramidal shape covered with



THE PROCESSION OF THE OSIRIS BULL. From the painting by Bridgman.

The door into the studio proper is in keeping with the room and a most fitting introduction. It is of Turkish design, inlaid with mother of pearl, and as the visitor steps upon the threshold the beauties of this artistic abode are before him. The rich mosaic floor, in the centre of which is a sparkling fountain with blue tile basin containing goldfish; the harem window divans, tapestries, stools, and tables, aside from the many easels, curtain pictures by the artist's hand, and all combined form an ideal place to study the orientalism which is so graphically depicted on Bridgman's canvas.

Up a narrow stairway we reach a

gold on which are grotesque figures. The entrance to this unique apartment is guarded by two immense bronze figures, like winged bulls, thus carrying out an old custom of the ancient Egyptians. As we return to the balcony and once more gaze upon the gorgeous trappings of this gorgeous studio we are led to exclaim, "With artistic taste, talent, temperament, and the wherewithal to indulge, what cannot one do?"

Bridgman, in all but his being to the manor born, is a French painter. He has been strongly influenced by his masters, and especially by the archæological school of Gérôme, in which he was brought up; at one time he sought to revive ancient Egypt and Assyria in a series of learned works. Gérôme had revived Greece and Rome. At first his painting sinned a little by being over careful. The Beaux-Arts seemed to be always with him, though a painter might have a worse companion. Then came a marked change into greater freedom of style, which at once coincided with a change in subject—the East of today, in lieu of the East of antiquity.

Mrs. Zachary Taylor Jones.

MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

PLACID moonbeams! resting oft
On palace tower and cottage roof,
Throwing your silver threads of warp
Across the starlight's golden woof,
Weaving a web of softest sheen
Above the earth's dark robe of green;

I stand and watch your shimmering light
Sparkle like jewels on the tide,
And wonder if more fair than this
The stream that laves the farther side;
Or if the heavenly asphodels
Are fairer than our lily bells.

I know no softer moonlight gleams,
Than this which bathes the earth with light;
I know no fairer stars are seen,
For in that land there is no night;
But this my longing heart would know—
Do friends, who loved me long ago,

Stand just within the golden gate,
Which swung at eve its portals wide,
And almost oped to mortal ken
The glory of the farther side?
I wait to hear the answer given,—
"The loved of earth shall meet in heaven."

And waiting, I will trust the love
That guards me through the darkest hours,
And though my feet oft press the thorns
That lie concealed 'mid sweetest flowers,
I know His hand will surely guide
My footsteps safe beyond the tide.

Ellen E. Miles.

THE TWO MR. MORTONS.

OLLY is the most maddening, tantalizing, perverse and charming—I might as well admit it, vou'd soon have found it out-young woman my acquaintance. of

I've been in love with her for five years, and it's a wonder my hair isn't white; sometimes I think it is turning gray, but when I spoke to Dolly about it, she said not to bother, I was old enough to be gray anyway. Ah! that's where Dolly hurts, and she knows it, for I am fifteen years older than she is, and when that willful voung woman wishes to be particularly cruel, she treats me with respect.

I know that among my friends I am considered to have fairly good sense; I can talk rationally on most subjects, and I stand well enough in my profession, at least enabling me to keep my head above water. But when I'm with Dolly, or in her presence, I'm an ass, a driveling, foolish ass. A lunatic from an asylum would be a brilliant conversationalist compared to me. And alas! Dolly knows that too, and she torments me and makes life an unutterable burden to me. I start to make a sensible remark, when suddenly I meet Dolly's eye; then I stumble and say the wrong thing, and she will remark, "Do you really think that?" with such a wicked look in her beautiful blue eyes, while I don't think it at all but have just said it. And so it goes until I wonder sometimes if I am quite right. When we go to dances,—I say we, I'm always there if I know she is going,—things are a little worse than usual, for Dolly dances past me with beasts and cads of men, and I stand about the wall watching her. She never will give but two dances to me, so I have nothing to do in the meantime but watch her.

One night I was desperate. I had sent her violets as usual,—she is par-

ticularly fond of them, and most of my money goes that way. Sometimes she wears them, and often carries them, but this night they were nowhere to be seen, and in her hand was one large red rose. I went up to her; appearing to be sorry to see me was the particular form of torture which commended itself to her on this especial night. "You here!" she said, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment and without a smile; all put on, of course, because I am always where

"Oh, no, I'm not here, I'm somewhere else," I said wittily. She laughed immoderately.

"You're — so — funny," re-

marked, choking.

"Yes," said I severely, "I suppose I am funny, very funny—but where are my violets?"

"Why, had you — any — violets?" said she, "I didn't know,—how should I know?" She said it seriously, but there was a look in her eyes that I was used to: I'd have liked to shake her.

"Dolly, you know exactly what I

mean; where are my violets?"

"If you mean the violets you sent me," she replied with dignity, "I understood that after they left you they belonged to me; do you want them back?" This freezingly.

"Oh, Dolly," I said, reduced once more to my usual condition of asininity, "I didn't mean it, dear, I don't want the d- I beg your pardon, of course I don't want them; I only wanted you to wear them or carry them, you know, darling."

But she saw that she had the best of me, so carried things with a high hand.

"The rose was sent me by a friend," she hesitated, "and I suppose I have a right to wear what I please; but sit down, don't stand so long, you'll be tired!" This was an allusion to my age, and it maddened me.

"You are exceedingly rude!" I

said, turning away and leaving her. It was the most severe speech I had ever made to Dolly, and I suffered at the thought of it. For four days I didn't go near her or send her violets once. It was an awful four days; I neither slept nor ate, but just reviled myself as a fool for becoming estranged from the only woman in the world. In my despair I even went so far as to take Jane Hunt to a dance where Dolly was sure to see us, and she did. And when I passed her and she looked over my head with her small nose in the air, I wished Miss Hunt was in well, somewhere else, that I might rush over to Dolly, throw myself at her feet, -and kiss them! Yes, I acknowledge that I have often wished that.

Finally I wrote to her, fully conscious that it was a very silly letter, wherein I told her I was merely angry at myself for not knowing she cared for red roses, and I sent three dozen. The answer I received was

characteristic:

"You are a silly old goose, and if you had only waited until I finished what I was saying you would have discovered that you sent the rose yourself with the violets. I don't care at all for red roses."

By which token I learned, not that Dolly was repentant, but that her violets had faded, and she wanted more. So I sent them, hundreds of them, hoping that willful and fascinating young woman would be appeased.

But the greatest of my misfortunes has not yet been set down. There was another young man, an acquaintance and admirer of Dolly's, with exactly the same name as myself-Richard Morton. I, of course, had taken a huge dislike to him, in fact I hated him (for Dolly once remarked that he was a nice fellow), and I don't think he had an extraordinary affection for me. We were no relation; I was glad of that. A few days after I had been such a cad to Dolly I called upon her, and, Heaven favoring me, I found her alone:

"Dolly, dearest," I began, "I am so

sorry—"

"Don't," she said, "that incident is closed. There are so many nicer things to talk about; Jane Hunt for instance." I shivered; I was about to be punished.

Is she nicer?" said I.

"What do you really think of her?" said Dolly with rather an anxious look thought; but of course I was mistaken.

"Oh, she's a very good girl, very good!" with a desperate desire to make Dolly jealous if I could, which I

couldn't.

"Is she?" Dolly tossed her head. 'Well, Mr. Morton, do you want to know what I think she looks like?" The "Mr. Morton" was ominous; I shivered again.

"I can't imagine," said I lightly, thinking how very pretty Dolly was with that pink spot in either

cheek.

"I think she looks like a cook!" she declared triumphantly, while I, inwardly agreeing, protested:

"Oh, Dolly, a cook!"

"Yes," she went on spitefully, "and nor even like a good cook!"

"Dolly! Not like a bad cook?" "Yes," she went on, "like a very poor cook!"

I was obliged to laugh, I couldn't

help it.

"Splendid wife she'd make!" said I,

not meaning to rouse Dolly.

But suddenly she turned and said the most terrible thing to me that she'd ever said since I'd known her.

"Then you'd better marry her!"

This from Dolly!

"Oh—" I began, but she was gone, and there was nothing for me to do but to pick up my hat and go, which I did, calling myself a beast and a brute as I went.

That night leaving the theatre we happened to meet a moment. She

was radiant and scornful.

"Dolly," I said, resolving not to notice the contretemps of the afternoon, "who are you going to dance the cotillion with at the Terry's to-morrow night?"

"With Mr. Morton," she answered sweetly.

"What a dear you are,—I was afraid you'd promise somebody else."

And then she laughed.

"With the pleasant, agreeable Mr. Morton," she continued, "who never says the wrong thing." And then I knew she meant the other one! I'm afraid I said a bad word; her mocking laugh followed me in the darkness, and echoed in my dreams that night. I wished I'd never seen her—and took it back immediately.

I debated a long time within myself whether or not I should go to the Terry's, but as usual ended by going. I could dance stag and take Dolly out, and—lovely idea—perhaps she would take me out! Then as I thought of the way I had left her the night before, this beautiful hope faded. What would she want with a brute like me?

I never saw her look better than that night of the Terry's dance; she was in white, which best became her, and she seemed to me like an angel. And that beastly Morton looked pretty well too. I had to admit to myself that he was rather a well appearing chap.

Mrs. Floyd-Hopkins, who aspires to be something of a belle herself, stood for a moment and followed the direc-

tion of my glance.

"Miss Dalrymple is looking particularly well this evening," said she, a very gracious speech indeed for her.

"Very!" I replied, having sense enough left not to discuss Dolly with a woman.

"But what an awful flirt!" she went on; this left me gasping.

"And engaged, I understand, to Mr.

Morton all the time."

"Who said it?" I asked hoarsely. Dolly engaged,—and to that—cad—with my name.

"Oh, everybody says so," and then she looked at me with such an unpleasant smile. "That's your name too, isn't it?"

"Yes, I believe it is," I said brilliantly, moving away from her.

Dolly engaged! I couldn't grasp

the full significance of it; the thought left me dazed and bewildered. This very night should decide it. I would go to her and ask if there was any truth in it. Just then she came toward me as if she was going to take me out, but something in my face must have stopped her.

"What is the matter?" she said, turn-

ing a little white.

"Dolly," I said sternly, "will you give me the first two dances after supper?"

"Of course,— if you want them; but won't you dance now?" I never saw Dolly so meek before.

"No," I answered, almost roughly, "not now." She left me with a strange look on her sweet face.

It seemed centuries until supper; I tried to think of what I should say to her, but my mind was in such a chaotic state that I decided to depend on the inspiration of the moment.

At last supper was over and I found her, tucked her arm in mine, and marching off to a quiet nook, put her in the only seat, and stood accusingly before her.

"Dolly," I began, "look at me!" This she did, a little timidly, I thought, and I almost forgot what I was going to say in the joy of looking at her.

"My darling," I went on, "I have loved you so long, so well, and hoped that in the course of years you might come to care—" she dropped her eyes; just then I remembered that horrible gossip, "but to-night, Dolly, I heard something that turned my heart to stone."

"What was it?" she asked.

"That you were engaged to-"

"Who?" breathlessly.

"Morton," I gasped, "that wretched, caddish—"

"Stop!" she said, with dignity.

"Tell me, you shall," I grasped her wrists: "is it so?"

If it had been any woman in the world but Dolly I should have said she was embarrassed. She actually blushed.

"No," she said slowly, "it is not so,

but—" her hands went up and covered her face. My heavens! suppose she

should cry!

"But what?" I insisted cruelly; "you're not engaged to him, but you're in love with him?" She took her hands away and her face was very red: if it had not been such a serious moment I should have said she had been laughing.

"Mr. Morton has-never-asked me to be his-wife,-if he does,-I

shall--"

I was beside myself.

"And if he does?" I hissed.
"I shall say yes," very softly. A terrible silence ensued; the earth was sinking beneath my feet.

"You love this Mr. Morton?" I said

sharply.

And then the very queerest thing in the world happened; Dolly's face whitened a little as she rose and put out her hand.

"Yes, you old goose," she said, "I love this Mr. Morton!" It didn't take me long to gather Dolly into my arms. The next five minutes are not to appear in this narrative.

"Dolly," said I, blissfully, "did you ever know such a stupid old fool as I

am?"

"Never in all my life," said the sweetest of girls, her voice coming from the vicinity of my coat collar.

"And do you suppose that woman meant me when she told me that gos-

sip, my darling?"

"Of course she—did," said the voice, "and I'm glad she said it,-I don't believe you'd ever have asked me, otherwise!" My answer would not look well on paper.

"Do you know, Dick, that you never

have asked me before?"

And when I came to think of it, I never had.

Caroline M. Beaumont.

"O LAND OF KHEM!" *

(From the Egyptian.)

THE gentle wind is from the Desert blowing; It stirs the yellow sand, with fervor glowing, And seeks the palms, to set their branches waving: It comes to me, and fills my soul with craving For thee, O Khem,— Sweet Land of Khem.

The night stars, mirrored in the Nile's soft flowing— Like lotos flowers, 'neath the waters growing-Bring back the hours when first I saw their gleaming,— When first mine eyes beheld thy beauties beaming,

O Land of Khem,-Fair Land of Khem.

And tangled memories—like visions, seeming— Fill all my nights and days with happy dreaming; They set my list'ning heart with rapture beating, And all the voices of my soul repeating

> Thy name, O Khem,-Dear Land of Khem.

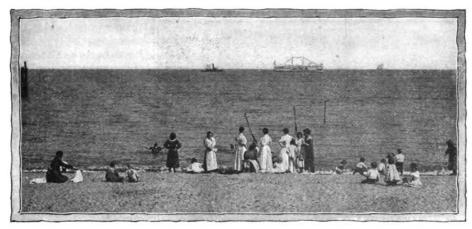
Osiris!—Isis! Listen to my pleading.— And Pharos!—Do not wait, my voice unheeding! But bear me hence, close in thine arms' enfolding, To that most fair of all the earth's beholding,—

That Land of Khem,— My land of Khem.

*"Land of Khem,"-Ancient Egypt.

Mary Devereux.





AT THE SEASIDE HOSPITAL-THE TRANSPORT BARGE IN THE DISTANCE.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD.

THE problem of poverty is one which is never solved, yet since civilization began, the generous and devout have spared neither time, thought, labor, nor money in its solution. Some ingenious statistician once endeavored to sum up the amount of money which had been spent by the government and the great charitable societies of England upon the poor of that land during the periods in which records were kept. The sum amounted to more than the entire national debt.

The amount expended in the United States in the present century for a similar object is close on to four billions, and yet the evil still exists. So far as our own country people are concerned, there is very little abject poverty, and what there is comes almost entirely from inebriety, accident, or disease; but there is a terrifying amount, of European origin. cumstances seem to have conspired for the accumulation of European paupers within our boundaries. American people are generous to a fault, are industrious and most hospitable. An American city is a paradise to a professional foreign beggar. Ocean transportation has grown cheaper year by year until it has

reached in dull seasons rates so low as to be amazing. In the past six years, the transatlantic steamers have brought over emigrants for ten and even nine and eight dollars per head. This state of facts has acted in two ways. The beggars and parasites of society on the other side of the Atlantic are all eager to go to a land of which they have heard such favorable accounts, and the officials of those parishes where the law sets aside fifteen or twenty dollars per year per head for their paupers are strongly tempted as a matter of public spirit and economical administration to ship their wards to the New World beyond the sea.

This has been done to an infamous extent. Of the ten million immigrants, who have come over in the present generation, it is believed that at least four hundred thousand belong to the pauper class and were "assisted" by the government officials of their native lands to reach the United States.

The result is visible in every great city. It is particularly noticeable in the American Babylon, New York.

In the so-called slums districts, which twenty-five years ago were made up of comfortable and even handsome residences, it is difficult to



THE BABY WARD.

find American inmates. There are Irish and Italians, English and Russians, Germans and Hungarians, Bohemians and West Indians, Chinese and Malays,—in fact nearly every race upon the globe is represented. In the police records and in the registers of the county institutions the most significant feature is the absence of There are sup-American names. posed to be 100,000 of this class in New York—ignorant, vicious, weak, sickly, unambitious, unenergetic, yet nevertheless crafty, patient, cunning.

They have children and many of The streets are peopled with little ones legitimate and illegitimate. The houses echo with the cries of infants; and the corners at night are infested and made dangerous or objectionable by dissolute young men and young women. Yet they are here to stay. Under our laws they are Americans, and their children have the same political status as the citizens whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower or the Dutch galleons which settled New York. constitute a stumbling block to society, a menace to morality and liberty, and a danger to civilization.

Nevertheless so profound is the religious nature of the American that in proportion to the dimensions of the evil have become those of the agencies which seek its remedy and cure. If New York has this terrible class. it has the greatest body of organized charities which world has ever seen. Churches of every denomination; organizations drawn from fifty nationalities; societies, public and secret; missionaries, professional and amateur; hospitals and asylums, refuges and homes, kinder-

gartens and day nurseries; night schools and ragged schools; institutes and missions, make up a force which can only be compared to a magnificent army, and an army it is,—an army fighting for a greater cause than conquest, for nobler objects than territory or commerce—officered by nobler men and grander women, and marked by a discipline which qualifies one to stand up at the end of life and meet the last call with a smile and a

happy anticipation.

Among these agencies is St. John's Guild. It is more than typical, unless it be that as a type it has been used by the founders of a hundred other organizations in New York and elsewhere. It carries on a plan of campaign adapted to the special wants and conditions of the people for whose good it labors, and of the city and environs in which its work is maintained. It is thirty years old, and is a corporation run by business men and devout women upon business principles. It is non-sectarian and depends almost entirely upon voluntary contributions and voluntary services. It well knows the temper of the American people. Whenever it requires money, nurses, or assistants it merely publishes the fact in the daily papers, and within a few days its treasury is again full and an army of brave young men and women are at its doors ready and eager to toil and slave in the cause of a

higher humanity.

It has about seven hundred members, and is reënforced by a Woman's Auxiliary Association, whose energy, administrative ability, and Christian spirit cannot be too highly praised. The work done may be divided into four classes—first the Children's Hospital in New York City; second the Floating Hospital, a giant excursion barge which has been especially fitted up for the purpose; third, the Seaside Hospital on the shore of Staten Island, and fourth the special relief work among the sick and poor children.

In the prosecution of this work the first step is to find the children. This is much more difficult tham might at first be supposed. Foreigners are suspicious, and in many cases resent the intrusion of a stranger, no matter how good and kind may be the purpose of her visit. To overcome this difficulty

requires tact and patience. Time and again the door is shut in the face of the caller; time and again he or she is insulted, reviled, and even assaulted. Not that these poor foreigners are particularly vicious and cruel. Nearly all of them have come from lands where social and political conditions are very different from those which prevail here. The visit of a stranger to them means too often the police agent, the secret service—the police spy or the political spy.

Not until they have been here ten or fifteen years do they become Americanized in this respect and lose the feeling which is so often a bar to their betterment. When the ice is once broken things become much better, and after the mother and the sick child or children have been taken off upon an excursion, or after a little one has been restored to health and strength in either the seaside or the city hospital, there is no trouble whatever. In fact things become the reverse, and the Society is often obliged to refuse these



INTRODUCTION OF INFANT PATIENTS.

floating excursions to those who are comparatively well, merely on account of the lack of accommodations.

It is very interesting to accompany one of the Society's agents through the tenement districts where the sick children reside. One home I visitedsmall, damp and miserable—was that of a little Welshman, his wife and three children. She was a good wife and mother and her excellence revealed itself in the spotless cleanliness of the rooms, of her clothing, and the shabby and almost worn-out apparel of the little ones. The man was a goodnatured, weak, and vacillating person with an apparently incurable love of When in a drinking spell everything went to the pawnbroker and, more piteous still, the pawn tickets therefor were sold to the nearest speculative bar tender. In the main room of the apartment there had been pictures, but they were replaced by clippings from newspapers pasted upon the wall. There had been flowers and flower pots, but all that remained was a broken pot in the window, in which a half-withered geranium reached vainly out after the sunlight. There had been chairs, but they had gone to the pawn shop and two soap boxes and a couple of half barrels took their place. The bed looked like a bunk knocked loosely together, and the children's bed was a poor mattress upon the floor. Two worn-out boxes did duty as bureaus, and the decaying kitchen sink did service as a wash hand basin and as a bath tub for the children. The three children were pretty; but were thin, weak, and sickly. In their case the lack of proper food at proper intervals was the disease from which they were suffering. The approach of my friend, the St. John's nurse, was a signal for quite a demonstration on the part of luckless little ones. swarmed over her, kicked her in irrepressible enthusiasm, kissed her hands, and begged to be invited to the next excursion. It is impossible to describe their joy when they received the tickets which entitled them to go the next day.

In another tenement was a poor Russian Jewish family. The father was a peddler, but was suffering from some wasting disease. He did the best he could, working as long and as hard as his emaciated frame would permit. He spoke but little English, and undoubtedly was oppressed by the sense of his approaching end. The best he could do was to make four or five dollars a week, and this was a very small amount, for a man, wife and five children. His friends in his synagogue, all poor, but all marked with that intense charity which distinguishes the Jewish above other races, gave him a small allowance of two or three dollars a week, which kept the wolf from the door.

Their rooms were exquisitely neat and were furnished poorly but com-The mother had taught all her little ones housekeeping, and the place fairly shone from their labors. But even here could be seen the ominous action of the foul gases of the building, the occlusion of the sunlight, the lack of exercise, and the care and trouble involved by the sickness of the head of the house. The children were very polite and received us with a dignity that would have befitted a grande dame. We sat down, and soon one youngster climbed into my friend's lap and then another, and then a little childish treble piped out, "When please can we go down in the big boat?" The answer came in the form of the necessary tickets, and great was the rejoicing in that particular Israel. Thus the work went on; thus the work goes on. In the winter season it is the sick, the wounded, maimed, and injured who are sought out. They are taken to the beautiful city hospital which is conducted by In the warmer season the Guild. some go to the city hospital, others are taken to the seaside hospital, while those who merely need fresh air and generous diet sail from the city upon the great barge and spend an entire

day upon the water.

The work done is something tremendous. In 1895 fifty-six thousand women and children were cared for; in 1894 forty-six thousand, while in the present year the number will probably reach sixty thousand. In the outdoor relief department nearly three thousand families are visited and four thousand children attended yearly. Ten thousand visits are made by the nurses, and nearly ten thousand dol-

receiving no pay patient and permitting no payment from its beneficiaries. It is intended for the very poor and is not an institution in which there is the law of quid pro quo. Its inmates are harder to treat than those of hospitals patronized by the wealthy or well-to-do. The diseases are the same, the accidents and the injuries are the same, but everything is complicated by the poverty and the general ill-being of the little inmates. It is here that you find a variety of scrofula



IN THE BATH ROOM.

lars are expended in making the patients healthier and stronger. It costs the association three dollars to visit and attend a family, and about twenty-three cents to take a little child off for a day's pleasure and feed and care for it. The Society has no very large establishment, and no cumbrous machinery.

The children's city hospital is a handsome four-story brownstone building with improved modern plumbing, perfect ventilation, wide windows, and high ceilings, which insure light, fresh air, and perfect ventilation. It is a free institution, which is superinduced by years of insufficient nutrition and unhealthy surroundings, and here that you may see those rare cases of malignant tubercular diseases which eat up a human body almost as successfully as a fuming acid or a caustic alkali.

The seaside hospital is a charming building of that curious style of modern architecture which is half house and half barracks, and which in the form of a summer hotel is known to everybody in the United States. It is close upon the ocean, the beach from the veranda to the water being just large enough to make a superb play-



SOME OF THE BENEFICIARIES.

ground for convalescent children. The great veranda affords a second playground during the fierce heat of summer days and also when it is wet and rainy. Back of the building are grassy lawns and groves of trees, beautiful views in every direction, while a nearly constant breeze from the ocean makes life very enjoyable.

The floating hospital is an institution all to itself. It is an immense barge of the same style as those employed the land over for picnics and excursions, but this has been specially arranged for its business.

It has wards with beds, cribs and swinging baby hammocks. It has a great sitting room with cosy chairs and comfortable settees. It has a sun deck where happy youngsters sit and blink with preternatural gravity. It has a salt water bathroom where a regiment could make its ablutions without trouble. In this room is a huge bathtub large enough for a seven-foot Vermonter. Then there is a wonderful arrangement of rubber cloths in which a small boy can splash

with all the water he wants, thoroughly cleanse himself and not bother anybody. Then there are little tubs for babies, foot tubs and hip tubs, little shower baths and douche baths. There is a mountain of towels, a pyramid of soap, and brushes and combs unnumbered. Then there is the great covered deck with casks of drinking water and a floor worn so smooth by children's feet that it is worthy of any ballroom in the land. Down in the hold is a first-class kitchen with every modern improvement, a spacious dining roomwhere 350 can dine at the same time. To see these tables in use. with six long lines of children happy but hard at work, their eyes riveted upon the plate in front of them, with the nurses and waiters and ladies who volunteered for the day serving them, is a picture which will never be forgotten by those who once see it.

The Guild was organized October 19, 1866, and incorporated in 1877. It started under very humble auspices and has grown to be an institution of which every New Yorker is proud. It

has done much in alleviating distress. It has done more in inciting others to emulate its example. Following in its footsteps the splendid Hebrew United Charities have established a sanitarium at Rockawav which is filled to overflowing with the little ones they gather in the metropolis. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Children's Aid Society, The Italian Benevolent Society, the King's Daughters, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, are all engaged in similar work. There are now many children's hospitals, asylums and nurseries in various parts of the city. There are several sanitariums and homes on the seashore, the banks of the Hudson, on the Sound. or among the fields and groves. Not a day passes during the warm season but an army of at least three thousand children is taken away from the air of the tenements and given a day off in new, beautiful, and healthful surroundings. On one day last September there were no less than twelve excursions by both sea and rail for these children, and more than eleven thousand of them received the benefit of a day in the country.

The good done is not confined to the children's health. It affects and improves their manners, speech and morals. It reacts and benefits relatives and neighbors. It is a leaven

and light in the darkness.

The officers of the Guild this year are Walter Stanton, president; Lloyd I. Seaman, first vice-president; William F. King, second vice-president; John T. Faure, secretary; Henry Marquand, treasurer, and Duff T. Maynard, agent.

Of the Woman's Auxiliary Mrs. John A. Lowery is president; Mrs. Edward Spencer is first vice-president; Miss Frelinghuysen is second vice-president; Mrs. Stuart A. Coats, recording secretary, Mrs. J. Kennedy Tod, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Henry E. Howland, treasurer. In the board of managers of the Auxiliary, including the six named, are thirty-

two representatives of the leading families of New York. Among those of national note are the Bigelows, Lauterbachs, Kemps, Jays, Lorings, Motts, Trasks, Ives, Harrimans, Grays, Dickeys, Cammacks, Beekmans, Stickneys, and Woods; while in the roll of members nearly every class, denomination, and party is represented.

The system of St. John's Guild appears to be based upon wiser foundations than those of older organizations. We have reached a point at which we know that the time-honored methods which are still found in operation are inefficient and unscientific. The way to raise men and women out of the depths is not to give them a course in the catechism nor to preach to them moral truths, nor even to try to convert them to high spiritual thoughts. Their minds are not ready for it, and, still more important, their bodies are not fit for the reception of spiritual life.

What is required first and is most important of all, in an upbuilding of the physical nature, is the substitution of pure oxygen and nitrogen for the mephitic gases of the cellar and the tenement; the replacement of the groggery and the bucket shop by verdant fields, river shores, and sea beaches; the substitution of the play-ground, the sand heap, the green fields, the orchards and the woods for the corridors of tall flat buildings and the foul yards of hovels and rookeries; the use of nourishing foodatright intervals, the wearing of decent clothing, and the use of soap and water. All of these are learned easily and naturally; they require no struggling nor wrestling on the part of the philanthropists. When the material wants are satisfied, when the physical nature is placed upon a proper basis, then and not till then is the field open for intellectual, moral, and spiritual regeneration. Professor Atwater said that the best missionary was a good plain cook, and a famous Swedish athlete said that Indian clubs were next to the Bible in benefiting humanity. Beneath the humor of these ideas lies a profound scientific truth.

The old Romans well expressed it in their immortal aphorism, "Mens sana in corpore sano." To us of today with broader views the word "mens" is too small; we see that the physical man is the foundation stone upon which rests the man social, the man political, the man intellectual, the man moral, and the man spiritual. Man under the microscope of to-day is a sixfold creature, a six-barreled machine. Most important of all is the physical, is the body, not that it is higher than the other natures, because it is not—not that it is nobler or better, be-

cause such is not the case. It bears exactly the same relation to the others that the foundations of a palace deep in the earth do to the exquisite spire, the majestic dome, the grand tower, and the lace work in stone of the façade.

These are the end and aim of the building, but without the foundation they are impossibilities. The missionary and the zealot are right in seeing the ineffable superiority of the spiritual nature, but alas too often they refuse or are unable to see that this nature was placed by the First Great Cause upon a purely physical basis.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.



"WHEN LOVE COMES KNOCKING AT THE GATE."

WHEN Love comes knocking at thy gate,
Bid him at once depart.
He will be patient, and will wait
The bidding of thy heart.

Tell him he knocketh there in vain, That he may ne'er come in. He'll smiling leave,—but come again, Thy loving heart to win.

Then when at last, he knocks in tears Oh, open wide love's gate. He'll soon forget his foolish fears, And vow 'twas sweet to wait!

William H. Gardner.

THE JUDAS COIN.

"Then one of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests, and said unto them: 'What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you?' And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver."—Matthew xxvi. 14, 15.

T was eight years ago on the second of last April that John Carringford disappeared. I say disappeared advisedly, for to this day I will venture the statement that no one save myself knows what became of that eccentric man.

Every one who knew Boston a dozen years ago, knew something also of John Carringford; if not personally, then at least they must have heard some of the strange stories which were told of him—how he lived alone in that big handsome house on Beacon Street with no one about save a few servants who, it afterwards turned out, knew really nothing of the man or his ways. He was said to have no relatives, which was probably true, for no one ever laid claim to the large estate which he left.

To say the least Carringford was There was not one man in Boston, though he was better known there than anywhere else, who could claim to know him. It was common talk that Carringford possessed one of the finest collections of antiques in existence. Who originated the story I have no means of knowing, for up to the time the house was taken possession of by the authorities, I never heard of anyone gaining admission. It proved to be true, however, for probably no finer collection of antiques ever saw the light of day outside the British Museum than was found inside the four walls of Carringford's house.

I have made these explanations in order that the reader who never heard of John Carringford may know as much of him as any one living, myself excepted.

There are reasons, which even to

this day I do not care to divulge, why I have so long kept silent regarding this man—why I have allowed year after year to go by and have not opened my lips as to his strange disappearance, when with a word I could have cleared up the mystery. But to do that I should have been compelled to disclose the purposes of my journey upon that occasion, and thus give secrets to the world which were not mine to give.

The second of April, 1888, found me in the then miserable little settlement of Mitford, some forty miles west of Calgary, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. That afternoon I was to take the west-bound train through to the coast and eventually to civilization. It was with a feeling of distinct relief that I at last beheld the puffing engines, laboring with the weight of a short train of cars, come into view up the grade. When I boarded the coach the colored porter informed me that it was a light trip and with the exception of myself there was but one through passenger.

Business of a private nature kept me employed throughout the afternoon, so I saw nothing of my fellow traveler. After dinner I picked up an old newspaper and adjourned to the smoking compartment. For probably half an hour I sat reading and smoking, when the compartment door opened and closed again. I turned about, thinking it was the porter, but instead, much to my surprise, I recognized the tall, gaunt form of John Carringford. He was apparently oblivious of my presence, and walking past me to a chair near the window he sat down and gazed out into the fast approaching darkness. I cannot say that I was surprised at his conduct, for it merely bore out what I had always heard of the man.

In answer to a commonplace some-

thing he turned toward me for the first time, and I had the opportunity of looking straight into the most singular and at the same time the most fascinating face I have ever seen. There was a look of keen intelligence in those big gray eyes and a depth of thought in the broad white forehead which stamped him at once as a man of unusual character.

One question led to another, and it was not many minutes before we were fairly launched in conversation. We talked politics, travel, finance—and then somehow or other we drifted upon the subject of numismatics. In a moment the conversation was entirely in his hands, and I saw instantly that it was one in which he was a pastmaster.

Such were the circumstances of our meeting and the story. Why Carringford told it at all I cannot say, nor will I attempt to analyze; but will merely repeat it as he told it to me.

"Yes," he said, "I have been the most fortunate of the many collectors of antiques and at the same time the most unfortunate. Misfortune came as the natural sequence of my success."

As I was about to interrupt he commanded silence with a wave of his long, thin hand, and continued.

"A strange contradiction you think it? Well, have the patience to follow me to the end and perhaps you will think as I do.

"Twenty years ago I had already secured one of the most complete collections of coins in existence. I had traveled the paths of the numismatic student one stage and one step after another until I imagined there was nothing more for me to learn.

"It was then that I thought of the Iudas coins.

"No, I see the question in your face," he continued; "I am not mad. Why should not some of the latal silver exist? I had in my possession Greek coins of silver and of gold made five hundred years before Christ was born. I had also Greek coins of bronze and

of tin and copper alloy, minted four hundred years before the Christian era; yes, and some which bore the imprint of seven centuries before the advent of the Saviour. There are those of Arabia, Athens, and Rome minted fully as many years ago. The clearest and most authentic portraits of Nero which exist to-day are upon the Roman coins. The artist of that day pictured him as he really was upon his own silver pieces. A glance at one will show you the ferocity, the obstinacy, and the brutality of the man. Some of these coins I had traced to direct events.

"Was it so strange, then, after all, that I should look for pieces of silver which existed in so comparatively modern a time as eighteen hundred years ago?"

As Carringford continued to bring forth argument after argument in support of his theory, he seemed to become young again. His face lost for the time its lines of age and his eyes shone with a light which I had not seen before. He never hesitated and never stopped for an instant, but hurried rapidly along.

"Possessed with these thoughts," he said, "I made my way to the Holy Land. Months I worked and studied in and about Jerusalem. The priests of the temple had purchased a field of a potter with the thirty pieces which Judas had cast away from him. The potter must be found. After weary months of research I grasped the clew. Simon the potter, when an old man, had left Jerusalem a prisoner with Titus and his Roman Legions. From the Holy Land to Italy I went with all speed, and for a year I worked in Rome without results.

"The apparent impossibilities of my work spurred me on with a fervor to which I had hitherto been a stranger. The more insurmountable the obstacles became the more eager I was to conquer them. I seemed impelled by a force which my whole nature revolted against, but which I was still unable to resist.

"As soon as I was satisfied that Rome could not give me what I sought I turned toward Pompeii. Why should not some trace be discovered here? For over seventeen hundred years the city had remained undisturbed. It was exactly as it was on that dreadful twenty-fourth of August, A. D. 79, when Vesuvius buried it under thirty feet of stones, ashes, and lava. Here was the one place on earth which centuries had not changed—the one city upon which the civilization of ages had left no mark.

"After weeks and months of fruitless research within the city, I made my way, as tireless as ever, to the surrounding country. With one exception I will pass by without mention the dozens of villas which surround the three sides of Pompeii. This one was the house of Arrius Diomedes. Situated as it is on the outskirts of the buried city on the road which leads to Herculaneum, it outdoes its rivals in situation as easily as it does in splen-From this handsome villa had been taken the greatest paintings and the richest potteries. Throughout the vaulted corridors were found works in rare mosaics which to-day are unequaled in beauty and workmanship. This was the residence of that old Roman, as the world knew it. excavators found within these walls seventeen skeletons, but to them they were only bones, over seventeen hundred years old, and they searched no further. Had they examined closely as I did they would have found on the walls of an underground apartment a written record of the house of Diomedes. On the four walls which surrounded this dungeon-like room. he had had cut in Latin characters an undying record of the principal events of his life.

"I will pass over a long period which was recorded, not because it lacks interest, but for the reason that it has no connection with this matter. I will merely take the last ten years that the record was kept. This portion began by telling how his friend and kinsman

Terentilus Acasilius had gone with Titus to the Holy Land. Next came the sacking of Jerusalem with all the attendant horrors and triumphs. Then upon Terentilus Acasilius' return to Rome he sent to Diomedes presents of many goods and five slaves in commemoration of the event. Among these slaves was an old gravhaired Jewish potter, who in skill exceeded any of the workmen then owned by Diomedes. For half a dozen years the potter worked well and faithfully for his master and became a favorite because of his art and industry.

"At the end of that time word was brought to Diomedes that the Hebrew slave was ill, and the overseer who brought the message said he feared the man was a leper. The master laughed at the man's fears and told him to bring the potter before him that he might judge for himself. He was brought in and as he stood before Diomedes, the master's practiced eve told him at once that the slave driver was right. The man was a leper. Furious at having his household thus exposed to the dreaded disease he ordered the slave to be led away by his spearsmen and killed. At the sentence of death the doomed man fell upon his knees and begged that he might have time to make peace with his God. Diomedes sneered at the supplication, and asked what sins a low-bred Jew might have that could be forgiven.

"'Only this,' answered the old slave, holding up a silver coin bearing the head of Tiberius Cæsar, 'only the possession of this!'

"'Oh!' exclaimed Diomedes as he turned to his people, 'a Jewish dog cursed with money. He should have been a jester and not a potter. But go on, slave, and tell us why the possession of this bright piece of good Roman silver is a curse.'

"'Because,' answered the leper in faltering tones, 'it is the last of the thirty pieces of money which the Man of Kerioth, Judas Iscariot, accepted for the betrayal of Christ. I am Simon the potter of whom the priests of the temple bought the field for the burial of the poor. I am the man who unwittingly took the coins which were the price of blood, and took with them the curse which has followed and shall follow each and every piece until they are no more.'

"'Proceed, slave,' commanded Diomedes, 'the tale interests me, though, if I mistake not, misfortune has turned

your brain.'

"'Not so, master,' Simon interrupted, 'never at your potter's wheel has my brain been more clear than now.

"'I was but a poor man, and knew nothing then of why the priests wished my land in exchange for their silver. I bargained gladly and rejoiced at my fortune. Divided into equal parts, I gave half the coins to my eldest son with the command to look well to them, and the remaining fifteen pieces

I myself hid in a secret place.

"'Unknowingly I thus raised strife within my own house, for my younger son felt aggrieved that he had not been trusted with a portion of the treasure. In a dispute which followed, the younger slew the elder and took possession of the pieces. He was then condemned and executed, and shortly afterward their mother died of grief at the loss of her sons.

"'According to an ancient rite of people, the fifteen pieces which had cost me the lives of those I loved, were

destroyed.

"'For years I feared to touch the silver which yet remained, and the pieces lay undisturbed. Still, knowing as I did then theawful curse which had followed them, my greed for gain at last overcame my fear and I took the fifteen pieces to my dwelling. It was here that they were discovered by a file of soldiers, who tried to take possession of them. I cried aloud in distress and my countrymen came to my assistance. For a time the Roman spearsmen were beaten off. Then other soldiers came, and more Jews, until the streets all about were a mighty

battle ground and the earth was red with the blood of both. Following upon this it was that the mighty Vespasian commanded Titus to destroy Jerusalem as a lesson to my revolting countrymen.

"'Need I tell you of the days of pillage and fire and murder which followed? I am here a slave—condemned to death as an unclean thing—far away from my own land and

people—it is enough!'

"As Simon ceased speaking he cast the coin, which he held in a hand white with the marks of leprosy, at the feet of Diomedes; then he continued: 'It is the last of the accursed money. The rest perished with the city. It has wreaked its vengeance upon me and upon my land and my people. Beware, for all is not over with it yet. Misfortune, ruin, devastation, and death shall follow in its path so long as it exists.'

"Having uttered these parting words, Simon, with trembling limbs and bowed head, was led away.

"For a time Diomedes gazed at the silver piece as it lay glittering upon

the stones at his feet.

"'An uncanny tale,' he muttered; 'surely disease and misfortune have caused the old Jew's mind to wander. But the story fascinates me strangely. I will preserve the piece, and the tale I will tell at the feasts. In proof of the coin I will have it marked according to the Jew's story.

"'Take the coin,' he said to an attendant. 'Have *The Price of Blood* cut deep upon its face and the marking

laid in with copper.'

"This was done according to Diomedes' orders, and the coin bearing the Latin letters P. S.—Pretium Sanguinis—was placed in his strong box.

"The stone panels then went on to tell how Diomedes related the story of the old Hebrew slave to his friends; how the wine and then the coin was passed from one to another as they sat about the board, and how the host, sitting at the head of his table, told with that old Roman taste for rhetoric and elocution, the story, word for word as Simon had done.

"Next the inscription told of a rich feast which Diomedes was preparing for his friends. It was in commemoration of a great Roman victory, and as this old Pompeiian was as much a politician as he was a plutocrat, the entertainment was to be worthy of both guests and host. Couriers bearing messages of welcome were dispatched, and guests came, until a dozen of the eminent men of the day were gathered at Diomedes' villa.

"Here the written record ceases not, however, the narrative, for there was much more to write. What Diomedes failed to do was left for others; left for those who lived eighteen hundred years later, for the day of the great feast was the twenty-fourth of August, A. D. 79. It was on this day that Vesuvius awakened from a lethargy of centuries to bury Pompeii.

"In the gorgeous banquet hall of Diomedes the feast went on. Twelve men reclined about the table. They dined as they never had before and never would again. As the wine jars were passed again and again the story was asked for, and the coin was passed with the wine.

"When pick and shovel brought this hall to light, there were the twelve skeletons. At the head of the table was the host, and in his bony fingers was tightly clasped the Judas coin. There it lay gleaming as brightly as it did when Simon cast it at Diomedes' feet centuries before.

"My work was over. The reward of years of patient study was before me. I had but to unclasp that skeleton hand, and the most precious relic the world contained was mine. As it was, I stood there for a time, powerless to move. Mine had been a triumph over time, but could I also triumph over the coin's fateful history which Diomedes had recorded so well?

"I dreaded to touch it and yet could not resist. The power which had urged me forward through the years of my work, now held me as if in a vice. The instincts of a better nature and of a better self bade me destroy it, but I was powerless to heed the warning.

"It was thus that for a time the coin became mine.

"There is little more to tell. I took the piece to my lodgings and resolved that within the week I would leave Pompeii. The night following, I was robbed by a trusted workman who had been in my employ, and among other valuables the coin was taken. He. poor devil, knew nothing of its history, its value, nor its curse. A few days later his body was found stiff and cold on the seashore a few miles from my lodgings. He had been stabbed to death with a dagger which still lay sheathed in his cold flesh. He in his turn had been robbed, and the coin was among the missing pieces."

With these words Carringford sank back in his chair exhausted.

As for my own feelings, I will not attempt a description. I only know that he possessed the power of carrrying me along with his quiet, pathetic oratory, imbued as it was with an earnestness which of itself was irresistible.

For many minutes Carringford was silent. I attempted to speak, but it seemed impossible for me to break in upon his chain of thought. In sheer desperation I at last pressed the electric button and the porter opened the door. I gave an order in a low tone, at the same time placing a bill in his hands. When he had left the compartment upon my errand and the room was once more silent, Carringford said in a low tone, more to himself than to me:

"It was years ago that that poor fellow was murdered in Pompeii, though it seems but yesterday. For all these years that coin has been I know not where. No one knowing its history, no one will destroy it. Up and down the world it will go, here, there, and everywhere, spreading un-

told misery as it moves from place to

place and from land to land."

At this juncture the porter entered with a tray containing my order and the change, and retired. Carringford, not heeding the interruption, continued: "And to think that all this crime, destruction, and I know not what, has been caused through—" He never finished the sentence.

With a wild cry he sprang to his feet. "There, there," he almost shouted as he pointed his long, thin fingers at the tray. Before I could speak or even move he had jumped forward and grasped the silver which had lain there unnoticed by me until then

Carringford's face was as white as his hair, and his big gray eyes seemed to jump from their sockets. As he stood there more like a spectre than a man he held high above his head a piece of the money which he had taken from the tray. With the other hand he pointed at it muttering: "See, see, the Judas coin! Look at the marking! There are the letters—'The Price of Blood.'"

He was holding up a coin the like of which I had never seen. Across the face were strange letters which shone like gold. As I stared, dumb with astonishment, the piece seemed to take on color. It was blue, then red, and then yellow and white. As he held it there it gave out strange fluorescing lights, subdued, yet penetrating, and changing color so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow.

With a wild laugh which was almost a shriek, Carringford sprang to the door. I made an effort to follow,

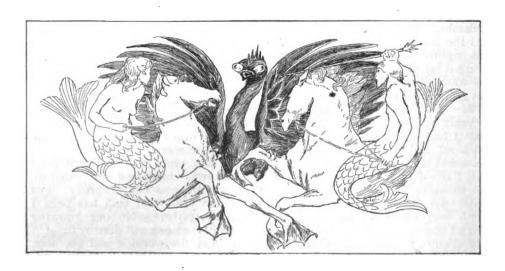
but could not.

A rush of wind on my damp forehead told me that the outer door of the car was open. There was a clanking of the wheels and a whirring of the wind in the darkness. Above it all I heard Carringford's voice. It was more like a wail than anything else, but I caught the words: "The Judas coin, the Price of Blood."

Then the voice was still.

We were whirling along beside the Fraser Cañon when Carringford disappeared. Whether he still lies in those impenetrable depths, clasping in his hand that coin, I do not know. The truth of his statements I did not challenge then, and do not now. It may all have been the hallucination of a diseased mind or it may have been the simple truth. Some other man must say.

C. Frederick Paul.





'HE present controversy over the relative opportunities and salaries of musical artists here and abroad is a subject which would lengthen indefinitely fully discussed. However, there are a few points of signifiwhich cance have been apparently overlooked. Any artist who is capable of standing on artistic worth and merit alone, is sure to be

justly recognized the world over. is true, American musicians abroad are not received in every instance as indiscriminately or enthusiastically as artists of foreign reputation and cultivation are here, and the salaries are not as large abroad, but in comparison to other financial conditions and prices, they are not quite as disproportionate as represented by many who have discussed the subject. As to American artists not having a fair or equal opportunity abroad, through foreign prejudices or hindrance, it is quite exaggerated, as hundreds of American artists have gained worldwide reputations, and made their greatest triumphs on the other side. We are less encouraging to native talent than foreigners. If our public and society did not demand and show such decided preference for imported



MARY HOWE LAVIN.
Photo. by Howe.

artists, managers would not insist upon engaging them. Just why we insist upon encouraging the importation craze is a auestion. In drawing-rooms as well as at concerts and musicales, foreign artists are almost lionized, and are paid prices far above those ever paid to local talent. Abroad, an artist stands entirely on his or her real merit, whether for-

eign or domestic,—while with us artistic appreciation gives place to personal adulation when foreign artists are under consideration. We are certainly sufficiently cultivated, musically, as a nation, to form unbiased opinions on musical merit and subjects,—and yet the utmost prejudice and partiality are constantly evident,—and we seem to endorse even mediocre talent if only brought us from abroad, while home-trained artists find it difficult to be recognized outside of church choirs and Sunday-school entertainments.

Let the public acknowledge and endorse home genius and talent freely, and our artists will not be ostracized from their rightful field of public labor and usefulness by foreign musicians. Managers will seek their artists on this, as well as the other



LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Photo. by Falk.

side of the ocean. The extortionate prices demanded will be diminished and Americans will not find it necessary to go abroad to study and acquire the now essential European endorsement. Managers admit they can find as good voices and instrumentalists in America as elsewhere, but the public demands imported artists. When we pay the just tribute to home genius and home-trained artists we so generously lavish upon those with foreign endorsements there will be some justice in demanding more in every way for our artists abroad.

Two American singers, Mmes. Mary Howe-Lavin and Lillian Blauvelt, have only recently left the musical field here to accept numerous important engagements abroad. Mrs. Lavin has been most successful on the other side for several years, where she has sung in concert, opera, and oratorio, and returns to Germany to fill many operatic engagements for this season. Mme. Blauvelt will be very greatly missed from our concert rooms throughout the country, having been an immense favorite for several vears. She will return during the season to fulfill numerous engagements here. Europeans have awarded Mme. Blauvelt many triumphs, and many call her America's greatest and most beautiful soprano.

Mlle. Edyth LeGierse, although possessing a very French name, is an American, who has been abroad for several years devoting herself to the study of music. She has returned

to us, an artiste, both vocally and instrumentally, being a most finished harpiste. Her singing is delightfully artistic; particularly in the charming French chansons, which she renders with all the true finish and graces of a genuine Parisienne. Mlle. LeGierse may be heard in opera this winter, as she has had many flattering offers from prominent managers.

There have always been many incongruities in Grand Opera scenery, and it is only within a few years it has been considered a matter of any importance in the production of an opera. Wagner's works have been instrumental in causing the greatest

change, as the perfection to which scenic effects are carried out at Bayreuth is world-famous.

Mr. William Parry of the Metropolitan Opera House has been abroad investigating the modus operandi of the wonderful stages at Bayreuth and Munich, and talks of creating some marvelous new scenic effects at the opera this winter, noticeably in "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Tannhäuser" and "The Marriage of Figaro." The first two will be put on the Metropolitan stage just as they are done at Bayreuth. The second act of "Die Walküre" will be greatly improved. It will represent a wild, rocky region. When the time for the fight between Siegmund and Hunding approaches, the rocks at the back of the stage will

be cut off by gauze, painted to represent clouds, which will apparently float across the stage from one side to the other, giving the effect of clouds gradually drifting over, and shutting off the scene. At intervals the fighters are seen through the clouds by the vivid flashes of lightning, appearing only for an instant. Brunnhilde and Wotan rise up beyond them and are seen, not standing on the rocks, but apparently in the clouds. In the third act, which has always caused more or less ridicule as presented heretofore at the Metropolitan, Mr. Parry proposes adopting the Bavreuth methods. In• place of the flying horses being thrown upon the clouds by means of a magic lantern, they will use wooden horses, which will have real children, dressed like the war maidens, securely fastened upon them. As they are suspended from above they will be made to move along at the

proper rate of speed,—the figures. on the horses making motions with their arms, which will give a much more realistic appearance. This change will certainly be most agreeable to lovers of "Die Walküre": as the magic-lantern war maidens and horses have always detracted from the seriousness and enjoyment of the magnificent orchestration at this point—particularly when the slides refused to move, or chanced to be upside down-as was once the case, when one of the noble war maidens became a stationary fixture in the clouds-much to the amusement of the audience.

The second act of "Siegfried" is to be exceptionally fine. The forest scene has always called forth more or



Photo. by Howe.

• less admiration; possibly because the exquisite music of the idyl has atoned for the crudeness of the scene. A most ideal new forest will be shown, the leaves of the trees, particularly the big tree near the centre of the stage, being cut and arranged so as to produce a wonderful effect with the light and shadows. The dragon, another cause of much ridicule heretofore, will be much improved. His cave will be elevated about four feet above the stage, and will be considerably larger, in order to accommo-



MME. NORDICA AS "ISOLDE."
Photo. (copyright, 1895) by Dupont.

date the new monster. He will be about sixteen feet long and five feet high, will move his awful eyes, open his huge mouth, lash his tail furiously, snort, and breathe out fire. He is to come completely out of the cave, and turn around, which will make the fight with Siegfried highly exciting. There is to be a beautiful river effect in the last act of "Siegfried," with sparkling, moving water in the distance. After Siegfried has met Wotan and broken his spear, the back

of the scene with the river is hidden by clouds. Fire appears at the top of the rocks, and has something the effect of lava running down, pushing its way over them. Then as Siegfried begins to climb up the rocks, they



VIOLET FLOYD, IN "THE GEISHA."

Photo, by Dupont.

move down, he apparently going higher and higher while the fire comes lower and lower. At last he is surrounded by the fire—then the clouds sail in and shut off the whole of the stage. This allows a chance to set the second scene. When the clouds pass away, the same scene is disclosed as in the last act of the "Walküre." Siegfried is seen coming up through the fire at the back of the stage. Other changes will be made but will be less pronounced. These will be very acceptable to lovers of the Wagner music-dramas.

The very sad and untimely death of Frau Klafsky, who was to have sung the principal rôles in the Wagner music-dramas at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, may cause

some changes in these productions, as few voices, not trained for or accustomed to Wagnerian music can, without detriment either to the voice or score, render these rôles satisfactorily; however, as Mme. Lillian



DOROTHY MORTON, IN "THE GEISHA."

Photo. by Dupont.

Nordica has been engaged to fill the gap made by Frau Klafsky's death the management may not find it necessary to disappoint the public altogether. Wagner's operas have never been very satisfactory in the hands—or rather throats—of other than German artists.

The first night of Grand Opera will be devoted to "Faust." What would the management do without that magnificent time-honored opera to fall back upon! Subscribers are obliged to listen to it about a dozen times a season, and yet all do not tire of it. It is probable, however, that they would not object to the introduction of something new in its place occasionally. Lassalle will make his

r'entrée as Valentino after quite a period of rest from the operatic stage. Madame Melba and Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszké will of course be in the cast.

The second night will mark the appearance of Mr. David Bispham as Beckmesser in "Die Meistersinger." This rôle is considered one of Mr. Bispham's greatest, he being regarded as the best Beckmesser before the public to-day. Mme. Emma Eames will be the Eva, a rôle in which she is most satisfying.



DAVID BISPHAM, AS "WOLFRAM," IN "TANNHAUSER."

Photo. by Hana, London.

David Bispham, whose success at the Royal Opera, Covent Gardens, London, has been so exceptional for several seasons, is to visit his native country professionally this season. He will be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House, and in concert. Although a commercial career had been intended for him, he felt called by an unmistakable voice to music, and left his home in Philadelphia for Italy, where he studied with Vannuccine, the elder Lamperti, and afterwards with Shakespeare, in London. Mr. Bispham made his début in opera about five years ago at the Royal English Opera, London. From that time to the present, his work has always, of whatever description,-concert, oratorio or opera, maintained the highest intellectual level. Like Maurel, Mr. Bispham has made a profound study of music, and while his own taste inclines toward the classical, he is very broad, and believes an artist must be cosmopolitan in his outlook upon the world of art. His repertoire is an extensive one.

During the last two years a young and exceedingly handsome woman has made quite a stir in the musical world in numerous art centres of Europe, with her beauty of voice, finished art, and great versatility.

Camille Sevgard Mlle. comes to us from the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, — having achieved the most phenomenal successes, whether she appeared in opera, on the concert stage, or oratorio. Her American début will be made with the New York Symphony Society at their first concert in November.

"The Geisha" continues to attract large and enthusiastic audiences Daly's. Its delightful freedom from coarseness or anything that is the least offensive to refined taste; the exquisite stage settings, and its daintiness and pretty music will assure it recognition among refined people wherever it Miss Violet appears. Lloyd holds the audience's rapt attention every minute she is on the stage, with her cleverness and personal charm. Miss Dorothy Morton seems to have made a great impression as *O Mimosa San*, the part created in London by Miss Tempest. Miss Morton has made remarkable strides vocally since her first appearance in New York, and deserves much praise for the hard study and vocal work she has done.

The first American comic opera to win success abroad is Victor Herbert's "Wizard of the Nile." It was produced in Berlin recently with great success, being enthusiastically received. It deserves recognition, as the music is exceedingly clever,—in fact enough so to have attracted the attention of an artist from the Metropolitan Opera House, M. Plançon, who was instrumental in its European introduction.



CAMILLE SEYGARD.



SCENE FROM "HALF A KING," ACT II.

"Andrea Cheniar," the new opera and work of Signor Giordano which Colonel Mapleson has announced he will produce with his Imperial Opera Company has never been given outside of Italy where it met with immense success. The story is highly dramatic, being based upon historical incidents of the French Revolution. In this work Giordano seems to have displayed all the qualities required for a great operatic composer—rapid musical development, broad, melodious phrasing, great variety of coloring, and vivid, sparkling rhythm, in the vocal as well as instrumental writing. Signor Giordano is one of the young Italian composers brought to public notice through the competition for the prize Sonzogno, a Milan music publisher and man of great wealth, offered for the best one-act opera. The first prize, as every one remembers, was won by Pietro Mascagni with his now world-famous

"Cavalleria Rusticana." When Giordano's opera "Malivata" appeared it was at once predicted, should his further artistic and musical development fully realize its brilliant promise, he would one day rank among the great stage artists, composers, and musicians of the world. Like Mascagni and Leoncavallo, Giordano belongs to the class of musical realists. This young generation of composers seems to have completely freed itself from the idolatrous worship of Wagner, and have turned to the passionately melodious song-phrase, which is the true characteristic of the Italian nature. Their works are powerful because they conform to the spirit of the age, and seem to have an instinctive knowledge of stage effect, which, combined with their great musical individuality and strength, has made the world recognize in these authors and works of to-day, the possibilities of a great musical future for Italy.



HARRY B. SMITH.

for music Mr. Harry B. Smith's

bright ideas; and

Mr. Smith, finding comic opera subjects on this and the other side of the ocean pretty well worn, has drawn on the far East for his latest scenes and subjects. This suggests much tinkling, meaningless, discordant music; as no one thinks of associating really good musical form with Chinese surroundings. However, Mr. de Koven has indulged in the usual comic opera license and written in his most fascinating style legitimate American music, with an occasional kettle-drum and whe-heen solo: surrounded by most elaborate Oriental scenes and picturesque costumes. "The Mandarin" has three acts and the scene is laid in Foochow, China. story is highly amusing, and the stage settings and costumes full of the characteristic charm of Oriental gorgeousness and picturesque beauty.

The Musical Art Society under the able direction of Mr. Damrosch has

resumed active work. This society should be freely supported by all interested in high class ecclesiastical music. Its aim is to familiarize the public with the grand old music of Palestrina, Bach, Lotti, Gastoldi, Cornelius

and other similar writers. whose works have been neglected; very often to give place to modern works, totally insipid from a musical or ecclesiastical point. The society will give at least two concerts this season. one in December and the other in March.

Last season we had an embarrassment of riches, in the form of violinists; that is, it was so for their managers,—as out of all who were imported not one created a genuine success. This may account for the lack of

violinists announced to come this Gregorowitsch, the Russian violinist, is not to come after all-and Wilma Jakoffsky, it is rumored, will not leave her concert field abroad for ours. However, the much talked of Carl Halir will make a short tour here, making his début with the New York Philharmonic Society at their concert the 13th of November.

The most enjoyable feature of the present revival of "Evangeline" is the appearance of Mlle. Yvonne La-Guerre, the harpist, whose playing is a delight to all music lovers. Mile. LaGuerre's accompaniment of Miss Theresa Vaughn's song in the second act was arranged by herself, which proves that her talent does not consist merely in execution. Her work is that of a thorough artist-brilliant and of exquisite technique. She will be heard at many exclusive society musicales this winter. Personally

Mlle. LaGuerre is dainty, spirituelle, and decidedly *chic*. Her hands and arms, which are naturally conspicuous in her work, are of perfect beauty.

* * *

Mr. Francis Wilson is undoubtedly a man of remarkable far-sightedness, so far as musical and artistic ability is concerned. Few people would have so quickly discovered Miss Glaser's possibilities as an artist and singer, when she first appeared, fresh from Pittsburg, very young, pretty, but quite untrained. She had a nice voice but not noticeably better than many others. To-day her voice is very much above the average, and her work exceedingly artistic. Miss Glaser is a credit to her art and a shining example of what a person can acquire through seriousness of purpose, and careful, diligent study.



LULU GLASER.
From photograph (copyright, 1894) by Morrison, Chicago.



HE question of the theatre hat that time-honored theme for jokes, the instrument of so much misery and the inception of so much profanity—has been revived in New York and is now attracting considerable attention. Naturally it is a matter in which every theatre-goer must take a great interest, and the wave of reform that is sweeping over our audiences is very gratifying. Ladies are beginning to remove their hats or wear small bonnets, but even an aigrette, a bow of ribbon or a standing flower will render uncomfortable the person who has the misfortune to sit behind it, especially when the wearer will bob her head around in that familiar, tantalizing manner. The managers are in hearty sympathy with the new movement, and have promised to provide accommodations for the checking of hats the ladies' parlors. This will scarcely find favor though, for it will entail so much delay at the close of the performance in finding the hat Still more impractical is again. the idea of having hat boxes under the seats, for there is not a single theatre in New York City (and it is scarcely likely that there is elsewhere) with space enough to admit of placing a hat box underneath the orchestra chairs. Some one has suggested that a sign be posted in the lobby requesting "young ladies" to remove their hats. With this appeal

perhaps every woman would enter the theatre bareheaded. Managers could easily make a rule that no hats should be allowed in the theatre—not simply large hats (for woman with her usual consistency would don a cartwheel loaded with plumes and insist with her most charming smile that her hat was only of medium size), but that every hat should be removed, and those women who were so discourteous as to obstruct the view of others should be waited upon by a committee for that purpose and requested either to remove their hats or leave the theatre. As the average woman detests a "scene," she would speedily comply; everybody would command a good view of the stage, the men would be happy, and the ladies, bareheaded, would be lovelier than ever.

* *

The success of "Rosemary" is so great that it will be continued throughout John Drew's entire season in New York, which Mr. Charles Frohman is endeavoring to prolong. The scene from the second act, presented herewith, shows Dorothy Cruikshank (Miss Maud Adams) daintily descending from the chair after decorating the breakfast room. Sir Jasper Thorndyke (Mr. Drew), who gallantly hands her down, is just beginning to feel his heart palpitate when her little hand touches his. It is an exquisite scene, charmingly rendered. The picture



FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "ROSEMARY."

MAUD ADAMS.

Photo. by Pach.

JOHN DREW.

shows how delightful Miss Adams is in the quaint costume of 1830, and the sight of Mr. Drew minus his mustache is a decided novelty.

This, by the way, is Miss Adams' last season with Mr. Drew. Next year she will be placed at the head of her own company by Mr. Charles

Frohman, whose sagacity selected her as John Drew's leading woman when the actor first became a star. Miss Adams has never made a failure, and surrounded with a good company, provided with congenial parts, managed by the astute Mr. Frohman, she stands excellent chances for success.

"Sweet" is an adjective that was applied to Annie Russell some years ago, and she has been trying to live up to it ever since. To some people Miss Russell is the quintessence of all that is dainty and delicate and lovely, but to others her "sweetness" is insipidity

ranged, the only first-class situation being spoiled by succeeding dialogue, instead of capped by a quick curtain. There is nothing natural about the atmosphere, and some of the scenes are almost ludicrous. For instance, what sane, live woman would wash her



ANNIE RUSSELL AS "SUE."

Photo. by Pach.

and her wide-eyed ingenuousness not the naturalness that it is claimed, but rather carefully concealed artificiality. But she is one actress who has always found favor with the critics, and in her latest part, Sue, in Bret Harte's play of that name, she has been praised as usual. The play itself is clumsily ar-

dishes out in the back yard bending double over a three-legged stool, and putting the clean dishes in a pan that sits on the ground? Again, who wants to see a love-lorn man leaning out of the window in the moonlight? The playwright usually leaves that sort of thing to women, but *Ira Beasley*



HENRY E. DIXEY. Photo, by Sarony.

usurps their hitherto unencroached privilege. Then, when Sue steals out in the night to meet the man she has concealed in the barn, why in the name of all that is prudent doesn't she put out the light in her room? Instead, she leaves it burning brightly, the shutters wide open, so that the light is strong upon her. And, lastly, if the wind blows on one side of the fence, why doesn't it on the other?

` * * *

The way the critics commended this play, which strikes us as being particularly tiresome, improbable and in spots vulgar, revives the vexed question concerning the integrity of the gentlemen who write for the press of New York City. It is well known that in many cases the "dramatic editor" of a paper is obliged to procure the advertisements of the theatres, on which he gets a commission, without which his salary would be very small, and that on the liberality of the managers in placing their advertising depends

the length and favor of the notice their plays receive. Or, the "dramatic editor" may be in the paid employ of managers, and in this case "puffs" are lavishly published. This statement has been made by those in a position to know, and denied by those whom it concerned a number of times. The truth of it we will not pretend to vouch for: but a certain critic never "roasts" a certain manager's productions, because that manager once produced a play of the critic's. Another reviewer who has a great reputation as a witty and caustic writer gave himself away recently when he gushed to the extent of a column over an imported singer who was pronounced mediocre by all the other papers in town. However the case is put, there remains this fact; judging from the praise that is often given to trash and the slights that honest efforts receive, the majority of the New York critics either are not qualified to criticise, or else they are paid for what they say.



ROBERT HILLIARD.

Photo. by Falk.

When "Evangeline" was first produced, Henry Dixey, as everybody knows, played the hind legs of the heifer—the liveliest animal known in the history of the stage. Now he-Mr. Dixey, not the heifer—is appearing in the same burlesque as the Lone Fisherman, about the most prominent "thinking part" ever written. Mr. Dixey invests his new rôle with much unction and originality, but it is too bad that such an artistic actor should not be filling a more dignified position. Mr. Dixey is an unusually graceful dancer, and that is the only real chance he has to exhibit himself in "Evangeline." Last spring he was altogether delightful in "Thoroughbred," and it is to be hoped that before long he will have another such congenial part. He is just as handsome and even cleverer than when he first charmed men as well as women as Adonis.

* *

"The Mummy," the new comedy which Robert Hilliard is presenting this season, seems to have made a The play is said to be a departure from the conventional, and Mr. Hilliard's rôle is that of a revivified mummy. He is probably a very lively one, for the plays and parts that he chooses for his use are never slow or lacking in fun. "Lost-Twenty-four Hours," which he produced last season, was a rattling comedy and a good one. It is in "Blue Jeans" and "Mr. Barnes of New York" that the public remembers him best, but he has enacted a long line of parts, in special productions, touring companies and as a star. Mr. Hilliard is decidedly handsome, and what is more he is a good actor. His work is manly, energetic, and pleasing, but he is without the least professional vanity, and always has a word of praise for his fellow players. It is this generosity and never-failing good humor that have made "Bob" Hilliard a man of many friends.

An important production to be made during this month is "The Sign of the Cross," which will be seen at the Knickerbocker November oth. The play was written by Wilson Barrett and he plays the principal part, —that of a Pagan emperor—which should be admirably suited to him. The heroine is a young Christian who converts the Emperor to go to martyrdom with her. Miss Maud Jeffries will appear in this rôle. Sign of the Cross" has had a remarkable run in London, but the fact that Mr. Barrett produced it in a number of American cities with considerable success two seasons ago, seems to have been overlooked.

* *

The regular season at Daly's will open in November, when the Stock Company, headed by Ada Rehan, will present a Shakespearean revival, probably "Much Ado About Nothing," as it has been stated that Miss Rehan will appear as Beatrice this season. Mrs. Gilbert, the dearest old lady on the stage, will again be seen. Charles Richman and Edwin Stevens have reengaged. Herbert Gresham, who has recently appeared in "The Geisha," is one of the most valuable members of the Daly Company. Who will play the parts of James Lewis has not been announced, but no one will ever fill the place left vacant by the genial, dry and dapper little comedian who has ever been one of the favorites in England as well as America.

* *

It is possible that Rose Coghlan may be seen in a dramatization of "Carmen" the coming season, but it does not seem to us that the actress is very well adapted for this part, and as there are so many plays in which she excels she would be wiser to stick to them. Her Peg Woffington is a masterpiece; her Stephanie in "Forget-Me-Not" is brilliant; her Lady Gay

Spanker is unequaled; her Countess Zicka in "Diplomacy" stands alone, and her Madane in the play of that name produced last season is a splen-

that fine voice, that resolute firmness, that brilliancy and dash, are all hers alone. There is not an actress on the American stage to-day who can com-



ROSE COGHLAN.

Photo. by Falk.

did performance. Rose Coghlan has always been a hard-working actress, from the old Wallack days, when she was in the height of her glory, until now. That quick, intelligent manner, pare with Rose Coghlan in ability or style, and her authoritative way of walking the boards and wearing her magnificent gowns might well be studied by the rising generation.

ODETTE TYLER.
Photograph by Thors.



WILLIAM GILLETTE.
Photograph by Falk.



AMY BUSBY, Photograph (copyright) by Falk.

TWO NEW PLAYS

"SECRET SERVICE."

An American Drama in Four Acts by William Gillette.

BRIGADIER GENERAL NELSON RANDOLPH	Joseph Brennan.
Mrs. General Varney	IDA WATERMAN.
EDITH VARNEY	AMY BUSBY.
WILFRED VARNEY	WALTER THOMAS.
CAROLINE MITFORD	ODETTE TYLER.
Lewis Dumont	WILLIAM GILLETTE.
HENRY DUMONT	
MR. BENTON ARRELSFORD	CAMPBELL COLIAN.
MISS KITTRIDGE.	META BRITTAIN.
MARTHA	I ALICE LEIGH.
IONAS NEGRO HOUSE SERVANTS	H. D. JAMES.
LIEUT. FORAY	

HREE highly successful war plays: "Shenandoah," "A Fair Rebel" and "Held by the Enemy;" have made what might properly be called epochs in the dramatic history of the country. The success of the last named, written and produced by William Gillette some five or six seasons since, promises to be repeated in his new production, "Secret Service," which has already met with much favorable criticism and is in some respects more pleasing than "Held by the Enemy." Mr. Gillette plays the leading part (Lewis Dumont), a Union soldier within the lines at Richmond on a mission for the secret service of the United States. His friendship for Edith Varney (Miss Amy Busby), daughter of a prominent Confederate general, awakens the enmity of Benton Arrelsford (Mr. Campbell Gollan) who also has a penchant for the lady, and is also in the secret service, but under the flag of the Confederacy. The result may easily be guessed and it is on the rivalry between these two that the play is built. Incidental to the story is introduced Caroline Mitford (Miss Odette Tyler), who has the comedy part, and to whose unquestionably fine work is due much of the success of the Mr. Gillette appears in somewhat of a new rôle—the heroic, and to those who have seen him in "Too Much Johnson," it will be a mild surprise. His methods are devoid of the highly emotional, and perhaps all the more welcome because of this. What is lacking in this respect on Mr. Gillette's part is amply made up by Mr. Gollan, who acquaints us with the fiery, jealous type of a Southerner in a realistic man-The climax of the second act in which Dumont's brother (an escaped prisoner from Libby) shoots himself that his jailers may believe him to be taken prisoner by his brother, and thus preserve their secret, is admirably worked up, and one of the strongest incidents ever presented on the stage.

The idea of making a hero of a spy is a new one for the stage, though Cooper's novel depicts Harvey Birch as such.

OF THE MONTH.

"MARY PENNINGTON, SPINSTER."

Comedy in Four Acts by W. R. Walker.

DR. TIMOTHY HALE	GEORGE WOODWARD.
GEOFFREY ARMSTRONG	FRANK ATHERLEY.
ALGY BLOMFIELD	Orrin Johnson.
Grigson	ALBERT BROWN.
MARY PENNINGTON	GEORGIA CAYVAN.
LADY MAITLAND	ANNE SUTHERLAND.
PRUDENCE DERING	
SUB SLOCOMBE	KATE TEN EVCK.
KITTY VEALE	WINIFRED McCAULL

HE new woman in the drama has never been attractively presented, and Mary Pennington is no exception to the rule. She is one of those highly educated females who want to reconstruct the entire social system and persist in adopting reforms which do not work and which even the beneficiaries do not want. Such characters as these exist chiefly in the novelist's brain and when introduced on the stage are too artificial to awaken sympathy or admiration. Mary Pennington carries on her father's business, and when she finds it necessary to take a partner, employs a young man who shortly comes to love her. Her mind is full of business, however, and marriage has no place in her scheme of existence. She believes in "union of soul," but when the village gossips begin to connect her name with that of her partner she proposes marriage to him, to stop rumors and that she may have his continued help in the business. Then an old sweetheart of the man's steps in to make trouble, tells Mary that he does not love her, which Mary with the usual credulity of stage heroines believes. Mary sends him away without a word of explanation and tries to get along alone. Of course by this time she is very much in love and exceedingly miserable. A kindly friend brings them together again and everything ends happily. The play is tame and the principal character does not offer Miss Cayvan any opportunity to distinguish herself. It is not a sympathetic part and why she should have selected it for her stellar début is not clear. Miss Anne Sutherland as the rejected sweetheart plays with dash, albeit a little hardness; Miss Mary Jerrold makes a hit as an ingénue who tries to be a new woman: Mr. Orrin Johnson is refreshing as Algy, but he should tone his work down a bit; Mr. George Woodward, as the kindly doctor, gave a most admirable performance. Mr. Frank Atherley, the leading man, though slightly lacking in flexibility, is earnest and manly.

Miss Cayvan's venture has the good will of all admirers of the serious drama, and it is to be hoped that her next production will enable her to repeat the success she has had in the past.



GEORGIA CAYVAN. Photograph by Dupont.



FRANK ATHERLEY. Photograph by Sarony.



ANNE SUTHERLAND. Photograph by Sarony.

It seems that "A Parlor Match," although one of the most ancient bits of absurdity, will never lose its attraction for the public. This season

"Old Hoss" Hoey and "I. McCorker" Evans are a team of admirable comedians and Minnie French cannot be equalled as the "Innocent Kidd."



ANNA HELD.

From photo, copyright 1896, by Falk, N.Y.

the piece has been brought up to date, freshened with new jokes, and enlivened with other novelties, and has had a very successful season in New York at the Herald Square Theatre.

One of the novelties of the present production is the appearance of Anna Held, imported from Paris especially for "A Parlor Match." As an entertainer Mlle. Held cannot compare

with many American girls, but she wears some startling costumes and sings a number of decidedly risqué French songs. Her pièce de résistance, however, is sung in English, the chorus running thus:

"I wish you would come and play with me, For I have such a nice little way with me."

Mlle. Held's chief accomplishment is wriggling out of her clothes at the top and narowing her small eyes until they look like a cat's. Although she takes a very handsome picture, she is far from being pretty. There is nothing artistic about her methods; on the contrary she emphasizes her work with a vulgar suggestiveness that is not appreciated by refined people.

The Lyceum Theatre Stock Company, under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman, is now on tour, but the latter part of November Mr. Frohman will bring his players to New York and produce a new English drama. Miss Isabel Irving and Mr. James K. Hackett continue in the leading parts. Mr. Felix Morris, an admirable character comedian, who used to be with Rosina Vokes and later starred independently, has been engaged to replace Mr. Le Moyne, who has enlisted under the banner of Charles Frohman.

Miss Ellen Terry is about the only prominent English player who has ever offered encouragement or patronage of an American author. When she was here a year ago she purchased a one-act play from Mr. Russ Whytal, and now the announcement is made that a Western writer has sold to the famous actress another curtain raiser. As the title of this latest purchase is "A Champagne Cork," we may not be amiss in supposing it to be a comedy.

Trips to Australia by American actors are becoming more common. Nat Goodwin has been presenting his repertoire there; "Trilby" was as successful at the antipodes as in America and England, and, by the way. it was a company of American actors who first introduced the piece in "A Trip to Chinatown" Australia. had a remarkable run in Melbourne and the other prominent cities. Potter and Kyrle Bellew are now making their second Australian tour, presenting "As You Like It." "Camille," "Charlotte Corday," "Francillion" and other successes of their repertoire. Charles Frohman is thinking of sending out a company to play "Too Much Johnson" and "The Gay Parisians" for the delectation of Australian audiences.

Miss Olga Nethersole began her American season in Boston a few weeks ago, presenting Mr. H. V. Esmond's new play "My Lady Virtue." When she comes to New York later she will probably make her chief production Mr. Joseph Hatton's "When Greek Meets Greek." Miss Nethersole is an actress of great natural talent and superabundant animal spirits. Her Carmen last season was a wonderfully picturesque and dramatic performance, and her Camille was the very acme of pathos.

Miss Viola Allen, the leading woman of Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Company, has had a wider stage experience than many older actresses. She played leads with John McCullough, although she was very young at the time, and since then has appeared in a great variety of plays and parts. With the Empire Company Miss Allen has been very successful, her best performance being Rosamond in "Sowing the Wind."

This impersonation was full of exquisite feeling, pure in conception and beautiful in execution. The height of sacrifice and the depth of despair were reached by Miss Allen in this part. The nobility of her performance, together with her charming personal appearance, created an impression that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. A few other plays in

which Miss Allen has created the leading rôles with the Empire Company are "Liberty Hall," "The Masqueraders," "John-a-Dreams," and "Bohemia." There is a quality of tenderness and dignity about all Miss Allen's work that is particularly pleasing to women, but her popularity is not confined to the fair sex by any means.



VIOLA ALLEN. Photo. by Sarony.

THE CINDER CITY.



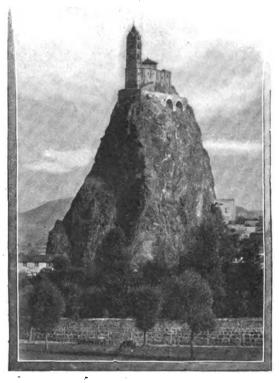
HE burning afternoon rays of an
August sun were
beating pitilessly on
the railway platform,
as the express for
Nimes drew up at
our station, and we
left the comparative
coolness of the shed
for the heated, dusty
compartment. To
most, the name of

our destination, Le Puy, conveys no idea of place or surroundings, and yet this ancient Puy or Pit was a Roman stronghold, *Anicium* or *Podium*; then it became the capital of Le Velay, now

the chief town of the Département Haute Loire, ever retaining its interest, and standing unique as regards situation.

After passing through tracts of red soil where fir trees, birch, poplars, and alders divided green pastures on which herds of cattle were grazing, we came to fields of ble noir, golden corn, or bare stubble, a land of plenty and prosperity. Here we saw a primitive kind of threshing floor was in course preparation, by simply clearing a space in the open fields, watering it well, and treading down the soil with men's bare feet,—"threshing floors such as Boaz would have stood on, Ruth by his side, to see that the idle Jews duly beat out the husks." This warm summer landscape was, however, soon left behind, to be succeeded by a wild, bare district, where stony gullies and green valleys were interspersed with giant rocks, lava currents, and basaltic dykes of the most fantastic shapes. Every hilltop was crowned by a picturesque ruin or castle, and luxuriant walnut trees shaded the high-roads, for in this part of France salad-oil is made from walnuts, and forms one of the industries of the Département. More and more arid grew our surroundings, as we passed under beetling crags and overhanging cliffs of basalt, an angry river flowing far below, while against the sky the blue range of the Cévennes grew clearer every moment.

Then the line made an abrupt bend, and suddenly we looked down on the most extraordinary town we had ever beheld! The panoramic view of Le Puy as it thus unexpectedly bursts upon the eye is striking in the extreme,



ROCK OF THE NEEDLE, WITH CHAPEL OF ST. MICHAEL, BUILT IN 962, AT ITS SUMMIT.

for, despite its altitude of 2.050 feet above sea level, it lies in a pit or crater, and the air is pure and keen; strange isolated masses of volcanic breccia rise in its midst, "on the greatest of which, though not on its highest point," as Professor Freeman describes it, "stands the Anician city with its angelic basilica. Sheer and steep rise the huge masses, some of them rather pillars—of rock: and on each, man has placed some work of his own, a church, or a castle,—on the greatest of them all, a whole city. One bears the shattered castle of Espaly; another has been lately made the scene of a new holy place of the favorite Josephworship; a third, by no means the loftiest, but the boldest and most striking in its outline, bears the church and belltower of Saint Michael, rightly called of Aiguilhe. Lastly Le Puy itself stands on a huge rock, and over the city, over the church, soars a yet higher mass of rock, the loftiest of all, crowned of late years with the vast image of our Lady of France."

Solitary tourists appear occasionally on the scene, but in olden days, spite of the difficulty of access owing to there being no railways, Le Puy attracted thousands of pilgrims drawn by the sanctuary of Notre Dame du Puy d'Anis. As many as 300,000 were wont to journey hither for the annual fête held on March 25th (the festival of the Annunciation). Kings, popes, and princes from all parts of Christendom were among the number, and the proud Emperor Charles V paid two visits to the shrine. At the present day the religious current has been diverted elsewhere, but the visitor who halts here will be amply rewarded by subjects of surpassing interest and beauty.

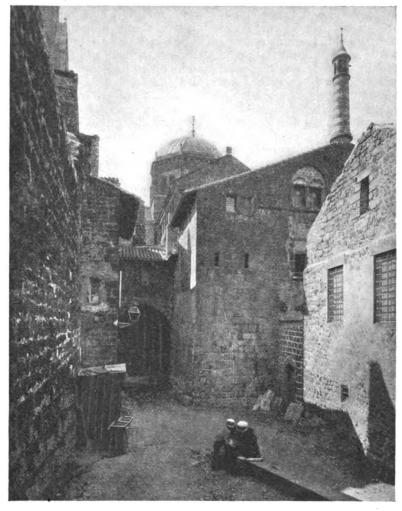
Two distinct towns are united in this mighty cup, Haute and Basseville. The latter—squalid and modern—has gathered round the base of the ancient upper town, and spreads over the surrounding hillsides, bare save where they are dotted with vines.

In the museum of the latter town is

arranged a collection of Gallic and Roman antiquities found in the neighborhood; Gothic and Byzantine wood carvings, paintings of the Italian, French, and Dutch schools; "a portion of the inscribed papyrus in which the image of Notre Dame du Puy was swathed, preserved when the image was burnt during the Revolution"; geological and mineralogical specimens of the district, the most interesting being the famous human fossil discovered in 1844 in a stratum of volcanic soil on Mont Denis near Le Puy. This fossil has given rise to lively discussions among scientists, and would seem to prove the presence of man previous to the extinction of the adjacent volcanoes, and his coëxistence with the great mammifera of the quaternary epoch. One room is devoted to an exhibition of the various kinds of lace made in the neighborhood, for this industry affords work to upwards of 300,000 women in the district. Groups of lacemakers are to be seen at every street corner, and on every doorstep; not a woman but possesses a lace pillow and manipulates her bobbins; even the little girls bend over their "coussin." The lace varies in price from a couple of sous to several hundred francs the yard, as many of the guipure designs are very handsome, and being handmade are strong, and wear well.

The women all wear close-fitting white muslin caps, with a broad silk or velvet ribbon passing around the head, from the nape behind the ears to the forehead, finishing in a bow; the older ones perch a small round black felt hat shaped like a Spanish toreador's, on the top of all, which produces a most peculiar appearance.

Leaving the modern part of the town, where the hotels are situated, we climbed up steep streets, some of which are merely staircases cut out of the live rock. We could scarce believe we were in France, but felt as though we must be wandering in some far away conventual Spanish city, when we finally reached the crest of



PATH TO ROCHER DE CORNEILLE, LE PUY.

this strange, silent upper town, formerly the ecclesiastical and aristocratic quarter, the abode of the Bishop and his Chapter, a chapter which numbered the King of France among its canons, as well as the temporal noblesse of the District. It still preserves a feudal appearance, with its high walls, dark archways, old houses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, whose grand carved wood doorways, black and shining with age, open into deserted gardens shadowed by stunted trees. The pavement is composed of large blocks of gray lava; massive buildings—convents and seminaries—cluster thickly round the Cathedral; there is no sign of shop or vehicle,—instead, cavernous courtyards and lonely, empty streets, lying deep in shadow on the hottest summer days, and so narrow that a carriage cannot drive through them, lead into desolate, grass-grown squares. This strange haute ville is apparently peopled entirely of priests, nuns, and lay communities of all kinds; sisters in curious, unfamiliar garb, priests in long black

cassocks and shovel-hats glide through the quiet lanes like spectres; life active life-seems to have stood still up here; gloom, silence, superstition, hold absolute sway. Little statues of the Black Virgin of Le Puy throne in niches over the street corners, and are let into the front of the houses; a lamp glimmers before them, a handful of flowers adorns them. We feel ourselves in a kind of dream; there is a fantastic sense of unreality about our surroundings. The clang of the deep Cathedral bell, the drone of priests' voices chanting behind the walls alone breaks the silence; surely, the world is far away, and we are wandering in dreamland! The very names of the streets are in keeping with the rest: Rue de la Visitation, Rue des Carmes, Rue de S. Raphael, Rue du Cloitre, Rue du Paradis, etc. There is no color, no brilliancy—the very sunshine seems white, not golden, in this hot, gray, shadowy region.

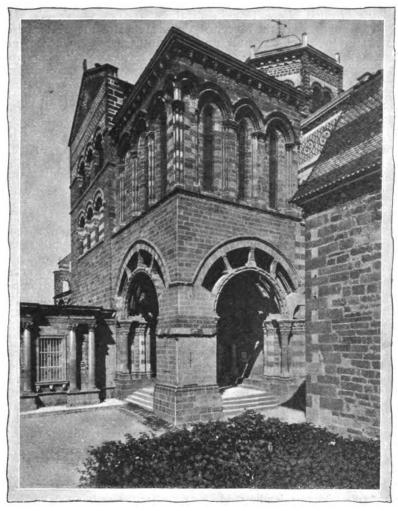
Le Puy has always been a stronghold of Romanism. In 1095 Pope Urban II came hither to preach the first Crusade; the Order of the Templars flourished till its suppression in 1312; in 1429 Joan of Arc, before setting out on her patriotic mission, sent her mother to assist at the great pilgrimage held that year at Le Puy, whose close strangely coincided with the Maid's entrance into Orleans; from 1500 to 1650 the whole countryside was disseminated by religious wars,bringing cruel pillage, misery and sickness in their train, during which the city successfully resisted three assaults from the Huguenots. In 1668 a peculiar sisterhood was established under the title of "Béates," who were to devote their lives to the elementary education of the poor villages around where no schools existed; these still carry on their good work, but priestcraft and superstition hold sway, and meet us at every step.

Suddenly a dark mass looms before us, and seems to block all further advance, but a number of little booths and stalls, where they sell candles, sacred pictures, medals, wax arms and legs, rosaries, and other objets de religion, cluster round an insignificant door which turns out to be the eastern entrance to the Cathedral, so enclosed and shut in by neighboring buildings on this side, that we are not aware of its presence till we are upon it.

its presence till we are upon it. The site on which now stands this glorious Byzantine-Romanesque pile was in distant ages occupied by a Celtic dolmen (or cromlech) dedicated to the religous rites of those dark days; legend relates how a miraculous apparition of the Virgin on this stone, having attracted the attention of Saint Georges, first bishop of Le Velay, whose episcopal seat was at Ruessium (St. Paulien), he was led on to the foot of the Mont Corneille where, though it was in the month of July, he found the ground covered with snow. At that moment, a stag suddenly appeared and traced out the site of the future church by its footprints in the snow, in memory of which tradition stags' heads adorn the balustrade of the principal cupola. Saint Georges at once caused a hawthorne hedge to be planted on the traces left by the stags' hoofs, and the hedge flowered the next morning. From the first to the second century a Gallic-Roman temple dedicated to Augustus, Isis, Diana, and the local divinity of Mont Anis, succeeded the druidical cromlech; this stone, the origin of these various religious monuments, was later on struck by lightning, and one of its four fragments, known as "la pierre des fieures" may still be seen on the top of the great staircase of the Cathedral. Towards the sixth century Saint Vosy, then Bishop, transferred the episcopal see from Ruessium to Le Puy d'Anis, when the heathen temple gave place to a Christian church; this comprised only the apse and the first cupola (called "angelic" in memory of its miraculous origin) of the present

The exterior—never to be seen as a whole owing to its clustering surroundings—is very curious, indeed

building.



SOUTH PORCH, LE PUY CATHEDRAL.

unique in many of its details, with its round domes and detached twelfth century tower. Two Bishops' tombs adorned by curious reliefs and inscriptions occupy the corners under the tower; the high altar stands beneath a circular lantern, and upon it thrones a small black statue of the Virgin not less venerated (judging by the number of votive offerings hung upon the pillars of the choir) than the one destroyed by fire during the Revolution in 1793, which miracle-working image is said to have been brought to Europe

in 1254 by St. Louis on his return from the Crusades. "It was believed to have been made by the Christians of Mount Lebanon, or by the Prophet Jeremiah, was of cedar wood, and swathed around with bands of papyrus glued to it, and partly inscribed. Upon this the features of the face, of negro tint, the flesh of hands and feet, and the draperies were painted in distemper in a rude style, probably by some artist who copied from Egyptian models. The existing image, a black Virgin, twenty inches high, was made

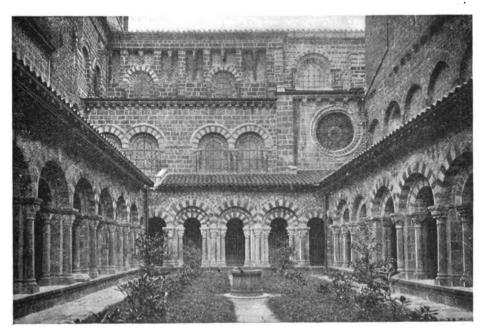
by a modern sculptor from recollection of the original Notre Dame du Puy." This image, once the object of veneration by thousands, is now annually visited by about 4,000 pilgrims, drawn chiefly from the uneducated peasantry. Our eyes sought in vain for a west doorway, but met only blank walls. Suddenly we discovered to our right a dingy door which led us down a few steps into a lovely old cloister, one of the oldest in France, dating from the ninth century, with a well buried among plants and shrubs in the centre. Rows of columns and arches enclose it; the whole place was steeped in sunshine, pigeons cooed on the corbels, and vivid light rested upon the frieze of grotesque heads of animals, men, ghouls, angels, and demons, interlaced with the wreaths of flowers and arabesques which run round the pillars; an exquisitely fine Romanesque gate railing of wrought iron of the twelfth century, so delicate as to resemble lacework, divides the cloister into two parts, one free to the public, the other private. Voices from below attracting us, we turned to the left, and found ourselves at the head of a flight of stone steps leading down to a kind of vestibule, with another corresponding flight leading up again on the far side; a flood of light streaming in from the west tempted us further, and we could hardly contain our astonishment, for there was a mighty flight of stairs leading down to one of the steep narrow streets, the Rue des Tables, so called from the stalls which line it during the seasons of pilgrimage; this was in fact the regular approach to the Cathedral, and seen from the foot of this street is indeed glorious with its open arches through which appears the blue sky. We have here "in front of us the ascent unto the house of the Lord, and, as in the dream of Jacob, the angelic basilica crowning its highest point." The original idea of the builders seems to have been this magnificent flight of 102 steps, at least thirty feet wide, ending in a promenade fifteen feet broad under

the huge vaulted portal; from this three separate flights under the massive arches of the western front, lead to another landing whence one mighty staircase was to carry the worshipers right under the nave and into the church, in front of the high altar, so that, as tradition has it, those on the street below should be able to look up and see the officiating priest. This idea has not been realized, however, and the central flight remains unfinished. A wondrous view of the town below and the hills rising beyond is framed within these great dark arches. Freeman truly remarks, speaking of this marvelous church: "As a piece of history to study and speculate on, Gaul has few things after Trier to set before the eastern part of Le Puy, but for one of the marvels of art and construction we must go to the west end. It is a path altogether unique when we go up from the lower streets of the town, streets where some bit of attractive domestic work meets us at every turn, by the steep ascent which leads to this greatest of undercrofts. As we look at the west front from below, it does not at once come into the mind that it is an undercroft with which we are dealing. It does not come into the mind that what seems to be about the middle stage of a very lofty west front is really the level of the floor of the nave. Three tall, round arches, the central one somewhat taller and much wider than its supporters, rise in front of us, but we do not for a time fully take in that they do not lead into the church, but into something underneath the church; we still dream of porches, not of undercrofts, even though we feel that the porch must be of unusual size and very strange arrangements. . . But we have to go underneath, to burrow, in short under the nave, which we have hardly yet understood to be a nave."

Leaving the church by the eastern door, we wandered aimlessly around, and hit upon a sleepy courtyard under the bell-tower, whence a lovely porch with two strangely ornamented arches,

gives access to the Sacristy where are stored the Bible of Theodulphe, dating from the fourth century, and a shoe, which legend attributes to the Virgin.

Climbing a slight ascent, we next reach the base of the Rocher de Corneille. High as the Cathedral stands. it is vet at the foot of this rock, a towering mass of volcanic breccia rising 420 feet above the lower town, and 2,480 feet above the level of the sea. A succession of stairs cut out in the rock lead to the summit on which was erected in 1860, by a national subscription, a colossal statue of Notre Dame de France, designed by Bonnassieux and cast in the metal of over two hundred cannon taken at Sebastopol; others lie around on the platform. This statue, which is a landmark for miles around, represents the Virgin standing upright, and holding in her arms the Divine Child, who is in the act of blessing France. The statue is fifty-two feet high, and stands on a pedestal twenty feet above the summit. Visitors may ascend into the head: below on the platform is the bronze statue of Bishop de Morlhon by the same artist. The view over the surrounding country from this rock is incomparable, for there, standing on a pinnacle, one sees not only the whole of the crater in which the town is situated—the cup-like sides perfect and intact save where to the northeast the streams Dolézon and Borne creen out through a deep gorge-but above and beyond this rampart lies all the great plateau of Central France bounded only by the horizon on three sides, and by the picturesque outline of the Cévennes to the south; away to the northwest stands the grim mass of Polignac. Beyond the walls of the Bishop's Palace, framed in an archway, there appeared the Roche of St. Michael d'Aiguilhe, undoubtedly the most striking of the many strange objects this wonderful place has to show. More extraordinary even than the Rocher de Corneille is this Rock of the Needle, an enormous isolated mass of volcanic tufa, more like "an artificial obelisk than a natural eminence," covered with rich vellow



CLOISTERS OF LE PUY CATHEDRAL.



ST. LAURENT AND RIVER DOLEZON, LE PUY.

lichen which, in the sunshine, glows golden bright. Some geologists consider this rock "to have been projected by a volcanic eruption from below"; an ancient historian regards it as one of the worders of the world; at any rate, this well named Aiguilhe has no rival; it is 295 feet high, 500 broad at the base, but tapers to 45 at the summit which is reached by 277 steps hewn out in the live rock; on the top rises as though by enchantment the remarkable church, or rather chapel of St. Michael built in 962 by Truanus, a canon of Le Puy. This building is an architectural curiosity "as well worthy of study as the angelic basilica itself" (says Freeman), with its circular portal, beautifully sculptured doorway, irregular choir supported by low pillars, and its isolated bell-tower, the whole so in keeping with the Rock itself that the one seems to belong naturally to the other. The façade is adorned with light and dark stones, forming a mosaic pattern similar to that of the Cathedral; over the entrance is a circular hole which serves to give light to the vestibule. Mass is only performed here once a year on the festival of St. Michael. The view from the top is very fine over the

town, with the Borne winding below in its stony bed, and the modern villas on the vine clad hills around forming a striking contrast to "the white escarpments of the tertiary strata laid bare here and there." At its eastern base nestles a little Place, at one end of which stands a beautiful twelfthcentury chapel of the Knights Templars, known as the "Temple de Diane." This chapel is supposed to have served in the early days of the Christian church as a baptistery for catechumens who were not allowed to enter the church itself prior to baptism; it is of the most delicate Romanesque style, with an octagonal roof, and Moresque arches, the columns it rests on being placed at the eight angles. Opposite, in the shade of the old houses, sat a group of lacemakers, the clatter of their bobbins blending in the quiet summer air with the drip of a neighboring fountain, where a vine clambered up a wall, its leaves shimmering golden green in the midday light.

Many objects of interest meet our eyes as we wander through the streets of the town; the Rue Haute Ville, for instance, is lined with fine old houses belonging to the ancient nobility of Le Velay; in the Rue Raphaël are shops where all the accessories necessary for lacemaking are sold, and where one may also pick up valuable old furniture, while in the Quartier de Saint Gilles are numbers of jewelers' shops to which come the peasant-women of the neighborhood, bringing their quaint family heirlooms made of precious stones and antique design which they exchange for more modern ornaments.

At the end of the grain market stands the last vestige of the lower town's defenses in the days when it boasted fifteen gates; now, of this Porte Pannessac there remains a round tower with machicolations, the keep and other supporting tower hav-

ing disappeared. An ancient painting preserved in the Museum shows the exact position of this solitary example of the fortifications of the basse ville. for it, as well as the haute ville and cloitre, had its own ramparts. Who shall say what scenes of violence and bloodshed those gray stones have beheld in the feudal days of Le Velay, when assaults and sallies were of common occurrence? It may too have opened its portals to royal pilgrims entering in state as did Francis I in 1533.

Continuing along the banks of the river, we reach Esplay, formerly a separate village, now a suburb of Le Puy. Here another mass of volcanic breccia is occupied by the ruins of an ancient castle built in 1273, whose walls sheltered Charles VII in 1422 during the occupation of France by the English. It was here the tidings of his father's death was brought to him, and he

was proclaimed King of France by the handful of followers who raised him on a shield in accordance with a time-honored custom, while at the same moment Henry VI, infant King of England, was being proclaimed with all pomp in Paris successor to the French throne. The castle was destroyed in 1590; a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph has been cut out in the rock which is shortly to be crowned by a gigantic statue of the Saint.

On every side are volcanic peaks, as though there had been a great upheaval and convulsion of Nature suddenly arrested; the boundary walls of the painfully cleared fields are built of piled up hexagonal boulders, the



TEMPLE DE DIANE, LE PUY.



THE CHATEAU DE POLIGNAC, LE PUY.

seats in front of the houses are of the same. As Mr. Scrope observes in his famous work on the extinct volcanoes of Central France; "There are, perhaps, few spots on the globe which offer a more extraordinary prospect than this. To the eye of a geologist it is superlatively interesting, exhibiting in one view a vast theatre of volcanic formation, containing igneous products of various natures belonging to different epochs, and exhibited under a great diversity of aspect." goes on to say that he is convinced the breccias of Mont Corneille and its fellows are chiefly derived from the lava stream which came from the Mont Mezen, "a great volcano of Central France, estimated at twenty-six miles long, six miles wide, and in some parts from four to five hundred feet deep, covering an area of one hundred and fifty-six square miles."

No one at Le Puy should omit a visit to the Castle of Polignac, five miles distant. Leaving the Orgue d'Esplay on our left, the road wound steeply up the Mont Denise. The country grew more and more desolate and wild. Truly we were still "in the region of the powers of fire; heaps of prehistoric cinders are there to witness," domes of ashes, streams of lava

seam the country-side. At one point our driver halted to point out to us a projecting mass of basalt known as "le Rocher du Père Moise," because in the distance it takes the shape of the common representations of Moses. It requires but a small stretch of imagination to recognize the conventional figure of the lawgiver with long flowing beard, and an open book on his knees; so striking indeed is the resemblance that in the distance it might pass for Michael Angelo's well "Moses" (in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli at Rome), hewn in gray breccia instead of in white marble. This is one of the strangest examples of fantastic rocks of this singular

Suddenly, rounding a corner, we dipped down into a valley, and on a height beyond, clear cut as if in ebony against the blue sky, rises the Château de Polignac standing on a lofty rock of black lava, with outlying farm buildings and a Romanesque church clustering round its base. The castle is a most imposing structure with its massive square keep or tower, and thrice girdled by machicolated walls flanked at intervals by turrets, the whole built upon the live rock, inaccessible save from the north side,

where a precipitous path rough with loose stones and rubble leads up to the castle gate. Part of the building dates from the eleventh century and was pulled down during the Revolution, when the lands were sold, but the ruins were repurchased by the family, and the present Duc de Polignac is by degrees restoring the castle. The visitor is shown a well nearly 300 feet deep, sunk in the platform of the castle, which goes by the name of the "Puits de l'Oracle," for "according to tradition, a temple of Apollo occupied the summit of the rock before the castle, and from this mouthpiece (after the fashion of the Bocca Della Verita at Rome) oracles were delivered through an enormous mask or a bearded face with a wide orifice for the mouth rudely carved in granite." Outside the east wall of the chapel were discovered five coffins cut out in the brock, three for adults, one for a baby, and one for an older child; probably used for burial in time of siege. When opened, human remains were found inside, which, however, fell into dust the moment they came into contact with the air.

A perfect specimen of an old feudal castle is Polignac, seated so proudly and firmly on rocky base that it is hard to distinguish where Nature's wall and man's handiwork join. A group of lace makers were sitting in the shade of the buildings as we descended hill, and saluted as they moved their chairs to let our carriage pass: on the other side were

the great open doors of hay and straw lofts, the top stories of the lower houses, so precipitous is the slope on which the hamlet stands. The hum of voices with the measured beat of flails told of harvest ended, and many a picturesque group stood framed in the narrow entries. Here were men leading a yoke of bullocks, there children tossing the straw, and boys were winnowing the beaten grain amid shouts of laughter, as some one of the company got a large dose of chaff emptied over his shoulders. As we looked once more at the black rock and its castle rising behind us, steeped now in summerwarmth, a golden haze giving the gray stones and black walls that rare beauty which sunshine ever imparts, we could not restrain a shiver at the thought of what this cold, bleak wilderness must be in winter snow, when Polignac presents an inky silhouette on a white 'landscape, and a cold shroud rests on hill and dale.

We had but time to hurry back to Le Puy, pick up our belongings, and catch our train; slowly gliding out of the station, we caught one last glimpse

> of this strange town, its rocks rising like pinnacles to the sky with their chapels, saints, and statues, and the wonderful Cathedral — the angelic basilica with its Byzantine cupolas towering over the housetops Pallalike dium, and above all these, high up in the air against the cloudless skv. over this wondrous land of France, the effigy of the Divine Child



OUR LADY OF FRANCE.

stretching out its hands in benediction. The green patches of vineyards smiled here and there on the sun-warmed slopes contrasting with the frowning masses of ironstained basalt and black lava, the silver river winding along in its stony bed all softened by a sunset glow, till in the distance, above the crater lip, we saw the Cévennes clear cut in ether, hiding in their recesses that Desert, "the last stronghold of persecuted Protestantism in France." We marvelled that such a region should be so little known, and felt like some seer of old awakening from a vision of the Golden City, as a harsh voice demanding our tickets and destination brought us back from our imaginings, and we settled ourselves in our corners to digest the experiences of the day.

E. C. Vansittart.



THE HEATHROSE.

From the German of Goethe.

SPIED a lad a rose so fair,
On the heather blooming,
Decked with blushes soft and rare,
And the playful morning air
With sweet scents perfuming.
Rose, O rose, so fresh and red,
On the heather blooming.

Spake the lad, "I'll pluck thee, Rose
On the heather blooming."
Spake the flow'r, "Her thorns the rose
Will to thine attempt oppose,
Thee to torment dooming."
Rose, O rose, so fresh and red,
On the heather blooming.

And the lad the rose assailed,
On the heather blooming.
Naught her sharpest thorns availed;
Plucked by ruthless hand, she paled,
Faint and sadly glooming.
Rose, O rose, once fresh and red,
On the heather blooming.

Rupert Nives.

RADIANT CHILDHOOD.

IKE the rays of the natural sun, glad childhood sheds its brightness upon the world; to which the innocence, the merriment, the credulity, the inquisitiveness, the naturalness, the mischievousness of that happy period before the shadows begin to fall, are a perpetual source of refreshment and delight. When all these childish qualities are combined and a little touch of perversity is added, many a moment of perplexity as well as of amusement is caused.

To justly judge the child's act we must take its point of view. Only by means of an accurate memory of our own experiences and by a fine sympathy with those of others are we able to appreciate the mental attitude of the budding life and to realize how mo-

mentous are some of its occasions.

Countless are the bright pictures childhood throws upon our memories, for our lifelong entherejoyment Some of after. the most vivid from the many here are set forth.

From out the past come thoughts of one fine little fellow who was bent upon possessing a rabbit. To this his father raised many objections, but finally yielded, saying: "Well, you

may go to Joe and get the rabbit, but it will only be a short time till the novelty is worn off and then your mother will have it to take care of." His point won, the boy hastened joyously to his friend to procure the coveted treasure, and to the owner of the pet he repeated his father's words. Returning home with his rabbit he announced triumphantly to his father that "Joe said there wasn't anything about his rabbits that would wear off—not the fur nor anything!"

An ever delightful child type is that in which the mentality is keen and early matured. These are they who read much and think much and to their daily vocabulary add the words encountered in books. In play and in popularity they are foremost, unfailing in power and attraction are such genial, bright natures.

An interesting boy of twelve years

was shown the photograph of a lady who was to be married to the young man exhibiting the picture. He listened with interest to his friend's account of his lady love whom the boy had never seen. Not long after the little man saw young woman in question for the first time. When he next encountered his friend, the lover, it was to announce to him with unconsciousness and enthusiasm "that he had seen the

substance of that shadow shown him a few days ago!" so accustomed was he to talk in the language that he read.



PERCITA, THE CHILD ACTRESS.



"SWEET AS THE FLOWERS OF SPRINGTIME."
Photo. by McMichael, Detroit.

An attractive child he was in countless ways, with his beaming, intelligent face, his quick action and his leadership among his companions. Strangely averse to going to bed, he was never really ready to go at any hour, his earnest wish being that life were all day, so deeply was he interested in the affairs of the world. Children of this class, whether boys or girls, are by nature endowed with a mentality above the ordinary. Fortunately they are often the possessors of high animal spirits, the result of good physical condition, expressed in a happy disposition or fine vivacity.

Such minds are of splendid fibre, seize readily upon knowledge and facts which they easily retain and assimilate.

Among all the traits which children display none are so satisfactory to encounter as stability and faithfulness;

for with even moderate talents these qualifications will ensure success in some line in the years of later life.

some line in the years of later life.

But how varied are the child-natures and faces; like the leaves of the forest no two are just alike. A type that everybody loves has the bright



THE QUESTIONING EYES OF CHILDHOOD.

open countenance, the frank, true eyes. These are the little sunbeams in the world, dancing along beside the weary and oppressed, throwing their happy smiles upon the sorrowing, and upon saint and sinner alike. Sweet as the flowers of springtime, they

heriting his gifts perhaps from his grandfather, is interested only in farm matters, in live stock and in sowing and gathering of crops. How unlike are the various personalities of children. How self-will shows itself in earliest days in some. How mischief



A LITTLE PRINCESS.

gladden all about them. Bare indeed would life be without the blossoms and without these cherub-like children.

Diversity of talents is never more plainly seen than in the development of the little ones. It is marvelous how the son of the mechanic loves machinery so early. Even more wonderful is it when another son, in-

reaches an abnormal growth in others. What individuality and originality are frequently displayed by the little folks.

Many are the homes they cheer; deeply is their value realized when the sweet baby voice is no longer heard, when the laughing little face is no longer seen. A few years glide by and then every baby face disappears,

all childish speech ceases, for if these little ones do not pass into the eternal silence, they merge as surely into manhood and womanhood. It is as

One beautiful boy made light and gladness in a home. Year by year a picture of the child was made. Each twelvemonth seemed to perfect the



"FLOSSIE."

From photo., copyright 1896, by Schloss, N. Y.

if in the life of one individual there were countless lives ending one by one as others begin; so wholly apart from the after life are the days of infancy.

life and face, until it took on a far away beauty not of this world. So the last portrait showed him; then a shadow fell upon the house that for a few brief years had



JUST TWO YEARS OLD.

been illumined by a lovely presence.
The flowers bloom and fade. The birds' songs fill the world and then are silent. But the sweetness of the blossoms and of the warbling lingers when neither may longer be enjoyed.

A dear little California girl by her doings and sayings has made herself a joy to many. A chubby little figure, a sunny face, great blue eyes, a halo of fair curls,—a sweeter cherub never lived.

She is not yet three years old; and when she is gathered up for the night in her long white night gown, and lifted to papa's shoulder to say, instead of the conventional "Good night," her "God bess you," to each one about her, God seems not far away and the blessing appears to descend. If ever there is virtue in a blessing it is when spoken by such lips as hers.

Looking out of the back window one day, her mother heard shrill screams and saw her baby girl carrying her cloak which a great rooster had caught in his beak and would not let go. The mother understood the little one's prolonged cries of fright and vexation, and going outside freed the tiny girl from her tor-Shortly after, mentor. when the child was again in the house, she passed her mother in the music room. Her little legs bore her in longer strides than usual; there was determination in her face and vengeance in her baby heart. In one hand she carried a silver table knife, close to her side, that it might not be seen and from her. taken spoke vehemently as she hastened on: "I'll kill 'at wooster! I'll cut it on the feathers!"

Upon another day this little tot's father decided to rearrange a favorite vine upon the front porch of their picturesque cottage home. To do so it was necessary to be upon the front porch roof, and to reach that point without injury to the vines a ladder was placed against the rear of the house. By the ladder he mounted to the shed roof of the kitchen and easily gaining in this way the four sided roof of the cottage he descended thence to the roof of the porch. After a little time he heard a great puffing and blowing; wondering whence the sounds came he decided to reconnoitre, and saw it was his baby girl who had already reached the third roof! His heart stood still. What to do was the question. If he scolded her she would turn and fall. So he smiled to her brightly and opened his arms and told her to "come on."

With her natural fearlessness, she had climbed the ladder, a seemingly impossible feat, for the rounds were far apart. When questioned, this sturdy three year old showed the awestricken parents how she had mounted the ladder, climbing the side piece, between the rounds, monkey fashion, because they

were too far apart for her reach. Affectionate, warm-hearted, quick of mind, she is a most lovable child. The years will come and go, and the happiness and charm of the baby life will reflect cheer upon many a shadowy hour for those who in after years recall the interesting and pretty ways of her childhood. Jane Layng.



Photo, by McMichael, Detroit.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

SHE sang a song for a little child
In the dewy dusk of the eventide,
And bending over her sleepy one,
Ne'er dreamed her song reached the world outside.

She sang a song for a little child.

'Twas a simple lullaby low and sweet,

But passers hurrying homeward heard,

And a silence fell o'er the noisy street.

And young and aged, and high and low,

And the worn and weary and sindefiled.

With visions peaceful and pure were filled,

As she sarfig a song for a little child.

Maude Louise Fuller.

THE CELLINI VASE.

MRS. BRANSCOMBE had a passion for bric-a-brac. Not the ordinary modern kind, such as any uncultivated woman might have possessed herself of by the simple process of paying for it, but interesting things that were valuable for their rarity and their history and the celebrity of their inventors or discoverers.

She had a fan that was said to have once belonged to the last Tycoon, who had been imprisoned and who was said to have shaded his face with this identical fan as he listened to the decree which subjected him to durance vile and abolished the tycoonate forever. Mrs. Branscombe held to this theory with unshaken tenacity, but her nephew Will had been the victim of doubts ever since he had chanced upon a factory in Philadelphia which turned out an inexhaustible supply of genuine Japanese fans so like that royal relic that when he replaced it for a week with one of the late manufacture his aunt did not seem to know the difference.

He had not called her attention to the experiment, because he had never forgotten one he had tried with the famous roc's egg, and he did not believe that she ever had, either. The roc's egg had been the joy of her heart and the pride of her soul, and she had treasured it with anxious care for more than five years, until one day Will, in an unseemly fit of glee, had accidentally knocked it out of the nest in which it had been calmly reposing for so long and it was shattered into fragments. Thereupon it was revealed that the famous egg had been cunningly contrived with a preparation of lime carefully glazed over the surface, and no mysterious roc had ever had anything to do with its production.

Will never could get over the impression that it was scarcely fair that

he should be blamed for the latter fact. He might have thought it only just that his aunt should have been vexed with him for his carelessness in knocking down her treasure, but she had never seemed half so indignant toward him for that as because of the little circumstance that the egg turned out not to be genuine. How did she suppose he could help that?

Will believed it was the roc's egg that had ruined him. She had not seemed to cherish any violent animosity toward him previous to that. Since that tragic event her treatment of him had been really heart-breaking. Not that he should have cared so much had it been merely for his own sake and hers, though he had always tried to be a dutiful and affectionate nephew. There was Mabel. She was Mrs. Branscombe's niece and lived with her. It will be seen without difficulty, when taken in connection with the fact that Will was in love with Mabel, that the situation was embarrassingly complicated. It really became necessary to Will's happiness that his relations with Mrs. Branscombe should be placed on a friendly footing.

There was but one way by which Will could reinstate himself in the good graces of Mrs. Branscombe, and even that seemed impossible from a casual view. She had become possessed of a wild longing for a Cellini vase. Perhaps there was no reason why a Cellini medal or a Cellini seal might not have answered the purpose quite as well but for some reason Mrs. Branscombe's ambition had taken the form of a Cellini vase. There was a tradition of total depravity lingering about the memory of Cellini which, by a subtle law of the affinity of opposites, rendered all things connected with him objects of irresistible attraction to a woman of the rigid propriety of Mrs. Branscombe. Therefore it became necessary that she should come into possession of a Cellini vase with as little delay as might be.

"You shall have it," Will had said

in a burst of affection.

That was just before he went to Florence. Mrs. Branscombe felt in an unusually friendly humor with him; first, for his devotion to her interests; second, for his absence.

He wrote often to Mrs. Branscombe; not once to Mabel. Neither did he send her any message. Mrs. Branscombe had always had faith in the remedial effect of absence in sentimental cases. It seemed to increase the affection of aunt and nephew. She was growing almost fond of him now that he was out of the way.

"Will's a good fellow, when he's in another country, isn't he?" she said to Mabel.

"Oh, yes," assented the girl cheer-

"He is improving his mind. It is a good thing. I have always thought it needed improvement. I think it would bear more improvement than any other mind I know. It will never be as good as Mr. Aston's, but it could be much better than it is."

Mr. Aston was Mabel's new lover, and he had a great deal of money in bonds and one of the finest houses in town; two circumstances which have a tendency to brighten a man's intellect wonderfully in public estimation.

"I think it will take a long time to improve Will's mind to any perceptible degree," said Mrs. Branscombe carefully. "He will probably be abroad five years, at least."

"What about the vase all that time?" asked Mabel.

"It will take a long time to find it," said Mrs. Branscombe with all the moral superiority of one who is conscious of aspiring to difficult heights. "If he should find it sooner he could send it to me."

"I have found it," Will wrote soon after this. "That is, I have found the

place where it ought to be. That it is not there is only an indication of the general derangement of the universe. It was sold some time ago to a member of the ex-royal family of France. It happens, luckily for me, however the poor devil of a royalist may feel about it, that he has fallen dead broke and all his collections are to be put up for sale. So here's for Paris, and wish me good luck."

The next time she heard from Will he had gone to Rome, having been informed that the precious object had been bought for a Cardinal and taken to the Imperial City. The Cardinal had since died and there was a hope that the coveted treasure might be within grasp. Then he wrote from Madrid, where he had gone in consequence of a rumor that the precious vase had been sent to the Spanish Capital and placed in a Museum.

After that she did not hear from him for a long time. She began to grow uneasy, first for the Cellini vase and then for her nephew. She had not before known how fond she was of him.

It was a year from the time of his departure that Will returned, walking in one evening as quietly as if he had been down town for an hour or so, and had just come back.

Mrs. Branscombe sprang to meet him in transports of delight. After she had welcomed him and asked him how he was and where he had been and why he had not written to her, she said:

"I forgive you for not bringing the vase. After all, Will, I think I'd rather have you. You know I was always fond of you."

Will almost whistled in an excess of incredulity, but checked himself in time.

"That reminds me, though," he said, taking a box out from some mysterious hiding place, "that I did bring the vase."

He opened the box and took from it a vase beautifully wrought of silver ornamented on one side with a golden Venus rising from a silver sea, and on the other with a swarm of small Tritons disporting themselves gaily on the crests of silvery waves.

After a period of breathless contemplation Mrs. Branscombe cried:

"What can I do to pay you for such a beauty?"

"You know there is only one thing I want."

Mrs. Branscombe looked over at Mabel, standing with eyes downcast, not looking once at the classic piece of workmanship.

"Child, how can you be so insensible? Do look at the charming thing. If it's Mabel you mean you can ask her."

"I have asked her."
"You undutiful——!"

Then her eye fell again upon the exquisite carving of the master gold-smith, and she relented.

"What did she say?"

"She said she would not do anything without your consent, when you have been so good to her."

"Good child," said Mrs. Branscombe with one eye fixed appreciatively on the girl and the other on the vase. "I can't refuse you anything now, Will."

Will and Mabel withdrew to the next room to discuss the subject, while Mrs. Branscombe remained in delightful contemplation of the wonderful handiwork of Cellini.

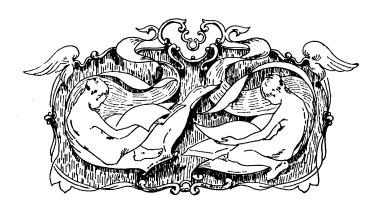
"Do you suppose it is genuine?" Mabel asked the day after she and Will had returned from their bridal tour. They were looking at Mrs. Branscombe's treasures, chief among which was the marvelous vase.

"I know it is," replied Will. "How do you know?"

He bent over her and whispered:

"Because I made it myself."

M. E. Torrence.



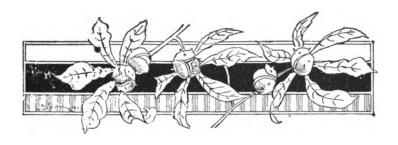
THIS WOULD BE A BLESSED DAY.

THIS would be a blessed day,
If a verse would pass my way,
If a rose-leaf rhyme would drip
All its dew upon my lip,
Come in tender loving guise,
Make a river of mine eyes,
Circle in the air and rest,
In the bastion of my breast.

Muse, dear Muse, O bring to me, One deep draught of Poetry, I am thirsting and I long For a flagon full of song, Muse, dear Muse, without thine art Midnight hovers o'er my heart, Hell were heaven with thee, and Without thee, earth is arid land.

This would be a blessed day, If a verse would pass my way.

Robert Loveman.



THE RECONCILIATION.

O pale she looked, so gentle and so sweet,
That when I saw, from my dim gallery seat,
Her dear form sitting in her chorist's place,
And 'twixt the broken tenor and the bass
Could hear the tender cadence of her song,
My heart grew cold with sorrow for the wrong
My hasty words had done—could she forgive
This once, I vowed that while we both should live
I'd let no trouble sadden that dear face.

And when the white-haired parson had implored A blessing on his flock, from the kind Lord Whom he revered, then home his people went. But by the wide church door I stayed intent On her alone—she came with downcast eyes Nor dreamed that I was near—a glad surprise Turned the pale glory of her cheek to fire—A prayer, a look, a word, O heart's desire! The Lord of peace His peace on us had sent.

Edward Barron.



American Naval Heroes.

IX.

Charles H. Davis. Charles Ellet.

Samuel F. Dupont. David D. Porter.

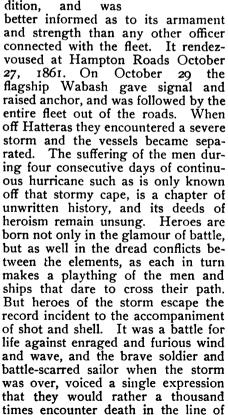
THE operations of the gunboats on the upper Mississippi after the signal victory gained by the navy under Flag Officer Foote at Island No. 10, in which the possibilities of that new engine of war had been demonstrated, increased public interest in that arm of the service. The achievements of Captain Walke with the Carondelet decided the fate of the Confederate forts and water batteries, that had been built with such consummate engineering skill and provided with an armament made up of the latest improved heavy guns procured in England. Flag Officer Foote by reason of ill health attending injuries received in service, had been relieved, and Commodore Charles Henry Davis succeeded him as flag officer of the upper Mississippi flotilla on May 9, 1862. The older officers hailed his coming with great satisfaction and looked to him as a leader who would not be content to be an eye witness to the naval engagements directed by him, but a leader in person, a participant in victories and his flag-ship the last in retreat.

He was a native of Boston, born January 16, 1807. When sixteen years old he joined the navy on board the frigate United States, and was stationed with the Pacific squadron from 1827 for two years. In 1829 he was promoted passed midshipman and ordered to the Ontario, going with her to the Mediterranean. In March, 1834, he joined the Vincennes of the Pacific squadron, having attained the rank of

lieutenant. Upon his return home he was transferred to the Independence, one of the vessels making up the Brazilian squadron, where he served until 1842, when he was ordered home and to shore duty in the ordnance department, and subsequently to the coast survey service. In this line of duty he made valuable discoveries in locating the New South shoals off Nantucket Island, directly in the track of European and coastwise vessels coming into the harbor of New York. This achievement in surveying skill removed the mystery that had been woven into many a story of the sea, and the numerous unaccountable wrecks and accidents attributed to the displeasure of Old Neptune were found to be due to natural causes, hereafter named upon all charts. The merchant and marine insurance companies of New York passed special resolutions of thanks to Lieutenant Davis and generally acknowledged the invaluable service he had rendered the merchant marine. He inaugurated the scheme of the publication of the American Nautical Almanac in 1849, and superintended its publication for several years.

His literary and scientific work was interfered with by the outbreak of the Civil War, when he as a member of the coast survey, was made one of a board of officers entrusted with the task of inquiring into the condition of the harbors and inlets of the Southern coast, preparatory to the operations of Flag Officer S. F. Dupont in the expe-

dition of the combined land and naval forces at Port Royal, S. C. In this service Lieutenant Davis was chief-of-staff to the flag officer. This fleet was the largest in point of number of vessels ever placed in command an American naval officer. It included fifty steamand sailing vessels besides twenty-five coalers. Lieutenant Davis had been an active factor in accumulating and fitting out this expeand





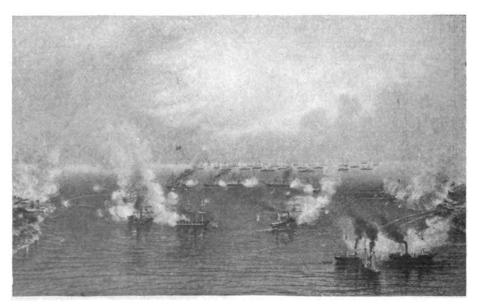
CHARLES HENRY DAVIS, REAR ADMIRAL.

battle or before the broadside of opposing ships-of-war than experience one night of such storm. On November 4 twenty-five of the fleet, including flagship, chored on the bar Port off Royal harbor. and the other vessels of the fleet that had weathered the storm came in day after thereafter. da v Fleet Captain Davis after careful surveys planted buoys to mark the channel, all former guides being destroved or

placed by the Confederates, and the fleet passed safely into the inner harbor. Subsequently Forts Walker and Beauregard were reduced by the naval squadron and undisputed possession was gained of the town and surrounding country. A base of supply and operations for both the military and naval forces of the Federal government was thus formed. The army of occupation was under command of Gen. Sherman, and the Confederate force driven out of town was commanded by General Drayton and the naval forces by Commander Tatnall of the Confederate navy. The men made their escape in Tatnall's steamers and in army transports, but the works, ammunition, guns, and provisions fell into the hands of the Federal forces. Flag Officer Dupont in his report of the capture especially commended the work done by Fleet Captain Davis and gave him great credit for bravery, skill and executive aid.

Meantime the condition of affairs in the West called for a naval commander, and the department selected for the service Captain Davis, who relieved Admiral Foote May 9, 1862. The next day he assumed command of the fleet, which at the time comprised seven partially ironclad gunboats arranged in two divisions. They commanded the Mississippi River above Fort Pillow, Tenn. The Tennessee shore was guarded by the first division, comprising three gunboats including Flag Officer Davis's flagship. The second division was stationed on the Arkansas shore of the river and embraced four gunboats. They were anchored bow down stream. Under orders from the retiring flag officer they had been for two days in readiness for action with steam up and "on watch and watch" awaiting the Confederate fleet of nine gunboats below the bend and also with steam up. There had been some firing with mortars, but no effective shot reached the enemy. The Benton, Phelps, commander, was flagship, and with the Carondelet, Walke, commander, and the Pittsburg, Thompson, commander, made up the Tennessee shore division. The Mound City, Kilty, commander; the Cincinnati, Steubel, commander; the St. Louis, Eben, commander, and the Cairo, Bryant, commander, made up the Arkansas shore division. The crews were lying on their oars and the men on watch for any movement of the enemy.

A mortar boat under consort of the Cincinnati dropped down stream until nearly opposite Fort Pillow, and opened fire upon the enemy about 5 A. M. The Confederate ram fleet at once cleared for action and weighed anchor. The heavy black smoke from their fires was the first intimation Flag Officer Davis had of the intended at-The Carondelet was the first to take the alarm, and her crew were at their guns and the ship cleared for action before the order came from the Benton. The gun tackle, swords, pistols, boarding pikes, rifles, guncarriages, rammers and sponges, shot and shell, crowbars and handspikes, were ready at hand within three or four minutes. It was 6:30 A. M. when the Benton made a general signal to get under way. The mist over the river prevented the signal being seen, and verbal orders were passed by the



BOMBARDMENT OF PORT ROYAL, S. C.

FORT BEAUREGARD.

FORT WALKER.



pilots of the Pittsburg and Carondelet through the trumpet. Slipping her hawser the Carondelet was the first to be off, and as she passed the Benton Flag Officer Davis ordered her to go ahead and not wait for the flagship. This action saved the Cincinnati, which was four miles below and in great danger, as the whole Confederate fleet was making for her, determined to ram her and effect her capture before the other vessels could come to her aid. The Carondelet was a slow sailer, and the Mound City. which had not waited for orders, had caught up to her just at the critical moment, and together they drove off the Confederate fleet after the General Bragg had cut an immense hole in the starboard side of the Cincinnati and delivered several effective broadsides from her ports, severely wounding Commander Steubel. The other Confederate rams had as well given her the force of their iron prows in her wounded side. The Carondelet discharged repeated broadsides into the General Bragg, so disabling her machinery as to cause her to drift down the stream and out of the fight. As the General Van Dorn, the General Price, and General Sumpter advanced to continue the work of the General Bragg, the Mound City and Carondelet met them with continuous broadsides until their proximity to the Cincinnati endangered that vessel, which was in a sinking condition. The effect of the shot stayed the course of the Confederate fleet, as the General Van Dorn was the only one of the fleet to pass the Cincinnati. As she did so she ran for and delivered her sharp prow against the Mound City, and was answered by a broadside full into The antagonists then drifted apart, the one steaming up the river and the other down stream, both badly damaged. This left the Carondelet alone to oppose the General Jeff Thompson, General Lovell and General Beauregard which had come up to the support of the disabled Confederate fleet. On rounding to in the

middle of the river, the Carondelet ran between the opposing fires of the remainder of the Federal fleet which had reached the scene of action in this order: St. Louis, Pittsburg, and Benton, and the reënforced Confederate fleet. One or two grape-shot from the Benton swept across the deck of the Carondelet. The smoke was so dense as to prevent the operations of the several vessels being witnessed from the others, and the firing was necessarily interrupted. During the confusion incident to this condition the Confederate flagship Little Rebel dashed into the midst of the Federal fleet and ran close under the Benton's broadside, but escaped annihilation by a skillful manœuvre on the part of the pilot, who placed her under the lee of the disabled rams. As the smoke arose the Confederates were retiring. taking their disabled vessels with them. They were closely pursued by the Carondelet and Benton, they keeping up a continuous fire from their bow guns until the Confederates found shelter under the guns of Fort Pillow. The Mound City sank at the first island above the scene of the fight, and the Cincinnati sank on the Tennessee shore. The Carondelet remained on the spot the day and night following, acting as a guard to protect the mortar boats which the enemy had not harmed.

The Confederate naval force engaged in the battle of Fort Pillow was commanded by Captain J. E. Montgomery, who had not received a naval training. The engagement lasted one hour and ten minutes, and was the first of a series of pitched battles between the Federal and Confederate gunboats on the Western waters. The services of Captain Walke in this engagement were acknowledged by Flag Officer Davis as follows:

U. S. NAVAL DEPOT, CAIRO, ILL.

September 28, 1862.

DEAR CAPTAIN WALKE: Will you do me the favor to accept the accompanying pair of shoulder-straps suited to your rank, together with my sincere congratulations? They will serve to remind you of the interesting scenes in which we have acted together, and will be received by you as a mark of my high appreciation of your personal gallantry and the able support which you never failed to afford to your commander-in-chief.

Very faithfully and truly yours,

C. H. DAVIS,

Acting Rear Admiral.

Under guard of the gunboats, the mortar boats kept up the bombardment of Fort Pillow without interruption until that stronghold was evacuated June 4, 1862, and in the early morning of June 5 Flag Officer Davis with the Benton, Mound City, Carondelet, St. Louis, Cairo, and Louisville, accompanied by the ram fleet Monarch, Queen of the West, Switzerland, and Lancaster, under Colonel Ellet, rounded to at Fort Pillow and took possession of the abandoned works. Colonel Ellet hoisting the stars and stripes over the fort. The Confederates had spiked two 128-pounders which weighed 16,000 pounds each, and the entire fort was of superior construction and not equaled by any other of the Confederate strongholds.

On June 6 the fleet had reached Memphis, Tenn., before which city they found the Confederate fleet of Commander Montgomery drawn up in double line of battle ready to oppose them. The ram squadron under Colonel Ellet dashed ahead of the gunboats and ran for the enemy's fleet. They succeeded at the first onslaught in sinking one and disabling another of the Confederate ironclads, but in turn they were treated to the same method of warfare by the Confederate Beauregard which, missing Colonel Ellet's vessel, ran into the General Price and disabled her by tearing off her wheel. The Federal fleet then raked the Beauregard fore and aft with shot and shell until she found her grave in the river opposite Memphis. The General Lovell was badly rammed by the Queen of the West, and under the effect of shot and shell from the Federal fleet she too found a grave for herself and many of her gallant officers and crew in the middle of the Mississippi. The General Price, Little Rebel and Queen of the West were disabled and ran ashore on the Arkansas side. The Jeff Thompson was next disabled, ran ashore and was blown up. The General Sumpter was also disabled and captured, the General Bragg soon after sharing the same fate, her officers first running her ashore and escaping into the woods. The General Van Dorn alone of the entire Confederate fleet escaped down the river, followed closely by the rams Monarch and Switzerland, which she escaped by reason of her superior speed. An eye witness thus describes the fight:

"The people in tens of thousands crowded the high bluffs overlooking the river, some of them apparently as gay and cheerful as a bright May morning, and others watching with silent awe the im-pending struggle. The roar of cannon and shell soon shook the earth on either shore for many miles; first, wild yells, shrieks and clamors, then loud despairing mur-murs, filled the affrighted city. The screaming, plunging shell crushed into the boats, blowing them and their crews into fragments; and the rams rushed upon each other like wild beasts in deadly conflict. Amidst all this confusion and horror, the air was filled with the coal and sulphurous blinding smoke; and as the battle progressed, all the cheering accents on shore were silent, every voice became tremulous and disheartened as it became evident that their fleet was faltering, and one after another of their vessels sank or became disabled. The deep sympathizing wail which followed each disaster went up like a funeral dirge from the assembled multitude and had an overwhelming pathos; but still they gazed through their flowing tears upon the struggle, until the last hope gave way, and then the lamentations of the bereaved burst upon the ear in deep, heartrending cries of anguish. The die was cast, and the crowd of mourning spectators melted away, in unutterable sadness for loved ones lost and their sanguine hopes of victory forever The spectacle was one which subdued all feelings of resentment on the part of the victors, and awakened a natural sympathy towards the vanquished—their fellow countrymen—on shore. The general grief and the weight of woe inflicted on some of the spectators was such as could arise only from a civil war, like that in which we were then engaged. The crowning scene though less distressing was more terrific and sublime than anything which had preceded it. In the hour of triumph and naval

supremacy when our gunboats were returning to Memphis occurred the explosion of the Jeff. Thompson's magazine. In an instant before a sound had reached our ears, the heavens were lighted up as by a magnificent coronet, its snowy white crest reaching beyond the clouds. Then came the terrific roar and the scene—one that can never be forgotten—was of surprising beauty and grandeur."

A few days after the battle and capture of Memphis, Flag Officer Davis dispatched the Mound City, St. Louis, about two hundred of her crew. Only thirty-five escaped serious injury. Every officer but one was either scalded or killed. The land force captured the fort and the vessels of the fleet secured several river crafts loaded with cotton, which "loyal" owners claimed and the prizes were given up.

The fleet then proceeded back to the Mississippi River, and there on June



DANIEL D. PORTER.

and Lexington, followed by the Conestoga and three captured transports, up the White River. They proceeded about one hundred miles to St. Charles, a fortified Confederate stronghold. The Mound City opened fire, and the transports under this protection landed the troops that accompanied the expedition. A shot from the Confederate battery struck the Mound City, piercing the steam chest, and the steam as it escaped dealt death or an agony many times worse, to

30 learned from a Federal naval officer that Admiral Farragut had arrived above Vicksburg with eight of his fleet, and Admiral Porter with his mortar fleet was just below the city. On the morning of July I the flotilla exchanged signals with Farragut's fleet. This movement secured the possession of the entire Mississippi, except before Vicksburg, to the Federal gunboats, and enabled Farragut, Davis, and Porter to cooperate in their future movements against the remaining for-

tifications at Vicksburg and the few remaining Confederate ironclads.

About this time Flag Officer Davis learned of the near completion of a formidable ironclad ram and gunboat said to be equal combined, armament and armor to the Virginia or Merrimac destroyed by the little Monitor. This Western terror was named the Arkansas. The Confederates boasted that she would speedily clear the Mississippi River of every Federal gunboat and hold undisputed possession of the river. In view of the presence of so dangerous an antagonist Captain Davis had the fleet strengthened by heavy timbers placed inside the ironclad shields so as to protect the boilers, engines, and other vulnerable points, should the shot from the heavy guns of the Arkansas pierce the armor-plated sides. He then gave separate instructions to the commanders of the Carondelet, Taylor, and the steam ram Queen of the West, and they proceeded up the Yazoo River to reconnoiter, neither of the commanding officers being informed as to the object of their mission or of the possible danger attending the same.

When they had proceeded six miles up the river the Taylor and Queen of the West, being in the lead as they were the better sailers, discovered the monster ironclad of 1,200 tons burden with a sharp iron beak projecting four feet in front of her stem and the entire sloping deck clad with railroad iron inverted so as to present a perfectly smooth surface. The two Federal vessels beat a hasty retreat, fearing to encounter the monster and desirous of notifying the Federal fleet before Memphis of the proximity and rapid approach of the dangerous antagonist. In their retreat they kept up a running fire from their stern guns which continued for an hour, when the Arkansas was found to rapidly increase her speed, intending to run the little gunboats down. At this critical moment the Carondelet, then still on her way up the river, reached the scene of action and opened fire from her bow guns, and as she approached the Arkansas, avoided her sharp prow by a skillful turn of her wheel. This brought the two vessels side by side, and as they passed the Carondelet discharged a full broadside on the armored side of the Arkansas, the shot doing apparently no harm. The movement, however, enabled the Carondelet to turn around and use her bow guns fairly on the stern of the enemy, but the shot glanced off from her invulnerable armor as had those discharged broadside even at the closest possible range. The answering shot from the Arkansas, however, played havoc with the steering gear of the Carondelet, and she ran into the shore pierced with thirteen shot holes and her machinery greatly damaged. Of her crew forty were killed or wounded, many leaping overboard to escape the scalding steam from the chest pierced by the The Taylor meantime came under the protection of the Carondelet which was soon again afloat and steaming with her best efforts towards the protecting fleet six miles below. The Arkansas slackened her speed so as to keep alongside the two Federal gunboats and continued to pour shot from her heavy guns into their broken sides and stern. This running fight was kept up for over an hour, the Arkansas using her bow guns while the Carondelet and Taylor were thus enabled to use their stern guns, which were the ones least affected by the previous combat. The distance between the vessels ranged from 500 vards to 20 feet. As the Arkansas drew near the Carondelet, Captain Walke ordered his boarders on deck, determining at all hazards to risk a hand-to-hand fight rather than let the unequal duel at close range continue. As the men appeared to carry out this intention the Arkansas increased her speed and passed the Carondelet within twenty feet. Taking advantage of this movement Captain Walke ordered his boarders below and directed a broadside against the pilot



S. F. DUPONT.

house of the Arkansas, at the same time crowding her to the western shore of the river. As she passed the Carondelet fired her bow guns into the stern ports of the Arkansas, shooting away her flag. The Arkansas gave chase to the Taylor and Queen of the West, while the steering ropes of the Carondelet being shot away, she ran helpless ashore. The Arkansas ran through the anchored fleet of Farragut, Porter, and Davis at the mouth of the river, and made her way to a place of safety where she repaired the damages done to her by the shot of the Carondelet. As she passed the Federal fleet she discharged broadsides right and left into the fleet and received in turn broadsides from the Hartford, Iroquois, Richard, Essex, and Benton, but without slackening her speed, made her way to Vicksburg.

Her commander, Captain Isaac N. Brown, reported her loss to have been ten killed and fifteen wounded, others with slight wounds. He added that her smokestack was shot to pieces and the vessel otherwise cut up.

The Mississippi squadron then passed to the command of Acting Rear Admiral David D. Porter, and he added to the victories of the naval forces the conquest of all the Confederate strongholds. We will not in our space be able to recount these engagements and will commend the reader to the published accounts of the actions at Helena, Vicksburg, the Yazoo, Grand Gulf, Alexandria, and the final siege and capture of Vicksburg as further illustrating the part the American naval heroes of the Mississippi squadron took in suppressing the great rebellion.

John Howard Brown.

A PLAIN STORY.

MAN came limping down the Green Meadows pike. ground was frozen, and his heels struck out sharp and unsteady noises that were heard far ahead.

It was just after a November sunset, and a splendid light still shone between the mountain gaps. A few rust-tinted leaves went crackling down the crisp air. A star stood out

over a bare and swaying tree.

At the gate of the last house in Green Meadows an elderly woman was standing. The blue and green plaid shawl she wore over her head made a bit of distinct color in the fading highway.

The man halted, laughing uneasily: "Don't you know me, Sara Fox?" "Is-is that you, Job Norris?"

"Well, it's a pretty note if you don't know your own brother." He tried

to laugh again.

She stood still a moment looking at him. "The folks are most all gone," she said simply, "father, and mother, and my Tom-I'm about the only one left."

She eved him again and this time spoke out sharply from under her

gay shawl:

"What you been doing with your-

self all this time?"

"I stayed here, and then I stayed there, and-"

"What you coming back for?"

"Well, I thought I'd sort of settle down now."

"You'd better go back where you come from. We've done without you pretty well this eighteen year."

He came a step nearer. She saw that his hair was as gray as her own.

"How's Adelaide getting 'long?"

"First class. Her father left her the house and the land, and she's worked like a man morning and night. She don't need you at t'all."

"I guess she'll give me a bite of

supper and a night's lodging, won't she?"

"No."

He came still closer-

"Adelaide was mighty nagging at times."

"Don't you go excusing yourself to me. Iob Norris! You were lazy, and Adelaide was nagging, but what was the matter with the baby, I'd like to

He limped down the pike. looked after him. A little bush at the gate shook all its leafless stems with a sort of thin, crying noise. The leaves crackled out in the road. It seemed as if there were ghosts around.

"Tob-" He stopped.

"If Adelaide won't have anything to do with you, come back to me."

"All right, Sara."

Here and there the lamps were lit at the village windows. On one side the gables showed solid and black against the splendid west; on the other, the sky lay like a stretch of crystal. A woman came to a front door and called her children. The echoes and reëchoes she roused were as blasts from a trumpet. He had forgotten those famous turnpike reverberations. He passed Church Lane, down which the gravestones were shining. For an instant he remembered his mother.

Half way down the only street and back in an apple orchard rose the house he knew so well. Its panes glittered behind the stripped trees. He opened the gate, and followed the beaten path to the back door.

The lamp that was lit in the kitchen window threw a vague golden bar across the briers outside and the apple boughs beyond. He drew behind the briers and out of the light. A great many things went through his brain as he waited there, homeless, uncertain, and yet with the air of a swaggerer. Several episodes of his aimless life came uppermost at that moment and he wondered what his wife would say if she ever heard of them. The dark was closing spectrally about him. His leg ached; he felt sorry for himself.

Then the door opened and a foot sounded on the wooden steps. A high, sweet voice struck out into the

dusk:

"Don't go bothering about them shutters to-night, mother. 'I'm going to tend them as soon as I'm through."

"Mind your cakes, Margaret Ellen,

and let me be."

Mrs. Norris went carefully along the side of the house, closing the shutters one after the other. She came to the kitchen window. An indistinct figure pushed its way out from behind the rosebushes.

"Don't be frightened, Adelaide. It's me."

The bar of golden light lay between them. They stared across it at each other.

"Where's that woman you went away with?"

"Lord, 'there wasn't any woman, Adelaide! I had as much as I could do to take care of myself."

He had been a debonair young fellow, and some memory of it came to him now as he stood there swaggering. He straightened up and tried to hold fast that wraith of his youth.

"What did you go away for?"

"I guess I couldn't think of anything better to do, Adelaide."

She mounted the steps and stood with her hand on the knob of the door. Her height gave her a biblical

aspect.

"This land's mine, and this house is mine, and every stick of furniture's mine. Father gave me some, and I made the rest. I took the money you left behind you when you ran away from me and the baby, and bought a tombstone for your folks up there in the churchyard. I couldn't 've used it on myself. I'd as soon flung it out on the pike."

Within, Margaret Ellen pierced the

air with song. The foolish little words were plain to them both.

"You going to give me a bite o'

bread, Adelaide?"

"No. Go away from here, Job Norris."

The gate clanged a minute later. He had gone without a word.

"Old days of spring," sang Margaret Ellen. She was frying griddle cakes for supper. Her face, bent over the smoky hearth, was like a flower.

Her mother came in and sat down by the stove, quaking.

"Sweet violets! Sweet violets! Old days of spring —"

"Stop a minute, child. Don't sing. I want to talk to you—"

"Now, mother, you're as white as a sheet."

"I told you all about your father once, didn't I?"

"Why, yes."

"He came back to-night."

The girl's round eyes sought the door.

"I sent him away again."

The color flew back over Adelaide Norris's austere face. She broke out fiercely. "He went away one morning without saying a word, and never came back again. I waited at the door with you in my arms until the stars were out. I'm not going to forgive him! I'm not going to take him back! He wouldn't do it for me. No man would think of doing that for a woman. And why should I make such a low fool of myself?"

She had loved the easy Job with all the force of a stiff, reticent nature. His laugh, his carelessness for the morrow, the set of the cap on his curly head had been lovely though inexplicable to her. She had fought hard against the graver faults of his character and grown stricter in the fighting. Life had been a good deal of a failure to her.

The next day a neighbor hailed her at the gate.

"You heard the news, Mis' Norris?"
"No."

"Isabel Hunt's come back. She came day before yesterday, and her folks took her in as if nothing had happened. She's dying of consumption, they say. It's in the family, ain't it?"

"I believe it is," said Adelaide.

She walked steadily back to the house under the apple trees. The air was full of tongues. The leaves underfoot cried out upon her. always connected her band's disappearance with that of Isabel Hunt. A wayward girl, with a certain buoyant, dark beauty, and enough for her to make a curse of it, Isabel had furnished the dull village with matter for scandal years before her departure from it. Now Job had returned, and so had she. Adelaide's eyes blazed under her sunbonnet.

Job fell ill not long after and it was plain to see that his days were numbered. Adelaide went back and forth upon her errands with the tramp that had been hers for years. Once a week on her way to church she passed the window behind which her husband lay, a sentenced invalid. Her gaze never faltered from the pike. She sat in her pew as though carved out of stone. She had always been a handsome woman, and now her face took on the curves of an antique. Her neighbors eyed her with a sort of awe. She was primitive and they conventional. Over against the tragedy of her life they had set her husband lying in the grasp of a racking rheumatism. The glamour of that long time in which he had been out of the thick of events in Green Meadows was upon him.

Sometimes at night she lit her candle and went softly down to the little front parlor over the mantel of which hung a portrait of her long-dead father. She would stand and look up at it with the tears in her eyes. Genial, loudlaughing, of a more worldly cast than herself, she had had the feeling for him that a woman oftener has for a lover than a parent. Standing there, a weird sense of comfort came to this righteous soul; she felt sure of one

memory yet.

But Margaret Ellen drooped under it all. Her father was but a bare name to her; she had somewhat of his slight and wavering disposition. The house no longer renewed its youth in these autumn days.

One gray afternoon she came hurrying home with all the color out of

"Aunt Sara says he's dying, mother."

"Who?"

"Father."

Adelaide was peeling potatoes for the evening's meal. She pared and cut and pared again.

"Ain't you going up there, mother? Aunt says you might be sorry if you

didn't."

"I can't," said Adelaide.

The girl sat down by the stove and rocked back and forth. There were tears in her eyes. All her pretty fair hair fell about her like a cloud.

"Oh, I don't see how you can go on so," she wailed.

A gust shook the quiet house. Outside there was a roar as if all the winds of the earth had broken loose. Then came a hush.

"Somebody's knocking," sobbed Margaret Ellen.

Her mother opened the door.

"Mis' Hunt wants you to come right down and see her Isabel," piped a childish voice. "She says she's awful bad, and she wants to tell you something."

"Tell her I'll come," said Adelaide.

She looked about her. A few sharp vellow clouds were driving down the west; all else, sky, turnpike, shrubbery, were of an ashen color, a hard gray, like that of a metal. She looked down at her hands; they still held the knife she had been using. She felt as if made of iron.

Indoors Margaret Ellen broke forth with an accusing vehemence. "I don't know how you can go down to Mis' Hunt's and not to Aunt Sara's, mother. Mis' Hunt isn't anything to you. It seems to me that if people

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were dying, I'd forgive them anything they'd ever done to me."

"I can't." said Adelaide.

She found herself a moment after out on the turnpike and walking along in the uncertain sunset. A sense almost of triumph possessed her. Isabel Hunt had sent for her. The suspicions of years would be established as facts; she would have an added right to her rigid treatment of Job. No Jael going forth to wreak vengeance upon Sisera ever felt surer of her position in the matter.

The Hunt house rose up black and one-storied out of a hollow by the road. A thread of violet smoke curled upward from one of its chimneys. A lilac bush at the gate shook down a mist of week-old flakes upon Adelaide as she passed through.

Isabel's mother waited at the door. She let her in without a word. An instant later the good woman and the weak looked across at each other over

a gap of eighteen years.

The only light in the sick chamber came from that pale gleam in the west. The dark was already beginning to settle in the corners. The only sound was the crackling of the fire in the stove.

"I'm going, Mis' Norris."

Adelaide stirred a little in her chair. The wavering voice went on.

"I heard you're—blaming Job on—account of me."

"Tell me the truth," cried Adelaide Norris.

"He had—nothing to do—with my—going away."

"Who was it, then, Isabel Hunt?"

"You—don't—believe me. I—know
—you—don't—believe — me." The
words came in gasps. "But—I'm—
telling—you—the—truth. Job—Norris—had—nothing—to—do—with
—my—going—away. I swear to
God!"

The light seemed ready to die out in the room.

"Who was it, Isabel Hunt?"

"I-don't-want-to-tell-you."

Adelaide's voice was terrible as it rang out the next moment.

"It seems to me as if I'd die if I didn't know!"

The room was quite dark now.

"It-was-your-father!"

It was on the edge of night that Adelaide Norris reached the last house in the village. Mrs. Fox came out to meet her.

"He's better," she said. "I guess

he'll get over this spell."

"I've come to tell him I've forgiven him." said Adelaide Norris.

Margaretta Gatler.



THE PINK BROCADE.

PRECEDENCE reigned supreme in the Dandridge household, which consisted of Dorothy, her grandmother, and her great-aunt Jane.

The only innovation that for years had found an abiding place there was Dorothy herself, who, in spite of the tradition that the Dandridges were a dark-haired, dark-eyed race of people, had slipped from childhood's chrysalis with hair as golden as a Norse girl's and eyes like harebells—an alien blos-

som on the family-tree.

The sacred nimbus through which she was expected to contemplate her ancestors, both lineal and collateral, did not possess for Dorothy the same glorifying powers as for her grandmother and Aunt Jane, yet she endeavored faithfully to live up to the traditions of the Dandridge family, to every one of whom she was willing to concede rare virtues, and an abundance of beauty and bravery, except in the case of certain great-aunts against whom she held a grievance which dated back to the time when she began to wear their ancient gowns for the sake of economy and the fitness of things generally.

"If you do not wear them, my dear, who will?" said her grand-

mother.

"And where would you go to find such material nowadays?" said her

Aunt Jane.

Not being able to speak with any degree of certainty on either point, Dorothy accepted the fate that consigned her to her great-aunts' gowns, not altogether unconscious that they gave to her the Old World charm of the age when romance ruled, when her ancestors, viewed through the soft mist of years, seemed but a merry company of belles and beaux in all the glory of powdered hair and patches, moving dreamily through the stately measures of a country dance.

"I am really beginning to lose the

sense, of my own identity, wearing other people's clothes year in and out!" said Dorothy to Evelyn Peyton, her most intimate friend, as they sat together on the broad veranda of the Dandridge mansion, in a perfect bower of clustering vines, Evelyn's rich, dark beauty making an exquisite foil for blond Dorothy, whose complexion had the mother-of-pearl tints of an Amaryllis lily.

"But those quaint old gowns are wonderfully becoming to you, Dorothy," replied Evelyn, who was a tailor made young woman after the most approved style. "And then, too, they have such an indescribable aroma of lavender and colonial days."

"You had better say camphor and

-and cedar chests!"

"Well, my dear," said Evelyn, laughing, "I will insist there must be something both novel and agreeable about wearing things every one of which is inseparably connected with some delicious little story of

long ago.'

"If you had gotten your personality inseparably connected with three or four great-aunts as I have, you wouldn't think them so adorable,' replied Dorothy. "Why, when I am out at the elbows grandmother just says, with a grand air, as if she were about to order me the latest Parisian novelty: 'Tempy, go up to the garret and look in such and such a chest, and bring me your Miss Eleanor's chéné silk, or your Miss Jane's green muslin,' or some other dress, as the case may be; and Tempy goes and gets it, and proceeds to pare me down to fit the dress, or the dress to fit me, whichever the occasion demands. Without exaggerating, I have worn three chéné silks to tatters, and there is another one hanging over my head!''

"Those pretty, soft flowered things that make you look like a Watteau shepherdess astray in the Dandridge domains? They are just too lovely

for anything!"

"You say that because you haven't worn three of them. But that is not all. Do you know, Evelyn, I have really gotten superstitious about those old gowns. There is something human about them; they impel me to do things I'd never think of otherwise."

"For instance, to flirt with Jack

Mainwaring all summer."

"For instance," said Dorothy, ignoring this remark entirely, "one summer my best frock was made of Aunt Stephanie's heliotrope dimity. Aunt Stephanie, you know, was of a very religious temperament, and did finally enter a convent. Well, whenever I wore that dress I almost became hysterical in my frantic efforts to be grave and gay at the same time. Then Aunt Jane's gowns almost make me suffer terribly from an hallucination that I am very stout and dark; could you imagine me a stout, dark person?"

"Not any more than I could Tennyson's Melissa! But what will you wear to the garden party?" said Evelyn, seeing that the rebellious little tirade which was but a prelude to this all-important question had come

to an end.

"The pink brocade."

To the personal affront of growing up in all her pink and white loveliness in the very faces of her brunette kinswomen who stared at her from their gilded frames on the walls, Dorothy ha'd added the more serious offence of falling in love with Jack Mainwaiing, between whose family and her own there had long existed a Their two choleric grandfathers had quarrelled, and fought a bloodless duel over surveying the strip of land, an old orchard, which divided their respective plantations. After the death of the older members of the family, Jack's mother, who had married the only son of the Mainwaring who was the original aggressor in the quarrel, returned from a long residence abroad to take possession of the ancestral home, which was her son's by right of inheritance.

Dorothy in a pale blue dimity,

made with the abbreviated waist of long ago, from which her arms and neck shone as white as the inner petals of a Niphetos rose, had not entered into Jack Mainwaring's calculations when he consented, reluctantly, at the sacrifice of some aspirations to become an artist, to follow his mother to the home of his forefathers.

He saw her the first morning after his arrival as she sat under a mimosatree, which spread like a great umbrella above her golden head, and concluded that pastoral life possessed charms of which he never dreamed.

The enmity between the two families was at first a barrier to his meeting this beautiful young neighbor; but a feud nearly a half century old, however panoplied by traditions, cannot long withstand a warfare waged against it by two ardent young people with Cupid in command.

Soon they were spending whole mornings together; sometimes in the green, shady places of the woodland pastures, secure in their sweet solitude from all intruders save the bees and butterflies as they flew past them on their way to the fields of wheat and corn; sometimes in the old orchard; and again, enfolded in a little world of their own, beneath the lowspreading boughs of the great magnolia-trees. Whenever and wherever the time and the place, Dorothy's presence made it paradisiacal for her lover, for he was her lover by the end of June, less than a month from the time of their first meeting.

Love ripens swiftly under the sunny skies of the South. The same nature that is in such haste to bring to perfection the fruits and flowers of this semi-tropical land, warms the blood, quickens the pulse, and kindles a flame of passion in a score of summer days that may be destined to endure through the cycles of eternity.

"Marry me now, Dorothy," he plead, eager to realize his delicious dream within the boundary-lines of Arcady, on the outskirts of which, with the jealous eye of a lover, he detected possible rivals and other discordant elements. "We might have

a quiet little wedding, and then step right over home through the orchard

there if we chose."

"No doubt that would be very idyllic, you absurd boy," said Dorothy, blushing; " but that is not at all what grandmother and Aunt Jane have planned for me. You forget they regard you as a kind of hereditary foe, and if we ever marry at all, it will only be after a long, sacrificial delay.

"If we ever marry at all!"

"Yes," said Dorothy, with a calm imperturbability that was maddening "I tried to mend matters to Tack. the other day by mentioning casually that you had said your grandfather was sorry for his share in the quarrel, or that you thought he was, or something to that effect.'

"What did they say to that?"

"Why, because I couldn't prove that you had had direct and recent communication with him, they didn't seem to consider your testimony worthy of consideration," said Dorothy, laughing. "T mild, but firm, Jack." "They are very

Not being able to give documentary evidence that his grandfather had ever gotten into an apologetic frame of mind in this would or the next. lack came away from making an official demand for Dorothy's hand in a very gloomy, crestfallen state. found the two old ladies very mild, but firm, as Dorothy had said. They refused their consent to an early marriage, or to any marriage at all, for that matter, but promised to think it over carefully.

"Oh, yes; they are thinking it over carefully beyond a doubt!" exclaimed Jack when the end arrived and he was no nearer the consummation of his hopes. "In the mean time I am on the verge of distraction, and can do nothing but roam about

in despair.''

"Well, you must admit you don't roam very far," replied Dorothy.
"But really, I do not think they mean to be cruel, even if they are a little inconsistent at times. For instance: yesterday, when Aunt Kate's pink brocade was brought down, with a great flourish of trumpets, figuratively speaking, to be gotten in readiness for me to wear to Evelyn Peyton's garden party to-morrow night, grandmother was telling me for the hundredth time how Aunt Kate ran off and married the man she loved the night she wore the pink brocade-

"Ran off and married the man she loved the night she wore the pink brocade!" interrupted Jack. "Go

on. Dorothy.'

'Well, there is nothing else, except, as I said, grandmother is inconsistent, for when I expressed surprise that one of our family should so have disregarded parental authority, she and Aunt Jane both grew indignant, and said it was right in Aunt Kate to have acted so, and that no one should separate lovers except for a serious cause; yet they think you and I should go on doing penance forever on account of a silly quarrel!"

"Ran off and married the man she loved the night she wore the pink brocade!" repeated Jack once again, softly and slowly, as if he found something mellifluous in the sound of those simple words. "And that is just what you are going to do, Dorothy! It has come to me like an inspiration. You must marry me the

night you wear the pink brocade."
"But I cannot," cried Dorothy,
"for that will be to-morrow night!"

"I wish it were to-night, darling. You cannot refuse me. It is a clear case of predestination; it was all arranged for us fifty years ago by your Aunt Kate. In poetic justice to the romantic history of your family, you must marry me to-morrow night.

" It will be so treacherous to grandmother and Aunt Jane," said Dorothy, who felt her objections melting away before her lover's passionate in-

sistence.

"Treacherous! Why, it will touch them deeply to discover your devotion to family history, for which you never showed any fondness before,' said the artful Jack. "Promise me you will, darling," and he took both the slim white hands in his own, and looked pleadingly into the sweet blue eyes that suddenly seemed afraid to meet his gaze.

"Say you will marry me the night you wear the pink brocade," he per-

sisted.

"Very well, I will marry you the night I wear the pink brocade."

"To-morrow night?" said Jack, not certain but that he heard a note

of coquetry in her voice.

"Oh, I didn't say that! I may change my mind about the dress. After all, I think something else would be more suitable for the gar-

den party."

They were sitting on the veranda just where the moonbeams crept through the vines and revealed Dorothy's face, and the Grand Duke jasmine that blossomed near in the same warm, white radiance that made them both divine. The rich fragrance of the flower, the gentle rise and fall of the soft lace on the bosom of the girl alone would prove their claim to something more substantial than the fabric of visions. So Jack thought as he arose and, leaning against the Corinthian pillar, looked down at his beautiful sweetheart.

"And you will not promise me, Dorothy?" said he sadly. "Well, I shall not ask you again. You are just playing, while I was never more in earnest in my life." And he turned and strode down the steps and the gravelled walk, and disappeared under the shadow of the trees before

she realized he was gone.

"I will promise you, Jack!" cried Dorothy, as she sprang up and leaned over the balustrade to make her voice reach her truant lover, who was, in fact, lingering on the edge of the lawn waiting to be recalled. "I will marry you to-morrow night when I wear the pink brocade!"

This was an astonishing revelation to her grandmother and Aunt Jane, as Dorothy's clear, young voice rang out on the night air, and not only brought Jack again to her side, but startled them rudely from a pleasant reverie as they sat on the upper veranda enjoying the beauty of the moonlight scene.

"Will marry him to-morrow

night!" gasped Aunt Jane.

Hush! not a word," said the grandmother, to whom this happy solution to a vexed question at once commended itself. The mist of years was softly riven, and there smiled upon them an exquisite face with a pleading look in the eyes, as if asking forgiveness for the pretty culprit to whom the divine music of Love's beguiling pipes was as sweet as to her beautiful ancestress fifty years before. And so Dorothy was forgiven beforehand, but they resolved to keep silent and let the little romance play itself out to the last chapter to suit the hero and heroine, who were more than likely to prove intractable in their hands.

An atmosphere of suppressed excitement pervaded the Dandridge household the next day, and Dorothy's heart misgave her many times as she saw the interest—almost pathetic to her—with which her grandmother and aunt presided over the preparations for the garden party; but she kept her secret, and so did

they, and their own as well.

When the pink brocade was brought from the depths of the cedar chest, where, until recently, it had been hiding its shimmering beauty, it was as if some hand had lifted the lid of an old rose jar of memories and let escape perfumes that for the time were intoxicating. They hovered about it tenderly, darning the almost imperceptible rents in the rare old lace bertha that encircled the quaint, round neck, or pressing out imaginary creases in its shining satin folds, while they talked of events of bygone days; especially did they dwell on every incident connected with the romantic marriage of their sister Kate, to the very perceptible embarrassment of poor Dorothy.

"Did they forgive her, grandmother?" said she, with a certain wistfulness in her voice, which was

not lost on the two old ladies.

"Yes, my dear, in less than a

week; for, you know, she had only married the man she loved, and that was not a very grave offence, after all."

"They are making it easy for me," thought Dorothy. "I actually believe they'll tell me to go and marry

lack directly."

That evening there came a basket of roses from Jack, dewy, pink Bon Silenes, and nestling among their rosy petals was a note full of the sweet rapture that a lover puts in the last written words to a sweetheart who in a few hours will be his wife.

"I could not disappoint him now." said Dorothy to herself, as she pinned a rose in her hair, standing before the mirror, arrayed in the pink brocade, which shone with all its ancient

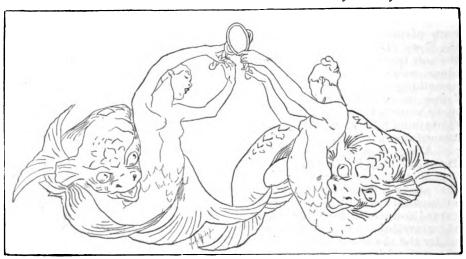
splendor under the soft light from the candles.

A half hour later she and Jack were driving together in the moonlight on their way to the garden party.

"I have won you at last, my darling!" whispered Jack, with the tragic, energetic ardoi of a knight of the olden times, which would suggest that he had just stolen his lady love, at the risk of his life, from her irate kinsmen, instead of two placid old ladies, who at that moment were sitting at home, wondering in a vague way if they had not unwittingly proved an excellent pair of matchmakers.

"But I almost wish I had told grandmother and Aunt Jane!" sighed Dorothy.

Mary Lindsay Watkins.



A ROYAL DIP.

THE breezes sway my hammock, whispering softly, "Day is done."
Godlike, in his robe of glory, comes the lovely setting sun.
For a moment stands he smiling and his golden hair aglow
Falls across the western hilltops, and into the waves below,
Lighting up the southern picture, while he bends with tender grace,
Stooping low across the pine-tops, he peers into my face.
Lingering one exquisite moment—such a bonny sight to see—
He stretches out his lordly arms, and sinks into the sea.
But he leaves behind his mantle, edged with violet and gold,
Mid the gloaming on the hilltops, rosy clouds in every fold:
There it lies and glimmers softly, till the mystic light is gone,
And amid its folds of azure a thousand stars are born.

Ethel Hatton.



E are a people of transitory tastes and fleeting fads. A couple of years ago the "problem" novel or play occupied the attention of the public and the time of the author. Moral questions as to whether women did, might, could, would, or should formed the basis of the great majority of stories, while situations and dialogue were more risqué and daring with each succeeding publication. Now, what a change! The glamour of romance is cast over all. The hero has red hair, a ready wit, a quick sword, and a noble cause. The heroine is of spotless purity, great gentleness and beauty, and allows herself to be rescued as often as circumstances will admit. The pages which before were full of mawkish twaddle and sickly sentimentality now quicken the pulses with accounts of fierce fights and courageous deeds. The clank of the sword, the rattle of musketry, the blood of heroes, the constancy of women-these are the characteristics of the book of to-day.

"The Rossetti Birthday Book" is a pretty little rose and green volume of selected verses and extracts, edited by Olivia Rossetti. The fragments are chosen with sympathy and skill, and the result is one of the daintiest and most satisfactory books of the kind yet published. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

There is no one who can depict New England life more graphically and entertainingly than Elizabeth Stuart Phelps On this familiar background she pictures her story, "A Singular Life," with bold and strongly defined strokes. She deftly tinges it with

local color-red with sin and black with despair-lightens its gloom with the charm of a loving woman, and when the god-like hero emerges from his Gethsemane into the light of peace and prosperity, she causes him to be stricken down by the hand of a brutal assassin. It is a story of singular beauty and pathos. That a man of fine birth and breeding, accustomed to the culture and refinement of both mind and body, should cast his lot among the lowliest of the lowly, among the drunkards, the outcast, and the wretched, may seem to some fanatical; but Bayard is no psalm-singing hero: he is a man-more than human, it is true; but Miss Phelps is given to drawing characters of extraordinary sensibility, whose souls are racked with anguish and suffering. The book is charmingly written, and is rounded out with many exquisite little touches of character, dialogue, and incident in a style peculiarly Miss Phelps' own. No one can read "A Singular Life" without feeling the better for it. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

James R. Cocke, M.D., is the author of a book entitled "Blind Leaders of the Blind." The hero of the story is a blind man, but the appropriateness of the queer title is not discernible. There are a great number of characters and counter-plots involved, and the sequence of the story is not smooth, while the style lacks polish. There is a certain strength in the book, however, and there are some occult and psychological features that will interest students in those branches. The author is blind himself, but his brain is fertile and his creation of character copious. (Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.)

The heroine of "Green Gates" is a little lame girl with the queerest sort of ideas. One of them was that she wanted to elope with a married man, and when a well-meaning friend prevented her, she took poison and ended her strange little life. The love of this friend, who is a middle-aged bachelor, for the lame heroine gives the book its subtitle, "An Analysis of Foolishness." The story is written with a certain degree of cleverness, but is inclined to be tiresome at times. The best chapter of all—and it is really admirable—is the one which describes Mr. Oldfield's arrangement of his books. It is full of culture and exquisite feeling. "Green Gates" is by Katharine M. C. Meredith. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

College slang, and lots of it, is the main feature of "The Babe, B.A.," by Edward F. ("Dolo") Benson. "The Babe" is a University youth, and his various escapades and experiences with his companions furnish the basis of the book, which contains no story and can boast no unity or particular system

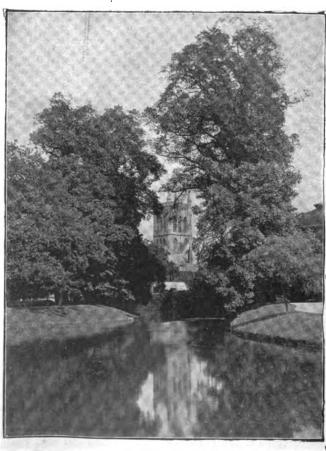
in its construction. Considerable bright chat helps out the English humor and renders "The Babe" a readable book. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Robert Burns centenary was observed with much ceremony in England. Several statues were unveiled, and orations were delivered by Lord Rose berry and Alfred Austin, the poet laureate. It is rather a depressing reflection that there is not in Scotland to-day any poet to worthily follow in the footsteps of the immortal singer of the Highlands.

"Worth While" and "Lady Jane," two short stories by F. F. Montrésor, are published by Edward Arnold. The first tells of a lonely clerk who writes letters to himself, protects a pretty young girl, and talls in love with her. The girl loves some one else, but she

writes the clerk a letter, and he dies happy. "Lady Jane" is another lonely person. The man she is engaged to leaves her for no particular reason except that he is a cad and the poor girl's mother was a drunkard. He discovers afterward that Lady Jane was the sister of the woman who had deserted and made him miserable in his youth. This is immaterial, however. Both stories are flat and unprofitable.

"Gold, Grace, and Glory" is the alliterative title of a story of "religious life among the wealthy classes in the West and South," by W. H. Mize. The book is mainly taken up by courtships and conversions, campmeetings and weddings. There are no end of characters, and they experience religion and get married by the wholesale. The story is very long, and contains no particular interest in spite of the enthusiasm of the writer. (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.)



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL FROM THE BACK.
From "The Babe, B.A." Copyright, 1896, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Rudyard Kipling, who recently remarked that Vermont would be a good State to live in if there were no neighbors, has closed up his country home and set sail for Europe with his family, to be gone an indefinite time. A book of Mr. Kipling's poems will soon be issued by the Appletons.

"Familiar Trees and Their Leaves" is the title of a very attractive book by F. Schuyler Mathews, giving a great deal of instruction in a most entertaining manner. Although forestry and botany are both interesting and important studies, it is doubtful if they are familiar to the majority of people. In Mr. Mathews' book every tree that bends to the wind is described and classified, and the leaves are beautifully pictured from drawings by the author. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

"The Ghost-House" is an idyll of the Florida woods—a glimpse of Arcady, a dream of love and death. E. W. Mildred, who is both author and publisher, imbues his simple story with all the fragrance and beauty of the woods he loves. There are sunshine and tears, joy and pathos in the short book, but, above all, love—love of nature and love of Rose Lichen, the gentle maiden whose little life blossomed and faded as the flower whose name she bore.

Mr. William George Jordan, so long the editor of *Current Literature*, has resigned that position, and is now engaged on his dictionary of poetical quotations, which will be the most elaborate work of the kind ever published.

"Where the Atlantic Meets the Land" is the title of a volume of short stories by Caldwell Lipsett. The scenes and characters are Irish, and the stories, which are chiefly tragedies, are rather mediocre. They are, however, written by one who knows the country and people thoroughly. (Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.)

The public has read all manner of detective stories and seen diabolical schemes exposed, villainy punished, and the law triumphant. But now comes Melville Davisson Post with "The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason," describing how the most ingenious and atrocious crimes may be committed with perfect safety Mr. Post has studied law and found loophcles through which criminals may escape, accough their deeds cry out to Heaven and are a horror to men. He has discovered that all wrongs are not crimes, and each of his stories, he affirms,

deals with the law as it is. Legal authority, which amazes and sickens the heart, is quoted for the purpose of bearing out this statement. The stories are novel enough to be startling, and the author's preface defining his position is exciting considerable attention. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

A very good book for the beginner is "Art Recreations," which is a guide to decorative art, edited by Marion Kemble. The first principles of art in many branches, such as simple drawing, etching, water coloring, illumination, painting on silk, satin, etc, tapestry, pottery, leather and wax work—all these forms of art and many more are described and amply illustrated in this valuable manual. Notes as to proper materials for the work, hints on coloring, perspective, designing, and the hundred other things of importance to the art student are included in the book. (S. W. Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass.)

We have received Charles Dickens' "Child's History of England" and "The Uncommercial Traveller" bound in one volume, and "Two Idle Apprentices," together with other reprinted pieces, from Macmillan & Co. (New York) in their excellent dollar edition of Dickens.

Although many months have passed since the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, one can scarcely pick up a magazine or literary publication without finding an unpublished portrait or a new article concerning him. In view of the great quantity of material that has appeared, is not the public justified in asking for a respite from the Stevenson mania, which seems to possess so many editors? The great man's work will stand and his popularity endure long after his eager and innumerable biographers have said their little say, and it were just as well that they ceased seeking to advertise themselves through him without more ado.

"Human Progress—What can Man Do to Further It?" is the title of a treatise by Thomas S Blair, A.N., which is divided into two departments, "Theory" and "Practice." Various subheads are: "Theory of Wealth," "Production," "Consumption," "Distribution," "Economic Ethics," "Socialism," "Relation of Capital to Production and of Labor to Distribution." From these captions it will be seen that the book is a heavy, thoughtful, and intelligent piece of work, meant for students of sociology, government, and reform. It is beyond the intel-

lect of the ordinary reader. (William R. Jenkins, New York.)

A fascinating picture of the opening of the Revolution is Abram English Brown's Beneath Old Rooftrees. The author takes us in the footsteps of the patriots of the memorable April 19th, 1775. Not only Lexington and Concord, but all the other New England towns which contributed the heroes of the first blood, come in for a share of the glory, and the book is made more true to life by the recountal of those stirring scenes by descendants of the participants in them. A number of illustrations of historical old houses add much to the interest of Mr. Brown's valuable book. (Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass)

Comparisons, of course, are "odorous," but "Across an Ulster Bog," by M. Hamilton, immediately suggests both "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Silence of Dean Maitland;" it has, however, neither the psychological power of the one nor the absorbing interest of the other. It is a tragedy of Irish peasant life, and in this instance the erring priest, as well as his victim, suffers; he is beaten to death for his sin by the lads of the village The book is doubtless a true picture of the life it chronicles, and the author gives several clever delineations of Irish character. (Edward Arnold, New York.)

The four stories by Henry James, issued by the Macmillan Co. under the title "Embarrassments," are about as dreary and stupid a lot as could be imagined. Those who admire the prosy realism and vague, find-it-if-you-can meaning of Mr. James' style may enjoy these stories, but others will not.

A new story of the slums is "Yekl," which the author, Abraham Cohan, calls a tale of the New York Ghetto. We have had a number of stories dealing with low life on the Bowery, etc., but "Yekl" is distinguished from the rest by reason of its cheracters being Jews. The story itself is dreary and vulgar, but there is no doubt that the author has studied the modes and manners of the Jewish quarter to excellent effect, and that "Yekl" is a faithful transcript of the life it represents. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

"A Woman with a Future," by Mrs. Andrew Dean, belongs to that class of fin de siècle literature for which there is no excuse. It is impossible to say that the moral of the book is bad, for it has no moral. The chief character is a woman utterly lacking in principle or even decency. She ruins her husband's life and makes his mother miserable. What will finally become of her is left to the imagination. The people in the book

are mostly vulgar and pretentious, and there is no attempt to gild over the tainted atmosphere in which they live. Perhaps such a book does no harm, but this negative merits doubtful, for it certainly is not good food for a healthy mind. (F. A. Stokes Co., New York.)

Anna Fuller has not done her best in "A Venetian June." The slender story is pretty enough, but the book contains none of that drowsy charm which the surroundings would seem to inspire, and the dialogue lacks the humor and sparkle one has come to look for from Miss Fuller. The book is beautifully bound and printed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

"The Glory of the Garden" is the title of a book of pretty verse by William Vincent Byars. Most of the poems are in the form of sonnets and are addressed to famous women in history, romance, and mythology.

Stephen Crane pictures life in the slums with fidelity, but he does not comment on the sorts and conditions of men he finds there. He simply writes the story of his low-lived characters, filling it with a quantity of vulgar slang and repulsive incidents; the reader may moralize for himself. "Maggie" was a girl into whose young life no sunshine came, and who was pushed into the streets by an unsympathetic family. She finally drowns herself, and her brutal relations decide to "forgive" her. The book serves no special purpose, and it is not pleasant reading. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

If Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. E. S. Coates) had a distinct plot or idea in view when she wrote "His Honour, and a Lady," she has most efficiently concealed it. The scene is laid in India, and the characters are prominent figures of social and official circles; but the story lacks the attraction of exciting government intrigue, bright dialogue, or love interest. Even the "local color" is not effectively applied. Mrs Coates has written far better stories than "His Honour, and a Lady." (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

It is scarcely possible that Robert Hichens could have sketched a more miserable specimen of humanity than the chief character in his story, "The Folly of Eustace" He is a man who longs to be sensible, but who began life acting like a fool and seemed to think he must keep up the buffoonery. He makes such an idiot of himself that his wife runs away and leaves him. What becomes of him is not told, and no one who reads the book will care. "The Return of the Soul," another story in the same volume, takes the

transmigration of spirits for its subject. A vicious youth kills a cat, and grows up to marry the woman into whom the soul of the cat had entered. When he finds it out he is afraid of her and she finally kills him—which proceeding is eminently satisfactory to the reader. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Life of Maria Mitchell is interesting not only for her valued reminiscences of her busy life and the famous people whom she met, but also for the accounts she gives of her work and duties and travels. As an astronomer Maria Mitchell took foremost rank, and for her valuable work in this science she received many honors which were unusual to women. As an instructor in Vassar College she was extremely popular. The publication of her diary and correspondence is a fitting memorial to her accomplishments, her energy, and her efforts for a higher education. Lee & Shepard, Boston,

"The Sentimental Sex," by Gertrude Warden, is a bright little story, written on original lines, and with a piquant interest which is sustained until the last word. The man and woman who play the "star" parts are as widely different as two human beings can be, and their individual versions of the same story make one of the cleverest, most readable books of the season. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Macmillan Company issues a splendid edition of Jane Austen's "Sense and Sensibility." with an introduction by the ubiquitous Austin Dobson (who seems to be writing prefaces for everything nowadays) and many quaint and appropriate illustrations by Hugh Thomson.

Old Philadelphia is honored by being most charmingly written of by Anna Robeson Brown in "Sir Mark, a Tale of the First Capital." The prologue takes place in the Old World, and is full of the dash and vigor of the romance so popular at the present day. When the hero, an English nobleman, comes

to the colony, he has various adventures and one or two narrow escapes from ticklish situations. A very pretty love story runs through the second part, and such notable characters as Washington and Jefferson are tactfully introduced. The author has a crisp, incisive style, and handles skilfully the quaint English of a century ago. 'Sur Mark' is a delightful book. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The American Publishers' Corporation issue an excellent paper edition of Eleanor Merron's absorbing novel, "As the Wind Blows." A handsome portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece.

A paper edition of "Perdue," Henry Greville, is published (in French) by William R. Jenkins (New York).

The Town and Country Library, which is issued by D. Appleton & Co., New York, has included some of the best modern novels published. Its bicentennial was reached last month with the publication of "Denounced," an historical romance by J. Bloundelle-Burton. Other books recently issued in this series are: "The Madonna of a Day," L. Dougall: "The Riddle Ring," Justin McCarthy; "A Humble Enterprise," Ada Cambridge; "Dr. Nikola," Guy Boothby; "An Outcast of the Islands," Joseph Conrad; "The King's Revenge," Claude Bray.

We have received from the G. W. Dillingham Co. (New York) "Wheels: A Bicycle Romance," Wheeler; "Mr. Mercer of New York," Annie Henri Wilson; "Edgar Fairfax," by the author of "The Twin Sisters;" "The Silver Arrow," Frank Laurence Donohue; "Delpha," Isabel Clifton Nye; "The Peace-Maker of Bourbon," S. J. Bumstead; and a paper edition of Alan Dale's "Queens of the Stage."

"A Journey in Other Worlds." by John Jacob Astor, is published by D. Appleton & Co. (New York), profusely illustrated.

Rev. James King, M.A., B.D., has written an account of "Dr. Jameson's Raid—Its Causes and Consequences," which is published in paper covers by George Routledge's Sons (New York).

We have recently received from the American Publishers' Corporation "The Cuban Liberated," Robert Rexdale; "Eunice Quince," Dane Conyngham; "Jill, the London Flower Girl," L. T. Meade; "King's Daughters," Ellen E. Dickinson; "White Jacket" and "Moby Dick," Herman Melville.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE PETERSON MAGAZINE is distinctly American in spirit, and it is the publisher's aim to have all the contributions touch on subjects which are of particular interest to the American public. "The Life of Wash-ington," the "Life of Lee," the "Reminis-cences of Lincoln," and "American Naval Heroes" have verified by their success the publisher's faith in matter of this class, and the cordial spirit with which they have been received and endorsed by the reading public has encouraged the inauguration of a new series of articles which will sustain the a new series of articles which whissistant in enterest in American subjects. The new series is entitled "Pioneers in American Literature," and the first installment is given in this number. Washington Irving, the first American to attain prominence as a writer, is justly entitled to first least. The current article not only covers place. The current article not only covers his life and works, but describes his home, haunts and burial place, a special trip having been made to these historic spots for the purpose. It is our intention to present these articles in as attractive a guise as possible, so that they will entertain every reader, and no pains will be spared to procure the finest material for illustration. The subject of the next article will be James Fenimore Cooper.

THE Christmas Number of THE PETER-SON MAGAZINE will contain an unusually fine assortment of articles, stories, and special features. The illustrations in this issue will be handsomer and more artistic than ever; there will be a special cover, and everything possible will be done to make the magazine a pleasure to the people and a pride to the publishers.

THE dramatic and musical departments of THE PETERSON MAGAZINE differ materially from those of any other magazine of like nature. Our theatrical department not only presents beautiful portraits of the most prominent players of the day, together with interesting and authentic news and gossip. but also includes reviews of the most important new plays, as they are produced. This is something not done by other maga-

zines with a department like ours. The musical department of The Peterson is written by one in close touch with the entire musical world, and much exclusive material will be found in these pages each month. Grand opera, oratorio, concert, comic opera, church choirs — music of every kind—are represented in this department, which is always illustrated with many beautiful portraits.

Newsdealers throughout the country take subscriptions for this publication. If you are an occasional buyer of the magazine, but prefer to have it sent regularly to your address by mail, send your subscription direct to us, or hand it to your newsdealer, as you prefer.

One dollar secures The Peterson Magazine for a year. Subscribers remitting now can have the publication till January 1, 1898, without additional charge. Send your subscriptions to this office or hand them to your newsdealer.

LAUGHING BABIES are loved by every-body. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. Infant Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Concerning Manuscripts.

We must again warn contributors to put the full postage on all matter sent us. Otherwise manuscripts will not be received at this office. We have before announced that we cannot undertake to pay overdue postage on manuscripts, yet scarcely a day passes that mail bearing insufficient postage does not reach us. Such matter as this is sent at the writer's risk and will be refused at this office. Care should be taken to fold manuscripts flat, not rolled, and full return postage must always be enclosed. Otherwise manuscripts will not be returned. Good short stories are especially desired, and should not exceed five thousand words in length.



The drooping eyelids close at last,
And in sweet dreams the baby lies,
While o'er her, watching as she sleeps,
The mother bends, with heart in eyes.



THE WALKYRIE'S RIDE TO WALHALLA.

'From the opera of "The Walkyrie.")

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GERMAN LEGEND IN OPERA.

THE legends of a nation have ever been a source of inspiration to its poets—in fact the two are often indissolubly linked, as Tennyson and King Arthur in England, Longfellow and Indian lore in America, and so on throughout the countries of the earth. Perhaps the grandest combination of all is the mingling of the poetized mediæval myths and legends of Germany with the incomparable music of its greatest musician—Wagner. His mighty mind, teeming with the rush and roar of his own peculiar, tempestuous music, instinctively turned to the grand and gloomy legends of his country, legends replete with strife, struggle, violent passions and death. The mysticism and tragedy of these mediæval tales seemed peculiarly adapted to the musical genius of Wagner, and his treatment of them was strikingly appreciative and picturesque.

There is a similarity in all the legends of the world—Siegfried bathed in the dragon's blood is but Achilles dipped in the River Styx over again. Each was rendered invulnerable except in one spot, where by accident the magic fluid did not touch. With the ancient Greek it was his heel, by which his mother held him when plunging him in the water, which was not bathed, and the mediæval youth's one vulnerable spot was his shoulder on which a lime leaf

happened to drop, thus preventing the dragon's blood from covering him completely. Lohengrin and Elsa are but a repetition of Cupid and Psyche. And is not *Wotan*, Olympian Jove with another name? The stories are too well known, however, to call for much discussion here. This article merely intends to touch briefly on the operas whose principal characters are reproduced in these pages according to the artist's ideal.

In his early youth, Wagner learned the story of Venus and Tannhauser but at the time it struck him as being too frivolous for his heavy music. Some years later the dramatic possibilities of the legend were more apparent to him and at length he evolved the opera bearing that name. His employment of the legend was of much significance to the stage at that time, although it is one of the least complicated of all the Wagner operas. The Venus of the opera is supposed to typify Holda, the Northern queen of love and beauty, who had an enchanted abode in a hollow mountain, where all the year round feast and pleasure reigned. Tannhauser, hearing of the great charms of Venus and her wondrous palace, entered the mountain, remaining there a whole year, forgetful of his betrothed, the gentle Elizabeth, who pined and prayed for him during his absence. The first scene of the opera, and the picture here shown,

represent the charmed abode of Venus. Tannhauser is beginning to grow weary of the voluntuous pleasures which surround him, but the queen exerts all her fascinations to hold him. Dancing and posing by graceful nymphs and bacchantes, feasts, wiles and smiles all are powerless to attract him now, for he is anxious to return to his pure love, Elizabeth. Venus dismisses him, warning him, however, that by remaining with her he has lost all chance of salvation. Brought back to earth, he meets Wolfram, his unselfish rival, who loves Elizabeth with

a pure love and only desires to see her happy. Elizabeth is ready to forgive Tannhauser, but his voluptuous life in the fairy grotto has unfitted him for the joys of exalted and holv love and a quarrel breaks out among the chivalrous knights on account of his light esteem of lofty love. He journevs on a pilgrimage to Rome for absolution, which is refused, the pope sternly declaring that there can be no more hope of pardon than to see his withered staff blossom and bear leaves. Heartbroken, Tannhauser makes his way homeward only to meet the bier of fair Elizabeth, who



VENUS AND TANNHAUSER.

[(From the opera.of." Tannhauser.")



WOTAN'S FAREWELL TO BRUNHILDE.

(From the opera of "The Walkyrie.")

has died of grief. Before his (Tannhauser's) own death, which occurs shortly afterwards, the pope sends him the once withered staff, now blossoming with leaves and flowers, a true symbol of the minstrel's forgiveness.

The Nibelungen Triology embraces all the other characters here The Rhine Maidens, represented. the three beautiful nymphs, daughters of the Rhinegod, were stationed in the river to guard the priceless treasure of gold there hidden. They dart in and out among the jagged rocks, singing, and ever watchful over their precious Rhinegold, which lighted up with its golden gleams the deep, dark recesses of their watery home. wondrous ring to be fashioned from this gold by one who should be willing to forego love, will render the possessor master of the world. When the maidens disporting in the green and golden waters carelessly neglected their vigil, a greedy dwarf suddenly snatched the mystic gold, bore it away, and hid it in a cave. From it the ring and a magic helmet are made, the wearer of which has the power to become invisible.

Deprived of his ring by Wotan, the dwarf hurls a curse upon it and Erda, the shadowy earth goddess, reveals to Wotan the train of death and destruction that will follow the ring's possessor. The god was not frightened, but began to summon brave mortals to Walhalla, sending his eight daughters, the Walkyrie, to earth each day to bear away the bravest among those slain in honorable warfare. Desiring a son who will assist him in opposing the fate predicted, Wotan assumes human shape and takes to wife a mortal woman by whom he has two children, Siegmund and Sieglinde. Hunding, a hunter, discovering their home in the woods, slays the mother and carries away the daughter in the absence of Wotan and Siegmund. In after years Siegmund meets Sieglinde, but knows her not, although impelled by some strange influence to rescue her from a forced marriage with Hunding. When the latter challenges Siegmund to fight, Wotan summons Brunhilde, the Walkyrie, to so direct the battle that Siegmund, his son, shall be victorious, but his jealous wife finally persuades him to reverse his directions. Filled with compassion for Siegmund and Sieglinde, however, Brunhilde desends him in the combat, but Wotan, pursuant to his promise to his wife, breaks the sword of Siegmund, whom Hunding basely kills unarmed. For treachery Wotan slays him with a Brunhilde has wrathful glance. snatched up the fainting Sieglinde on her flying steed; she hides her in a deep forest where her son, Sieg-Brunhilde is banished fried, is born. from Walhalla by Wotan for disobeying his orders. She is left on the mountain bound in the fetters of sleep, hedged in by a barrier of fire. The man who is brave enough to pass through the flames may claim her as his bride. Wotan bids her farewell and the flames spring up about her sleeping form. This is the grand climax and ending of the opera Die Walkyrie."

Siegfried, the child of the unhappy Sieglinde, was born in the cave of the dwarf, Mime, and brought up ignorant of his parentage, for his mother died during his infancy. The youth knows not the meaning of the word fear, and he easily breaks the massive swords that the dwarf fashions on his anvil. Mime's ambition is to make a sword strong enough for Siegfried to slay the giant Fafnir, who is in possession of the Rhinegold, and magic ring. By the aid of the tarnhelmet the giant has assumed the shape of a monstrous dragon to better guard his treasure. Learning from Wotan that the only weapon which can destroy the monster is the same which Siegmund used in his combat with Hunding, Siegfried mends the broken blade which is now invincible. The fight with the dragon is long and fierce, but Siegfried is victorious. A



THE RHINE MAIDENS.
(From the opera of "Rheingold.")



SIEGFRIED AND THE DRAGON.
(From the opera of "Siegfried.")

drop of the monster's blood falling on Siegfried's hand produces a stinging sensation, to relieve which he raises his hand to his lips. The blood gives him the power to understand the song of the birds, who tell him to take the tarnhelmet and the magic ring, also to bathe himself in the dragon's blood to become invulnerable. He does so, but unseen by him a tiny leaf drifts down upon his shoulder, which is the only spot on his body untouched by the wonderful Then the birds tell Siegfried of Brunhilde sleeping on the mountain and awaiting the coming of one brave enough to breast the flames for Siegfried rescues her from the chain of slumber, and his heroic appearance inspires her with a passionate love. The beautiful duet between them closes the opera.

Although the Nibelungen operas are always spoken of as the triology, there are really four of them-"Rheingold," "The Walkyrie," "Sieg-fried" and "Gotterdammerung" or "Dusk of the Gods." In the latter Brunhilde is separated from Siegfried who must go forth to perform the tasks which his peculiar gifts impose upon him. His various adventures compose the action of this opera. A potion of forgetfulness is administered to Siegfried by the designing Gutrune, and he straightway woos her, all unmindful of the waiting Brunhilde. The Walkyrie, incensed by his treatment of her and his persistent denial of her claims as wife, which are owing to the magic potion of forgetfulness, betravs to Hagen, the half-brother of Gutrune, her enemy, the vulnerable spot on Sicgfried's shoulder. While wandering in the wood, near the banks of the Rhine, Sicefried is accosted by the Rhinemaidens who rise up from the water beseeching him to restore to them their ring, warning him of its fatal influence, but he disdains to fear it, and swears he will keep the ring to prove the falseness of the prophecy. The hunting party of which

Hagen is one suddenly come upon him, and Siegfried tells them of his many adventures with the dragon, the tarnhelmet and the magic ring. Hagen administers the antidote to the potion of forgetfulness, and Siegfried then remembers his beautiful bride whom he has so long neglected. Immediately, however, the treacherous Hagen stabs him from behind, and the hero perishes, his last words being of the beloved Brunhilde. The Walkyrie forgets anger toward the dead, and announces her determination to perish with him. She directs the building of a huge funeral pyre, and draws the fatal ring from Siegfried's hand. When his body is placed upon the pyre, her own hand lights the fire. As the flames mount, she springs upon her horse and dashes into their midst to join her dead lover. When the flames die down, the river overflows its banks and the Rhinemaidens come to recover their ring. Possessing themselves of the magic gold, they return to their watery home, chanting their Rhinegold song. A red glow appears in the sky, brightening until the regions of Walhalla are visible, disclosing the gods assembled on their shining thrones. Thus ends the curse of the ring and the most ponderous and wonderful combination of myth and music ever written.

Perhaps the most popular of all the Wagner operas is "Lohengrin," which repeats the beautiful legend of noble Cupid and Psyche. The knight of the swan, the champion of Elsa of Brabant, is an especially attractive figure and the romantic story is picturesquely woven by Wagner with some of his most exquisite music, prominent among which is the immortal wedding march. Although of noble origin, Lohengrin warned his wife that he could not tell her his true history until a year after their marriage, but her curiosity would not allow her to be silent, and at her first questions her mystic husband was again borne

away by the same swan that brought him to the defense of the helpless Elsa.

"The Flying Dutchman" tells of an unhappy wanderer compelled by fate for his temerity to sail the seas forever unless he could find a woman who would be faithful until death. Senta, who grows to love him passionately, drowns herself for his sake, thus fulfilling the decree of fate, and their two souls enter Walhalla triumphantly. The scenes and music of "The Flying Dutchman" are most appropriately stormy and tempestuous, suggestive of wild winds and raging waves. The gloom of the story is relieved by no ray of lightall is grim, tragic and awesome. The most typical extract from the opera is the weird "Sailor's Chorus."

"Parsifal" treats of the beautiful story of the Holy Grail which Tennyson has also sung in his matchless verse. As is well known, only the pure in heart, soul and body can behold or rescue the sacred emblem. *Parsital*, the stainless knight, resisting all temptation, is awarded this blessed privilege.

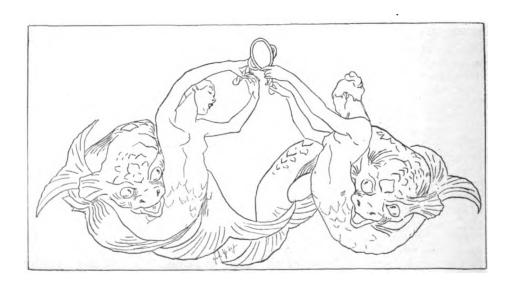
"The Master Singer of Nuremberg" is of course Hans Sachs of whom our own Longfellow has

written so charmingly.

The story of "Tristram and Isolde" has also been written by England's great legendary poet, Tennyson. This latter day epic of sinful love and death is suggestive of the old tragedies of Greece.

To these beautiful and tragic legends the German genius wedded his wondrous music, perpetuating them for all time, and from year to year they are promulgated among the people of many nations by those whom nature has blessed with the marvellous gift of song.

Beatrice Sturges.





II. James Fenimore Cooper.

STRONGER contrast could hardly be imagined than the careers of Washington Irving (as set forth in the last issue of this magazine) and that of James Fenimore Cooper. Both were distinctly pioneers in American Letters, and both gave the young Republic its first literary standing abroad. Aside from their personal claims on posterity both have gained a permanent historical

niche as innovators upon the leaden mediocrity of previous American authorship and founders of the dynasty of New World literature. Here their relationship ends abruptly.

Where Irving's success was a particularly literary one, Cooper depended to the minimum on the perennial delights of style. Where Irving was easy, genial and serene, Cooper was heavy, and solemn, or dramatic with adventure. The contrast carried over into their lives as well. Irving led a peaceful existence of regretful bachelorhood; Cooper, one of stormy public quarrel, with a home life of early and happy marriage. While



PORTRAIT OF COOPER IN 1828.

¡(From a picture made during his residence in France.)

posterity adds its approval to the high rank contemporary appreciation gave Irving, it is beginning to question very skeptically Cooper's claim upon its enthusiasm. This, I take it, is due primarily to the fact that time and overmuch imitation have worn the gloss of novelty off Cooper's scenes and plots and characters: and secthe ondarily, to growing impatience of prolixity

and moralizing, two cardinal faults of Cooper's. Besides, polish of style is quite essential to a long continuance in literary prosperity. Style is an alcohol to keep fresh and fair the flowers and fruits of thought and emotion.

As a stylist Cooper has little to commend him. He has indeed much that will positively repel the admiration, and, in consequence, the sympathy of the reader of romance to-day. Yet, to repeat, he is immovable from our literary history; and one cannot be said to know even the rudiments of our Letters, who does not own some familiarity with Cooper's novels.



PORTRAIT OF COOPER IN 1850. (From a daguerreotype by Brady.)

Peculiarly close is the connection between Cooper's personal life and his literary career: the latter took root and direction from the former. His early days were spent in the very wooded regions of the Mohawk where the velvet-footed Indians and the uncouth trappers of his "Leather-Stocking Tales" vied in trickery and merci-His slovenly attendance upon collegiate study left him slovenly in the management of his stories. The six years of seafaring life that followed upon his unfinished colleging gave him inspiration for "The Pilot" and the other naval novels that were to improve upon the landlubberly Walter Scott and his "Pirate." Marriage with the daughter of bitter Tories instilled in him a tolerance for British institutions that was very naturally unpleasing to the Yankee heart still bleeding from the second English war upon its liberties. A stubbornly irascible nature that brought Cooper into uncompromising hostility with his neighbors immediately upon his accession to his parental estates, drove him later into a bitter war with the public that has surely no parallel among the Curiosities of Literature; and rendered his whole body of later work controversial to such an extent as to rob it of influence over contemporary art, and of much interest for later generations.

Among many mistakes of judgment, however, and many mistakes of art there yet remain descriptions of such wonderful beauty as to set Balzac raving over him as the master of land-scape painters in fiction; character portrayals of such vivid felicity as to be types and proverbs; incidents of irresistible thrill

and vigor; and random bits of art and inspiration that must always remain unsmothered by any heaping up of faults. These faults the veriest tyro will discover; these virtues the severest critic cannot evade.

Cooper was American enough by descent to deserve that epithet indeed. The first of his line found a very primitive state of affairs when he got to this side of the ocean in 1679. Cooper's own boyhood home was not entirely safe from Indian attack; but it was in a high state of cultivation compared with the veritably howling wilderness his ancestor alighted in. The century since Cooper's birth has witnessed still more change, and the descendants of the New York tribes that once made the centre of the State a very hornet's-nest of danger, now snore out dreary lives on lazv reservations, their war-paint and feathers changed to "store clothes," their chief terror, not the scalping knife but the plow.

Though Cooper was born in New Jersey (at Burlington, September 15, 1789), he was taken, thirteen months later, to the region where the city of Cooperstown, New York, now flourishes and where his father had, shortly after the Revolution, come into possession of thousands of acres of land. Ten vears later a mansion was finished for the family. It was then, and long after, the largest private residence in that part of the State. It overlooked Otsego Lake, which served with slight variations for the scene of those stirring adventures that developed the young Deerslayer into the staunch hero of the "Leather-Stocking Tales"—a glorious series which an Irishman might call a dramatic trilogy in five parts.

In 1834 this home fell into Cooper's hands and lost little of the prestige it had when it entertained such distinguished visitors as the French refugee Tallevrand. A hospitable old Quaker was Cooper's father. The mother was of Swedish descent. The novelist

was the eleventh of twelve children, most of whom died long before him. His parents named him James, but in 1826, at the desire of his grandmother, who wished to preserve a family name, he got the Legislature to change his last name to Fenimore-Cooper. The hyphen he soon dropped, however.

The early youth of the novelist furnished him with unsuspected material which he imbibed during the long walks he was always addicted to. He found huge pathless forests and tradition-haunted nooks about the wooded banks of Otsego. Into the isolated village came strange types of ill-sorted humanity. The little town, indeed, felt none too secure from the possibility of attack from those very Indians that came back again to reality only in the pages this boy was to write.

Cooper's first instruction was had at the village "Academy," whence he went to Albany and drank learning from an English tutor of thorough classical training and especially thorough grounding in the classic English opinion that the rest of the world is quite beneath contempt in any more



OTSEGO HALL, COOPERSTOWN, COOPER'S HOME FOR MANY YEARS.

dignified capacity than that of commercial fertility for English cultivation. That Cooper's real devotion his country should have survived this other tests speaks well for his native The death bent. devoted this in 1802. Briton sent Cooper packing off to Yale where he entered the class of 'o6 at the sedate age of thirteen. Though

he indulged himself in the minimum of study and the maximum of wandering he managed to keep in college for three years. Prof. Lounsbury, his biographer, very properly observes: "The study of scenery, however desirable in itself, cannot easily be included in a college curriculum." In his junior year, Cooper indulged in a "frolic" that compelled the faculty to dispense with his further attendance. Collegiate training is likely to benefit a writer in certain negative ways at least, such as conciseness, polish and proportion. These qualities Cooper's work sadly lacks, though his neglect of college advantages may have brought out resources not to be obtained academically.

Cooper's father, a Representative in Congress and a prominent Federalist, was enraged at the faculty and decided to devote his son to the classics of the sea. He placed him in the only naval academy then available—a thorough apprenticeship in the merchant marine. 1806, instead of bringing Cooper to his class commencement, saw the beginning of a more congenial six years' course in navigation.

He began the year of 1811 by leaving the navy and entering matrimony. A mature bridegroom of twenty one, he led to the altar a blushing



a german portrait of cooper made about 1830.

bride of nineteen. Though Cooper was always a very positive advocate of the obedience of a wife to her lord and master; as is usually the case, his gentler half really swayed him to her own devices. She was the daughter of the Lanceys, family promi-Tory; innently deed some them served in the British army. The influence of this

alliance was greatly to temper Cooper's republicanism and to bring him into consequent quarrel with his ultra-jingoistic countrymen, whose faults he saw now in a new light and voiced with an uncompromising positiveness that young America had grown too sick of from hopelessly biased English critics to endure from a fellow-citizen.

After living a while with his wife's father at "Heathcote Hall" in Mamaroneck, now a suburb of New York, he rented a cottage in the same village and later took a house at Cooperstown on a farm. This house was burned soon after, and he moved to the "Angevine" farm at Scarsdale, New York. His dwelling here had an imposing position with a fine command of Long Island Sound. Cooper's married life was extremely happy and his wife, who bore him five daughters and two sons, outlived him only four months. One of his daughters was Susan Fenimore Cooper, well known as a writer. The love of nature that was so marked a characteristic of her father, she inherited.

Cooper had reached his thirtieth year before he thought of authorship. One day at "Angevine" he was reading an English novel aloud to his wife: growing disgusted he exploded a

boast that he could write a better novel himself. To prove it he wrote "Precaution." It was badly written and badly printed. Worse still, it purported to be a story of English life written by an Englishman. It praised George III and the nobility and was full of that eternal moralizing that is so vicious a fault in all Cooper's work, and tends to make virtue odious and vice beautiful in the eyes of the persecuted reader. The heroine is, like most of his heroines and most of the heroines of that time, chiefly remarkable for an amazing lack of back-bone and a fondness for wilting away in a swoon.

The English themselves thought the book to be written by an Englishman, but its success was rather negative than positive. Cooper's friends, however, encouraged him to write again and take an American subject. The result was "The Spy," based on a story told him by John Jay, who was impressed by the good qualities of a spy serving under him during the Revolution.

This work may be said to have created its own demand and to have been the first antidote to the sickening snobbery of America in matters of fic-

tion and literature generally. In a short time it reached the then unprecedented sale of a second edition and a third was called for soon after. The book was republished in England with much success and a French translation met with even more favor, a year after its American publication. With the usual French accuracy in the matter of foreign names, it was frequently ascribed to Fanny Wright, a woman's rights advocate. The book was rapidly translated into all the other continental languages. It is probably true that no work of fiction has ever had so wide a contemporary circula-The character of the pedler spy, is a study that can be praised without reservation. A characteristic bit of dramatic power is the terrible scene in which Birch is robbed and threatened with death by merciless guerrillas while his aged father is dving in the next room and pleading for a last word with his beloved son. Indeed, the book was dramatized successfully.

Altogether the most prosperous period of Cooper's life ran from 1820 to 1830 and saw the production of eleven novels. In 1823 "The Pioneers" appeared; this was the first in writing and the last in order of the immortal



THE CHASE THROUGH HELL GATE.

"The Water Witch," chapter xxviii.



"The limbs stiffened and fell, though the eyes still continued their affectionate and yearning gaze on that countenance he had so long loved, and which in the midst of all his long-endured wrongs, had never refused to meet his look of love in kindness."—The Red Rover.

Leather-Stocking stories. Up to noon of the day of publication thirtyfive hundred copies were sold, a remarkable sale for these days, and still more wonderful in those.

Cooper was addicted to what Dryden called "The crime of prefaces," and the introduction to "The Pioneers" throws down the gauntlet to the critics and opens a long and a famous battle. Such warfare is as exhausting and futile as a sober attack on a cloud of mosquitoes. To silence one is to have accomplished nothing and to have diminished the enemy to no appreciable extent.

In 1824 "The Pilot" began the series of sea stories. Cooper was at once dubbed "the American Scott" with very superficial reason, though he once-called himself only a chip off the old block. Now, his master had

written a naval story, "The Pirate," which Cooper called the work of a landsman, not because it was inaccurate, but because it did not take a thorough advantage of its opportunities. He wrote "The Pilot" to show how the thing should be done; and showed it. His hero is a rather flattering portrait of our picturesque John Paul Jones. That famous scene in which the Pilot guides the frigate with amazing niceness through a gantlet of storm-beaten shoals is an example of Cooper's superb mastery of sea-lore. It appeases one's regret for his unfinished Yale-tide.

1825 brought out "Lionel Lincoln," a work prepared with the utmost research. It has some good battle scenes but the fact that it was of psychological trend explains why Cooper should have made a failure of it. This



"The Pathfinder did not stir. He had originally got a position where he might aim with deadly effect through the leaves, and where he could watch the movements of his enemies, and he was far too steady to be disconcerted, at a moment so critical."—The Pathfinder.

failure, however, was gloriously retrieved by a return to the epic of Natty Bumpo. "The Last of the Mohicans" was this year's novel and it is in many respects Cooper's greatest work. The excitement and the power are, for him, strangely sustained, and the work deserved all of its immense and immediate success. This was written in Europe, where he resided from 1826 to 1833 and found subjects to divert him from his proper field occasionally. Of this class was his partial failure, an Italian story, "The Bravo." Cooper held the sinecure of consul at Lyons for two years. He afterwards resided in Italy where he wrote several books. Like Browning, Hawthorne and other writers that have once come under the spell of

Italian skies, he could never quite shake it off, or quite subdue memory.

In France, Cooper had the misfortune to enter into a controversy with regard to the expenditures of the American governments. Though he thought his attitude was the patriotic one it did not satisfy the people at home. This was the beginning of his unpopularity. As in his fight with the critics, numbers did not dismay Cooper and he entered upon a merry war of United States vs. Cooper and Cooper vs. United States, that made him seem to his countrymen a more bitter enemy than any of the sharppenned travelers that had ever abused Cooper has been its hospitality. called "an aristocrat by birth and a democrat by conviction." At this late



"'Morda int is what you call my given name,' I answered, disdaining deception, 'and Littlepage —.' The hand of the Indian was suddenly placed on my mouth, stopping further utterance." — The Chainbearer.

day it seems certain that he was actuated by a profound love for the country as a whole and a profound contempt for it in detail. He used fiction as his weapon in the fight and gave unflattering pictures of American life, which it galled the Yankees to believe, the foreign world would accept as faithful photographs of our much-maligned manners.

While one cannot deny that this controversy was ruination almost entire to Cooper's art as well as to his popularity, it is impossible to withhold admiration from the stern old hero, simply dauntless in holding his course to what he thought the right tack in spite of a very hurricane of

abuse. His own words show the purity of his motives in this matter, when he writes to a friend:

"This controversy was not of my seeking; for years have I rested under the imputations that these persons have brought against me, and I now strike a blow in behalf of truth, not from any deference to a public opinion that in my opinion has not honesty enough to feel much interest in the exposure of duplicity and artifice; but that my children may point to the fact, with just pride, that they had a father who dared to stem popular prejudice in order to write truth."

On his return from Europe he found that the good citizens of Cooperstown had deigned to appropriate to their own uses certain parts of his estates. In a very proper desire to



"A shout burst forth from Marble's throat, and a sight met my eyes that caused the blood to rush in a torrent through my heart."—Miles Wallingford.

hold what was his own, he informed his fellow-villagers that his grounds were not a commons, whereupon they held indignation meetings and proposed to defy "one Cooper." A local paper printed a report with certain aspersions of its own upon Cooper's character. He demanded retraction, failing which, he sued for libel. The matter spread through other newspapers of the country owing to Cooper's fame, and each journal added a little vitriolic salad dressing of its own. As fast as Cooper demanded retraction he was refused, and in a very leisurely way he proceeded to sue the combined press of the whole United States.

The editors first made monumental fun of the silly Mr. Cooper; then changed this to vilification and later to very amiable paternal advice to the effect that he was really hurting himself by winning all these suits. Cooper pleaded most of his cases in person. With rare learning and acuteness, though he was pitted against the best legal ability of the country he won case after case until, though the individual awards were generally small, the total was large enough to sober the minds of the festive editorial crew. In fact, by 1843, the ten years' war resulted in placing a practical quietus upon the American press, among the conquered being Thurlow Weed,



"The hunter himself was stretched on the earth before a headstone of white marble, pushing aside with his fingers the long grass that had already sprung up from the luxuriant soil around its base, apparently to lay bare the inscription."

— The Pioneers.

Park Benjamin and Horace Greeley. So embittered were the people against Cooper that even the advertisement he got thus did not save his books from a great decrease in sales. In 1839 appeared his "Naval History," a remarkably just work embodying a vast amount of study. It was too impartial to please either America or England. The ill reception this last work received was the severest blow of all to Cooper and he wished that he had burned it in manuscript. From 1840 to 1845 appeared "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer," two of his best works. These finished the Leather-Stocking series.

In 1842 he became a regular contributor to Graham's Magazine. In

"Satanstoe" was published. 1845 Though a fine picture of New York life in the eighteenth century, it seems to have attracted little attention. The rest of his novels show failing powers, many of them being written to recoup losses from cotton speculations and from a retaliatory change in the English copyright law. In 1850 his last work was a failure, a dismal comedy that ran three nights in New York. In 1851 his old vigor began to break. In July he was confirmed as a member of the Episcopal church. The 14th of September he was dead. The 15th would have been his sixty-second birthday.

In spite of the unpopularity he had won while alive his death showed his



"It's far easier to call names than to hit a buck on the spring, but the cretur came by his end from a younger hand than either yours or mine, as I said before." — The Pioneers.

country what a loss it had suffered and memorial services were held, in which Daniel Webster, Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant took part. Cooper lies buried in the grounds of Christ's church at Cooperstown. His estate was found to be in such condition that it was necessary to sell part of the two hundred acres which he called "The Châlet," and where he spent much of his time as a gentleman farmer, upon the banks of the Otsego Lake he had made so famous and had so loved.

A critical estimate of Cooper's work is one of contradictions. Like Wordsworth, he attained a sublimity of amateurishness along with a sublimity of pure genius. His moraliz-

ing, his elongated introductions, his slipshod repetitions and digressions, his elaborated truisms and certain fortunately impossible characters annoy the reader almost beyond endurance. And yet there are his noble interpretations of the limitless forests of this great continent; his thrilling seascenes, and his enthralling plots. It is common talk that he idealized his Indians unnaturally, but, beyond certain poetic licenses, a real knowledge of the Indian's thought and speech will leave little ground for cavil in this direction.

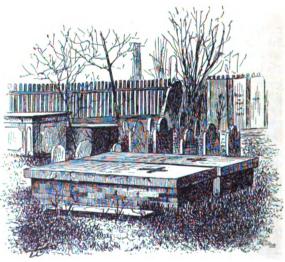
That Cooper's savages were inclined to be verbose and to indulge in moralizing, is a fault they share with the hunters and all the other



ELLIOT'S PORTRAIT OF COOPER, TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

characters of an author whose dialogue is only in exceptional places lifelike. But, cancelling this common factor in all Cooper's people, his Indian will not be found so untrue to life as certain hasty critics say. "Mark Twain," for one. does not approve of "Lo!" as he moves about Otsego. Indeed, he compares him unfavorably with a wooden cigar-store Indian. the savage we now know, styed in reservations or driven to an extremity of resistance, is not the Indian of Cooper's days, when there was a whole free continent back of him.

The poetical speech of these bookish redskins is not so impossible. The race is not a race of dullards, and its language abounds in ideas of exquisite imagery, as is proved by translating almost any of the proper names we have kept. A line from one of their songs about the red-winged blackbird has been translated, "In thy wings are the footsteps of morning," which is to me one of the finest metaphors in or out of literature, suggesting and surpassing, Homer's reiterated "rose-fingered Dawn." Cooper has not made his Indians altogether noble, by any means. He has made them as crafty, as treacherous, as merciless, as their worst detractors have He has not failed to credit them



COOPER'S GRAVE AT COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

with certain better sentiments as well. On the whole, he has been as just as he could, and it is to be noted that he knew the Indian from personal investigation, and was always ready to meet criticism on his conception of them with arguments gleaned from his acquaintance with them.

As a pioneer in certain features of life in the New World, he must be accepted as an immortal. Balzac's rhapsody is worth bearing in mind, especially as coming from a great

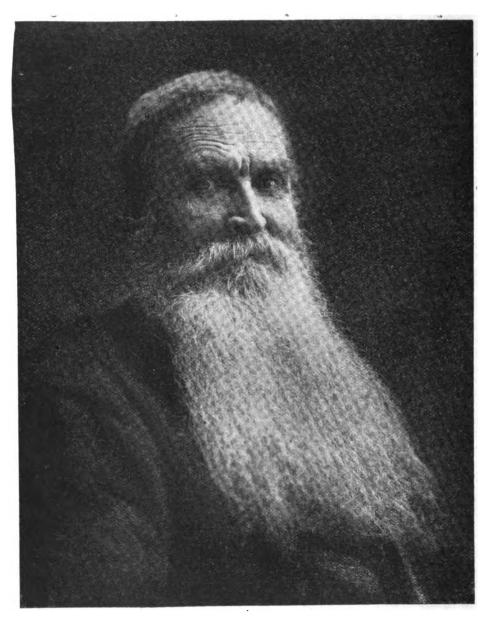
master of fiction and from a nation not over-reverent of American literature. He said of the "Pathfinder":

"It is beautiful, it is grand; its interest is tremendous. Never did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil. This is the school of study for literary landscape-painters. If Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." Rupert Hughes.

Herand bollow, To tre no In cous devation of hand point, or secured to he paid, I arrige to George P VuTnam, the right to prous and publish from my plater one in his propersion, and for his sole benefit, Where Thuran a reflies of a work of frot. ion called the Spy, of March I are the author, and orly - right owners; engaging not to allow any other entime of 3 and book to expean with my cornenty will the yeafthour of ohe of soutores obrawin from the original plates, a ecording to the term of a previous by dated contrade between in, and en the pollery emetition, viz: -Said Putnam is to leef the book in the market countainty, an a fince not extending one outlaw and a quarter at retail: Sociel Portu aux a to vitum the plates in good constiting Ween and tear eyelfted, as soon as he has dispred of the third thousand copies, when his entire over the book is altogether to caus; Soud Putnows is to evaluate in the three theres and cofe ier menteruse, all the booth also dy sola under our existing contract - signed and scaled in the city of new york, bec. 10 1 1849.

Draft of Agreement for Sale of "The Spy" (new edition, 1849) to G. P. Putnam.

S. Feneruore Cooper



Mr Jaylon
Bikes of Africa.

75- years of age chay 2nd/896.

LATEST PORTRAIT OF BISHOP TAYLOR.

From photograph by Cox, N. Y., with fac-simile of signature.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY. NEW YORK.

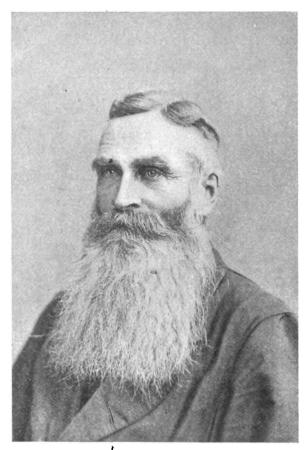
WILLIAM TAYLOR, MISSIONARY BISHOP.

T the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal held in Cleveland, Ohio, last May, a remarkable scene was witnessed. On the floor, addressing the assembled delegates from all parts of the world, stood the Chairman of the Committee on Episcopacy, Dr. Buckley, presenting a report which declared that William Taylor, Bishop of Africa, had become "ineffective." the platform among the Bishops sat an aged man watching with keen and flashing eye the scene, but saying not one word. His manifest physical feebleness seemed to render the action wise to the assembled delegates. great work was under the control of Bishop Taylor and if it was to be conserved for the Church his successor must be speedily inducted. Bishop Hartzell was elected. He was called to the platform and advancing toward the venerable man was greeted by him with fatherly benediction. A wave of intense feeling spread over the assembly and the scene will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Since that time Bishop Taylor has transferred to Bishop Hartzell, so far as possible, all his legal powers and privileges, but the papers tell us that this same man who had been laid aside as "ineffective" through the infirmities of age has just taken a steamer and returned to Africa on an evangelistic tour among the Kaffirs, to whom he preached many years ago. This mingled obedience and independence is characteristic of one of the most marvelous men and extraordinary lives of recent times.

Bishop Taylor was born of Presbyterian parents in Rockbridge County, Virginia. He had never seen a Methodist or heard of their preaching until he was twelve years of age. His parents then joined the Methodist church. He was converted in his twentieth year, and through his

talents was soon called upon to preach. In early life, he says that he suffered from dyspepsia, and was "as lean as a pelican in the wilderness." Called out into rough frontier work he speedily gained a reputation among the mountaineers. His method of securing their hearts is illustrated by following incident. When a farmer desired to clear the forest, the men for many miles came by invitation and rolled the logs into great heaps so they could be burned. One day coming upon such a gathering he rode up to the edge of the clearing, hitched his horse and picking up a handspike went to work, and showed much strength and skill in putting the big logs just where they were wanted. The mountaineers eyed him and talked about him in undertones, wondering who he might be. When all was finished Mr. Taylor announced that the young preacher sent to that circuit by the Bishop would preach in the chapel that night. He told them to get through with their suppers as quickly as possible and to come and hear him. They asked him if he were the preacher; to which he said, "Come and see." Then began an expression of their opinions: "If he is as good in the use of the Bible as he is with the handspike he'll do." "He is the boy for the mountaineers." "He don't belong to your Miss Nancy, soft handed, kid glove gentry." In that afternoon he got a grip on the people more than equivalent to six months' hard preaching.

In 1845 he was admitted to the Baltimore Conference. Rev. Brown Morgan, his Presiding Elder, in recommending him said, "He is a young man whom the sun never finds in bed," and Bishop Soule who presided arose and said, "Mark my words, brethren, you will hear from that young man again." And so the whole world has.



BISHOP WILLIAM TAYLOR.
From a photograph taken about 1891.

His life was crowded with the rough and tumble incidents of frontier preaching. A giant in strength, he commanded the respect of those who strength. Once valued a class leader, a man of great physical proportions and powers, teased him in the presence of the family and a few guests to wrestle with him. He said, "Brother Taylor, I have come to throw you down," and with that, pinning both arms in his embrace, he threw him down in the presence of the company. The young minister got up and said, "Well, brother, if nothing else will satisfy your curiosity you may take your hold and give me mine and we will see how the game will go." This time the class leader speedily measured his length and was thoroughly satisfied.

In 1849 Bishop Waugh called William Taylor to him and urged him to go to California, then just opened, to preach the Gospel. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Taylor accepted the call. The Bishop told him to go home and consult his wife. He went to the parsonage and said, "Bishop Waugh wants to send us as missionaries to California. What do you think of that?" There were many difficulties in the way, but his wife ran upstairs and in a few moments returned with shining face and said. "Yes, I'll go with you to California." Her husband asked her, "How did you settle the question so quickly?" She replied, "I went upstairs and kneeled down and said, 'Lord, Bishop Waugh wants to send us to California. Thou knowest, Lord, that I don't want to go and can see no possible way

to get there, but all things are possible with thee and if it is thy will to send us to California give me the desire to go.' In a second or two he filled and thrilled my whole being with a desire to go to California. The question was settled and the forty-eight years of wonderful missionary work by William Taylor was begun. From that day on no obstacle stood in his way. The Missionary Secretaries wrote that there was such sickness on the Isthmus of Panama that it was undesirable for the missionaries to start. Mr. Taylor searched among the ships, found one ready to sail, but was informed there was no room, but on the next day received word from the agent that a family, embarked as passengers, had withdrawn; he took passage and promptly started. It was but an illustration of his promptitude and independence.

In 1849 they arrived on the north beach of San Francisco Harbor. He could find no Methodists and no ministers. On asking, "Are there any Gospel ministers and churches in California?" one told him, "We had one preacher but preaching don't pay here so he quit and went to gambling. There was a church in town, but it has been converted into a jail." Some one whispered to him that Mr. Taylor was a minister and had the materials for a church aboard. advise you," he said, "to sell the church for you can make nothing out of it as a church, but you can sell the materials for \$10,000." Gathering a few Methodists together the missionary built a home and began the seven years of wonderful work at San Francisco. Among the gamblers and steamboat men; among merchants and miners; outcasts, mobs and saloons the intrepid missionary the intrepid missionary The Sabbath day was the labored. day for general business and settling up of bills. In the turmoil of frontier life many incidents of hardship and interest occurred.

In the city was a hospital, a depot of death, where the first adventurers of California, young men stricken down by the hand of disease, were cast out and left to perish. Into this promiscuous mass of sick and dying of all nations and creeds the heroic missionary went and many a dying man received comfort and consolation at his hands. He often witnessed the work of "Judge Lvnch." Rough and wicked as were the mass of California miners they always displayed good qualities. Bishop Taylor tells of "a fellow at Smith's Flat who to gratify a secret passion of his own tied a chicken and put it alive on the fire and cooked it for his dinner. The thing was made known in the town and the miners immediately called a meeting and unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that the chicken roaster's presence was no longer desired in that camp and that fifteen minutes be given him, after due notice from the Committee appointed for that purpose, for his disappearance from those diggings, never more to return." And yet ' 'Judge Lynch" always acted after trial. stranger called late one evening at the cabin of a miner who had his wife with him, saying he was a poor traveler and had been unfortunate in The miner and his wife business. pitied the poor stranger, took him in and gave him the best they had. The next morning the miner had occasion to go away a few miles. When he was out of sight the stranger murdered the woman and proceeded to rob the house. Before he got through the miner returned and raised the The murderer was caught and tried. A meeting of miners was called and a judge appointed, witnesses examined and the guilt of the criminal proven. The mass meeting voted him guilty and the judge decided that the criminal should have fifteen minutes to prepare for death, and he was promptly hung.

In California's worst days William Taylor, and other ministers, were permitted to preach in bar rooms, gambling saloons, public thoroughfares or wherever they wished without hindrance or disturbance. At the close of seven years the great financial panic of 1856 swept the Pacific coast. Much of the church property secured by William Taylor was lost. He decided to return to the old States to try and secure funds to repair the loss, and during the years '58, '59 and '60 made a gospel and evangelical tour through the Eastern States and Can-Everywhere he was met by great crowds and many professed conversion. While at Peterborough, Canada, he was the guest of a Dr. Brown who told him of the wonderful colonies rising in Australia and

urged him to take an evangelizing tour. His family returned to California and Mr. Taylor took passage, via England, for Australia. A brief tour was made of the Holy Land and in 1863 he left from Suez on the steamer Mooltan for Melbourne. He paid 120 pounds for passage, "including liquors." Mr. Taylor protested, saying, "I am a total abstainer and protest against paying such a sum for no value received." The reply was, "We have our rates and I am not at liberty to change them. You can drink or not as you choose." Many of the passengers desired to hear Mr. Taylor preach, but the captain of the ship positively refused. His tour in Australia was marked by great evangelistic success, awakening great interest, and considerable opposition on the part of some men. Charles Yatman, the well known evangelist, recently visited Australia and found more than fifty ministers in the Wesleyan Church who were converted under the preaching of William Taylor. While in Australia Mr. Taylor learned of the wonderful opportunity for evangelization in India and determined that he would take India in on his route home to California. In the meantime his family had arrived at Sidney and after four years absence he was reunited to them.

On his way to India he stopped at Cape Colony, Africa, and entered again upon an evangelistic tour. He desired to preach to the Kaffirs and passed among them like a flame of fire. The remarkable results following his preaching, through interpreters, are still visible after the lapse of thirty years. His extraordinary influence was also felt by the higher and educated white colonists, many of whom entered upon a religious life.

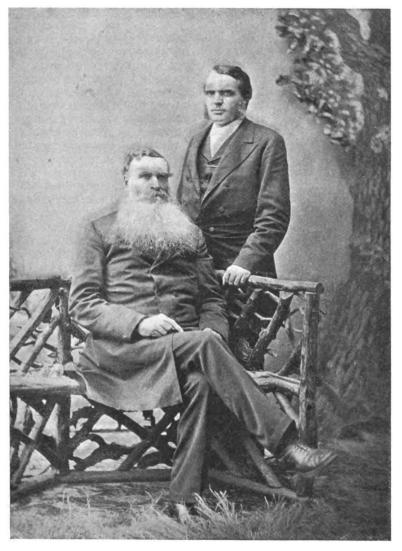
In 1866 he returned again to England and entered into evangelistic work, making a tour through the West India Islands and through British Guinea. Thence he passed on to his longed-for evangelistic tour in India. Preaching in the missionary

stations of the Methodist Episcopal Church he speedily became interested in the Eurasians, and going beyond the ecclesiastical boundaries, founded a self-supporting mission in India composed of newly converted European residents, East Indians, Parsees. Hindoos and Mohammedans. It required more than 5,000 miles of travel to visit the organized self-supporting centres of the work founded by Mr. Taylor in Bombay, Bengal and Madras. By the proceeds of his books he supported his family, paid his own sea traveling expenses and bore the expense of planting missions and developing resources for their support.

In 1872 he petitioned the General Conference to organize an Annual Bombay Conference, but they could not comprehend the idea of a man laying the foundations of a Conference in a heathen country in the short space of three months and the petition was ignored. Undeterred and undismayed William Taylor proceeded in the organization of his work and the pushing of his plans until finally the work was accepted by the Church and to-day there are over 100,000 members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, a large number of whom are in the territory pioneered

by Bishop Taylor.

When this work was established, the energy of the Bishop sought a new field in South America and in 1877 he started for that continent. On the eve of his departure a gentleman said, "Mr. Taylor, what is your address now?" He replied, "I am sojourning on the globe at present, but don't know how soon I shall be leaving." With his usual sagacity Mr. Taylor saw that the methods of work in South America must be varied from those in other lands and he bent all his energies to the sucestablishment of which should be self-supporting as educational institutions, and centres of evangelistic power. belted the continent establishing



BISHOP TAYLOR AND CHAPLAIN (NOW BISHOP) MCCABE.

From a photograph taken May, 1888, at the time the General Conference was in session in New York.

Rev. Dr. A. J. Kynett of Philadelphia, through whose courtesy The Peterson Magazine publishes this photograph, writes that when Chaplain McCabe (then Missionary Secretary) handed him this picture he said: "Do you see that?" Doctor Kynett replied that he did, and noted the expression of countenance. There had been some sharp criticism of Bishop Taylor and his work, and Chaplain McCabe said; "You see I am standing behind the Bishop?" Doctor Kynett replied "Yes." "Very well," answered the Chaplain, "That's what I intend to do."

many stations and meeting with varied experiences. At Callao, Peru, his life was in imminent peril from a party of drunken soldiers who had started out after thieves and were determined to kill somebody. Only the coolness and strength of the

Bishop, who grasped the gun of one of the soldiers who was about to shoot, preserved his life, and that of his brother.

In 1882 the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church demanded that the mis-

sions should be resigned to the Missionary Society, or all missionaries in South America, connected with annual conferences, would have to return to their conferences or "locate" as laymen. At the time William Taylor was a member of the South India Conference, the father and founder of the work. He promptly "located" and proceeded to Peru and Chili by the first steamer. When the General Conference of 1884 met, Mr. Taylor, to his surprise, found himself elected a lay delegate from the South India Conference and this after fortytwo years of ministerial service. At this Conference the question of the evangelization of Africa came up for solution. For fifty years the Church had maintained a mission in Liberia; two colored Bishops, Roberts and Burns, had been sent out, but there had been very little progress. The venerable Dr. Curry had long treasured a desire to see a colored man on the Board of Bishops and thought he saw the opportunity and the man. He moved the election of a Missionary Bishop for Africa and nominated his man. Another colored man was nominated and seconded. Then Dr. Olin, of the Wyoming Conference, arose and said, "I think when a Bishop for Africa is to be seriously considered all minds must instinctively turn to the man, the only man, God's man, for that place. I refer to William Taylor." The proposition came like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky and an irresistible storm of enthusiasm and tide of approval swept Bishop Taylor into the field with the commission, "Turn him loose in Africa."

Bishop Taylor accepted the position, only stipulating that his project of self supporting missions should not be interfered with. With statesmanlike eye he seized upon the mighty Congo River with its 11,000 miles of navigable waters and 20,000,000 people on its banks, as a promising field and then arranged for a chain of missionary stations, running across Africa

from Angola. His plan was to open missionary stations, securing good healthy sites and good lands for agricultural purposes and simple industries. In connection with them he established nursery stations for the purpose of separating from heathenism the little children before they became heathen. His philosophy was expressed in these words, "The best material for evangelizing agency in Africa is the raw material and the best place for its development is where it was born. Already the Lord is indicating his chosen vessels among our converted natives who will surpass in Gospel effectiveness those who dug them out of heathenism." Appealing to the Church he said:

"Our great American Methodist armies, under marching orders from God, are compassing the globe, proclaiming the Gospel to every creature —till they meet the black man. If he were a white man, instead of depending upon a few pioneer missionaries to rescue two hundred million souls, would we not go into Africa with Jesus and obey his command regardless of color? One of two things requires to be done, either for God to make him white, or for us, at least so far as our Gospel mission to every creature is concerned, to ignore color lines and obey the divine command to tell the glad news to every member of the human family, beginning at home. All I ask for Africa is that in our missionary work we do for blacks all that we would if they were white."

Many stations have been founded and great good has been done. Others may follow in the years to come and take up the work in detail of reaching the two hundred millions of Africans, but they will follow along the strategic lines marked out by the eagle glance of this great missionary. Through all the life of Bishop William Taylor there has stood out, so as to be recognized, a single hearted devotedness of purpose which has never asked and never refused an appointment of duty. His power over

prince and slave alike has resided in an unquestioning faith in God, and Christ, and mankind. He has been among the first to dispel the idea that Africa is unsuited for the white man. He was advised to avoid exposure to the sun or night air and to lay in a plentiful supply of drugs and liquors. He answered by taking his hoe and going into the garden and laboring as other men, welcoming the free air of Heaven by day or night. A life of reasonable physical activity has preserved him in his journeys of hundreds of miles on foot. Everywhere he has traveled, whether in the jungle or in the luxuries of civilization, he has carried a small marble pillow which absorbs the heat from his head and renders quiet rest possible. And now, after forty-seven years since he embarked on his first missionary voyage, years in which he preached the Gospel in the mining camps of California, among the forests of Africa, in the bazars of India, on the island continent of Australia and the semi-civilized communities of South America, he returns to Africa where thirty years ago 1,200 colonists and 7,000 Kaffirs professed conversion. Characteristically enough he goes not as a passenger, but as the assistant purser of the steamer, Wilcannia, shipping as an employee because the rules of the Company forbade the taking of passengers.

Years ago when he went to India old missionaries inquired, "Have you studied the many religions of the East, are you versed in their Holy books?" "No," was the reply, "but I know the man himself and my message is to him." After the last General Conference, and on the verge of this new voyage undertaken at seventy-six years of age, the man whom the Church in ecclesiastical assembly deemed technically "ineffective" on account of his age and feeble frame, said, "As to my future I can only say that I am in the hands of my divine Father, and am entirely

subject to him. 'The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord.' have verified the truth of that promise, especially in spiritual work, first, in a divine selection of my field of Gospel work; second, a divine call to the field assigned to me; third, a divine empowerment to work and to witness and to win souls. When in the rank and file of itinerant Methodist ministers I always received my appointment from God, through the bishop presiding over my Conference. When in the open field of world-wide evangelistic work, I received my appointment from God by direct internal light and leading, and by external providential indications, and in regard to my field of ministerial service, I never was misled nor mistaken in my divine leading. Whatever the intermediate agency involved, I accepted the action of the late General Conference as from God, and from that very dav my evangelizing field of thirty years ago in South Africa was laid upon my heart, and a train of external pointers, including a commodious steamer in readiness to convey me direct from New York to Cape Town, settled the question. Why such haste? To get the work well under way before the wet season shall flood the country. How long will I be gone? As long as the pillar of cloud and of fire con-If God tinues to lead the way. should give me ten thousand Kaffirs I will be ready to rest; and the best place to rest is in the 'house not made with hands."

Is it any wonder that in this commercial age of materialism the record of so wonderful a life of zeal, consecration and enthusiasm should be an inspiration to those who believe in the triumph of Christianity? In the long roll of devoted Christian missionaries few names will shine with brighter lustre than that of the Virginia mountaineer, the California evangelist, the apostle of four continents. In the coming century, as the traveler hastens by rail from Egypt

through five thousand miles to Cape Town, or ascends in palatial steamers the mighty waters of the mighty Congo, wherever the Christian Church and civilized community shall be planted, there will the name of this wonderful man be held in loving remembrance.

Alpha G. Kync!t.

THE ORIGIN OF THE VARIEGATED ROSE.

OWN the garden path, where the pale moonlight
Like the ghost of the day reposes,
Why comes now my Lady of York to-night
To her bower all white with roses?
No red rose of Lancaster e'er blossomed there
Save one that her lover has twined in her hair,
In the joy of her presence he little may care
That a ruthless foe opposes.

On a slumberous couch of fleecy cloud
The moon in the west is dying,
O'er her wan face drawing its mist-woven shroud
While the night winds are mournfully sighing:
The white, pallid roses stand out in the gloom
And fill all the air with their heavy perfume
Like the faint stifled breath of a funeral room
Where the silent dead are lying.

They stand 'neath the bower and softly he pleads
That she grant of her love a token.
In her cheeks' sweet confusion her answer he reads
Ere yet the words she had spoken;
She twines with the red rose a floweret white
As a pledge that forever, in war's despite,
The white rose and red will together unite
In ties that shall never be broken.

The yew-trees nod softly, like mourners asleep
And the moonbeams are fainter waning,
He sees not the shadows that stealthily creep
Near and yet nearer gaining,
Ha! what is that flash, in the glimmering light?
'Tis the quick deadly thrust of a rapier bright
And he falls in death by the roses white,
His life's blood their petals staining.

And the lady died, so the story goes,
Ere that doleful night had ended,
But still to this day in the fateful rose
The crimson and white are blended:
And the dew-drops upon it at morn, 'tis said,
Are the tears that her sorrowing eyes have shed,
When to wash from its petals the blood-stained red
Her spirit to earth has descended.

Eugene Barry.

POET LIFE IN ANCIENT LONDON.

"The coffee-house was the Londoner's house, and those who wished to find a gentleman, commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the 'Grecian' or the 'Rainbow.'"

ANY are the persons, even in this practical age, who delight to live imaginatively in those ancient times. To us, the history of old London life possesses a peculiar fascinating charm. As closely study those jolly old English poets, and see what happy-go-lucky lives they led, what innocent carousals they indulged in, what delicious feasts they partook of, what merry songs they sang, what jests and brilliant repartee ever proceeded from them, we heartily wish that we had lived in their time or that they were living with us now.

From the time of Edward III to-Queen Victoria—from Chaucer to Tennyson—the poets and dramatists, shouts of merriment snatches of song, made ring the walls of those old coffee-houses and inns. Of all places, Eastcheap was most noted for pranks and merry doings. From thence, in the silence of the night, issued the singing of the gallants from the tavern as they careened homeward with more wine than wits in their pates, some of them, for the sake of diversion, screaming "fire!" "murder!" "help!" until the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. Chief among the frequenters of those rendezvous were Chaucer and Selden; Chapman, Beauand Fletcher: grand old Shakespeare; "rare Ben Jonson" and blind Milton: the tragic Otwav; Randolph and Drvden; the unfortunate but brilliant Goldsmith; humorous Jerrold: Charles Dickens and Tennvson.



TALBOT INN, BOROUGH.

The Old "Tabard," scene of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

"Souls of poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known, Happy field or mossy cavern. Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

Most famous of all Elizabethan taverns was the Mermaid in Cheapside. Sir Walter Raleigh evidently found time 'mid his multifarious duties to "eat, drink and be merry"; for it is said he established this jovial Mermaid Club. The tavern, with its famous porch in the centre, had casements from the ground floor, projecting into the street farther than the ordinary, with quaint carvings round about them. A huge sign over the door represented a mermaid in the The great chimney-piece inside was elaborately carved with all manner of foliage and griffins' heads, and the tapestry was worked with rude designs descriptive of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. We are indebted to some excellent English author for a glimpse of the happy hours spent there. Here is a choice bit:

"Come with me to the Mermaid," said Sir Walter Raleigh to his secretary; "I wish you to meet certain friends of mine, in whose society I doubt not you will find infinite pleasure." Upon arriving,—being joined by Beaumont, Selden and Fletcher at the entrance,—the whole party moved on through the spacious doorway with its fantastic carvings, passoff scolding a "drawer" long enough to drop her guests a curtesy. Entering the long room above, they heard tremendous shouts of laughter which showed there was no lack of good humour amongst the company. This was not wondered at when they spied Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in the midst. "Here cometh our king of El Dorado!" exclaimed Jonson as he noticed the entrance of Sir Walter Raleigh. The jests now flew about like hailstones; and after much brilliant repartee, Jonson with a wink, cried to the drawer: "Barnaby! what hast got for supper?"

The drawer, with monstrous serious face,

and in a slow voice, commenced the list of good things. "Turkey pullets, venison

pasty, two roasted capons, cold"—
"Well, what clse hast got for supper?"

asked Master Shakespeare.

All the while counting on his fingers, the drawer again repeated: "Turkey pullets, venison pasty, two roasted capons, cold sirloin of beef"— "Dost not think the sirloin would have been better had it been hot?" asked Ben very earnestly.

"Mayhap it would, master," replied Barnaby with a wonderful innocency; "yet I know not for certain." Again he commenced: "Turkey pullets, venison pasty, two roasted capons, cold sirloin of beef, boiled coneys, stewed lampreys, boar's head, marrow pudding, two dishes of roast applejohns, three of stewed prunes, and

"It be plain enough, Barnaby," said Beaumont, "thou wilt not have to go far to bring us our supper."

"No farther than the kitchen," he re-

plied.
"Surely there can be no occasion of your going to the kitchen," said Beaumont, "it seemed but now you had all at your fingers' ends.'

Amid the laughter which followed this, the voice of a woman was heard crying out, "Barnaby."

"Anon, Mistress," replied he.

"How long hast been a drawer, Barnaby?" asked Jonson.

"Barnaby!" screamed the voice from the bettem of the ctairs.

bottom of the stairs. "Anon, anon, Mistress!" cried Barnaby.

evidently anxious to get away.
"Dost like thy business?" queried Ben

Jonson. "Barnaby! Barnaby! Thou knave, must

I bawl here all day?

"Anon, anon, Mistress!" cried he with his countenance in some alarm. "Prithee detain him no longer, Master Jonson," said Sir Walter, "else we shall have Dame Cannikin so put out our sup-per may chance to suffer for it." By and by the steaming viands were carried in and with much ado arranged upon the strong, oaken table. "By my troth, Mary Cook hath forgot to put the lemon in the boar's mouth," quoth the merry hostess. "Go you, and get a lemon, Barnaby." Master Shakespeare then, with a serious face, repeated:

"With these good things before our sights, Grant us, good Lord, good appetites."

And they fell to with right good appetites, which were sharpened ever and anon by a lively joke from Jonson or Shakespeare, which was sure to create Snakespeare, which was sure to create famous mirth amongst the company. "Methinks," said one, "that Beaumont and Fletcher be the very 'Gemini' of our literary zodiac." Said Selden, "If Beaumont and Fletcher be 'Gemini,' then surely Shakespeare and Jonson be 'Pisces'; for o' my life, never saw I such fish for drinking." After the wine had been freely passed and many a song sung the gallents. passed and many a song sung, the gallants paid their reckoning (some of them snatching a kiss from the portly landlady as they did so) and all left the Mermaid as happy as crickets.

"I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old."

The most ancient, and one that will be famous for all time, is the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap. The scenes here enacted have been immortalized by the illustrious Shakespeare. Twas here the real revelries of Falstaff and Prince Hal were held. We ofttimes wonder if the original Falstaff wore such a look of infinite drollery, and possessed such a huge swollen belly and legs. But we are inclined to believe so, as Shakespeare has him say to the Lord Chief Jus-

tice: "I would that my means were greater, and my waist slenderer."

The tavern, alas! was razed to the ground in the great fire; being rebuilt,* however, of brick four stories high. It was in the rebuilt tavern that Goldsmith gathered material for his "Reverie at the Boar's Head." Poor Goldsmith! Dr. Samuel Johnson has generously said of him, "Let not his faults be remembered: he was a very great man." It was while Goldsmith's landlady was pressing him doors and within bailiff without, that the warm-hearted Dr. Johnson took the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and sold it for £60. Returning with the money he set his comrade free. The supposition is that they then proceeded to their favorite tavern, the Mitre, and drowned their sorrow in the coffee-cup.

*In many cases when an old house has been rebuilt, its story is graphically represented on the front of the new one.

Much could be said of the noblehearted Johnson. He is thus portrayed by Peter Pindar:

"Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown, The large gray bushy wig that graced his crown:

Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,

And shirt, that had no ruffles for his knuckles."

Probably the reason he "had no ruffles for his knuckles" was, that he lived in a court with a curious collection of disappointed, cross, and aged persons—mostly ladies—who depended mainly upon the bounty of the poet. And in those days, we are inclined to believe, the poets weren't overpaid for poetry.



TEMPLE BAR, IN DR. JOHNSON'S TIME.



THE OLD WHITE HART TAVERN, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

Erected 1420. Now pulled down. From a print of 1829.

Lord Tennyson immortalized that famous old tavern in Fleet Street, which had over its doorway the carved wooden figure of a cock—the symbol of its name—Cock Tavern. It was a long, low, dingy room, subdivided by settees. Perchance, 'twas while lounging on one of these settees or leaning against the quaint Jacobean chimney-piece, that the poet laureate composed his "Will Water-proof's Lyrical Monologue"; which begins—

"O plump head waiter at the Cock, To which I most resort, How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock, Go fetch a pint of port."

How jolly that sounds! When we read "O plump head waiter," instantly there rises before our vision a rotund, roly-poly specimen of humanity, with florid complexion, and small, black eyes; and we can see him bow, and nod, and blink, and wink, as the old Bard tells him to "fetch a pint of port."

Another celebrated tavern was the

"Devil's." Here it was that "veritable son of the muses," Ben Jonson, guided the Apollo Club by his poetical rules which began—

"Let none but guests or clubbers hither come;

Let dunces, fools, and sordid men keep home;

Let learned, civil, merry men b' invited, And modest too; nor be choice liquor slighted.—"

"Old Ben," as Shakespeare called him, was quite a practical joker. To illustrate: One evening, after a jolly good time at a coffee-house, the "wits" were about to disperse, when Jonson spied one fast asleep. He cautiously approached and velled in the sleeper's ear-"Fire! fire! fire!" "Ha! What? Eh!" cried the dozer, jumping up and rubbing his eyes. "Your house be burning to the ground," bellowed "Save my manuscripts! save Jonson. my books!" the other frantically cried, as he rushed hither and thither. But he was quickly called to his senses by the shouts of laughter that broke from everyone in the room.

A versatile genius of prominence was Douglas Jerrold. The brilliant, unstudied remarks that flew in conversational comment and repartee from his lips were equaled by few. He, with other literary aspiring young men, formed the "Mulberry Club," at the Wrekin, a humble tavern in the genial atmosphere of Covent Garden. Shakespeare being their common idol, each member was supposed to contribute some paper, poem, or conceit bearing upon that "Prince of Poetry." Their contributions were styled "Mulberry Leaves." Jerrold was first brought into prominence by his play "Black-Eyed Susan," which made a decided hit and gained a fortune for both manager and actor.

And the writer? Alas! he had to be content with fame and a bonus of £70.

The poet Dryden was the beacon light which illumined the Wits' Coffee-house and caused the literary stars to flock thither. Here you could

"See, Priests sipping coffee; sparks and poets tea."

Some good folk may think these jolly poets were a trifle too hilarious. We do not say them nay. Howbeit, if we were to scrutinize the personal traits of those "wits," we would find them generous, unselfish, warmhearted, noble-hearted; and their lives, their works, going from posterity to posterity, will always be loved and admired. Phebe Platt.



THE QUEEN'S HEAD, ISLINGTON.
From a print of 1808.

LIFE, DEATH, HEREAFTER.

A SINGLE strain upon the harp of time,
Awakened by the gentle touch of love;
A lingering echo dying on the air;
And then—a sound of melody above.

Lillian Barker.



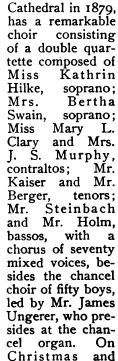
R ING out church bells! for this is the month of all the year every one may hear, and feast their souls on the magnificent music of our churches throughout the country.

From the most unpretentious meeting-house to the most imposing cathedral there is general preparation for the Christmas music. Some choir leaders content themselves with preparing carols and anthems, written mostly by modern composers; while the larger churches and cathedrals use the glorious works and

masses of the old If the masters. moral effect of sacred music upon the listener is as great and lasting as some enthusiasts would have us believe, there should be thousands of religious converts during the Christmas and Easter holidays. "There is a provision made in music for the development of almost every phase of Christian experience, and through music, vou come into sympathy with the truth as you never perhaps

would under the preaching of a discourse." So the greatly lamented Henry Ward Beecher said.

There is no music used in the Protestant churches that approaches the grandeur of the Roman Catholic Masses, where a mind like that of Mozart or Beethoven works out so sublimely the varied phases of religious emotion. At St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, the music is always imposing, but especially so on Christmas, and at Easter. Mr. William Pecher, who has had charge of the music since the dedication of the





SIGNOR DE MARCHI.



MME. PARSI.

Easter days the choir is supplemented by the addition of the Philharmonic Society Orchestra, which is placed in the grand choir. The works performed by this remarkable choir comprise all the standard masses, such as those of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Cherubini and Gounod, also those of more recent date by Guilmant, Dubois, St. Saëns, Widor, and other works taken from the Sistine Chapel collection in Rome. On great festival days thousands go to the cathedral to hear the magnificent music, and hundreds are turned away for lack of accommodations. The library of the cathedral contains over two hundred masses alone, besides numerous other works. Mr. Pecher, the organist, was born in New York, but spent many years in Europe studying music under Hauptmann, the great professor of counterpoint, Richter the famous composer and organ master, and Moscheles, the renowned pianist. Mr. Pecher has paid considerable attention to masses written by American composers and frequently they are conspicuous on the programmes.

The Oratorio Society of New York,



SIGNOR DADO.

now in its twenty-fourth season, will present, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch the "Manzoni Requiem" of Verdi, the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn and the ever glorious "Messiah" of Handel. This Oratorio has been given in New York during the holidays for many years, and this year promises to be of unusual interest with the possibility of hearing such artists render it as Mmes. Nordica, Brema, Messrs. Ffrangeon Davies, and David Bispham.

Just one hundred and fifty-four years ago the "Messiah" was first heard. It was an event of great importance in the musical world, and historically for Ireland, as it literally proclaimed deliverance to the distressed prisoners held for debt in the prisons of Dublin. The artists, or chief singers, followed the example of Dr Handel and gave their services gratuitously; thus al-

lowing the entire proceeds to be used for the benefit of the prisoners. The enthusiasm was so great at the afternoon performance that fashionable women of the period consented to leave their hoop-skirts at home in the evening in order that an additional hundred listeners might find place in the hall. The first rendition of the "Messiah" is regarded as the greatest event in Handel's life. Nations have been raised to religious fervor, generations have been melted to tears, sermons have been preached upon the noble work; volumes of criticisms written about it, and thousands of poor people supported by it, as every year in some sections of England and Ireland Handel's desire has been carried out and the proceeds of the "Messiah" performances used to benefit the poor and distressed. Many great composers have written works on this same grand theme, but not one in completeness, in elevation and variety of conception, or range of effect, has ever approached Handel's "Messiah."

Two former remarkable students and followers of the famous pianist Leschetizky have come to this country to be heard and to spread the wonderful method of this remarkable man. Madame Wienzkowska, a native of Warsaw, began her studies when very young, and when only a child played in many concerts in Poland and Russia. Since then she has played throughout Europe, where her success as a solo and ensemble plaver has been marked. Mme. Wienzkowska remained in Vienna for some years, where she has been most successful in teaching, having prepared over four hundred students for Leschetizky. Since her arrival in America Mme. Wienzkowska has made many friends and is very busy teaching. She will be heard in concert this winter and appears with the "Kneisel Quartette" in Boston and New York.

Miss Elinor Comstock is an American, and too well known in New York and other cities throughout the country to need scarcely any introduction, although she has been away for a number of years devoting herself to perfecting her art. While in Vienna Miss Comstock played many times with great success. She will make drawing-room playing her special feature, and will be also heard at some of the large concerts and at the Waldorf soon. Her playing is very impressive, being full of individuality and strength, but not the least lacking in poetic beauty. Her interpretations are musicianly and soulful.

Charles Gregorowitsch, the young Russian violinist whose sympathetic personality, combined with his magical playing, is sure to win for him an enviable place with the

American public, is a native of St. Petersburg, where he was born the 25th of October, 1867. When quite an infant he displayed such a remarkable talent for the violin,playing on a toy instrument which had been given him,-it was decided to educate him for a musical career. Gregorowitsch appeared in public when very young and since then has filled Europe with his fame as a virtuoso. His extraordinary performance Lisbon gained for

him the Order of Christ, an honor conferred on few. Herr Gregoro-witsch's playing is full of brilliancy

and magnetism, and he certainly belongs to the "chosen few."

"The Mandarin" of Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith inaugurates the establishment of a home for comic opera in New York, as Messrs. de Koven and Smith have secured the Herald Square Theatre for three years with the idea of producing light opera. A stock company is to be formed, and maintained and at least one new opera a year given, besides the old repertoire. If they are all as delightful and successful as "The Mandarin" it will prove a most feasible scheme. The present company is an excellent one. Miss Adele Ritchie. Miss Bertha Waltzinger and Mr. George C. Boniface, being particularly clever and artistic. The story of "The Mandarin" is very amusing. The Mandarin who is very much of a beau has heard of the rare beauty of a

> carpenter's and determines to win her. He learns that he bears a striking resemblance to the carpenter, dresses up to look like him and goes in quest of the pretty woman. The carpenter who rather a shiftless fellow has been out on a spree. He is followed to his house by the police. When they enter they find the disguised Mandarin, whom they seize and take to iail, while his tipsy double is carried off, to the palace by the Mandarin's

retinue. Arriving at the palace the carpenter is divested of his homely garb and dressed in the Man-



CHARLES GREGOROWITSCH.



is greatly incensed. He visits the Mandarin's palace to investigate, and is somewhat mollified when he discovers twelve and is about to depart. The true wife unfortunately enters at this moment, and the carpenter acknowedges that she is his wife. That makes thirteen, and the unlucky number of wives leads to his being taken off to be beheaded. The last act unravels the complications and ends with a "feast of lanterns."

The stage settings

are exquisite. The second act is particularly lovely, showing Chinese summer houses, and an immense arbor of chrysanthemums, cherry blossoms and other characteristic flora of China; a water scene is in the background, with pagodas and other bright bits of Chinese The third life. act is a reproduction of a night fête called the "Feast of Lanterns," in which masses of flowers and lanterns predominate making a most gorgeous scene.

GEORGE C.

BONIFACE IN
"THE MANDARIN."

darin's elegant gowns. He is still in a befuddled condition when he awakes the next morning, and is unconsoled by the sympathetic attention

of the Mandarin's twelve wives who surround him. He declares he wants to go home to his wife, from which it is gathered he has more wives than the law allows; for it is against the law for any one but the Emperor to have more than a dozen. The Emperor hears of the domestic infraction and

ADELE RITCHIE IN "THE MAN-DARIN."

With Rosenthal, Sieveking, Teresa Carreño, Adele Aus der Ohe, our own Joseffy and a score of other pianists a little less familiar to the public, ardent devotees of piano playing will be able to enjoy a feast of piano music. Moritz Rosenthal is, of course, the sensation of the season,

and his reputation as the most phenomenal master of the mechanical side of pianoforte playing does not diminish. His digital skill is simply tremendous and his command over the mechanical effects of the instrument complete. While Herr Rosenthal fairly intoxicates his listeners by his astounding display of technical skill—does he penetrate to the very soul of music, or ever make his audiences feel that magical spell of sympathy Rubinstein, and later Paderewski invariably cast over them? An exhibition of Rosenthal's prodigious memory was recently related by one of the famous Leschetizky pupils. During his recent visit in Vienna a dinner was given in Rosenthal's honor. Among the guests

were quite a number of Americans who were very anxious to hear the great pianist play. His host rather doubted the advisability of asking him, realizing his aversion to being called upon on such an occasion, but intimated that the Americans persuade him, might whereupon they all surrounded him, fell on their knees and with uplifted hands silently implored him to play. This amused Rosenthal greatly, and to the intense delight of all present he went to the piano, where he remained all the evening; playing as requested, first by one, then another, the works each was most interested in; sometimes a stupendous concerto, a fearful Liszt selection, the wonderful Schuman concerto or "Carnival," or a modern work of great difficulty. It mattered not what thev called Rosenthal's brain contained it and his marvelous hands were ready to render it as perhaps no other living pianist could.

Martinus Sieveking, the Dutch pianist, is one of the youngest piano virtuosi now living, having been born the 24th of March, 1867, in Amsterdam, Holland. His début was made in America with the Boston Symphony last winter; however, his tour was not extensive and his reappearance this winter is very gratifying to genuine music lovers. Quite unlike Rosenthal, Sieveking never allows himself to be tempted into exhibitions of digital dexterity or astounding technical feats. His playing is characterized by a poetic tenderness and grace, a peculiar subtle lingering



SIEVEKING, THE PIANIST.



SCENE FROM "BRIAN BORU," ACT II.

charm of tone which vibrates with true feeling. While Sieveking is essentially a poetic pianist, he does not lack in the least degree either power or breadth. He simply accepts his remarkable technical power for what a true artist should—the medium of expressing his artistic ideals. Sieveking, although called the Mephisto of the Key-board is a truer poetpianist.

Had "Brian Boru" been written twenty years ago it would have been called a romantic grand opera. It is by far the best light opera we have had presented in New York for some time. Mr. Julien Edward's scholarly, yet catchy music; the dramatic and happily told story of Mr. Stanislaus Stange, with the excellent company and imposing scenery Mr. Whitney has gathered together, holds one's attention and unflagging interest from the rise to the fall of the

curtain. The quartette, in which "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall" is very conspicuous, is a most ingenious piece of musical work, and very dramatically rendered. Mr. Whitney has a remarkably good company and a perfect gem of an opera.

The Metropolitan Opera artists are practically the same this season as heretofore, all the voices being very familiar to the public with the exception of the soprano, Mme. Litrinne, who is to sing the heavier Wagnerian rôles; and Antonio Ceppi, whose voice is compared to Tamagno's when at its best, and his stage presence to the Apollo Belvedere. Colonel Mapleson chose a very unfortunate time for his New York Opera season. However, his company is of sufficient excellence to insure for it a most cordial welcome wherever they appear. It is years since an opera company of great artists, presenting



MME. HUGUET.

such a repertory has been heard in many of our cities and opera hungry people all over the continent are anxiously awaiting the advent of the

Opera Grand season. The artists, Colonel Mapleson gathered abroad were strangers to the musical world outside of a limited number of European countries. With the exception of Mme. Scalchi, Signor de Anna and Mme. Dotti, all were strangers here; consequently there was much curiosity evinced and considerable doubt as to their success, but as each one appears all doubt is dispelled—for so far the Imperial Opera singers have proved themselves genuine art-Mme. Bonaplata ists. Bau made a very favorable impression the first night in "Aida," as did also Madame Parsi whose contralto voice of great richness at once made a success for her. She is intensely dramatic. Signor

Anna's pure baritone voice will be remembered by many, as he was a great favorite on this side of the ocean not very long ago. Mme. Hariclée Darclée, possibly the greatest artist of the company is a native of Roumania and a member of a family prominent at the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg. The Queen of Roumania first persuaded Mme. Darclée to go on the operatic stage. Since her début she has met with phenomenal success. Mme. Darclée's voice has a range of over three octaves and is a beautiful soprano. Her repertory is very extensive.

Mme. Huguet comes from Madrid, where she has been singing with immense success, particularly in Bizet's "Carmen" in which she is said to be unequaled.

Signor de Marchi is a comparatively recent addition to the operatic stage. He has a tenor voice of rare



CARL HALIR.

1,



MME. DARCLEE.

charm and excellence and is also a good actor,—a combination not often found. In fact, the entire company is an exceptionally good one, although not phenomenally so.

Among the great violinists of the day Carl Halir is certainly in the front rank. His reception in this country has been of such a nature that his great triumphs gained by him through Europe, and particularly in Russia bid fair to be repeated here. As one of the directors of the Royal High School of Music of Berlin, Concertmaster of the Royal Orchestra, and the declared successor of the great Joachim, his position in the musical world of Berlin, in fact of Europe, is the very first. Herr Halir plays on the famous Stradivarius, known as the "Red Strad" which was presented to Joachim by the City of London on the occasion of his fiftieth

jubilee, the precious instrument having been loaned by the great violinist to his confrère for his American tour. Halir is credited with having the largest working repertory of any living violinist, playing practically everything in violin literature. His finished technique, marvelous bowing and deep, soulful tone make his interpretations models of finish and beauty.

It is very interesting to know that one of the new symphonic works to be performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season is composed by an American woman, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, who was born in Henniker, N. H., in 1867, received her musical training wholly in this country. She possessed a precocious musical genius while still a child which has manifested itself, until now Mrs. Beach is recognized as the most notable of the women composers, not



SIGNOR DE ANNA.

only of America, but of the world. When she was nineteen years old she began the "Mass in E flat," complet-

ing it in about three years. It was first performed by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston in 1892.



MARIE HALTON.
From photo. (copyright 1896) by Schloss, N. Y.

LIMITATION.

MBARRASSED by his soul's profane duress
An artist begged Perfection that she ope
His eyes unto her perfect loveliness;
'Twas done—He turned bereft of every hope.

C. E. Holmes.



THE American dramatist is decidedly "in it" this season. He has made the greatest dramatic

success so far, and he has contributed largely to the theatrical menu prepared and presented to date. "Secret Service," by William Gillette, is Amerithrough can and through. Its success is great enough to satisfy any author. The next most prosperous production is "Rosemary," which is English; "The Geisha" is English also, but its burlesque "The Geezer" is typically American, and as much of a hit as the original. "An Enemy to the King," with which Mr. Sothern is making money, is by an American, so is "My Friend from India," an immense comedy hit, and "Brian Boru," by two Americans is one of the most successful comic operas ever produced. reason for the managers to go to Europe taken a long time to make them realize this. When "Under the Polar Star" was produced in the fall, Mr.

Clay M. Greene made a speech on the first night, in response to enthusiastic calls for "Author!" in which he said that he had offered the piece to nearly manager every before America he could find one brave enough to produce it. Meantime they had gone on bringing over hackneyed and preposterous British melodramas, exploiting them something as Ιt wonderful. practically the same with "My Friend from India." When the anproduction was nounced, people asked "Who is Du Souchet? Never heard of him," and if anybody thought anything about it, they thought it wouldn't amount to anything because the production was not boomed as the "Latest London success," or the "Reigning Parisian novelty.



There is no MINNIE DUPREE IN "TWO LITTLE or the manavagrants."

Year to Europe (Photo, by Falk.)

for material when there is so much of it latent here in America, yet it has

The piece was a great hit, and the morning after the production the



MAXINE ELLIOTT.

managers who had refused it were figuratively "kicking" themselves. It's a hard world for the unknown dramatist.

* *

Few women of the stage have been more extensively photographed and advertised than Maxine Elliott, whose latest picture we reproduce herewith. Miss Elliott is now leading lady of the Nat Goodwin Company and is reported to have been a great success in Australia, from which country the company has just returned. Her rich and picturesque beauty is almost dazzling, and her figure and carriage are those of a goddess. If Miss Elliott acted as well as she looked she would be about the finest actress in the world,



FLORENCE LILIAN WICKES.
Photo. by Rockwood.

but unhappily such is not the case. She is not a poor actress, by any means, but her work partakes of her own dignity and opulence, and lacks the sprightliness and versatility which are first requisites of talent. Her admirers think it is enough to look at her, and indeed there is much pleasure to be extracted from doing so.

Miss Margaret Gordon is now playing the part of the maid in "The Gay Parisians," which was originated by Josephine Hall. Miss Gordon is pretty and vivacious, and decidedly promising among our younger actresses. Another young actress, and one who has not been on the stage

very long, is Miss Florence Lilian Wickes, whose picture we here reproduce. Miss Wickes is the child of wealthy parents, but her inclinations turned toward the stage, and last season she appeared with the Gladys Wallis Company, playing leads in "Fanchon," with encouraging success.

"Secret Service" has proved such a success at the Garrick that its run will continue indefinitely. It has been intended that Mr. Mansfield should play his New York engagement at the Garrick, and for a time it looked as though he would really bring suit against the managers of the theatre, one of whom is himself. The absurdity of this complication finally decided him to appear at the Garden. The engagement began November

16th. Beside the usual Mansfield repertoire an elaborate revival of "Richard III" will be made.

"The Two Little Vagrants," which as "Les Deux Gosses" is a great hit in Paris, has repeated its foreign success in America. The piece is described as a very strong melodrama. Its manager, Charles Frohman, has provided a splendid cast. Minnie Dupree plays the part of a consumptive boy with much delicacy and sympathy. She is a charming little actress in soubrette rôles, and particularly refined and dainty in boy parts.

A famous medium for the introduc-

tion of young actresses is Augustin Daly's Stock Company, in which have developed so many now prominent women of the stage. A newcomer this season is Maud Hoffman, who is well-known in Boston and has also appeared in London. Miss Hoffman made her début in Boston a few years ago as Juliet, and won great admiration from the captious critics of that classic city. Previous to this performance she had been behind the scenes of a theatre but once in her After her success as Juliet, which was merely intended for an introduction, Miss Hoffman played one season of small parts with E. S. Willard, and two seasons of important, heavy rôles with Wilson Barrett, who is ever ready to recognize American talent. She originated the part of Berenice in "The Sign of the Cross," playing it both in America and Eng-

land, and making a very strong impression for her fine emotional work. In the Daly company, which she joined the first of October, Miss Hoffman has a line of comedy parts. In spite of her success, she is very modest, desiring first to be a true artist, then hoping to be a great one.

Tree's Beerbohm American tour will be marked by the production of an American play, a dramatized version of Gilbert Parker's successful novel, "The Seats of the Mighty." Still another novel to be dramatized is Anthony's Hope's "Heart of the Princess Osra," which Edward E. Rose will put in stage form. Daniel Frohman owns the rights to this play and will probably produce it with his own company. A third play from a book to be seen this season is Thomas Hardy's own dramatization of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" which Minnie Maddern Fiske will produce. Mrs. Fiske will also appear in a new play from the German entitled "The Right to Happiness," the chief character of which is said to be wholly original and new to the stage.

Before this issue of the magazine reaches the public Wilson Barrett's play "The Sign of the Cross" will have been presented at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Mr. Barrett and Miss Jeffries are still playing in the piece in London, so the original company will not be seen, but the play can be judged for itself. It is a tremendous



MAUD HOFFMAN.
Photo. by Dupont.



MAUD JEFFRIES IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Photo. by Downey, London.

success in London, due largely of course to the fine acting of the principal characters. Portraits of Mr. Barrett as *Marcus Superbus* the Pagan, and of Miss Jeffries as the Christian maiden are reproduced herewith.

Another religious play which we will probably see next year is "Joseph of Canaan," the American rights to which have been secured by Cora Urquhart Potter who is now touring Australia. Mrs. Potter writes that she sees strong picturesque and dram-

atic possibilities in the play. She will appear as the wife of Potiphar, the Egyptian, and the title rôle of Joseph will be impersonated by Kyrle Bellew.

Mary Hampton, who has engaged been for leading rôles with E. H. Sothern's company, has been making a reputation for herself the past few seasons on the road with Charles Frohman's companies. A particularly strong part of hers was Rosamund in "Sowing the Wind." This season she opened in "Two Little Vagrants," but by the time these pages reach the public she will assumed her new position

in Mr. Sothern's company. Miss Hampton is quite handsome and possesses much dramatic and emotional force.

Madame Modjeska, whose serious illness last year so abruptly closed her season, is again in perfect health, and after the holidays will undertake a Western tour. This news will be received with delight by all lovers of fine acting.

News comes from abroad that Sarah Bernhardt has had a French translation made of Bovio's sacred drama, "Christ," and that the famous actress will appear as Mary Magdalen.

* *

Several seasons ago Arthur Bouchier was engaged for leading man at Daly's Theatre, but did not remain there long. Nor did he give evidence of any particular talent-perhaps the parts did not offer him the desired opportunity. He returned to England and has recently made several successful productions. This winter he and his wife, Violet Vanbrough, who was formerly with the Kendals, will visit America, encouraged by the enthusiasm with which we are wont In New to greet foreign players. York they will appear at the Bijou Theatre. One of their productions is a new play based upon the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

The charge has often been brought against Charles Frohman, the most extensive producer of this country, that he brings most of his plays from England. To show that his desire is merely for good plays, regardless of the author, Mr. Frohman has announced that he will pay ten thousand dollars, that is to say he will guarantee royalties to that amount, for a suitable play for Miss Maude Adams to star in next season. Here is a chance for the budding playwright.

Many theatrical companies have been waiting until after election to take to the road, as business through November is proverbially bad. It is remarkable to note, however, how anxious players are getting to remain in New York. The majority of them are willing to accept a much

smaller salary for the sake of remain-

ing at home.

WILSON BARRETT IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

Photo. by Downey, London

FREDERIC BOND.

Photo. by Sarony.



MARION GIROUX.
Photo, by Gilbert & Bacon.



WILLIAM HARCOURT.
Photo. by; Sarony.

THREE NEW PLAYS

THE CHERRY PICKERS.

A Drama in Four Acts by Joseph Arthur.

(of H. M	. Native Army in Ir	ndia.)
JOHN NAZARE A Half	- Caste. Aide-de-C	amp WILLIAM HARCOURT.
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	to Col. Brough.	ndia.) Camp WILLIAM HARCOURT. indeeRALPH DELMORE.
COLONEL BROUGH, comma	indant at Rawul P	indee RALPH DELMORE.
BROWN, secretary and val	et to Col. Brough.	R. V. FERGUSON.
LIEUTENANT YORK)		(W. P. CARLETON.
CORPORAL JONES	"Cherry Pickers,"	W. P. CARLETONEDWARD POLANDBENJAMIN DEAN.
SMITTY	•	(Benjamin Dean,
MR. GUEST, a rich Euras	ian merchant	VERNER CLARGES.
Ayoos, an Afghan spy		GEOFFREY STEIN.
THE KANSAHMA, in charg	e of the Post Dak at	t JuldukJoseph Mason,
NOURMALLEE, the merchan	ıt's daughter. A H	Ialf-Caste ROSELLE KNOTT.
Mrs. O'Donnell-Dulbei	'	JENNIE SATTERLEE.
		ETHEL KNIGHT-MOLLISON.

THIS is a typical melodrama wherein the villain (Ralph Delmore) the heroine (Roselle Knott), the much-abused, but finally triumphant hero (William Harcourt) and the comedienne (Jennie Satterlee) carry out their parts with dramatic fervor and realistic effect. "The Cherry Pickers" were an English regiment, stationed in India, where the action of the play occurs. The plot is well worked out, and bristling with incident. A big brass gun, which is fired with a real "boom," is one of the striking features. The plot which is built around the jealousy of an English officer for a subordinate, affords excellent opportunity to test the strength of the various characters, the four above-named being entitled to special mention for their commendable work.

My FRIEND FROM INDIA. A Farcical Comedy, by H. A. Du Souchet.

E	411	Engage Pour
ERASTUS UNDERHOLT, a retire		
CHARLES UNDERHOLT, his son		
A. KEENE SHAVER, a theosop		
TOM VALENTINE, a friend of (Charles	CHARLES ARTHUR.
REV. JAMES TWEEDLE, an Al	frican missionar	yJoseph Adelman.
MARION HAYSTE, engaged to	Charles	MARION GIROUX.
MRS. BEEKMAN-STREETE, lool	king for a third	
BERNICE UNDERHOLT	daughters of	KENYON BISHOP.
GERTRUDE UNDERHOLT	Erastus,	LOUISE GALLOWAY.
Titty a German maid		

^tHE wealthy retired pork-packer has been a character in many plays, but neverina better one than "My Friend from India." In this instance the pork-packer and his family are endeavoring to get into society which they find a difficult thing to do. The son of the family wakes up one morning to find in his rooms an unknown person whom he met during a round of hilarity the previous night. To explain his presence to the father, who has often threatened the son for his gay conduct, the young man introduces the stranger as his friend from India. The unhappy stranger who is merely an ordinary barber, is compelled to pose as a theosophist, wear a yellow robe, discuss esoteric Buddhism and go into trances

OF THE MONTH.

at a moment's notice. The humorous complications resulting from this state of affairs are screamingly funny. The play is well constructed, each act improving on its predecessor. It is without doubt the comedy hit of the season. Mr. Frederic Bond portrays the pork-packer to Mr. Bond is an admirable comedian, and his work in this play is unctuous and artistically funny. Mr. Walter Perkins as the unhappy barber-theosophist is a most amusing spectacle and a great amount of merriment is caused by his misery. Mr. E. S. Abeles is very clever as the son, and incidentally gives a fine imitation of Mansfield. Miss Marion Giroux is a breezy society girl; Miss Louise Galloway is cute and sweet as one of the pork-packer's daughters; Miss Helen Reimer is excellent as a three-ply widow, and Miss May Vokes gives an original performance of a Dutch servant girl that is excruciatingly funny.

A GOOD THING.

An Original Farce in Three Acts by, John J. McNally.

BILLY BIDDALL, auctioneer's clerk..... PETER F. DAILEY.

HE man who can make us laugh is always welcome. Mr. Peter F. Dailey, familiarly and affectionately known as "Pete," is a comedian who is funny because he can't help it, and he has done a great deal of work as a laugh-producer. The latest vehicle for the display of his peculiar talents is called a "A Good Thing," and it is. It allows him to do a great many absurd things and it introduces an actress of remarkable intelligence and cleverness in the person of Miss Ollie Evans. It requires courage and the true artistic instinct for so young and pretty a woman as Miss Evans to make up as an aged spinster, but she does Miss Evans is also gifted with a fine soprano voice of great range,—a voice well trained and well used,—the like of which is rarely heard in farce comedy. The burlesque duet between her and Mr. Kelly is the best thing in the play. The negro songs of Flora Irwin are rendered with the genuine spirit and understanding.



OLLIE EVANS. Photo, by Baker.



PETER F. DAILEY. Photo. by Glines.



JENNIE SATTERLEE. Photo. by Pach.

A band of foreign players who have won success in America for many seasons past are the German Liliputians, a characteristic group of whom is here reproduced. Their productions are always spectacular, with elaborate scenery, mechanical effects and handsome ballets. The three most prominent members of the company are Adolph Zink, Franz Ebert and Selma Goerner. Little Herr Zink is slim and lively as a cricket; his work is always intelligent and his dancing very clever. Ebert, the smallest of the lot has been called a miniature Coquelin. His comedy is delightfully droll and the sight of his fat little person is always the signal for a laugh. Selma Goerner is a true little artist in her acting and singing. production, new this season, is entitled "Merry Tramps," and it affords this clever trio excellent opportunities for good work in their respective lines.

Georgia Cayvan's revival of "Squire Kate" has met with much more favor than "Mary Pennington" and she will doubtless present the former play quite often during her coming tour. She is particularly suited to this part and always plays it as though she enjoyed it thoroughly. The new comedy by Charles Henry Meltzer, in which she is to appear this winter deals with the subject of international marriage.

Augustin Daly's stock company which has just opened its New York engagement is introducing an innovation in the direction of this theatre. Miss Rehan and the members of the stock company appear in Shakespearian and comedy productions five nights in the week and "The Geisha" is presented at five matinees and one evening performance. This new idea smacks slightly of the "continuous."



ADOLPH ZINK.

SELMA GOERNER.
THE LILIPUTIANS.

Photo, by Pach.

FRANZ EBERT.







PRINCESS HELENE.
Bride of Crown Prince of Italy.

tention IVI has been drawn of late to the future Queen of Italy, Princess Helène of Montenegro, the bride of Victor Emanuel, Prince of Naples and Crown Prince of Italy. The wedding of this royal pair took place at Rome, October 24th. Two ceremonies were necessary to the

UCH at-

union, the civil contract being signed at the Quirinal, and the religious ceremony being solemnized at the church of Saint Mary of the Angels. The pen with which the bride signed the register was made especially for the occasion, and was of gold studded with precious stones. It was presented to her after the ceremony. Previous to the wedding Princess Helène was received into the Roman Catholic Church, as the Royal family of Italy are all members of the faith. The wedding ceremony was one of the most magnificent ever celebrated; Rome was in gala attire, all the public buildings and streets being decorated with flags and flowers, and the entire populace celebrating the joyous event.

As Governor-General of the Island of Cuba, General Weyler has, if reports are to be believed, added to his reputation as one of the most cruel soldiers of modern times. Notwithstanding his career in Cuba during the Ten Years' War was marked by the same barbarous methods as at present, it is perhaps only fair to assume that on both occasions he was but obeying orders from the ministry of Madrid. If this is an excuse for General Weyler's behavior, it is a sad charge to bring against any civilized nation in this nineteenth century; yet it would seem as if it were true in view of the fact that Weyler's immediate predecessor,

General Campos, was recalled by his government not because his management of the Spanish army was less brilliant than Weyler's, but because he was more humane in dealing with the Cubans than the latter. General Weyler is said by those who have met him to have a stern, uncompromising nature, hesitating at nothing which will bring about the results he desires. In the United States our people are deeply interested in the struggle of the Cubans for freedom and look upon General Weyler's methods of war with feelings of resentment. It is believed in this country that the in-coming administration will take most decisive steps on the Cuban question and force Spain to carry on the war in as humane a manner as war can be waged. It is thought, however, since the arrival of General Lee, President Cleveland's special envoy to Cuba, that his report may be of such a nature that the matter will not be left for the incoming administration to deal with, but will be taken up by the President when Congress convenes during this month.

The recent presidential campaign again brought prominently before the public eye, that veteran soldier, politician and statesman John M. Palmer of Illinois. General

Palmer, as he is best known, has had a varied career, politically. One of the "charter t h e members," so to speak, of the Republican party when it was organized in 1856, from he the very first took an active part in party work and gainedan



GENERAL WEYLER.



JOHN M. PALMER.

Photo. by Schloss.

enviable reputation for wise advice in the councils of the party so soon to come into great and prolonged power. General Palmer fought through the war of the Rebellion with an Illinois regiment, being gradually promoted for gallantry on the field until he reached the rank of Major General. In 1868 he was elected Governor of Illinois,

but a few years later left the party he had done so much to make powerful, and associated himself with the Democrats, their position on the tariff being more in accord-

ance with his own views. In 1888 he ran for Governor of the state on the Demo-cratic ticket, but was defeated. He was, however, elected to the United States Senate in 1890 and has served his country with distinction at Washington. His term will end with the present Cleveland administration, and he will doubtless be succeeded by a Republican. In the recent campaign, as is well known, General Palmer was the nominee for the presidency of the National Democracy, a party confessedly formed to make more certain the defeat of William J. Bryan, the candi-date of the regular Democratic party. As the General is now more than eighty years old it

is to be expected that he will gladly retire to private life at the end of his senatorial term.

The Vanderbilt family has contributed a generous share of devotees to the altars of Hymen during the past year. The latest bride is Mrs. Ernesto G. Fabbri, formerly Miss Edith Shepard, daughter of the late Elliott F. Shepard, and granddaughter of William H. Vanderbilt. Mrs. Fabbri, as will be seen by the picture here reproduced is a young and exceedingly attractive woman. She has not moved prominently in society to any great extent, on account of the retirement of her family after the death of Colonel Shepard. Although both parties are wealthy it is pleasing to note that the match is strictly and only for love. The wedding, which took place at Scarborough, the bride's country home, was one

of great elegance. The chapel in which the ceremony was performed was erected to the memory of Colonel Shepard, and on this occasion it was a bower of floral beauty. The guests were taken to and from the church and house where the reception was held in a train of special cars. The wedding gifts were many and magnificent.

One of the oldest and most earnest workers in the Episcopal Church is the Right Reverend Henry Benjamin Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota. In 1859 he was consecrated first Bishop of this State and ever since then has labored in that diocese. His earliest work was among the Indians, who had a great reverence and love for him, because they felt him to be their friend, as indeed he was. He was one of the men

who made the treaty with the Sioux in 1876, and in many ways he endeavored to have justice and compassion shown the persecuted Red Men. His efforts in their behalf gained for him the title "St. John of the Wilderness," and on account of his honesty and fair dealings with them the Indians called him "Straight Tongue." In 1870 the Archbishop of Canterbury offered to Bishop Whipple the see of the Sandwich Islands, but the veteran declined, preferring to remain with those among whom his lot had first been cast. The bishop is now seventy-four years old, but still hale and hearty, though tall and spare as one of his own Indians. He was re-



MRS. ERNESTO FABBRI. (Née Edith Shepard.)

own Indians. He was rerecently married, for the second time, to Mrs. Evangeline Simpson, at St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, Bishop Potter officiating.

The name and work of Henry Codman Potter, Episcopal Bishop of New York, are familiar throughout the country. He is not only a man of great natural gifts, a splendid administrator, a ready and eloquent speaker, but a born leader of with men the courage of his



BISHOP WHIPPLE.



BISHOP POTTER.
Photo. copyright by Rockwood.

way to help their souls and bodies. His influence is equally strong in the wealthier circles. The magnificent new Cathedral of St. Luke and the hospital, now being completed in New York City, on Morningside Heights, are the result of his untiring efforts. Both as a man and as a bishop, Henry Potter numbers his friends and admirers by the legion; he is amhonor to his church and a power in it.

It is quite the fashion now-a-days for distinguished foreign authors to come to America to lecture. The Reverend John Watson, better known as "Ian Maclaren," is one of two

prominent Scotchmen (J. M. Barrie is the other) to visit us this year, and he is also entertaining us with a series of talks on his books, himself, and things in general. Drumtochty comes in for a great share of mention at his hands and those who have not become familiar with the Scotch scenes and characters of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Lilac Sunbonnet" will now have a chance to do so. Dr. Watson is a genial, middle-aged man, of most pleasing manners and countenance. His books he says are often founded on fact, and his nom de plume consists of his mother's name, Maclaren, and the Scotch for his own first name of John, or Ian. The picture here reproduced is the only one to be taken while Dr. Watson is in this

conviction s. His policy is broad and aggressive, and he has taken many entirely original steps in the pursuance of his During work. his mission in the slums about a year ago he not only worked but lived among the poorer classes for months, thus ascertaining the best and surest



REV. JOHN WATSON.
"Ian Maclaren."
Copyright 1896 by Rockwood.

Cornelius N. Bliss is one of the best known of New York's many prominent men. Originally a New Englander, he found a home in the Empire City, where his ability has enabled him to build up a business of \$30,000,000 annually. He is worth pretty nearly half that sum,

country. It represents him as reading a criticism of himself, and, as Mr. Rockwood remarks, he is evidently pleased.

Miniature painting is an art which has received little attention of late years, but which at the present time has become a fad among the wealthy. The work is both laborious and tedious, and probably for this reason artists have neglected it. The most prominent painter of miniatures today is Amalia Küssner, an exceedingly beautiful young woman, who might be called painter to the 400. Her first work was done in New York and Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget, formerly Miss Whitney, was one of her earliest patrons. She attained

much success among American women, and then went to London, where some of her work was exhibited in the Royal Academy through the late Sir John Millais. A number of English beauties gave her commissions for miniatures, and soon Miss Küssner had on hand more work than she could attend to. Her first price for a miniature was five hundred dollars, but now that her reputation is established it is said that she charges a thousand Miss Küssner dollars. has remarkably artistic taste in dress, arranges her subject's costumes and draperies, and is always gowned in picturesque style.



AMALIA KUSSNER.
Photo. by Schloss.



CORNELIUS N. BLISS. Photo. by Schloss.

but is unassuming and genial to all he meets nevertheless. He has been for a long time the treasurer of the National Republican Committee, and his active work in their campaign will probably be rewarded with some fine position under the new administration, although it is said he is averse to any office. Мr.

Bliss is about 60 years of age and lives quietly on Madison Avenue, New York.

Royalty still has something of a sinecure if viewed from the standpoint of the less

fortunate members of society. The young King of Spain is probably as little to be envied, however, in this respect as any member of the royal families of Europe.

He is now getting to an age where the knowledge of affairs as they are is likely to make him uncomfortable should he reflect much upon it. Engaged in an unpopular war, fearfully in debt, with revenues contracting and expenses increasing, the future of his kingdom is not en-Percouraging. when haps young man comes of age, which will years be in six things will have changed for the better.



THE KING OF SPAIN.

CHRISTMAS AROUND THE WORLD.

WHAT a wonderful wizard is good Santa Claus!

What a cunning old craftsman is he! He reads every thought and he speaks every tongue;

He's both man and woman, he's old and he's young;

He knows all the youngsters from Pekin to Rome;

He calls with his reindeer and sleigh at each home,

And on ships and on steamers at sea.

He is known by more names than a German Grand-Duke

Or a grandissime Spanish grandee. He is Sandy Claw, Kriss Kringle, Daddy and Pa,

St. Nicholas, Baldir, Mam, Mammy and Ma.

Saint Nick and the yule-ghost; of course not to speak

Of his titles in Gaelic, Zend, Gothic and Greek

Or in Iroquois, Creek and Pawnee.

What wonderful wisdom has dear Santa Claus!

How clearly each wish doth he see!
To the diffident damsel who wants a new ring

The opal or pearl which she wishes he'll bring

And unto the urchin who prays for a knife A pearl-handled, four-bladed menace to life More worthy Apache or Kree.

To the father suspenders inscribed "To Papa."

To mother a cheap filagree;

To maid a new cap and an apron to cook; To brother or sister a brightly bound book; To the toddler a wagon which pulls with a string;

To baby a rattle and rough rubber ring And the children a great Christmas tree.

To maidens in Holland he brings linen skirts;
To the Frenchman some old eau de vie;
To the indolent Spaniard Havana cigars;
To housewives in Germany big Dresden jars;
Amazing mosaics to Florentine belles;
Miraculous neckwear to poor cockney swells
And plaids to the maids of the Dee.

To the Hindu a basket of rice and of fruit;
To the Chinaman ginger and tea;
A spear to the Arab; a pipe to the Turk;
To the Afghan a gun; to the Malay a dirk;
To the Eskimo blubber and sea-lion fat;
To the nude Matabele a tall stove-pipe hat;
And the Hottentot Scotch barley-bree.

No matter who gives it, it is good Santa Claus.
In the gift and the giver is he!
He was born in the morn of the marvelous day

When our Lord fashioned Adam and Eve out of clay:

He labors and lives in each woman and man: He has grown with the years since his labor began,—

And his real name is L. O. V. E.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

A CHRISTMAS GHOST.

JUST a commonplace house in the middle of a block on Thirtyfourth Street—a queer place to find a ghost and little Miss Rollins was one of the last persons an upto-date ghost would be supposed to visit.

She was a matter-of-fact little woman, on the shady side of forty, although, as to that, if she had chosen to keep the fact to herself, no one would have placed her at a day over thirty-five.

She had come to New York to do her Christmas shopping. There were stores in her own town, good ones too, where she could have parted with her Christmas spending money quite profitably, but home shopping was an every day affair, while this New York trip was the one dissipation of her quiet, correct, commonplace life.

People who knew her well said she liked to get away from home at holiday time,—there were scenes and memories to run away from—that there was an untold story away back in her life somewhere. At all events, the quiet little woman seemed unlike her calm self as the holidays drew near.

There were others, and they were in the majority, who saw only the Miss Rollins known by the world in general, and smiled at the idea of anything sentimental, declaring if there had ever been anything out of the ordinary in her life she would not be one to run away from it.

Be that as it may, for fifteen years Miss Rollins had not missed her fortnight's visit to the big city. She always spent a generous sum too, although she was not a rich woman. The economies she practised before and after this annual outing were entirely her own affair. There were a dozen or more on her list, children principally, who were always remembered—their gifts were sent to them

from New York, giving them an added value, perhaps. Miss Rollins never returned till the holidays were well over. She passed the last two weeks of every year in what was to her a whirl of gayety, then returned to commence the year again in the old regular, monotonous round, her only outside interests being the weekly prayer meeting and the Sabbath service. Occasionally, but by no means regularly, she indulged in a church sociable. As the object of these affairs was to bring the people together and make them acquainted, she tried to live up to the idea and do her duty in this respect, so she shook hands with the minister and the deacons and certain of the members, always being especially careful to notice children and strang-After these occasions people said to each other, "What a pleasant lady Miss Rollins is!" At other times they merely remarked that the little old maid was well enough in her way but something of a crank in her desire to be left to herself.

This particular Christmas was just like the others to Miss Rollins, except that her pocket book was lighter than usual; not that that made her unhappy-it was merely one of life's happenings and she always took them as they came, but it necessitated some fine calculating to accomplish her purpose. Instead of taking Mrs. Bowen's second floor front, she concluded the third floor hall room would answer her purpose quite as well. Her little gifts must be selected with great care, in order that they might give the usual amount of pleasure to the recipients, though possessing less money value. As to her own particular pleasures, for she always indulged in several visits to theatre and opera, why, that was easily disposed The front seats were not at all necessary; she had always indulged in them, to be sure, but that was no reason why she could not be happy in a back seat or even in the gallery. Her sight and hearing were perfect and her social standing could not possibly be injured by sitting a few hours with the people who, from choice or necessity, bought half price tickets. The money question being disposed of, the little woman proceeded to enjoy the holidays in her usual manner, with these few exceptions.

The hall bedroom was clean and comfortable, though it was somewhat cramped. There was room for her trunk—just room and nothing to spare. She did sigh a little over that, for she was accustomed to plenty of room, so her kind-hearted landlady came to her relief by offering to let her put the trunk in the third story back room, which was empty just at present. The man who occupied it had gone off in the country somewhere for the holidays. He was a Californian but was spending the winter in New York. Mrs. Bowen did not know that he had any regular business but he seemed to do a great deal of writing; perhaps he wrote for the papers.

The man's trunk was in the room, a trunk much like her own with the initials "H. M. D." on one end. Miss Rollins stared when she saw it as though quite taken by surprise.

"That's Mr. Dernell's trunk," Mrs. Bowen said, in answer to the look on Miss Rollins's face. "It'll be right in your way there when you want to get to your own, so we'll move it and put yours there; he won't mind."

It was dark when Miss Rollins' trunk arrived and she got little Kate Dennis, the chambermaid, to help her unpack and carry a few things into her room.

"This room's haunted!" Kate said bluntly, as she shrugged her shoulders and looked round as if expecting to see something spring from one of the corners.

"Who haunts it?" Miss Rollins asked, with a smile at the girl's foolishness.

"A man killed himself here once; they found him in that big closet. They say he comes back here whenever the room isn't occupied. They say he stays mostly in the closet but he rattles the door knob sometimes as if he wanted some one to let him out."

"Who told you all that nonsense? You look too sensible a girl to talk about ghosts!"

"I know two girls who used to live here and they told me they'd seen him. Mrs. Bowen discharged Mamie O'Shea, for talking about it."

"She did quite right. I'm not going to tell her that you have talked about it, but I'd advise you not to say such things any more."

"Don't you believe in ghosts,

ma'am?"

"Certainly not!"

"I wouldn't come in this room alone after dark for anything. I'd be afraid o' my life!"

"You're a foolish girl. You must not believe all the nonsense other girls tell-you'll get yourself in trouble talking this way to Mrs. Bowen's lodgers; you ought to know better."

The girl was silenced if not convinced and Miss Rollins heard no more of the ghost until the night when she saw him for herself.

That was the night before Christ-She came in late from the theatre-she had invited Mrs. Bowen to go with her and they sat in the parlor awhile talking over the play. It was nearly twelve when Miss Rollins started to go up stairs.

"I must write a letter before I go to bed," she said, standing with her hand on the banisters. "I want Kate to mail it for me early in the morn-

"Go into the back room if you like; it is warmer than yours and there's a desk there."

Miss Rollins thanked her and with a laugh Mrs. Bowen went on:-"You don't take stock in ghosts, I suppose? They used to say that room was haunted but nobody's troubled the place since I've had the house. A man did commit suicide there once."

"I am not afraid of ghosts. Who was the man?"

"I don't know. He shot himself. They found his body in the closet the next day."

"Horrible! Poor fellow! But I am not afraid. I don't suppose he wants to come back to that closet."

She shuddered a little as she seated herself at the old-fashioned desk and commenced to write. She glanced at the closet door several times and a creepy feeling came over her. The ink dried on her pen just because the thoughts wouldn't come fast enough to keep it moving. She glanced at the closet door, then at that trunk with "H. M. D." on the end in white letters, then tried to go on with her letter.

"I'm an old simpleton," she said in her thoughts. "I used to be nervous and fidgetty enough when I was a girl, but I thought I had got over that years ago. I must finish this letter and go to bed."

As the letter was never mailed but was found in the waste basket several days after, there is no harm in reading it here. It was written to her old friend, Anna Chatfield, who was living out in Colorado somewhere, and whom she had not seen for nearly twenty years. She always wrote to her just before Christmas and sent her a little remembrance.

"Dear Anna," the letter began, "It is late, after midnight, in fact, but I shall not feel happy to-morrow if I do not write your letter. I don't feel like myself to-night, somehow—I am more like the foolish Mary Rollins you used to know. Perhaps it was the play. You know I never go to the theatre except when I come down here to New York once a year. The play was a sad one; the story of it was something like my own

life—you know, Anna dear! People call me prim, sensible, matter-offact; they don't know how silly I am. They don't understand why I run away from myself every year because I am not strong enough to live through the holidays! Well, you know dear, how I come down here and take this way to fight my little fight with fate—then go back and take up the life which for so many years has been a mere existence.

"It is twenty years to-night since Howard and I were—married! Ah, I never told that before, not even to you—it is the only secret I ever kept from you, Anna! We were married in Philadelphia that time I went to visit Nellie Ames—do you remember? He made me promise not to tell; his people would be very angry, he said; they wanted him to study law, establish himself well before settling down. Then his uncle sent for him to come to Californiait was such a good chance for himhe would come back in two years and claim me. You know how I waited, Anna. Just before father died I tried to tell him but he was too ill, so, having no mother, I kept my own counsel and no one ever knew. Then, when Howard wrote that he was coming home and that we would be married on Christmas Eve, I made my preparations, sent out my invitations and looked forward to a very happy Christmas. Christmas came and went but no bridegroom! Weeks later a letter came saying he had been injured, had fallen from his horse; he had also lost his position—he had given up the law—he would wait a year, perhaps, then he would have a home for me. As time passed people whispered that my lover had jilted me. I never told them it was worse than that—that my husband had deserted me! I was a motherless girl and there was no one to sympathize, except you, dear, and I was too proud to tell you all. I left the little town

that had known my humiliation and went to Radville where I have lived ever since, where they know me as Miss Rollins, the little old maid, and they don't know I ever had a romance in my life.

"To-night it all comes over me till I am angry with my own weakness. In the room where I am writing is a trunk with his initials on one end—a mere coincidence, of course, but I would like to blot out those letters—my eyes keep turning to them and—"

Miss Rollins laid her pen down a moment; her hand was tired and she stopped to rub it a little. Then she heard a slight noise—was it the closet door? Oh, how foolish! It was nearly one o'clock and she was tired and nervous—she would let the letter go for to-night and finish it in the morning.

She took the paper from the desk and started to rise, then sank back with a little scream and the paper fell from her hand. Before her stood a tall man with a smooth shaven face and iron gray hair; he was very pale and a stream of blood trickled down one side of his face! He was standing perfectly still, looking at her; he made no move, and after that one little scream she could not have uttered a sound. How she reached the door she never knew, but she managed to get to her own room and lock herself in.

"The ghost!" she whispered to herself, "have I seen the ghost, or was it imagination? My nerves must be in a terrible state—I ought to have gone to bed; no, it was not imagination—I surely saw something, a white faced, bleeding man! Oh, it was dreadful! He never moved—just stood there looking at me with pierceing eyes and the blood trickling slowly down his face. I shall never forget it!"

She lay awake for hours and was too ill to rise in the morning. Kate brought her some breakfast and, seeing her white face, exclaimed: "Lor', Miss Rollins, you look like you'd seen the ghost!"

"I have!"

The words came of themselves almost but she went on:

"I was nervous and tired and I thought I saw something last night, but of course it was all a mistake—don't say anything, Kate. I wouldn't have any one know I could be so foolish. Now, go to my trunk, will you Katie, and bring my gray flannel wrapper; I think I will sit up here in the rocker a little while before I dress. I shall be all right by dinner time."

Kate went for the wrapper but, to her surprise, the door of the "third story back" was locked. Thinking Miss Rollins must have locked it and taken the key, she was about to start back toward the little hall room, when she heard a groan. With a scream she ran into Miss Rollins' room and shut the door.

"What is the matter, Katie?"

"The ghost, ma'am—he's in there now. I heard him groaning!"

"Oh, what an old simpleton I was to frighten you with what I said! Come, I'll go with you."

"But the door's locked, ma'am; we can't get in, and I know I heard something in there."

Just here there was a light tap on the door and the poor girl fairly shivered until she heard Mrs. Bowen's voice, then the door was pushed open.

"What is the matter up here? I was on the floor below and I heard a scream."

"This foolish girl says she heard some one groaning in the back room. She is afraid to go in there for me."

"The door's locked; I can't get in," the girl muttered.

"Who could have locked it? I'll go and see to it myself."

Mrs. Bowen tried the door and found it locked. She also heard groans inside, but her nerves were in fine condition—only an unpaid board bill could upset them—so she very

calmly and decidedly shook the knob and in firm tones demanded:

"Who is in there? Is it you, Mr. Dernell?"

A minute later the door was opened and a man stood there in dressing gown and slippers, with a handkerchief bound about his forehead.

"Why, what is the matter, sir?

Are you ill?"

"I met with an accident last night, Mrs. Bowen. There was snow on the steps and I slipped and cut my head. I came in quite late and I must have frightened a lady who sat here writing. I had to come back to the city sooner than I expected. There is a fearful pain in my head this morning, but I don't think it is anything serious."

Mrs. Bowen had two Christmas invalids on her hands. When Miss Rollins confessed her fright of the night and told how near she had come to a belief in ghosts, they had a good laugh over it. The ghost recovered in time for a hearty dinner but Miss Rollins was still very pale and she trembled quite perceptibly when Mrs. Bowen presented the ghost.

They were alone in the parlor for a few minutes after dinner when Mr. Dernell, deliberately crossing the room, stood before Miss Rollins.

"Don't you know me, Mary?"

"Is it—Howard?" she asked, with quivering lips.

"It is Howard, Mary! I want you

to forgive me."

She said nothing—just sat there, a pale, sad-faced little woman, not the firm, decided little old maid of the last fifteen years.

At length she rose from the chair

and tried to pass him.

"Oh, yes—I forgive you, of course. I shall go home to-day, so—good-bye."

"Oh no, Mary, it musn't be good-I've been wicked and selfish all these years, but at least, Mary dear, I have never loved any woman but you. I just kept staying away-I couldn't seem to succeed in anything, somehow, and I kept chasing an imaginary fortune. I found a real one two years ago and I came back to share it with you, my poor little neglected wife. I went to your old home but you were not there—I have advertised in the New York papers several times. When I saw you last night I was so taken by surprise—the blow on my head had stunned me a little and I could only stand there looking at you. Let me make up to you Mary, for all these years of neglect! I am not a bad man —only a poor, weak specimen of humanity."

"But I am an old woman now, Howard. It is better as it is and I have become quite used to living my life alone."

"Isn't there a bit of the old love

left, Mary?"

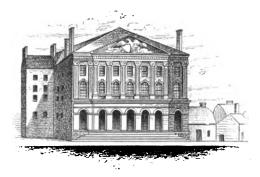
"I wish I could say no, Howard, but it would not be true. I have been weak enough to keep on loving you!"

"Then I will not let you go—you are my wife even if the world does not know it. We will have another wedding and I will do what I can to atone for all these wasted years. You won't say no, Mary dear?"

She did not say anything at all for the tears came, choking her voice but relieving her overcharged nerves.

A few evenings later there was a little wedding in Mrs. Bowen's parlor and the rest of "Miss Rollins's" New York visit was turned into a wedding trip, in which she was not obliged to take half price seats at the theatre, or occupy the hall bedroom.

Carl Foster.



THE

EARLY

DAYS

OF

THE FIRST BOWERY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

DUNLAP in his ILLIAM "History of the American Theatre," puts 1752 as the earliest date at which the first play was performed in America by a regular company of comedians. The piece in question was "The Merchant of Venice," and the place selected for this experiment by Lewis Hallam, manager of the English adventurers, was Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia. It has, however, been proved by other writers and notably by Colonel T. Allston Brown, whose "History of the New York Theatres"* is to be published shortly, that English companies came to this country to give performances as early as twenty years before the date fixed by Mr. Dunlap. It may, however, be conceded, that these were only isolated and unimportant experiments, and that the company organized and brought over here by Lewis Hallam formed the real foundation stone of the American stage.

The circumstances under which this enterprise was entered upon by the Hallams is interesting. In the year 1750, William Hallam, then manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre, London, failed. His debts were trifling, and

his creditors, as a mark of their esteem, left him in possession of his theatrical wardrobe and sufficient capital to start anew in life. He then turned his attention to America and conceived the plan of sending over here a company of players. He confided his scheme to his brother Lewis and the latter consented to cross the Atlantic. next step was to find a company and to induce them to enlist in this theatrical forlorn hope. It was not an easy task, for, in those days, the idea the average Englishman had of the American colonies was extremely vague, and all sorts of dangers-bloodthirsty redskins and ferocious animals-were feared. Finally, a good company was recruited and the repertoire was prepared and rehearsed, including: "The Merchant of Venice," "The Fair Penitent,""The "Beaux' Strategem,""Jane Shore," "The Recruiting Officer," "Richard III," "The Careless Husband,""The Constant Couple,""Hamlet," "Othello," "Theodosius," "Provoked Husband," etc., etc., twenty pieces altogether and, at that time, favorite plays on the London boards.

Lewis Hallam was appointed manager and the brothers were to divide profits equally. The organization assumed the corporate title of The American Company. The principal actors were at first partners in the en-

Colonel T. Allston Brown, to whom the writer is indebted for many of the illustrations and much of the information embodied in this article, has been preparing such a work for many years. When published it will unquestionably prove a most important addition to theatrical literature.

terprise, but, in time, this system underwent a change and the actors were engaged on weekly salaries as at present.

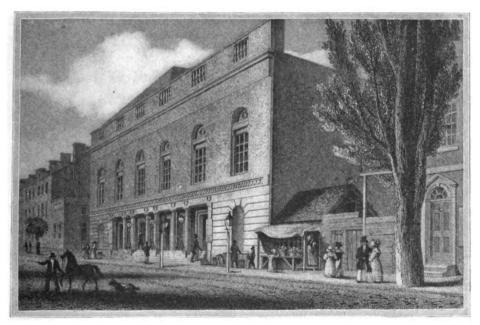
The little band of actors sailed from England in May, 1752, and after a sixweeks' voyage landed safely at Yorktown, Virginia. All the way over the Atlantic they had rehearsed their plays, so that they were ready for immediate action upon landing.

Hallam applied for and was granted permission to erect a theatre, and having found a suitable building, he proceeded to alter it to his purpose. It was a large house in the suburbs and had been doubtless erected for a storehouse by the early emigrants. This, according to historian Dunlap, was the first theatre opened in America by a company of regular comedians, and although within the boundaries of the metropolis of the Ancient Dominion, the seat of William and Mary College, and the residence of all the officers of his majesty's government, was so near the woods that the manager could stand within the door and shoot pigeons for his dinner, which he more than once actually did.

"The Merchant of Venice" was presented on September 5, 1752, and followed by a farce entitled "Lethe."

Exactly how long this company stayed at Williamsburg, or the exact date of their departure thence, is not known. However, they carried with them a certificate signed by Governor Dinwiddie recommending them as comedians and testifying to the propriety of their behavior as men.

A writer in the Maryland Gazette under date of June 19, 1828, claims for Annapolis the honor of having opened the first theatre in the United States. He writes: "In the year 1752 the theatre, then called the new theatre, was a neat building, tastefully arranged and competent to contain between five and six hundred persons. It was built upon ground which had been leased from the Protestant Episcopal Church in this city. When the lease, about ten or twelve years ago, had expired,



THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

Erected in 1808, and still standing, and in use as a theatre.

the church took possession of the theatre. It was not sold. It was pulled down merely to procure the materials of which it was built. Scarcely a fragment of it now remains. It was the oldest theatre in the United States, and the earliest temple reared in our country to the Dramatic Muse. Perhaps it was the first spot upon which the characters of Shakespeare were exhibited to the people of the Western world."

It is more than probable that it was the Hallam company which performed at the opening of this theatre on July 13, 1752, as, by that date, the company had left Williamsburg and from then until they reached New York their movements are unrecorded.

The earliest record we have of a play house in New York City was a theatre in Nassau Street, near John Street, erected on the spot for a long time occupied by the old Dutch Church. This was opened by the Hallams on September 17, 1753, exactly one year after their first appearance at Williamsburg. The bill they presented on the first night has, to-day, historical as well as bibliographical value and as a literary curiosity it is reproduced herewith:

The days of performances were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and so continued for half a century. Towards the middle of October the prices were reduced.

The theatre in Nassau Street was closed March 18, 1754, with "The Beggars' Opera" and "Devil to Pay," when the following notice appeared: "Lewis Hallam, comedian, intending for Philadelphia, begs the favour of those that have any demands upon him to bring in their accounts and receive their money." Poor Hallam.

he would hardly have to go to that

trouble to-day.

Although Philadelphia, in those days, was the stronghold of Quakerism, a large number of the inhabitants were liberal minded and envied New York its secular pleasures. Many had been lovers of the theatre in England and longed to see once more representations of their favorite dramatists. These people wrote to Hallam, inviting him to the Quaker City and exerted their influence to secure the necessary permission from the authorities. Governor Hamilton was disposed to grant the permission, but the Quakers were loud in their demands for the prohibition of

By His Excellency's Authority.

By a Company of Comedians from London, at the New Theatre in Nassau Street, the present evening, being the 17th of September, (1753) will be presented a comedy called

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

The part of	Tony	v Be	vil t	o he p	erf :rn	ned				by Mr. Rigby.
					66					by Mr. Malone.
Sir John Be	vil									by Mr. Bell.
Myrtle .										by Mr. Clarkson.
Climberton										by Mr. Miller.
Humphrey										by Mr. Adcock.
Daniel .									by	Master L. Hallam.
The part of	Ton	n to	be	perfor	med					by Mr. Singleton.
	Phil			• "						by Mrs. Beceley.
Mrs. Sealan	d						•			by Mrs. Clarkson.
Lucinda										by Mrs. Hallam.
Isabella									٠.	by Mrs. Rigby.
And the par	rt of	India	ana	to be p	erfor	med				by Mrs. Hallam.

To which will be added the Ballad Farce called DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

A new occasional prologue to be spoken by Mrs. Rigby. An epilogue (addressed to the ladies) by Mrs. Hallam.

PRICES, box 8s., pit 6s., gallery 3s. No person whatever to be admitted behind the scenes. N. B., Gentlemen and ladies that choose tickets may have them at the new printing office in Beaver Street. To begin at 6 o'clock.

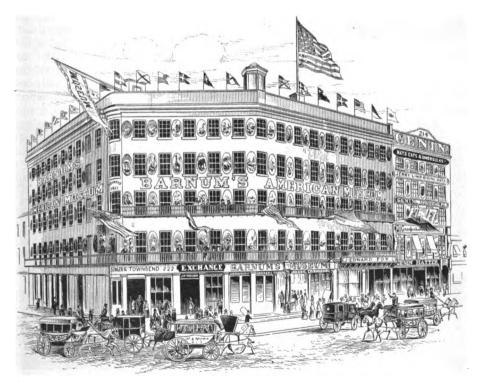
"profane stage-plays." Counter petitions were circulated and finally the Hallams won, securing permission to open a theatre and perform twenty-four plays on condition that they "offered nothing indecent and immoral." The manager was further required to give security for all debts contracted and all contracts entered into by the company. It is to be regretted that the authorities are not so exacting at the present time; then we should hear fewer cases of actors being left destitute by irresponsible managers.

The first theatre in Philadelphia was in the storehouse of William Plumstead, at the corner of the first alley above Pine Street. The place has since been occupied as a sail loft, and may have been torn down ere this, but the remains or traces of scenic deco-

ration were to be seen within forty years.

Notwithstanding violent and persistent opposition the company made money and gained reputation. Pamphlets were published and distributed gratis during the whole theatrical campaign and every effort was made to show the evils attendant upon plays and players and play houses; but the dramatists and their interpreters won.

"The Fair Penitent," and "Miss in Her Teens" were the first plays presented to the citizens of Philadelphia. The house was overflowing. During the course of the performance there was much excitement caused by the discovery of one of the unfriendly petitioners in the pit. He was accused of spying and peace was not restored till he was ejected. A few months later the company left for the West



BARNUM'S MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

Variety performances were given here, as well as circus exhibitions. It was in the height of its glory during the war.



THE OLD BOWERY THEATRE, NEW YORK,

AS IT APPEARED IN 1860.

It is now known as the Thalia.

Indies where Lewis Hallam died and shortly afterwards his widow married David Douglass, who became the theatrical king in this hemisphere.

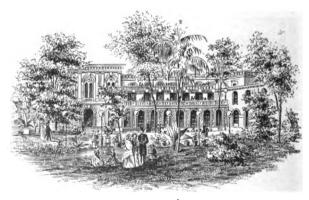
During the absence of the actors in the West Indies, the Nassau Street Theatre, New York, was taken down

and Douglass secured another building situated on Conger's wharf, between what are now called Old Slip and Slip. Coffeehouse Douglass had built his theatre without obtaining permission from the magistracy to enact plays, and when the company returned and authorization asked, it was promptly refused. Douglass became humble and figuratively went down on his knees to secure the permission which was eventually granted. Thus the second theatre in New York was opened with "Jane Shore."

In 1759 Douglass also opened the second theatre in Philadelphia. It was situated at the southwest corner of Vernon and South Streets, at a place formerly called Society Hill.

This house was not a theatre in name only, but was erected for the purpose. Its opening was the signal for a renewal of the Quakers' opposition, and Judge Allen was besieged with petitions to eject "these disturbers of the public morals." The Judge gave the Quakers a characteristic answer. He told them he had "learned more moral virtue from plays than from sermons." A few weeks later the Judge's wife died and the Quakers pointed to her death as an awful warning.

In the beginning of August, 1761, Douglass opened the third theatre erected in New York, situated a little below the junction of Nassau and Beekman Streets. About that time the old Hallam Company had been giving performances at Newport, Rhode Island, where they left a most favorable impression among the slave-dealers of that now fashionable resort. It is a curious fact that at that time, so disreputable was the condition of the actor regarded by gentlefolk, the Hallam company took pains



INTERIOR OF NIBLO'S GARDEN.

A popular resort in the 50's.

wherever they appeared to secure a written testimonial of good behavior, which they used as an advance advertisement in the town to be visited next.

Notwithstanding the good reputation enjoyed by the Hallam company, they still met with the most strenuous opposition even in New York. Permission to act was given for two months

only. They only performed twice a week. The house held about 450. The average receipts were \$300, which, in sixteen nights, gave \$4,800. The total current expenses were \$625 and the cost of the theatre was \$1,625. The scenery and wardrobe cost \$1,000. So, altogether, the money expended was \$3,150, thus leaving a balance of \$1,550 to pay their individual expenses.

The third New York theatre was

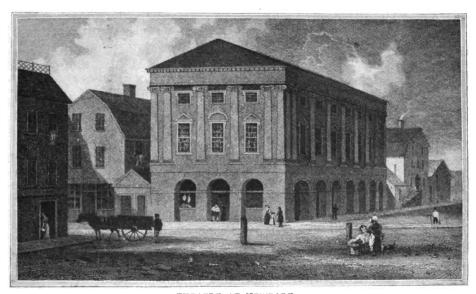


TREMONT THEATRE, BOSTON.

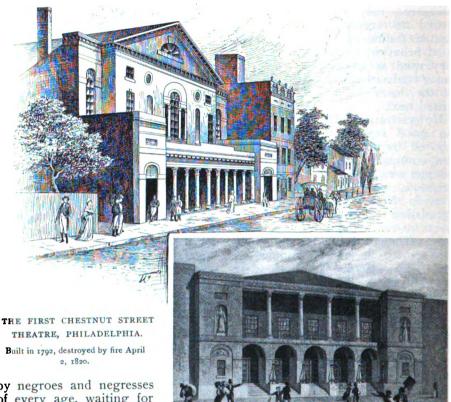
demolished bv the rioters during the historical stamp-act riots in 1764, and in 1767 the theatre in John Street was erected. It was built chiefly of wood, was painted red, and was about sixty feet back from the street, having a covered way of rough wooden material from the pavement to the doors. The house was opened on Dec. 7, 1767, with "The

Beaux' Strategem." By this time many of the members of the original company had died or disappeared and had been replaced by other actors from England.

A curious custom in vogue at that time is thus mentioned on a programme of the John Street Theatre: "Ladies will please send their servants to keep their places at four o'clock." The performance began at six, so for two hours and longer the front seats of the boxes were occupied



THEATRE AT NEWPORT. From a print published in 1831.



THE CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA. Opened December 2, 1822.

Built in 1792, destroyed by fire April

by negroes and negresses of every age, waiting for their masters and mistresses.

A few evenings after the opening of the John Street Theatre, nine chiefs

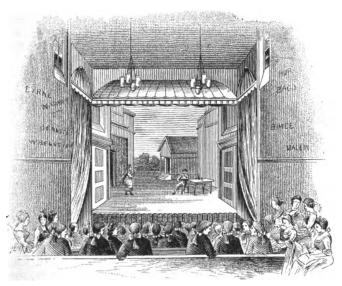
of the Cherokee nation visited the theatre to witness "Richard III," and a newspaper of the time chronicles the fact that "they regarded the play with attention, but seemed to express nothing but surprise." Shortly after, the chiefs executed a war dance on the same stage in return for the hospitality previously shown them.

The first play ever seen in Albany, "Venice Preserved," was performed on July 3, 1769, when the actors obtained permission from the Governor "for one month only." The company had no theatre and were compelled to

act in the hospital.

In 1774 the first theatre was built in Charleston, S. C., and Douglass, having been invited by the inhabitants, performed there with his company for fifty-one consecutive nights. On their return to New York they found the authorities opposed to further performances. The colonies were then about to take up arms against the mother country and, deeming that performances by English players from Royal Theatres might prejudice the cause of the revolutionists, all public amusements were suspended. The actors embarked at once for the West Indies and staved there until after the Declaration of Independence.

After the capture of New York by the British forces the actors of the Douglass company were succeeded by the English officers who during the



INTERIOR OF THE OLD JOHN STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK.

entire length of the English occupation, wrote and produced plays—mostly pieces ridiculing the Yankees—and acted them in the then existing play-houses. When the British entered Philadelphia the theatre in Southwark was opened by the soldier-Thespians and it is known as an historical fact, that Major André was one of the scene painters during their regime. He painted a drop curtain which lasted as long as the

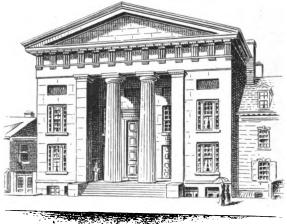
house.

The Hallams returned to America on the close of the war, but they were coldly received and for a long time the question of the desirability of prohibiting stage performances altogether was seriously discussed by the authorities. In Legislature of Pennsylvania a Doctor Logan declared that theatres were only fit for monarchies. A Mr. Smiley thought that by drawing the minds of the people to amusements, they were led to forget their political duties. He avowed

himself "no friend to the fine arts" and declared they only flourished when states were on the Finally, decline. however, common sense prevailed and the clause which prohibited the drama as being a source of vice and immorality was rejected.

The Hallams resumed operations in New York, and the first play performed in the United States under the new star spangled banner was "The Countess of Salisbury." But misfortune followed.

The local magnates frowned on the theatre as a source of extravagance. "While so great a part of the city still lies in ruins," ran the official indictment, "and many of the citizens continue to be pressed with the distress brought on them in consequence of the late war, there is a loud call for industry and economy; and it would in a particular manner be unjustifiable in this corporation to



NEW YORK THEATRE, AFTERWARD BOWERY. Erected 1826. From the collection of Thos. J. McKee.

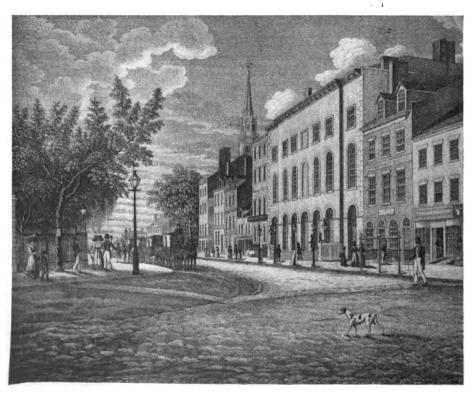
countenance enticing and expensive amusements." But, before long, matters were straightened out, and on Jan. 16, 1786, Lewis Hallam made his first appearance as *Hamlet*. This was the first time the play had ever been seen in America. Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was also performed for the first time during the same year.

From New York Hallam and Henry went with their company to Baltimore where they opened a new theatre on Aug. 16, 1786. Philadelphia does not appear to have been in favor with the actors at that time, for on leaving Baltimore they avoided the Quaker city and returned to the John Street Theatre, New York.

About 1792 Thomas Wignell, an actor of the Hallam company, had seceded from that organization and gone to recruit another company in England. On his return he suc-

ceeded in interesting capital which built the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and he opened it two years later. It was destroyed in 1820 by fire.

For a long time, and prior to 1792, Boston was a forbidden city to the Thespian, but finally the more enlightened bean-eaters succeeded in repealing the local laws against the theatre and several managers-including members of the Hallam and Wignell companies—joined forces and gave performances there, and, thanks to the enterprise of some of the wealthiest citizens, a theatre "in everything but the name" was erected. But for a long time the players were subjected to the greatest persecution from the authorities, and theatricals languished in Boston for that reason. In the spring of 1796, however, public subscriptions for the erection of a



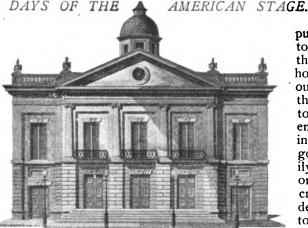
VIEW OF PARK ROW, NEW YORK, IN 1830, SHOWING THE SECOND PARK THEATRE.

fine theatre were opened in that city and the following year the Haymarket, an immense wooden pile, was opened.

Two new theatres had by this time -1797been built and opened New i n York, the Greenwich

Street Theatre, and the Park Theatre. The John Street Theatre was then in its decay.

The drama had now secured a firm foothold on American soil. New and distinguished actors arrived continually from England, and the American



LAFAYETTE THEATRE, NEW YORK, IN 1825. At Laurens Street, near Canal.

public began to patronize playthe house generously. From then down to the present time the interest has gone steadily on, ever on the increase. The detailed history of the American stage during the last half century

would be a remarkably interesting one to relate, describing as it would the triumphs of the great actors—foreign and native—who have trod the boards, the playhouses of historic interest long since disappeared, and plays that have entertained three generations.

Arthur Hornblow.

WINTER.

THEN Autumn dies at last upon her throne Amid the ruin of a regal state, Boreas' clarion trumpets sound her fate, And Winter knows the realm thenceforth his own; Calling his minions in the Arctic zone And making them through his own greatness great, He journeys forth to his possessions straight, The winds' wild music aye before him blown. A lock of frost he fastens on the land, And makes the air with keenest cold to sting: The waters lie 'neath fetters from his hand; And while his white snows toss and whirl and fling, Robed royally and crowned for all command He proudly cries, "Behold me: I am King!" William Francis Barnard.

CHRISTMAS IN FOREIGN CLIMES.

DO not know how old Santa Claus is. I am told that the great scholars of the world have traced him back several thousand years and even in that ancient period found him the same genial and merry saint as he is to-day.

I do not know how old he is, but I do know that he has more friends than any other saint, Christian or Pagan, and that he is known and loved in every part of the world. There is a certain magic about St. Nicholas which is possessed by no other gentleman in the same line of business. He can do more with human character than Herrmann the magician can do with a pack of cards. Once a year he converts a small boy, who is a very particular friend of mine and a particularly bad boy, into a perfect angel of sweetness and light.

I once had a boarding house mistress, who during the week beginning December 18th was a paragon of all domestic virtues. Santa Claus rewarded her by giving her any number of presents from her amazed and admiring boarders, but the day after, when he went away, she became cruel,

parsimonious and grasping.

I recall, too, one Christmas evening in Alexandria, Egypt. At some banquet I had been presented to one of the British cotton kings. He was cold and formal, dignified and reticent. He seemed to have no thought but for the cotton market unless it was the cotton field. The next day, to my surprise, I received an invitation to take dinner with him on Christmas day. I had made no engagements and accepted. It was better, I thought, to celebrate the day by the grand banquet, even if it were cold and stately, than not celebrate it at all. So I went and was ushered from the great hall into the reception room of his palace in the ancient Egyptian city. As I crossed the threshold I

was astonished and delighted. hall had been converted into a long avenue of flowers, shrubbery and trees common to England. From the ceiling hung festoons of evergreens and on the walls were bright holly wreaths. In the reception room were the same decorations, and in the cavernous chimney fireplace blazed a huge Yule log with side logs and a back log. A mighty flame roared up the chimney that would have made the salon unbearably hot if it had not been for the open doors and windows, which created a mighty draught and so made the evening delightfully comfortable.

From the chandelier hung an immense bunch of mistletoe and under it stood the gray haired lady of the house with two little golden haired children. At one end of the room was a Christmas tree which shone like a mountain of gems and on an ancient mahogany table was a great silver punch bowl in which rippled an ocean of crimson punch broken by pieces of lemon and lime, orange and banana, cherries and figs, pineapple and pear.

The great party of ladies and gentlemen were all laughing and carrying on like the boys and girls in a children's party. And the most comical—the most delightful character, of the entire group was the old cotton king. St. Nicholas had touched him with his wand and he was an English boy again home from the school for the holidays. He danced every dance from a jig to a lanciers, and every now and then gave the naughty steps of the can-can or inconceivable pirouettes.

He played tag. He was upon the floor on all fours to represent a bear and was ridden by nearly every child in the room. He rolled apples and played at champagne bottles in the hall as a new kind of ten pins, and he kept the children in a tremendous state of excitement and delight until midnight. As for the grown folks he kept them until morning. When people were tired of the piano he had a band in another room that discoursed light operas and the latest song music. He had all sorts of games, all sorts of songs, all sorts of cooling drinks, all sorts of fun. But the next afternoon as he drove down the Rue Mahometali the charm had vanished and he was again the cold, calculating master of trade and commerce.

At Hong Kong on another Christmas day, I was one of a pleasant party of diplomats and high officials who played "Pillows and Keys," "Copenhagen," "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush" and other happy sports of childhood. I recall one, a distinguished Consul General, who disguised himself in a dunce's cap made out of a newspaper, and who stood in the corner of the room with his face to the wall, crying and endeavoring to conjugate a simple Latin verb.

The oddest Christmas I ever passed was in that strange place on this globe where there is no time, where yesterday is to-morrow and to-day is vesterday.

That is the watery waste 180 degrees west of Greenwich in the Pacific Ocean. Here the day ends and the day begins. I reached it on Christmas day coming eastward from Japan and the goodly crowd of passengers had any amount of fun over the possible complications which that place might produce.

We all turned in early, tired out with the day's hearty fun and were on deck betimes the next morning. The captain saluted us again with "Merry Christmas" the same as the day before, and then it dawned upon us that the place was having fun with us and that we were among the few favored mortals, that had Christmas upon two consecutive days. That afternoon, however, it occurred to us that the poor man who sailed westward and met the line on Christmas

eve, lost his Christmas that year forever. In other words modern trade is now robbing one man of a Christmas and giving it to another.

So many kind deeds mark the day. One Christmas I was sitting in my consulate at Amoy, China, feeling, it must be confessed, a little homesick. It was very early in the morning but even at that hour some messenger called and went away.

The next minute my servant had produced a bouquet and a "Merry Christmas" card from one of the few foreign residents in that great Chinese port. He was soon followed by another and another. All the morning, flowers and fruit, cards and keepsakes came in from the Europeans and also from the small army of Chinamen who had learned the Christmas idea and appreciated it.

One old Chinaman, a distinguished scholar, presented me with a chicken, two dozen eggs and eight pounds of rock candy. The chicken and the eggs were all right. A place can be always found for them. But when it came to blocks of rock candy I was compelled to transfer the adamantine sweets to my household servants.

About noon telegraphic messages wishing a merry Christmas began to come in from fellow countrymen along the coast, from naval officers and from the noble admiral who commanded our squadron in those waters.

The homesickness was passing away when another telegraph boy brought in the great envelope employed by the intercontinental cables. It was a cablegram from a dear friend in Philadelphia, who had thought of me at the Antipodes and had flashed across the Atlantic, Europe, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the China Sea and the Formosa Channel the simple message, "Merry Christmas and many of them, from all of us at home."

As I read it, it brought a mist before my eyes through which I could see the great Pennsylvania trains, the depot, the majestic municipal building and my own quarters in the Hotel Bellevue.

There must at some time have been a regular Christmas worship or cult. It is of course the rebirth of the sun, the lengthening of the day, the real beginning of the year, and the birth of new life. It must have been recognized and appreciated by humanity, long before cities came into being and great empires were founded. The shepherds on the Chaldean plains must have noticed it ages ago and the dwellers in the valley of the Nile must have perceived it long before the first Pyramid was raised heavenward.

Nearly every land has some festival of joy and merriment at this time of the year. It takes different names and is observed in many ways. Sometimes it is the return of a god which is celebrated, sometimes the memory of a great monarch, sometimes it is a

poetic myth or allegory, which is the centre of all the forms and ceremonies. In parts of China it is a signal for fire crackers. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon race goes it is marked by the Yule log, the mistletoe, the holly wreath and the evergreens. The German, the Scandinavian and the Slav employ the Christmas tree and the Christ Child, and all the Gothic Germanic peoples bring out the punch bowl, the drinking horn and the With the Latin races there is more of a religious flavor to the day. The bells ring in every church and the chimes from every cathedral. Flags flutter and processions make the landscape bright with color. behind the ball and in the punch bowl, on the Christmas tree and on the Yule log, is good St. Nicholas every time!

Edward Bedloe, Ex-Consul to Amoy, China.

ASTROLOGY.

I.

Y E steadfast stars that regulate
The devious ways of human fate
And guide life's fiery steeds with reins
That seem to us but tangled skeins
Of all the secrets that your rays
Are guarding in the future's maze,
I seek to know one mystery:
What word, O stars, hath love for me?

II.

O wherefore in the distance roam
For that which lieth next thy home?
The saying old dost thou not know,
"As 'tis above, so 'tis below?"
But little can it speed thy task
Assistance from the stars to ask,
Since of a myriad orbs, but two
Exist that may thee service do;
Yet if thou wilt thou canst divine
The ones that for thy purpose shine:
Two ebon stars that darkly glow;
Yet from them floods of light shall flow
As soon, instead of midnight skies,
Thou searchest in thy sweetheart's eyes.

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Sylvester Baxter.

BYRON'S DAUGHTER.

THE revival of the Byron cult, and the publication of a new edition of his works by his grandson, the Earl of Lovelace, develops the fact that, while the af-fairs of the poet and his wife have always received their due share of public attention, little is generally known of their daughter.

What Byron was, as son and husband, all the world knows. he was, and what-under favorable circumstances—he would have been as a parent, fewer have endeavored to

consider.

The only child of his ill-starred marriage was born at 13 Piccadilly Terrace, London, December 10, 1815. Though bitterly disappointed in his hopes of a son, Byron felt all a young father's honest pride in her size and strength, and himself chose her name -Augusta, in honor of his beloved half-sister, and Ada, a favorite name

of his ancestresses in the early Plandays. tagenet Seven weeks after her birth, she was carried out from his presence, to be beheld by him no more on earth.

Lady Byron's uncle, Sir Thomas had Wentworth, died early in 1815, leaving to his sister, Lady Milbanke, his title and estate. The early years of Byron's daughter wer**e** passed Kirkby Mallory, the ancestral seat the Went-

But for her wild horseworths. back rides over the rolling uplands of Leicestershire, hers would have been a cheerless childhood, for, though tenderly beloved, her bringing up was austere, and on conservative lines, and no effort was made to check her too great fondness for study.

She was occasionally taken to Seaham, her mother's early home in Durham, the memory of which Lady Byron cherished so fondly as to number among her treasures a pebble from its beach. Here, with a love of the ocean inherited from both parents, reveled Ada Byron, nothing daunted by the spray and the bleak winds from the North Sea.

Through years of wandering and profligacy, Byron's daughter was the enshrined ideal of his desolate heart. Would his life have been purer and better, if in its current those innocent eyes had sometimes been mirrored? Be this as it may, his heart-hunger for his child must

> be apparent to all who read intelligently, even though they read no more than the few stanzas which he addressed directly to her. If he never openly acknowledged her one of the sources of his inspiration, he expressed in unequivqcal. language the hope that his work would never diminish her affection for him.

He was not wholly neglected. He received por-

traits of Ada from time to time, and Lady Byron herself sent him a lock of dark, glossy hair cut from the little



ADA. (From the original miniature.) "Ada! Sole daughter of my house and heart!"



LADY NOEL BYRON.

maid's head when she had reached the age of six. Meanwhile, Ada was in absolute ignorance of his existence. Her childish queries with reference to him were awarded scant courtesy, and the information which she received in later years was vague indeed. But Byron's words,

"Yet though dull hate as duty should be taught,

I know that thou wilt love me,"

were prophetic. Adverse influences at Kirkby Mallory, had no power to crush her natural affection for him, and it is not strange that he who had been the fairy prince of her childish dreams should have been later invested with godlike qualities, heightened, no doubt, by the halo of his posthumous popularity.

Soon after her marriage, in 1835, to Baron King, later Earl of Lovelace, she visited Newstead Abbey, as the guest of its owner, Colonel Wildman. She came to the ancient home of her race as to a shrine, in which she hoped in very truth to hear the voice which Byron had promised should reach into her heart when his was cold. This dream was

more than realized, when, in the stately library at Newstead, she made her first acquaintance with her father's

The fact that much of the poet's furniture, and many of his belongings, remained as he had left them, added immeasurably to the quiet happiness

of her visit.

Ada Byron bore little resemblance to her father, except in expression. Her blue eyes had a brilliancy and a flashing glance which were none but his, and the play of her features, when animated, brought him strongly to mind. She resembled him in her generosity, and strength of intellect, but in face and figure she was like her maternal She had her mother's gentle, refined manner, and doubtless inherited from the Byrons the heroism, and from the Milbankes the sublime patience, which she manifested throughout many years of excruciating pain.

She was not poetical, but delighted in music, and played on the harp, her favorite instrument, with consummate skill. She had ready wit and repartee, and was noted, both in correspondence and conversation, for the elegance of her diction. Her mental powers, which were of the highest order, were devoted to abstract reasoning and experimental science, and she was a mathematician of extraordinary attainment for a period in which few women possessed either taste or talent for mathematics. In a letter to Mr. Crosse, one of her scholarly friends, she calls herself "the bride of science," and says, "Religion to me is science, and science religion."

This cannot be interpreted with prejudice to her piety, for she defines a scientific mind as one that "ventures to read direct in God's own book, and not merely thro' man's translation of that same vast and

mighty work."

She was enthusiastic in her praise of her father's genius, and never hesitated to express her tender devotion to his memory. In one of her letters, she accounts for her success in her own favorite pursuits in these words:

"You know that I believe no creature ever could will things like a Byron. And perhaps that is at the bottom of the genius-like tendencies in my family. We can throw our whole life and existence, for the time being, into whatever we will to do and accomplish. You perhaps know the family motto, 'Crede Byron,'—I think it not inap-propriate, and especially when united with that of the Kings, 'Labor ipse voluptas.' Now that I have married that motto, both literally and in my whole ideas and nature, I mean to do what I mean to do."

Lady Lovelace, during the brightest years of her youthful matronhood, was subject to severe suffering, connected chiefly with the digestive organs. In accepting an invitation to visit Mr. Crosse, at Bloomfield, his residence in Somersetshire, she mentions a possible attack of this malady, and says:

"If such should come over me at Bloomfield, I may have to keep my room for some time. In that case, all I require is to be let alone. . . . I do not regret the sufferings and peculiarities of my physical constitution. They have taught me, and continue to teach me, that which I think nothing else could have developed. It is a force and control put upon me by Providence which I must obey. And the effects of this continual discipline of facts are mighty. They tame in the best sense of that word, and they fan into existence a pure, bright, holy, unselfish flame within that sheds cheerfulness and light on many.

She lived almost eleven years after the date of this letter. Just a month prior to her passing away, the London Times, under the caption of "A Noble Fugitive," published the disappearance of her first-born, Viscount Ockham, describing him thus:

"Five feet six inches in height, broadshouldered, well-knit active frame, slouching seaman-like gait, sunburnt complexion, dark expressive eyes and eyebrows, thick black wavy hair, hands long and slightly tattooed with red and other small black marks, nails bitten, deep voice, slow

A reward for the return of the wanderer was offered by a Liverpool solicitor, and the Times later added: "The fugitive, who is said to be the eldest son of Lord and Lady Lovelace, has since been discovered in the town [Liverpool] by the police, and on Monday he was despatched back to London. According to the youth's statement, he had left his home with the intention of engaging himself as cabin-boy on board a vessel sailing from this port, to avoid being placed on board a man-of-war."

Lady Lovelace's death, like her life, was peaceful, her pain having been mitigated, for many months, by the unfaltering devotion and skillful nursing of Lady Byron. The *Times* of November 29, 1852, contained the following unostentatious notice:

"On Saturday, the 27th instant, at No. 6 Great Cumberland Place, in the 37th year of her age, Augusta Ada, wife of William, Earl of Lovelace, and only daughter of George Gordon Noel, Lord Byron, after a long and painful illness, borne with the utmost patience and fortitude. She has left behind her two sons and a daughter."

In accordance with a wish expressed to Colonel Wildman some years before, the gates of Newstead swung open to receive the body of Byron's daughter. After lying in state in the great drawing-room, it was taken to the parish church of Hucknall, and buried in the Byron tomb. Thus in death were joined the father and daughter whom fate had divided in life.

Lady Byron survived her daughter eight years, her tenderness and sacrifices for her grandchildren having been the only selfish interest which marked the closing epoch of her unselfish career. "It might have been said that she lived for them, if she had not at the same time been doing so much for the world beyond," wrote one to whom was known every event of Lady Byron's strangely-shadowed

If Byron had lived until his daughter reached the years which enabled her to understand the unfortunate position of her parents, she would doubtless have been the messenger of peace between them. If any earthly instrumentality could have dissipated the sorrows of this unhappy couple, it would have been the daughter—idolized of both—to whose strong, loving nature the office of peacemaker would have been most delightful.

Byron Noel, eldest son of Lady Lovelace, and usually known by the courtesy title of Viscount Ockham, was born May 12, 1836. At the death of Lady Byron, in 1860, he succeeded to the title and estate of the house of Wentworth. His desire for a seafaring life was frustrated by various circumstances, and the conventionalities of his position as a peer were unbearable to him. He put aside the claims of his rank, engaged as a common workman in a shipyard, and insisted on being called nothing but "Ockham." He died unmarried September 1, 1862, and was succeeded by his brother, Ralph Gordon Noel, who took by royal license the surname of Milbanke, instead of King. Lord Lovelace remarried in 1865, and died about three years ago. He was succeeded by Baron Wentworth, whose only daughter bears the name of Ada. Anne Isabella, daughter of Lovelace, married Wilfred Scawen Blunt, Esq., and has a pleasant home in Sussex.

Gabrielle Marie Jacobs.

HOPIN' FER ISRUL.

T was a glorious day in the Spring. The sky was clear and a soft wind was blowing. The buds on the apple trees were almost ready to open. The little streams were dancing and laughing in the sunshine as if glad that the ice had left them. The birds sang and the children laughed. A few yellow butterflies flew about in an uncertain way as if they were not quite sure as to whether the frost had gone or not. The quiet old town itself seemed to have awakened that beautiful morning. At the edge of the village stood a little house, the paint almost all washed off by the rains. It was old and would have looked quite shabby if it had not been so very neat with its white-washed fence and well kept flower beds. The white curtains at the window were parted primly and tied back with purple ribbons. The door step and walk leading to the gate were There were lilac scrubbed clean. bushes in the yard which drooped their long limbs heavy with bloom over the fence, and the children on their way home from school gathered them. Lovers on moonlit nights strolled along there, too, and plucked the sweet blossoms as they talked over the future. The fiery wild quince bush grew there also, and the modest little almond with its pink flowers. There were two small flower beds, one on each side of the walk. One was full of snapdragons and candytuft and the other of "green on the mountain." A small box of rosemoss sat on an old chair and a cypress vine, trained on a pole and a hoop, grew by the door.

A woman sat on the step. Her long slender hands were hanging off her knees. Her thin black dress clung closely to her. She sat quietly looking at her flowers. Her face was hidden by a rusty black sunbonnet—one of those deep ones,

stitched, with pasteboard run in it. But very few people had seen her without this on her head since she was a girl, Sunday or week day. Whether she had two or not, or whether one never wore out, they could not tell. Her name was Medie Daily. She lived alone in her two rooms. The front one was square. In one corner stood the bed with its snowy spread; the pillow cases were embroidered in red, the words, "Sweet Dreams" on one and "Peace" on the other. The old clock, which had been in the family for years, stood on the shelf. The landscape that was painted on the door of it was almost all scaled off, but the purple pineapples and light blue peaches were still quite plain. At one end of the clock-shelf stood a glass box which Medie's mother had made. trimming on it was faded and ugly now, and the box was filled with rocks and shells. On the other end of the shelf stood a small china mug which bore the inscription, "To my dear son." It had been presented to Medie years before by an admirer who had been carried away by the bright figures on it. The table stood by the window and an old Bible and some papers lay on it. A high old chest stood in one corner. was one rocking chair in the room with a cushion of "comfort calico." Medie's mother had rocked her to sleep in that chair. The other chairs were of the low, splint-bottomed kind. There was a rag carpet on the floor, the "hit and miss" style. The pictures, odd enough ones, to be sure, hung high on the wall so that you had to get close and shade your eyes to see them at all. One was a picture of Medie's grandfather who wore a very high collar and held a dumpy little girl, Medie, on his lap. The grandmother's picture looked better, as it was taken when she was quite

young. Her hair was done very high and she wore a white shawl about her shoulders and carried a rose in her hand. Medie was very proud of this picture, but another, which hung opposite, she always took pains to explain as a picture of "nothing but cousins twice removed," and she should have been glad, as the young man sat contentedly while his wife stood awkwardly behind him with a hand on each of his shoulders as if playing leap frog.

The other room was the kitchen and dining room. The table stood against the wall, with the old-fashioned tea set and ridged plates on it. The rafters were hung full of herbs. Bunches of sage, peppermint and pennyroyal festooned the little

window.

Miss Daily sat in the doorway for a long time. At last she rose. "Goodness me," she said. "It's most nine o'clock, an' here I set—an old woman that makes her livin' raisin' garden sass. I don't deserve to get along well."

She stepped to the gate and looked

up and down the road.

"It's a mighty purty day," she said to herself.

She went into the house and took off her old bonnet. Her face was pale but her eyes looked bright behind her spectacles. Her hair was gray and wavy. She went to the little looking glass and looked into it for a moment. She passed her hand across her face.

"Jest to think, I used to be right purty. It does seem queer to think that I ever had red cheeks."

She put on her bonnet, went out the back door and into her little garden. Things were growing well. The light green leaves of the lettuce were showing above the dark ground, and the radish, onion and pepper grass beds were well weeded.

"I am thankful," she said, "an' I won't grumble about nothin' so long as things grow. I've plenty to eat an' a home of my own. I oughter be

ashamed,-what more do I need?"

She picked up a spade and stirred the earth around her rhubarb. She worked fast, and her slender, straight figure looked almost like a girl's. People said that Medie was a likely girl and could have married long ago and not lived all alone. But if she was lonely she did not say anything about it. Her sweetheart, Israel Dayton, had gone away long ago to get rich. Some of the neighbors said that the last thing he uttered to her was:

"Good-by, Medie; now don't you work hard. You jes' take care of yourself and when I come home rich you will look as fine in your silks as any of them."

But "Isrul" as the people called him, did not come home rich—he did not come at all. But Medie wore bonnet and gloves and watched for her lover every day, and so the years

went by.

The vegetables grew fast and sold well. Medie preserved her fruit and canned her corn. Her little, old cellar was pretty well filled up when everything was in. She sent a little, now and then, to some one poorer than herself. She nursed the sick, in fact, children took medicine from her hand when they would take it from no other. And these matters served her as a calendar. She would say that such a thing happened when "Mis Berkly's twins was born," or "when Susie Dill's baby had dipthery."

She went to the old church on the hill from which her father, mother, brother and sister had been buried. She knelt reverently while the minister prayed, and sang in her high thin voice the same old songs they used to sing when she was in the choir, and "Isrul" saw her home after

meeting.

One late September evening Medie came out of her little house, locked the door and went to prayer meeting. She always went, rain or shine, winter or summer. There were more people at the church than usual. As she

went up the aisle she noticed that they looked at her as if they were surprised at her coming. As she knelt at her seat she heard some one whisper:

"I wonder how she will take it; she looks just as she always does." They could not mean her, and she wondered what had happened. She listened to the chapter, led the prayer and with the rest, told of her many blessings. Then they shook hands and bade each other good-night. They seemed kinder to Medie and asked her to "drop in at jest any time, stay all day for that matter." As she went out at the door she heard an old friend say,

"Oh, it ain't right. I'd jest like to know what she's done to be punished like that."

Medie wondered what could have happened to cause so much comment. She resolved to ask Clarissy Spooner, who with her brother, Jeremy Stevens, had waited for Medie and walked home with her for almost twenty years. Clarissy's husband had died years before, so she kept house for Jeremy, who was a bachelor.

They walked along silently.

Finally Jeremy spoke:

"Well, we ought to be mighty thankful that we live in a land of Bibles. Ef we didn't, when troubles come we couldn't bear up in a Christian-like manner."

Medie smiled.

"Yes," she said, "we all have a heap to be thankful fer. I don't know whenever I've ben so happy an' so thankful as I've ben to-day." Both her friends looked at her in surprise, but they had reached her gate now and she went on:

"I put my stove up to-day. I'm fixed so comf'table. Come over an' set awhile, real soon."

They bade her good-night and hurried away. They lived about a half-mile further on.

"Oh, Jeremy," said Clarissy, as soon as they were out of hearing, "she don't know it yet an' I jes' can't tell her. I can't understand Providence —I can't reely. She'll have to go to the poorhouse shore. She ain't got no people."

no people."

"She won't go to no poorhouse, neither," Jeremy said in a tone that made his sister change the subject.

Medie sat by her window till late that night thinking of "Isrul" and wondering if he would consider her much changed. Then her thoughts wandered a little as she looked down the moonlit street.

"It does seem strange," she said, softly, "but Jeremy treats me jest like he did when I was a girl. 'Isrul' used to say I'd marry him while he

was away gittin' rich."

She sighed and went to bed. The next morning several of the neighbors came in. She wondered at it as they usually waited and came in the afternoon and brought their sewing. Mrs. Wright brought her a can of quinces and Mrs. Davis came in with a bunch of fall roses.

"I've got oncommon kind neighbors," she said as she went into her

kitchen to get dinner.

About noon, as Medie was taking a nicely browned pumpkin pie from the oven, some one knocked. It was one of the neighbors, a brother in the church. Medie welcomed him, but his serious face frightened her.

"Is they anybody sick, Ephrum?"
The man shook his head and sat

down.

"I've ben sent,—and the Lord knows how bad I hated to do it. I come to tell you that everybody is jest as sorry as they can be fer you an' we'll do all we can. It won't be much, I'm 'fraid, we're all poor you know. We done our best to pervent it but we couldn't."

Medie looked at him in amazement. "I declare, I don't know whatever you mean. They ain't nothin' happened to me that I knows of."

"Why, ain't you heard? That sawmill man has bought all this ground an' is a goin' to tear your house down. They say your deed ain't no good."

"This house is mine, Ephrum,

mine. I worked of nights to pay fer it. They ain't anybody that can take

it away from me."

"I'm powerful sorry, Medie, but that saw mill man is a-goin' to build an office right here where this house stands. As I said we air awful sorry, an' if I'd a known you hadn't heard about it I'd sent Marthy over, she might a made it easier—women has a way of doin' them things. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fetch this man an' a lawyer over this afternoon an' we'll see if anything can be done for you."

Medie did not eat any of her pie. She sat just where the neighbor had left her. When the men came they found her still sitting there with a very pale face. Of course they were all very sorry about it, but nothing could be done. For an hour the man to whom the ground belonged, argued with her that the house was old and tumble down anyhow; that there were many in the town that were much better and that surely some of them would suit her.

Finally she seemed to awaken.

"Yes, any of them would suit me. This is the only house I've got. But when do you want me to get out? I'm ready any time."

"Now, Miss Daily, don't you hurry. Just stay in fer two weeks anyhow. I'm sorry, but business is business,

you know."

Then they went away. Medie sat still a little longer, then went into her little garden. The frost had turned the straggling strawberry vines black and all the bushes were bare. She looked at all the beds and walked about them.

"Good-by," she said in a whisper, "I won't see you no more. You've

helped me a heap."

She went slowly around to the front yard. The flowers were dead. The cypress vine had fallen down and the pole looked bare and ugly.

"You pore little vine, you're dead, ain't you? I wisht I wuz too." Her voice sounded far away and she

looked about to see if any one spoke. Then she went into the house.

It was prayer meeting night again and Medie went as usual. She looked thinner and older and her shoulders drooped pitifully as she walked to her seat. She led the prayer but toward the last of it her voice began to tremble.

"Oh, Lord," she cried, "do help me. Let me die an' be buried from the old house. Ef my time ain't come yit, howsomever, do send Isrul back to me. I don't think I can stand it, this bein' thrown out'n my house."

But her voice grew low again and she thanked the Lord for his mercies. Then the meeting closed. There were a good many people came to shake hands with her. Some of them had been crying and Medie felt grateful. As she went out at the door Jeremy Stevens reached out his hand to her.

"Good evenin', Medie. Clarissy she's sick an' couldn't come to meetin'. I didn't git here till it was nigh over—come jest as you was beginnin' to pray."

His voice trembled and he shook

himself and went on.

"I wisht you'd come over an' set awhile with Clarissy, Medie. I'm oneasy about her."

"Why, course I'll come, Jeremy. Many a time she's come an' nursed me through a spell. Do you know, I wisht it was me that was sick, sick enough to die. It reely ought to be me, she's got a home an' I ain't. Did you know that I'm goin' to the poorhouse, Jeremy?" Her voice was dry and hard.

"Yes, I heerd it," he answered.

They had reached the house and Jeremy waited while Medie went in and locked her back door.

"I never locks my doors except at night," she said as she came out and started on to Jeremy's home. They were quiet until they reached the door when Medie spoke.

"You've got a real comfortable house, Jeremy, but you don't know

what minute you'll have to give it up."

Medie went to Clarissy's room.

"I've come," she announced. "I'll stay, but you mustn't talk. You ain't a lookin' well."

Clarissy nodded, and then said:

"I know it all, Medie. You needn't try to keep it from your best friends. I guess, from what I've heard, thet I knowed it before you did. I've knowed you allus an' I pity you from my heart."

She drew Medie to her and kissed

her and they cried together.

"Yes," Clarissy went on, "Isaac died bout the same time 'Isrul' left so we've ben two lonesome women. Still, you've ben worse off than me because I've had Jeremy, an' he's so good."

Medie sat up.

"You're a talkin' too much an' it's

time to take your medicine."

"Yes," Clarissy answered, "I know it. But Medie, ef I should go off suddint like, jest remember that I've gone to Isaac an' am happy. An' Medie, I wisht you'd promise me to take keer of Jeremy."

"Now, Clarissy, ef you say another word I'm a goin' home cause the doctor said you mustn't talk an' I ain't a goin' to let you."

Then Jeremy came to the door.

"Now Clarissy, don't let Medie set up all night. Ef they is any settin' up to do let me do it."

Medie assured him that she would take care of herself and Clarissy too. She drew a chair close to the stove and sat down.

"They're fixed purty comfortable," she said to herself, "but I don't know as they are any better fixed than I am—was."

Then she cried.

About midnight Clarissy woke. She seemed to be very sick and Jeremy was hurriedly sent for the doctor. When he came he said that poor Clarissy had a bad case of heart trouble. He said she might die very soon and might live for several weeks.

But she grew better and Medie, who still stayed at Clarissy's earnest appeal, and Jeremy grew very hopeful. She grew well enough to be up from her bed most of the time. One day when she seemed so much better she wrapped herself up in a shawl and went to the stable to see a horse of which she had always been very fond. Medie was in the kitchen when she heard someone call and on hurrying out she found Clarissy on the ground.

"I'm a dyin', Medie, I know it.

Call Jeremy."

Medie hastily called to Jeremy and together they carried the sick woman into the house. Medie ran for the doctor who came, shook his head and after giving some medicine, went away.

Medie left the brother and sister together. Jeremy sat down on the

edge of the bed.

"Now, Jeremy," Clarissy said, "I don't think I can live till morning. They is a few things that I want to say to you. Don't, Jeremy, please don't let them take Medie Daily to the poorhouse. You've allus loved her an' you'll be lonesomer now than ever. I ain't a'goin' to ask you to promise me to marry her, though. An' there is the horse, too, old Dolly, don't sell her, she's ben sich a good I don't want you to take on any, Jeremy, when I die. I'll be with Isaac an' be happier than I've ben since he died, not but what you've ben good, but it's a different kind of a love, you know."

"I'll do all you've asked me to do, Clarissy, as far as I can. You have been a mighty good sister to me."

been a mighty good sister to me."

That night Clarissy died. Medie dressed her for the burial, then packed her clothing and went home. She began immediately to get ready to go to the poorhouse. She gave all of her household goods away except her old rocking chair which someone told her she could take with her. She burned all of "Isrul's" letters.

"I think," she said to herself, as she

iastened the lid of the old hair trunk, "that I'll get somebody to take me to the poorhouse. I could walk, but I've got to get my trunk there anyhow. I jest guess I'll ask Jeremy. Clarissy told me to ask him if I wanted anything. I never have asked anything of him, an' I never will again. He's the best friend I've

She bade the neighbors good-by. Several of them cried and offered to take her into their own homes but she thanked them and refused. Then she went and asked Jeremy if he would take her to the poorhouse. He said that he would take her-had intended to go over that evening and ask to take her. He promised to be at her door with his wagon the next after-

noon at two o'clock.

Medie went home. The neighbor to whom she had given the stove had left it for a few days so that the room was warm. Her bed was gone, however, so she wrapped herself up in a shawl and sat up all night. Several of the neighbors had invited her to stay with them but she preferred to spend the last night in her little old home if it was almost perfectly bare. She slept but little.

"I wisht I had some people," she moaned. "They ain't a lonesomer body in all the world than me. Even Jeremy acts keerless like an' I've knowed him longest of all. Oh, me, ef I could only 'a' died instead of

Clarissv."

She spent the next morning walking about the yard. The lumber for the new office was lying across her A neighbor brought flowerbeds. some dinner to her and then she waited for Jeremy.

"I jest wish," she said, "that I'd 'a' kep' out my best dress. Jeremy might feel ashamed of me, he's sich a

nice lookin' man."

Jeremy came early. He took her chair and trunk and placed them in the wagon. He talked and even laughed once or twice. Medie felt sure that he did not care whether she went to the poorhouse or not. Then he helped her into the wagon. Medie began to cry as they started away.

"Oh, now don't, Medie," Jeremy begged. "The old house is wore out. The foundation is clean rotted away

and the roof leaks dreadful."

"Yes, it is an old house," she cried, "but it will last as long as I will. Anywheres is better than the poorhouse. What would my mother say if she knew it? An' I was brung up well, too, Jeremy."

He cheered her the best that he could, but she kept her face hidden. After awhile she raised it to speak to him. They were driving

Jeremy's yard.
"Oh," Medie said, "you forgot something and had to come back." Jeremy shook his head in a positive

"No. I didn't furgit nothin' at all. I ain't aimed fer you to go to the poorhouse any of the time. I've loved you nearly all your life an' waited an' waited. I know you've ben hopin' fer 'Isrul' all these years an' Clarissy allus said that you'd wait fer him ferever unless something happened. I'm lonsomer than ever since she died. We're both alone, an' don't wait fer 'Isrul' no longer. If he's dead he can't come an' if he ain't he ain't worth a-waitin' fer. Say you'll marry me, Medie. The preacher is a waitin' in the house an' Manty's got the house all red up. I'm nearly fifty but we've got a good long life before us vet."

Medie sat open-mouthed. Finding her voice at last she gasped—"You ain't aimed to let me go to the poorhouse none of the time? Marry you, Jeremy, when I'm so old an' so ugly? You don't know what you're a talkin' about er else you're jest sorry fer me."

"Medie, I tell you I do. I've loved you fer years an' years. This is the very first time that I've had a chance

to ask you."

Medie did not say a word. Jeremy watched her face as he spoke to the the door. horses. He drove to

Manty's husband, the hired man, came to the door. He lifted the trunk and the chair from the wagon and then stepped to help Medie.

"You hold the horses," Jeremy said to him, as he helped her out himself. She leaned over and kissed him. Then they went into the house. The preacher met them and said,

"You can go right on with your church work, Miss Daily, better than ever with this good brother to help

you."

Then he married them. There was no one there except Manty and her husband. As Jeremy kissed his newly made wife at the end of the ceremony he whispered:

"You're mine, Medie, 'fore God an' man, an' they ain't nobody knows

how glad I am."

She placed her hands in his and said:

"I love you, Jeremy. You allus hev ben my best friend. I love you most as well as I do God; he was a-goin' to let me go to the poorhouse an' you didn't."

They went to church the next Sunday. Mrs. Medie Stevens wore a small bonnet and a shiny silk dress which two dressmakers, at Jeremy's request, sat up at night to finish, as he thought that Medie could have a silk dress without "waitin' fer 'Isrul' to come back rich." And people often said:

"What a pretty woman Medie Stevens was all that time she was keeping her face covered with that old black bonnet and hopin' fer 'Isrul.'"

Carrie H. Latta.



WHEN THE HEART SPEAKS.

ORDS are vain and useless things,—Sounds that fret the ear.
Lips and tongue may silent be,
Soul and thought still wander free.
What are words to me, or thee,
When the heart speaks, dear?

Silence waxes eloquent,
When thou, love, art near.
Soul to soul its message brings;
Thought meets thought on fairy wings;
Words are vain and useless things,
When the heart speaks, dear.

Arthur J. Burdick.



THE HUGUENOT LOVERS.

From the painting by Sir John Millais.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

NCE upon a time there lived a painter, who, like all young artists, was poor in pocket and rich in spirit. He said, like the rest, "I shall paint the greatest picture in the world." Then he straightway cast about him to conceive his theme. "It shall be," he said, "the tragedy of love and self-renunciation, and in it shall exist no seed of Satan's sowing. It will be the painted portrayal of pure, lawful love resigned for pure faith, and thus shall earth-love and heaven-love be carried down unspotted throughout the ages."

Now the painter had more youth and art than wisdom and, therefore, he chose for the figure of his emblematic Psyche a beautiful woman who belonged unto another, and for a Christianized Eros he took his own form and face as a model. And then it was that the work began—the lovers in a garden in the time of the French Reign of Terror, the girl with pure face and pleadingly uplifted hands, tieing the scarf about the lover's arm that was to save his life.

The artist painted and his work grew apace. His canvas seemed an altar place, his brush a living flame of sacrificial fire, his mind a sanctuary, filled with the dream of immortal greatness gained by the brushing of Love's wings against the heart of the Holy Ghost. But one day as his brush flew over the canvas, making the shadows and the white flowers for the background of the sacrificial pair, he looked at his work and saw, alas! in each face, something lacking, and down in his heart of hearts he said sorrowfully to himself: "My story will not live." What it was he knew not, and just then the voice of his model broke upon his reveries.

"Your canvas is cold," she said, and drew a light shawl shiveringly around her shoulders. He dropped his brush and came and caught the

drapery about her. Her eyes were downcast, and a flag of flame in her cheeks told him something that did not belong to lawful love or religious self-sacrifice. He bent and kissed her full upon the lips—then started as if stung by a great pain and a great

knowledge.

"I will paint my picture now," he said, beneath his breath. And he did. He painted in the woman's face the lily-white heat of hopeless longing and passion, to the man's lips he gave the pathos of immortal passion and immortal pain. In his eyes lay infinite love battling with infinite evil. The hand that put aside the woman's scarf was as the hand of the angel who with a sword of fire drove Adam and Eve out of Eden; the brow harbored the history of love and sin, of honor and temptation, since the world began. Yes, he painted the picture, the living throbbing story of love's truth; no need to make-believe now; no need for sacrificial thoughts, they were there—creeping out of his very heart's blood into his brush, and the story he told was as the bird song comes to its mate across the waters, as the cry of the drowning sailor reaches his wife on the shore. And when the picture was complete both painter and model looked upon it and said "It is well."

And then, there came in the master, to whom the beautiful woman belonged—a man bent with too much thinking, and old with the knowledge of other men. He looked upon the canvas with strange, clear, sorrowful eyes and turning to the painter, he said:

"My young brother, you began to paint virtue sacrificed to virtue. You ended by creating something higher—the conquest of honor over sin. Your picture will live, the world has need of it. Those who do not understand will feel its meaning. Foolish

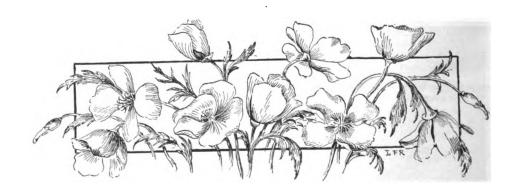
boy, to think you could feel Art's immortality without dipping to the innermost sinful depths of your human heart."

The pair bowed their young heads in shame and anguish. But the philosopher, taking their hands and joining them, bade them go on their ways together, since the story painted in the canvas had told him that they had been tried with temptation's greatest trial and had conquered. They obeyed him, and thus it is that the Huguenot Lovers in the picture

found the key-note to fame, and in the human form lived many beautiful years together as man and wife.

The name of the youthful painter, since grown illustrious with the golden light of fame, is now numbered with the dead, but his picture will live and tell to future generations the story of his romance—the renunciation of the lovers, the forgiveness and blessing of the master and the perfect harmony of the Huguenot Lovers' married life.

Maude Andrews.



THE PASSER.

THE Spring trips by my door, I see her go; The blossoms in her hands Are white like snow.

Her smile hath that warm gold The great sun hath; It sheds a wonder-light Along her path. And O, her peerless eyes, How blue they be! As fathomlessly deep As the deep sea.

"Stay!" unto her I cry;
In vain! in vain!—
I keep my heart until
She comes again.

Clinton Scollard.

A SONG O' SIXPENCE.

"Something old and something new, Something borrowed and something blue, And a silver sixpence in her shoe."

HE bride's attire had been modified by the superstitious mandates of the quaint old rhyme. Her gown, of course, was new; her veil had descended from her grandmother; her younger brother—rendered unusually tender-hearted by the thought of losing her-had scoured the town in search of an English sixpence, and there had been several maidens benighted enough to vie for the privilege of supplying the borrowed handkerchief, and the blue ribbon she had tied about her The ribbon was cut into bits and divided among eager friends when the bride changed her gown, and the lucky lender of the handkerchief received back the talismanic article with reverent joy. Gertrude stood by, smiling indulgently during the flurry but making no attempt to share in it. The last moment had come, and the bridegroom was waiting at the foot of the stairs, when the bride -standing ready in her traveling dress, her white attire strewn about room—suddenly remembered something, and snatching up a white satin slipper from the hearth rug, rescued from the toe a round and shining article and pressed it, laughing, into Gertrude's hand.
"Here's the luckiest thing of all,

"Here's the luckiest thing of all, Gertie," she said, affectionately.

"O Leila! How good of you, dear! I will never part with it," cried Gertrude warmly, and slipped the lucky sixpence into the palm of her glove.

And then the good-byes were said; the bride went off in a shower of rice; the guests began to fade away. Gertrude, who had been a bridesmaid, was urged to linger and discuss the event with the family, and she had almost humored her own reluctance

to leave the flower-decked house, with its excited and festive atmosphere, for the dreariness of the December day outside, when she discovered that Bob Norman had been asked to linger too. That altered the matter.

"Indeed, I mustn't steal another minute," she assured Mrs. Vierling

awkwardly.

She sighed as she took a last glance at the mirror—which reflected brown and wistful eyes in a piquant face aglow with color, and a dainty pink gown and an old white cloak -but she was unnecessarily stiff with Mr. Norman when he handed her into the carriage. She reflected with a little shiver, as the door was closed upon her, how long that carriage had been waiting and what a bill she would have to pay for it. But she had determined that that day should be like the old times, the times when carriages were a matter of course and pretty pink gowns ranked as necessities instead of unwarrantable luxuries. And she had had her wish. It had been the culmination of all the delightful weeks during which her position as one of Leila Vierling's bridesmaids had brought her many unaccustomed pleasures. friends and relatives had entertained the bridal party with breakfasts and dinners, dances and theatre boxes, one following fast upon another until life was just a whirl of gayety with only a single thing to remind her of this work-a-day world. That drawback had been Mrs. Vierling's manifest intention of indulging her kindly propensity for match-making, with Gertrude and Mr. Robert Norman for her victims. Gertrude had been quite innocent at first, though she had wondered somewhat that Mr. Norman so frequently appeared on the evenings that Leila had begged her to come up and talk over weddingarrangements. And at last the

truth forced itself upon her. For the same thing happened at all the festivities—that he sat next her at table, that he was left to hold her cloak at the theatre, that he was given a thousand opportunities of devoting himself to her, and no chance of devoting himself to anybody else. knowledge had caused her agonies of shame and embarrassment; and fear that Bob Norman might think her a willing party to these maneuvers made her so stiff, so awkward and so whimsical in her treatment of him that she secretly wondered at the good humor with which he continued to carry out Mrs. Vierling's arrangements. She, for her part, did everything to upset them. She spent fewer evenings at the Vierling's; she insisted on hurrying away if Mr. Norman appeared there; and when it came to wedding rehearsals—which, she suspected had been multiplied solely to give that eligible young man more opportunities of escorting home herself—she scored a point by seizing upon Leila's brother and, by skillful flattery, inducing that unsuspicious youth to be her companion to and from the church. She strove all the harder for these small victories because she was miserably conscious of the fact that if matters had been different, if Mr. Norman had sought her out of his own accord, it would well, it would have been very pleasant. There had been a time when such attentions from him had filled her with other feelings. That was in her first season "out," when she was nineteen, and, as people said, so pretty, and he was a promising college lad, with a delightfully infectious laugh, and high ideals and a perfect grasp of the waltz-step—an ensemble which Gertrude then considered satisfactory. They had danced a good deal together at that time, but since, until that present fall, had seen little of each other. For the loss of her mother had caused her retirement from society next year, and after that came the crash of her father's busi-

ness and his death, which left his daughters with no resource but their own powers; and Gertrude had dropped out of the gay, delightful world she had scarcely learned to know, and had been for five years only a struggling, patient, nervous little music-teacher, meekly thankful now, at twenty-six, that she could earn enough for two, and keep Kitty in school until the child was sufficiently learned to impart the mysteries of grammar and geography to younger students. Robert Norman, meantime, had finished college, and spent two years abroad, and had lately come home, eager and confident, to fulfill his duties as a prosperous citizen. It was only through Mrs. Vierling's planning that he and Gertrude had met again. Their days of meeting were over now, Gertrude thought, stifling another sigh. Her brief playtime—and she permitted herself to sigh at this—was over too. The wedding was a thing of the past; she had had her little hour of happiness; she had looked so young and pretty in her bridesmaid's dress, that Bob Norman might almost have been glad to come and talk to her even if Mrs. Vierling hadn't managed itbut henceforth she must think of her pupils and of her practicing and of showing a cheerful face to Kitty, who was nodding eagerly from the window of their flat as the carriage drew up at the door. Gertrude hurried upstairs and Kitty helped her off with her things in the modest parlor, where the fading furniture formed a glaring contrast to the aggressively new wall Gertrude reproached herself paper. for noticing this dismal fact; it would never do to let Kitty guess her state Therefore, she shook herof mind. self mentally and plunged into a lively account of the morning's festivities. Kitty listened, revolving about her sister, and deriving much amusement from an account of Leila's charms. Gertrude put the lucky sixpence into a safe corner of her shabby little purse, and set about getting supper-for the afternoon had flown. She and Kitty had wedding cake for dessert, and she assented to Kitty's suggestion that they should sleep with some under their pillows. It was unreasonable of Gertie, after tempting fate in that manner, to be vexed at dreaming of the wedding and of Robert Norman's face, so downcast as he said goodbye. She threw away her cake next morning, resolved to have no more of that nonsense. The episode was indeed finished, but she was not as glad as she might have been, to remember, that after the distant way she had parted from him, there was no danger of Mr. Norman's venturing to seek her company thereafter. Unfortunately, though she didn't see him, there were circumstances which kept the thought of him before her; for he had gained prominence in certain attempts at improving the city politics, and a speech of his at a reform club banquet was being vigorously discussed in the newspapers. It was, perhaps not so much a sign that the speech was good, as that times—from the journalistic point of view—were dull, but Gertrude did not realize that fact and assured herself that few men were so clever.

It was three weeks after the wedding, and Gertrude was hurrying across the centre of the city on the way home from her last lesson. Snow was falling and melting as it fell, and the exertion of carrying two big rolls of music and of holding up her skirts from contact with the muddy pavements had added to the fatigues engendered by the musical vagaries of an unusually stupid pupil. She was exasperated at herself for stopping at a news-stand because she caught a glimpse of Bob Norman's name on a front-column headline, but she hadn't strength of mind just then to resist the impulse. Her weakness was punished, for as she tried to find a penny, her chilled fingers fumbled the purse, which tipped sideways, allowing a bright bit of silver to escape and roll across the pavement. Gertrude started after it, with a little cry of distress, but someone else started for it too, and in a second Mr. Norman came forward, lifting his hat, and holding Leilas's gift in his other hand.

"O! thank you so much," said Gertrude breathlessly, trying to arrange her burdens, "It's my lucky sixpence. I wouldn't have lost it for anything."

"Awfully glad to see you. Never thought of meeting you here," said he,

his face beaming.

"I've just gotten through my lessons," said Gertrude—very primly, because she felt certain he knew why she'd bought that paper. She shook hands because he so plainly expected it, but when he essayed to talk a little further, and would have commenced by asking news of the bride, her embarrassment increased with the thought of that wedding-day, and she abruptly cut him short, remarking coldly that she must hurry, and, havbowed stiffly, hastened straight through a mud-puddle which completed the ruin of her poor little She had not gone half a block before she asked herself why she had done it; he was talking to her then of his own accord and she need not have been so disagreeable. all was certainly over now. would never try to speak to her again, and she was very tired, and her feet were wet, and it was absurd to pretend to herself that this was snow melting on her eyelashes.

"Miss Wilbur! Miss Gertrude!" sounded suddenly behind her and she turned, winking away the snow flakes, to behold Mr. Norman, flushed from fast walking, holding out that lucky sixpence in a well-gloved hand. "I forgot to give you this after all; it's very stupid in me," he began, rather formally, and then, as she tried to shift her music rolls, he took them gently from her.

"Let me carry them for you—I'm going this way," he said in quite another tone; for he had seen those tell-tale lashes and it occurred to him

that she had been abrupt only because she was troubled or tired.

He took possession of her newspaper, too, in the most matter-ofcourse way in the world, and proceeded to ask her questions about the coin he held. And Gertie, in the vigor of her penitence, explained in the friendliest manner, and they laughed together over the superstition. And then they talked and laughed about other things. reminded her of the first dance they had had and she let him persuade her to remember it, and they walked away past the place where she should have taken the car, before either of them noticed.

He even dared, after a bit, to touch on Leila's prenuptial festivities, and to hint that he felt grateful to Mrs. Vierling for the frequent aid she had lent his wishes, and having received this assurance, Gertrude allowed him to start what subjects he pleased. They walked on and on, as the fairytales say, and feeling quite as the fairy-tale prince and princess used, until it was needless to take a car at all, on discovering which fact they wondered greatly over their Soon absence of mind. after. absorbed in a discussion of music and of Gertrude's pupils, they strolled some two blocks past her home and retraced their steps in much confusion. Mr. Norman could not possibly accept her invitation to enter, but he so far forgot good form as to stay some time talking on the entrance-steps. Gertrude should have been very tired and hungry, but she wasn't, when at last he said good-bye. Even after that he lingered.

"I have your luck yet," he said, looking down with a strange shyness at the sixpence in his hand, and then, with a sudden desperate plunge; "Gertrude, won't you trust your luck to me for always? Won't you—"

No one has ever learned what else he said, though Kitty tried hard to make Gertrude tell.

However, another bride wore that sixpence in her shoe a few months later, when Mrs. Vierling insisted on giving the quiet wedding-breakfast. And Gertrude, sad to be recorded, was much less magnanimous than Leila had been, for she made quite a favor—a most reluctantly yielded favor—of letting Kitty take possession of the sixpence when she took off the little white slipper.

Alice E. Moran.

MY MOTHER'S SONGS.

HEN the sun has sunk in splendor behind the western hills,
And the sleepy chirp of weary birds the shadowy twilight fills
When brooklets sing their drowsy songs of happy hours gone by,
And tiny bits of gleaming gold are shimmering in the sky,
'Tis then old thoughts come trooping back—old dreams of long ago,
That I had thought forever dead like flowers beneath the snow;
But sweetest of all thoughts or words that through my memory ring.
Are the songs that at the twilight hour my mother used to sing.

Ah, those were days when childhood's joys and sorrows came and went, When looking but on present hours my heart was well content; For then the future seemed a land all shadowy and untried, And I cared not for its troubles as I leaned at mother's side; To-night I sit and dream and wait, while swift o'er memory's track, Old thoughts and dreams and visions sweet, again come rushing back, But sweetest of all thoughts or words that through my memory ring, Are the songs that at the twilight hour my mother used to sing.

Alice Jean Cleator.

A PLANT OF FAIRY FAVOR.

"The mistletoe hung in the castle hall."

IN THO does not feel his fancy touched by an influence intangible and sweet as a smile or a perfume-breath when a sprig of mistletoe salutes his eve amid the brave greenery of the Christmas holiday? Honored and dear are all the other blithe tokens of Nature's cheer above the snow—the holly, the ivy, the laurel, the rosemary, but none appeals so irresistibly to the poet latent in us all as does the mystic mistletoe. In this little plant we are heirs of all the ages, too, as in many gifts of seemingly more splendid inheritance. The dead and gone past speaks to us eloquently through many a vanished nation and many a mysterious myth while we are looking at the pale green leaves, specially significant to us moderns of playtime in the Court of Cupid.

Those far-off Aryan kinsmen of ours, the followers of Zoroaster, gave the mistletoe credit for peculiar virtue of a sacred and healing character. The Romans regarded it with veneration, consecrating it to Juno, though the doves of Venus under the auspices of the Cumaean Sibyl led Æneas in its quest. Virgil speaks of its "golden leaves" as perhaps he was justified in doing since the European varieties are yellower than American. In the mythology of more than one Aryan nation it is held to be the embodiment of lightning, evidently because its branch is forked. Its Swiss name, "thunder-besom," accounts for the belief that it will protect the homestead from elemental fire, and it is an old custom in Sweden to suspend a branch of the plant in farmhouses as Nature's own approved and warranted lightning-rod. early Scandinavians dedicated the mistletoe to Freya, their goddess of love and beauty, the Venus of the

North, as also its Ceres and Proserpina,

"Freya, from whom flows every bliss The winning smile, the melting kiss."

"Balder the Beautiful," best and fairest of the gods, was killed by an arrow fashioned from mistletoe-wood, because Freya neglected to obtain from this small shrub, growing on an oak on the eastern side of Valhalla, the oath given by all other plants that they would never harm Balder. all the northern barbarian tribes the oak was of special sacredness as under the immediate protection of Thor, reminding us of the Roman belief that the oak was Jupiter's own chosen forest-emblem and a medium of his communication with the mortals. Among our German forefathers any one might hew down what trees he pleased in the common wood, except oaks and hazels; "these trees had peace" and the hama-dryads took ample revenge on any profane despoiler.

Imagination kindles even in this age of chilly materialism before the picture of old-world gladness among primeval Britons, when the mistletoe, which the Druids called "all-heal" and regarded as the emblem of lifegiving force, was found growing on the oak, their symbol of divine strength, for then the little plant was looked upon as the embodied soul of the oak-tree. When the moon was six days old, two white bulls, never before yoked, were led to the place; the priests, clothed in white, ascended the tree and with golden sickles, never before used, cut off the mistletoe which was reverently caught on white cloth, as it must not touch the ground. It was then carried to their principal place of religious ceremonies and distributed among the congregation, or made into potations of which each one present took a sip. Who

will dare offer "the compliments of the season" this year in mistletoe tea?

The Druid philosophers had a delightful explanation for the universal good influence dispensed by the mistletoe. It was their pretty theory that the fairies; agents of beneficence, sought protection in its dense leafage from the wintry blasts. One who hung a bunch over his fire-place might be supposed thus to furnish a hospice to the little people of the wood. The maiden who from the hand of the Druid priest received a sprig of mistletoe was sure of happy matronhood.

All these heathen associations explain its exclusion from church decorations, even for weddings, though there are Christian additions to its folk-lore. In Brittany it is called "herbe de la croix" from the legend that before the Crucifixion it was a fine forest-tree, but degraded to its present form for being the "accursed tree" from which the Cross was made.

We are obliged regretfully to admit that the mistletoe is a parasite, and conjecture intimates that it is a honeysuckle gone astray, a specimen of degeneration in plant-life. Could a flowering vine whose chalice-cup was designed for honey-use become a thing so ignoble? It still retains some relics of self-respect; it has descended only to the first stage of parasitism. It does something for its own support; it does grow its own leaves,—a shining example to the dodder and other far-gone degenerates.

Some people say they don't understand how the custom of kissing under the mistletoe originated, but then, there are some people who have to have everything written out for them. What more magical and exclusive token could young Cupid desire than one of his mother's pet plants, which at the same time suggests to every student of myth and folk-lore the soft passing of the swift electric thrill, a diffusion of fairy favor, and the material alone potent for the arrow which brought down even the bright Sun-god. Only loyal then to all the fair and fine traditions of the elder world is the cavalier of to-day who bends towards a blushing cheek under the mistletoe. saying, "By your leave, fair lady."

Elnor Essex.

NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

TWO sets of especially interesting books issued by the J. B. Lippincott Co.. (Philadelphia), may well be considered together, inasmuch as each has for its theme the tales and legends of a nation. The books are "Myths and Legends of our Own Land," in two volumes by Charles M. Skinner, and "Historical Tales" from the Greek and Roman respectively, also in two volumes, by Charles Morris. The myths of our own land include tales and traditions of the most picturesque spots of our country. The Indian warriors, the stern Puritans, the poetic Southland—all are subjects of interesting lore, while different portions of the country from Oregon to Maine are invested with a romance and a mysticism that few of us have dreamed of. Mr. Skinner's work is a distinct and valuable addition to the folk lore of America.

The Historical Tales from the Greek and Roman, strangely enough, are more familiar to the general reader. The brave deeds of the ancient and mighty peoples who have lived for centuries in history and song are chronicled in a graphic manner. Glimpses of Roman grandeur, Spartan courage, and Greek nobility are shown, and all the heroic, splendid deeds that every student loves are recounted in stirring style. Mr. Morris has studied his subject thoroughly and appreciatively.

Both sets of books are beautifully and freely illustrated.

Paul Bourget has done nothing finer than "A Tragic Idyl." It is not only the story itself, which concerns the love of two men for the same woman and is evolved in an intensely dramatic fashion, but the psychologic study of the contrasting characters, the analysis of their emotions, the subtle delineation of their varied natures, that makes the book a great one. The shadow of gloom is cast even in the opening chapters, and the development of the story and tragic dénouement are the only natural and possible outcome. The book chains the

interest closely from the beginning—that masterly sketch of "le tout Europe"—until the close of the tragic idyl. The translation of the story is perfect; indeed, any part of the book may be cited as a specimen of beautiful and correct English. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

One of the most fascinating books of its kind—and there are many— is "Syria from the Saddle," by Albert Payson Terhune. It is utterly unpretentious and written in a refreshingly simple style. The author does not follow the beaten paths of travelers in the Holy Land, but tells in his own way of this ancient country, blending history with anecdote and pertinent incident, vividly describing places as they are to-day and reverently dwelling upon the sacred past. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. "Syria from the Saddle," is a book that will interest and entertain every reader, at the same time instilling much valuable information of the Holy Land. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, Mass.)

"Under Two Flags," that widely popular favorite of Ouida, is issued in two handsome volumes for the holidays by the J. B. Lippincott Co. The revival of this splendidly dramatic work will be appreciated by all lovers of fine fiction.

Lucy C. Lillie has the happy knack of knowing just what girls like in a story. "Elinor Belden," her latest book, tells of the brave efforts of a girl to recover the family fortune, which she accomplishes successfully and with that ease natural to the heroine of fiction. The reader is introduced to a number of pleasant characters and just enough disagreeable ones to make a contrast. "Elinor Belden" may be read with pleasure by both young girls and old. (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)

The J. B. Lippincott Co. issue a beautiful edition of Ouida's most pathetic story "Two Little Wooden Shoes." The illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett are dainty and appropriate, and the binding is very attractive. It is a pleasure to see such a dear little old friend in such pretty garb.

It is a decided relief in these days to come across a novel whose plot is original and whose characters are unhackneyed. Such a book is "The Majesty of Man." by "Alien." It is the story of a struggle between a man's intense spiritual desire for rescue or mission work, and his love for

the wife from whom he has been separated by a misunderstanding. The plot is dramatically but naturally evolved, and the psychological study of three diverse characters—the saint, the wife and the complex man—is the work of a master hand. The descriptive writing is that of an artist and poet. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

"Vawder's Understudy" is the title of a tale of platonic friendship by James Knapp Reeve, written in the "smart" style of the popular novels of to-day and containing a deal of bright dialogue. Some of the incidents in the book are quite original, but the labor question is lugged in in the last few chapters in an entirely unnecessary manner. The denouement of the story is decidedly dramatic. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.)

Laurence Hutton has added Venice to his "Literary Landmarks" series. The book describes the homes and haunts of famous lights in the world's literature who have lived in the picturesque city. All the romance and poetry in the subject are attractively brought out, and a number of illustrations show the most interesting spots. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Harold Frederic showed in "The Damnation of Theron Ware" how deep and powerful he could be; in "March Hares" he exhibits the other extreme of his style. A daintier, more fascinating or piquant story was never written. The words sparkle with humor and the unusual plot enchants with its spicy pleasantry. In fact, the book is altogether delightful, from its pretty blue cover, ornamented with the frisky little animals who lend their name to the title, until the final sentence. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

"Addresses—Educational, Political, Scientific and Religious," by J. T. Edwards, D. D., LL. D., form a collection of interesting speeches and addresses delivered by the author before various educational and scientific bodies and on other occasions. In these days of many books it is one worth reading. (Eaton & Mains, New York.)

"The Old Infant" was a person who never went to school until he reached the age of sixty. Then he took his place with the scholars of six and eight, learning his p's and q's with patient and laborious



chief object of interest.'

From "The Violet," copyright, 1896, by Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y.

care. Of course he must fall in love with the pretty young school mistress, but she is betrothed to another. To satisfy tradition in a case of this kind, the old man dies and leaves her his money. It is certainly a unique idea for a story and Will Garleton has treated it most sympathetically. The other selections in the book, namely "The Vestal Virgin," "Lost—Two Young Ladies," "The One-Ring Circus," "The Christmas Car." "A Business Flirtation" and "Oldbottle's Christmas" are not so interesting. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Julia Magruder's story "The Violet," is as sweet and dainty as the little flower itself. It has a slender plot, but its characters are well bred and its atmosphere delightfully refined. Perhaps Violet is too persistent in her determination to be miserable, but it is a pleasing and pretty story for all that. The binding is very artistic and Gibson has furnished a number of characteristic illustrations. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

A beautifully pure and simple little story for children is "Adolph," by Fannie J.

Taylor. It is not particularly new
—the plot concerning the fa-miliar incidents of a lost child of wealthy parent-age, who is adopted by peasants, and eventually through a philanthropic doctor and minfinds her ister home again-but it is written in such a sweet way and the pictures are so pretty that the originality is not questioned. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.)

Those who indulge in the delightful pastime of painting on china will be greatly pleased with the new "Manual for China Painters," by Mrs. N. Di R. Monachesi, which is a practical and comprehensive treatise on this branch of art. The book, being the result of many years of observation and experience, is a most

desirable one for the beginner, and even the advanced painter will find much useful information between its pretty pages. (Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.)

"A Cycle of Cathay," by Rev. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, is a record of the important movements in Chinese affairs during the past sixty years as known to one in high official position. The volume embodies the author's observations of the social and political life of the Chinese, and is written in an exceedingly attractive manner. Forty-five years of experience as a missionary and Chinese official render Doctor Martin, not only an interesting but a reliable authority on the characteristics of a great people with whom we are destined to be brought in close comercial relations. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.)

"The Scenery of Switzerland" as described by Sir John Lubbock, is not a florid account of that land's picturesque beauties, as might be imagined, but a scientific and geological treatise of the causes of its many marvellous formations. He

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has given especial study to the phenomena of Switzerland's glaciers, mountains, rivers and geologic strata, and all students in this line will do well to possess themselves of the valuable information contained in the book. There are a number of excellent illustrations and maps. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Joseph Parker introduces the reader to a few new and unique characters in his little book "Tyne Folk" (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York). Tacy are plain, homely people and the book is racy of the soil from which they sprung. While those familiar with the country will doubtless appreciate the sketches more than the uninitiated, the incidents have a humor, a pathos and a simplicity, the humanity of which is world wide.

A number of articles and stories, sketches by Archibald Forbes, LL.D., are collected in one volume entitled "Camps, Quarters and Casual Places," published by the Macmillan Co. All are well written and entertaining, and the military spirit which makes the stories so stirring, is admirably sustained.

A tame tale of English country life is "Philippa," by Mrs. Molesworth. The plot is made up of incidents resulting from the heroine's masquerade as her sister's maid, which prank places her in many embarrassing positions. No humor or romance is extracted from these complications, however, and for that reason the book is colorless and lacks deep interest. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.)

"The Story of a Piece of Coal" by Edward A. Martin, and "The Story of Electricity," by John Monro, are the latest volumes in Appleton's "Library of Useful Stories." Each book is admirably written and fully illustrated, making a valuable addition to this entertaining and instructive series.

"The Rosebud Club" is a pretty and attractive little book for young girls by Grace Le Baron Upham, whose "Hazelwood" stories are so well known among this class of readers. It will make good, pure food for girlish minds. (Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.)

W. R. Jenkins issues two very useful little books for French students, entitled respectively "Premieres Lectures" and an "Elementary French Grammar." The exercises contained in each are excellently arranged, and cannot fail to benefit and advance whoever studies them. The "Premieres Lectures" are especially good, for instead of being about "the pink hat of my white brother" or "the soft chair of my good grandmother," they are instructive and sensible little paragraphs about the history of the United States and the provinces of France.

"Witch Winnie in Holland," is the latest volume in Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney's popular series. Quite a good deal of Dutch history is interwoven with the narrative, which in itself is sufficiently interesting to chain attention. Many characters made familiar by the preceding "Winnie" books are introduced. The illustrations are reproductions of famous Dutch and Flemish paintings. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

"The Golden Rock" is the title of a wild tale of adventure among the Indians by Lieut. R. H. Jayne. Nearly every page contains a sensation warranted to raise the hair and curdle the blood. Of course the hero escapes uninjured. The book is especially calculated to please the taste of young boys. (International Book Co., New York.)

"With My Neighbors" is a collection of miniature essays on the commonest themes in life, yet full of helpful hints and inherent with the sweetness that characterizes Margaret E. Sangster's writings. While universal in their scope, they appeal particularly to women, or, as the author says, to "fireside audiences." (Harper & Bros., New York.)

"Beaux and Belles" is the title of a little book in which are collected the dainty and fragrant poems of Arthur Grissom. Coquettish, fanciful, breathing love and merriment are these charming verses, neatly turned and rhythmically correct, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with the trash that passes muster as "poetry" in these degenerate days. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).



THE special and beautiful cover for the Christmas issue of the Peterson was designed by Mr. C. Dan Helm, who will also draw a special and appropriate cover for the January number. The January issue will be an indication of what may be expected from the Peterson throughout the coming year. It is our ambition and purpose to have each succeeding issue of the magazine better than its predecessor.

ONE of the features of the January number will be an article on the new Congressional Library at Washington. This magnificent building, of which American may well be proud, will be when completed the handsomest structure of its kind in the world, and one of the finest, if not the very finest building in America. Its construction, architecture, history and purpose will be fully described, and all its artistic beauties will be strikingly portrayed by handsome illustrations. decorations of the library are wholly American and have been done by such artists as Edwin H. Blashfield, Frederic MacMonies, Daniel C. French, Augustus St. Gaudens and numerous others. Photographs and drawings of the most beautiful decorations have been secured for the illustrations to this article.

OUR new series "Pioneers in American Literature" has met with much favor. The first in the series, November issue, was Washington Irving; the second, in the current number, is James Fenimore Cooper; the third, to appear in the January issue, will be Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE cover of the October issue of the Peterson was rasigned by Mr. A. T. Saunders, whose name was inadvertently omitted from the design. Mr. Saunders also designed the cover of our November number.

SUBSCRIBERS are urged to send in their renewals promptly, and in the case of change of address to give both old and new address. If your subscription expires with this issue and you wish to renew, let us hear from you at once, as it will be a convenience to our office and will also enable us to continue mailing your magazine without interruption and delay.

SUBSCRIBERS are requested in making remittance to send Express or Postal Money Orders, or New York, Boston or Philadelphia draft. We cannot assume responsibility for currency sent through the mail, unless letters are registered, and stamps are often in bad condition when they reach this office.

The Second Summer,

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

Car Bar

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